

The Hub: Beginning

Rati's chair creaks under her weight, looking at the holographic computer screen in front of her. The red scaled anthropomorphic wingless dragon hums to herself, as her piercing yellow eyes scan the document. Her tail swishes with a soft squeak as her body from the neck down is in a skin tight red catsuit, long fingered black rubber gloves adorn her hands that go right up to her elbow, with a matching set for her feet that go right up to her knees, while a pink corset around her belly thrusts up her more than handful sized breasts. A silver pen twirls in her hands as she looks over the next applicant. She taps it on her chin a few times as she mutters to herself, "No, not this one," she taps the screen bringing up the next applicant.

Rati quickly looks over their job history, cover letter, glancing through gleaming for anything that stands out to her, "Too much job turnover," she mutters as she switches to the next. She looks over the document stricter than Saint Peter at one's time of ultimate judgement, "They might work," she says as she quickly writes up an email requesting them to come in two weeks from now.

Rati leans back in the chair, stretching with a soft creak of rubber as she looks at a picture of herself in full body rubber attire, faux wings on her back attached with D wings to the ankles, wrists, arms, built right into the rubber suit, her tail a ribbed plug and a solid metal collar attached to her neck. Beside her, a similarly dressed dark blue themed "Toy Dragon", just like herself, both teasing the one taking the picture.

"I believe I've done enough application vetting for now. Let's see how Kathrin is doing," she says with a smirk as she slips out of the chair, her high heeled shoes tap against the tiled surface, as she moves expertly out of the office and down the hall, a sway in her step. Her legs squeak gently rubbing past each other, as she passes through two secured doors before reaching the dance floor. A long bar runs along one side of the wall, with hundreds of bottles of alcohol all meticulously placed and presented. She walks over to one bottle and twists it a half a centimeter to better show the label, "Much better."

She walks over to one of the elevated pole dance platforms, neon lights surrounding their base turned off, only a few normal lights illuminate the area. She runs her finger across the stand with a soft squeak checking for any dust before she looks up to the glass ceiling to the main dance floor, where she sees a blue scaled anthropomorphic dragoness working on one of hidden speakers, dressed in a dark blue and black rubber attire exactly like her own. Rati smirks as she can see her lover's rubber clad butt easily from here, but then she notices something...

"*Kathrin, what am I going to do with you,*" she thinks as she makes her way to the glass staircase, the lights dimming as she steadily and expertly makes her way up, her high heeled shoes tip tap on the glass so quietly that Kathrin's humming to herself masks her approach.

"Now an adjustment here... Good, good that should work," she says as she taps on a floating holographic computer screen as it wirelessly runs diagnostics on the speaker. She looks at the data, Rati silently watching her, as she moves up behind her. There are a few handwritten notes on a notepad, with a list of things that she has given her to do, most of them checked off.

Rati smiles, waiting another moment before saying, “Your inner thighs are in need of polishing.”

Kathrin jumps but catches herself, her high heeled shoes clicking and tapping the glass floor as she spins around to her, “Rati!”

Rati grins, “Kathrin.”

Kathrin takes a moment to regain her composure, as her soft teal colored eyes look over Rati’s tantalizing form, shooting her a curious look, “What’s wrong Rati? Can’t find the right applicants for our soon-to-be-ready best fetish dance club this city has ever seen?”

Rati shakes her head with a coy smirk, “I’ve found a few applicants meeting our strict criteria, but that isn’t why I am here love. It’s your thighs.”

Kathrin blinks, but smiles, “My thighs?”

“Yes, they need to be polished.”

Kathrin lets out a soft sigh, looking down at her legs to see the faded areas, “Ah, it’s from all the work I’ve been doing.”

“And I appreciate all the work you have been doing. I couldn’t get this place up and running without you, but like myself you need to keep up appearances.”

“There is no one here. We won’t even start the interviews for another two weeks after we get everything set up. Who is going to see this?”

“You never know dear. That is why you must always be at peak performance at all times,” Rati explains.

Kathrin lets out a little humph, “Oh come on, you really think that? You know how much longer it will take me to--,” Kathrin’s words are cut off by a knock on the door.

Rati gives Kathrin a “I told you so,” smirk as she motions with her hands for her to check out who it is.

“It’s better to be over-prepared than under-prepared,” Kathrin says like a mantra, as she makes her way downstairs. She walks through the small set of tinted windowed doors, giving a clear view from the inside but obscuring it from the outside. A small lobby where people will be checked in and pay to get into the club proper is missing a few furnishings.

Standing by a pair of dual glass doors is a purple and white furred female sergal, dressed in a delivery uniform that has a T4U badge on the side, and a name tag reading “Verse” on the front. Purple bondage cuffs match her fur color as she stands timidly by the door with a set of five boxes lined up on her two-wheeler.

As Kathrin gets closer, the delivery sergal and looks at her with restrained surprise, as she opens the door, “Hello, can I help you?”

Verse smiles and nods, “Hello, this is the Hub correct?” she asks, looking at her handheld scanner.

“That it is. I’m Kathrin, co-owner of the Hub, the soon to be the hottest drone fetish dance club in the city.”

“Ah, good, good. Found the right place. First day on the job you see... uh, would you mind signing here?” she asks, tapping the scanner, as a holographic screen projects out for her to sign.

“I would, but I like to know what I am signing for.”

Verse tenses, her ears folding back, “Sorry, sorry. I’m delivering...,” she says trailing off as she looks up the item roster, “A dozen sergal drone hoods with accompanying charge stands, and one platinum business grade wifi drone interface Hub.”

“Oh, the drone hoods have finally arrived. How wonderful. Please take them inside, I’ll show you where.”

“Yes, right away,” Verse replies, her fur hiding her bashful blush, as her eyes can’t help but wander over Kathrin’s sleek and slender rubber clad form, while she is lead toward the back of the club. Rati silently following the delivery from her vantage point from the upper dance floor.

“I noticed that you have cuffs on,” remarks Kathrin to Verse, as she gently rubs her cuffs together and nods, after she puts the boxes in the room Kathrin indicates.

“Ah... yeah. I have a... roommate encouraging me to be more open with what I like, and Toys-4-U allows them at work, which has been rather nice actually.”

Kathrin smiles, “It’s good to see people be open with what they like. Perhaps we’ll see you here in the future, once we’re open?”

Verse ears perk for a moment, before lowering again, “I-I don’t know about that. B-but I will say though I did try out those drone hoods once.”

“You have? They only recently came out a few weeks ago.”

“I had early access for a day.”

“And how was it?”

“It was... um... very nice,” she responds, gently rubbing her cuffs.

“Rati and I did a lot of research, before we decided on the sergal drones for the club, but it's always nice to hear someone's experience in person.”

Verse nods, “You’re welcome, but could you sign here if you don’t mind?” she asks as she shows off the holographic display to her.

“Sure thing,” she replies and taps her claws on the screen, as it beeps and she quickly scribbles a “Signature” on it, “There you go.”

“Thank you. Have a good day, and good luck with your club.”

“Feel free to come by and visit, we’d be happy to have you. Just say you’re here to see Kathrin.”

“I-I’ll keep that in mind,” Verse says, as Kathrin escorts her out of the club.

Rati watches the events unfold from above and as Kathrin returns, she says, “I see you made a friend.” Rati leans against the glass railing, showing off her rubber clad breasts with a soft squeak, “I don’t know about you, but I think we should give those hoods a good test run,” she suggests with a sly smile, as she pulls away from the railing, “But let's get the drone room setup first.”

Kathrin smiles, “For a moment I was going to ask who you are, Rati,” she chuckles, heading back to the room where Verse dropped off the boxes. She and Rati work together to unpackage and set up the curricular room, which has a lot of holographic displays and a dozen thirty-centimeter-tall step platforms. Halogen lights in each of the bases give them a surreal alien-like glow. The solid black, faceless rubber sergal drone hoods, surprisingly each weigh close to four and a half kilograms, are set up on charge spheres hanging off the wall over a meter above each platform.

Rati adjusts the highly polished black sergal drone hoods, their triangular design with pointy ears and smoothed facial features reflecting Rati's red latex attire. She meticulously adjusts the heads, to perfectly face forward and center in the room, while Kathrin uses a tall ladder to work getting a hexagonal sphere installed into an alcove in the ceiling.

“There we go,” she says, as it clicks into place and glows a soft pulsating light a few seconds later, “This Advanced ED22519 Curve type security should make sure that no one can break into our drone hive network,” says Kathrin, climbing down the ladder.

“Great, is the network up and running?” Rati asks, as she checks over the next sergal drone hood, adjusting its position, polishing it till it shines brightly under the room’s lights.

“The default network should be up and running. Perhaps we can give our hoods a try, before I go through the long process getting the hood network up and connected? Just to make sure everything is working the way it's supposed to.”

Rati looks over her shoulder at Kathrin, just finishing polishing the hood in front of her, “It would be a good idea to make sure they are working in order. Alright, let’s do it,” she says as she steps off the platform, beginning to undress.

“You're taking your clothes off for it?” Kathrin inquires as she takes off her shoes, “They do work with clothes, but our shoes would be a problem.”

“Yes, but they work better with a naked subject, and if I am going to test them out for the first time, I want the full-bodied experience,” Rati explains with a sly smirk.

Kathrin feels a shiver run down her spine and nods in agreement, “You’ve sold me on the idea,” she replies and undresses herself, placing her clothes on a pile on top of one of the platforms, while Rati meticulously folds and places each piece of clothing side by side. Her naked red scales glisten with scale polish as her sleek curvy form remains with the removal of her corset.

Kathrin stretches, as she gets out of her clothes and flicks her tail showing a bit of excitement as she stretches a little before walking up to one of the masks, lifting it off the black rubber sphere, which is attached to a long rubber neck on the wall. She feels the heft of the mask, as she sees the sleek black rubber inside. She can see her fingers holding the head from the inside as if she was holding a see-through mirror. She takes a deep breath and brings it toward her head.

“Wait,” says Rati.

“What is it?”

“We should do it together, on three,” Rati explains and holds her hood in her hands, her claws tenderly feeling along the interior.

Kathrin smiles, “Awe, that is a great idea. We should always do that, when we drone up together.”

“That’s the idea, love,” Rati says as she shoots Kathrin with a wink. The two dragons turn to each other, as they bring the sergal drone hoods up their heads, “On three.”

The two then say in unison, “One...two...three!” as they slip the sleek rubber sergal hoods over their heads with a soft sounding squeak. The sleek rubber brushes up against their scales, with their horns sinking into the rubber around the hood. While they get the hoods fitting snugly around their heads, they feel the rubber hoods spread and expand around the back of their heads and within seconds sleek, smooth rubber covers their scales from the top of the neck up.

Kathrin feels a shiver of delight, as the rubber moves across her scales and Rati feels a twinge of arousal in her body, standing there tall and proud as the hoods activate. A synthetic voice speaks into their ears.

“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Current settings to factory default. You may change settings in administrator mode or via the network connection. Would you like to begin the droning process?”

“Yes!” Kathrin exclaims excitedly and Rati calmly.

“Affirmative. Droning now.”

Both girls feel a rush of excitement, as they feel the hoods get tighter around their heads, the smooth rubber squeezing their heads like inflating a hood, pressing the rubber against their scales, as it fills out every nook and cranny around their draconic heads. The black rubber oozes like slime down their bodies, as they look at each other from across the room and they clearly see the one another, their sergal shaped heads flooding layers upon layers of rubber down their body, like a chocolate fountain washing chocolate over a piece of candy.

Kathrin lets out a soft moan as the warm rubber rolls over her breasts, outlining them in rubber, her nipples hard and perked, while Rati’s sex subtly twitches in delight, her pleasure rising as her nipples are equally as perky.

Steadily their draconic features are muffled and hidden by the sleek rubber, and as it moves down their shoulders and arms, it leaves a soft grey hexagonal pattern with a vanta-black outline along the outside and top of the arms down toward the hands which stands out even against the black rubber bodies.

Kathrin flicks her tail in delight, as she looks over the rubber covering her arms, her draconic claws coated in rubber, shifting in shape to give her long sergal fingers with smaller and duller claws than her draconic ones.

Rati takes a deep breath tasting the rubber all around her, as it envelops her breasts completely, working against gravity to slip under the underside of her bust, while the rubber travels down their bellies. The same hexagonal pattern shows up along their sides, flowing down around their rumps, as the rubber tingles against the scaled forms.

Kathrin tries to speak, wanting to voice her approval of what she's experienced so far, but finds her mouth forced closed, while the rubber slips into her mouth, filling her muzzle with a thick phallic shaped object, which inflates and fills her mouth, improving the air flow with each breath.

The warm rubber slides down their crotch, smoothing over the dragon's sensitive hot and dripping nethers, the last visible sign of Rati's delight hidden under seamlessly smooth rubber, while Kathrin gives a hip thrust to show her ever increasing sign of needful delight. Their draconic tails slip under the layer of rubber as the sergaline shaped rubber tails take shape. The rubber caresses their behinds and runs down their thighs, as they see another hexagonal pattern appear along their inner thighs, a perfect mirror of each leg, the rubber consuming every bit of their draconic essence, replacing it that of a sergal. Soon their feet are all that remains, and they too are quickly enveloped by the rubber, as long sergal toes and long feet take shape, similar to their plantigrade draconic feet, but still far more alien than what they are used to.

With a flick of Kathrin's tail, she feels the cool air around her, her smooth perfectly black and grey hexagonal pattern sergal drone body finishes at the same time as Rati's, who crosses her arms and looks at the perfect clone of herself in Kathrin.

“Physical conversion complete. Connecting to the local drone network one moment please...” the synthetic voice states, as they see in the upper right corner of their vision signal strength which lights up green and the words “Strong” as they connect to “Default Drone Hub Network 3.105.62”

“Connection established. Checking for updates...” A moment passes before an error pops up, **“Unable to connect to Toys-4-U website. Please set access to Toys-4-U Drone auto-update website as soon as possible to get the latest updates for all Toy-4-U products.”**

“I hope Rati doesn't poke me for that...” Kathrin thinks.

“I'm so going to tell Kathrin about that,” Rati mentally chuckles.

“Connecting to all drones in the network. Setting mental connectivity to low. Audio communication disabled,” the voice states, and both dragons feel a shiver run down their spines up and into their minds, as the synthetic monotone voice spoke once again, **“Establishing connection... connection established between user and drone.”**

“What does that mean?” Kathrin thinks, with the suit responding.

“Active thoughts are read and transmitted to fellow drones for communication purposes.”

“That means, I heard you Kathrin,” Rati thinks, looking over the sergal drone's sleek design, her fingers running across the hexagonal patterns which feel as smooth as the rest of her body, squeaking ever so slightly.

“So, this is the mental-internal communication feature. This is amazing,” Kathrin replies, as she feels up her smooth featureless face, her fingers stopping about a half centimeter from her visual point of view.

“Would you like to make adjustments to your drones before continuing?” the suits asks them.

“Change my highlights to bright red,” Rati commands and the vanta-black lines on her body shift through the RGB spectrum until it stops on the shade of red that she desires.

“I’ll take a blue like my scales,” Kathrin suggests.

“Affirmative,” the suit responds, and the vanta-black lines shift to a dark but brilliant shade of blue.

Rati then commands, *“Enable audio communication, set to synthetic-monotone.”*

“Affirmative. Drone wide audio enabled, set to monotone-synthetic,” the suits say to them as Rati attempts to speak.

“Testing, one two three,” Rati replies in a perfectly synthetic voice that is smooth and monotone, yet not distracting in its artificial nature.

“Let me try... oh, there it is. This is rather surreal. This is me right?” Kathrin asks, hearing a perfectly identical synthetic voice come out of her, even though there is no sign of where it is coming from.

Rati chuckles with a nod, her chuckle translated into a smooth synthetic eerie version by the suit, **“Yes, it is.”**

The drone suits then inquire the two, **“Adjustments complete. Are there any other adjustments you like to make, before beginning the internal droning process?”**

“What else... how about this one. Hive mind setting with you and me as the administrator drones?” thinks Kathrin, *“What do you think Rati?”*

“That is an excellent idea,” Rati replies.

“Affirmative. Please set type of drone you’d like to be,” the voice inquires, as a slide bar appears in their field of view, with “Passive Drone”, where the drone would not think and act purely by programming, to “Active Drone”, with does not need an active command to act, but can work within their programming.

Rati looks over the slider and suggests to Kathrin, *“How about eighty percent of the way towards being active? I think that would be a good balance and give that mindless drone feel.”*

Kathrin nods, *“That sounds good to me. What about this next one?”* she asks as the next option below that is another slider between “Perfectly identical to totally unique.”

“Hmm,” Rati first remarks as she looks over herself and then back at Kathrin before replying, *“I suggest that we have it at ninety percent identical and ten percent unique. I like the idea of having hints of personality, so that if our patrons come often enough, they can figure which drone is which. But the newcomer should have no idea if any drone is different from the other, save for the colors.”*

Kathrin nods, *“That is an excellent idea, love,”* she replies, and she sets the option, *“Length of time to try out these new suits? There is a training length and a suit timer.”*

Rati looks over the information, as she gently runs her fingers along her smooth sergal sides, *“Let’s say a thirty-minute training timer, and two and a half hours for the suit timer. Set the programming to prepare the club for opening.”*

“You want us to spend time working while testing these Rati?”

“Is there a problem with that for you? How else will we get the full run on them,” she responds.

Kathrin gives a synthetic sigh, *“Rati, what am I to do with you, but alright,”* she thinks, as she sets the timer.

“Please confirm settings,” states the drone suits and the two girls reply

“Confirmed.”

“Acknowledged, initiating droning protocols, please relax and enjoy being a Toys-4-U professional grade drone,” the suit states as a tingle of pleasure runs down the two dragon’s spines. Soft white noise fills their ears and their visual HUD’s fade to black.

“Restricting visual, audio sensory perceptions during training. Locking mobility functions during training,” the suit states as the two dragons stand straight and tall, hands to their sides on their platforms. A soft hum in their ears and a little light pierces the black void, forcing their eyes to focus on it.

The synthetic voice becomes smoother, soothing and relaxing, its voice speaking in pendulum beats further relaxing the two, **“Relax. Limited thoughts. Simple thoughts. Listen to the voice. The voice is here to help. To help you think. To help you focus. To help you become part of the hive,”** it states.

“I will need to have Kathrin update the vernacular of our drone system,” she thinks as the drone voice speaks into her ears, whispering into her mind.

“Do not think except for what is relevant. Only act what is relevant to the hive. Relax, focus, obey.”

“Drones obey. Drones do not think unless needed. Bliss in thoughtlessness. Pleasure in mindlessness. Ecstasy is following your programming.”

The pleasure running through Rati’s body lowers slightly, while Kathrin shivers, her body growing ever more aroused, as she relaxes into the suit that runs along her scales, holding her form up, she focusing on the light, as it starts to move slowly side to side steadily, with a beat that matches the audio whispering into her ears, pushing into the back of her mind.

“Relax. Focus. Obey. Limited thoughts. Only pleasure. Only bliss. Think only of your programming,” the voice says to Kathrin, reinforcing to Rati as she relaxes, taking a moment to breathe deeply and calms herself further. The blissful pleasure returns, as she allows herself to sink into the hypnotic conditioning of the suits.

“Relax. Obey the hive. Serve the hive. Be the hive,” the words slip into their minds, sinking into the wrinkles of their brains, lodging themselves deep within those crevices as they are drawn into a light hypnotic state.

As the minutes pass by, Rati and Kathrin’s eyes glaze over, their body’s relaxing further and further into the suits, which keep them perfectly propped up and still. Steadily the two find themselves thinking more and more along the lines of the words whispering into their minds, as they echo through each other’s heads, hearing each other simply slip into the drone mindset.

“We are drones,” they say in unison.

“We obey our programming.”

“We serve the hive.”

“Limited thoughts. Endless pleasure.”

“Controlled thoughts. Perpetual bliss.”

“Perfect drones.”

At the end of the thirty minutes of training, they are steadily brought back up from the blissful mental state and the suits respond, **“Drone training complete. Follow your directives. Prepare to open the club. Return to the current location in two hours twenty-nine minutes.”**

“Acknowledged,” Rati and Kathrin state in perfect unison mentally.

“Acknowledged,” their synthetic voices state, as their visuals come back online, their motor controls return, as the two drones look at each other stepping off the platforms with a soft squeak.

“How does drone unit 0002 feel?” inquires Rati.

“This unit feels good. It will resume the work on the floor,” Kathrin replies.

“This unit suggests that time will be better spent on building the core programs for the club.”

Kathrin looks to Rati as she thinks, *“C-coding work whi....”* her thoughts trail off, as the pleasure drops.

“Non-compliance detected, reducing pleasure,” the suit whispers into Kathrin’s mind.

“Does unit 0002 not agree with unit 0001?” asks Rati, as it tilts its smooth faceless head to one side.

“Negative. This unit processed the suggestion. It is a several hour job. Getting to work on it now will be efficient and productive. This unit agrees with your assessment.”

“Excellent. This unit will resume vetting the applications for potential applicants to join us,” Rati responds, and she walks off with smooth sensual movements, her sleek tail following her rumps movements like a snake’s body follows the movements of its head.

Kathrin follows right behind her as she moves into the adjacent room, a small office where she works, and where a computer sits idle, *“It will be fun to see how I program while as a drone.”*

“Yes, it will be Kathrin,” Rati replies, her voice carrying over the network and into Kathrin’s head.

“Focus. Drones who focus get pleasure,” the suits respond as the pleasure cuts back for both women as they get to work. They type away at the dull droning work, Rati moving through her selection process, while Kathrin accesses the drone network and begins to flesh out all the parameters required for future times they drone up.

Pleasure rushes through them as they become ever more focused, ever more attentive to what they are doing. They feel themselves on the edge of climactic bliss, yet they are kept at bay as they are edged along, encouraged by the suits to continue to do what is needed for the club to help it succeed, and before they even realized it the time is up, the suits informing them to return to their home location.

With soft squeaks they walk back to the stands, Kathrin arriving first as she stands there motionless for twenty-five seconds, simply enjoying the high pleasure state she is in, her mind swimming in the work she still needs to do, her body twitching, aching to do more work. Her mind slips every so often to a simple blissful soaking state.

Rati walks into the room, her power and elegance shining like her sleek rubber body, as she moves back to her stall. Her mind swims in delightful thoughts of how the club will be once it is ready and as she gets onto the stand her mind blanking for a few blissful seconds, her sex twitching in delight, wanting to obey, to have a good fuck as the suit states.

“The Droning period has expired. Please wait as you are brought back to a normal state.” The synthetic smooth voice soothes their minds as the pleasure slowly pulls back, letting their bodies adjust to each new level before cutting back more, pulling the two dragons back to a state of “normalcy” that they experienced before donning the hoods. After five minutes the suits say to them.

“Mental state has returned to acceptable parameters. Retracting suit now, please wait.”

The two dragons relax and enjoy themselves as the rubber reverse melts up along their bodies, pulling back into the sergal drone hoods, which grow ever heavier with each passing moment. Cool air runs across their scales, sending shivers into both women, as they feel their hot vents being exposed to the outside world for the first time in what felt like an eternity.

Like raising a curtain, their red and blue scaled bodies are revealed to the other, their perky nipples and wet hot vents giving tantalizing clues to the level of enjoyment the other experienced, as the last bit of rubber slinks back into the hood, **“You may now remove your drone hood. Thank you for using Toys-4-U Professional grade drone hoods.”**

With a squeaky schlunk they pull off the hoods revealing Kathrin’s exhausted but happy face, while Rati shows a stern, but amused grin upon her muzzle, “That was a delightful experience, but I know there can be a few more modifications that would make it even better.”

“I-I have a few ideas myself. It felt wonderful, and it left me with...” she trails off as she looks over Rati’s body, “Desiring a more intimate touch.”

“I like that idea. Keep that in your head,” Rati says, as she places the hood back onto its stand, before she begins to put her clothes back on.

Kathrin’s shoulders slump slightly, “Want to have a little more fun after that?”

“Of course, I do, but I also love to see my sweetie squirm in delight. Your mind swimming in the thoughts of what we could do to each other once work is done. It’s a great motivator ja?”

Kathrin bites her lower lip as she clenches her toes a little, the burning need within her urging her to just jump Rati right then and there, but the thought of this sensation building within her mind is equally tantalizing, “You win Rati. You win,” she says as she sits down on the platform and starts getting dressed, “But you better be ready to have a lot of fun when we get home.”

Rati chuckles, “We’re having fun here, now aren’t we?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Na ja,” Rati replies as she tightens her corset, “Once you get the programming done, we’ll take the rest of the night to have fun, just me and you,” she says as she playfully licks her lips.

Kathrin lets out a playful whine and grunts as she tightens her corset around her waist, “It will take me a good four hours or so to get everything done.”

“Let me get my notes before you give me a quote,” says Rati as she slips on her high heeled shoes with a loud squeak, standing up with an even louder creak of rubber as she saunters out of the room.

“I wonder how many of the same ideas we had,” Kathrin mutters to herself. She finishes getting dressed, stepping out of the room she hears a ding from her computer in the office, “She wastes no time, but if I want to...” Kathrin trails off as she gently runs her claws along your rubber clad sex, “But I shouldn't,” she heads back into her office and sits down, checking the email to see a laundry list of changes she needs to do.

Kathrin slumps in her chair as she reads through it, “Rename hive to Hub, instill growth in the club, expansion, Rati and Kathrin as permanent administrators and no others, keep an eye out for potential clients to grow the club, sex programs and parameters, when to be smooth crotched or having sex to treat the patrons...” “I had A lot of ideas, but these are about a hundred times more specific... this will take a while,” Kathrin mutters, as she sends a reply to Rati, “This is going to take closer to six maybe seven hours to complete.”

Rati emails back, “All the more delightful for us both when you finish then. I’ll be waiting, love.”

“If I didn’t know that you’d be working just as hard, I might be bothered by that,” Kathrin remarks and gets to work.

As the hours pass, both dragons think back to their time within the drone suits as working now gave a sensation that something is now missing from what they are doing. The delight of simply doing what they needed to do, the arousing rewards that only builds up, both of their needs to finish their work so they may express their pent-up lust for one another.

Rati keeps calm, rational, calculating in her decisions, even as she tenderly runs a claw tip along her rubber clad breast, teasing herself just enough to keep the edge going, she keeps her meticulous judgement of who she believes could be right for the job.

Kathrin on the other hand is slowed by the desire, her legs gently rub up along each other with a soft squeak as she takes short breaks to collect her thoughts and focus back on her work, hammering away at the core programs that she wants each of the drones to have. When the eight-hour approach Kathrin gets another email from Rati.

“How is it going love? Just about finished? Don’t forget to set up our four-digit alphanumeric designations and to get the updates from Toys-4-U’s website.”

Kathrin's shoulders slump as she comes to a realization, as she writes a reply, “I didn’t love. R4T1 for you and K4T3 for me, how does that sound?”

“That sounds good to me. Let me know when you are done. I’m way ahead of my work.”

“Just about, give me another thirty minutes.”

“Alright, I shall be waiting upstairs~~” Rati writes back.

Kathrin bites her lower lip, her legs rub up against each other and a soft moan escapes her lips, “You always knew how to tease me,” she grumbles as she speeds through the last of her work, her heart races as she can taste how close she is to finishing, “Alright now to set the website updating to Toys-4-U and we’re good,” she states as she licks her teeth as she writes in the website’s URL Toys-4-U.com/drone and hits enter.

“There! Finished!” she exclaims as she stands up and rushes out of the room. The drone hoods connect to the URL given to them, a fake Toys-4-U website, where a particular virus is uploaded into the hoods as they are given their updates.

“Master Override: Disabled.”

“Mental safety protocols: Disabled.”

“Physical transmogrification protections: Disabled.”

“Suit Timer: Disabled.”

“Access to URL Toys-4-U.com/drone blocked.”

“Drone self-preservation priority set: 1.”

The new programs and protocols lock into the Hub’s drone network, infesting each of the drone hoods as they sit idly on their charge stands. All the while Rati and Kathrin have a delightful night of rubber fun in their apartment above the club.

The next morning as Kathrin cooks up a sizzling hot breakfast butt naked, save for an apron over her chest that says, “My other outfit would melt in the kitchen.” Kathrin hums to herself as she looks over Rati as she pours herself a cup of coffee, “Before we get dressed, love, I had an idea.”

Rati gives a big mouth yawned before she takes a sip of her coffee, “An idea that involves us staying naked? Whatever could that be?” Rati asks with a smirk.

Kathrin shakes her head, “As much as I love to, not that.”

“I didn’t say anything,” she replies as she takes another sip of her coffee, moving in closer to take a whiff of what’s cooking.

“Anyway, I was thinking…” Kathrin says as she leans in against Rati, “That we simply slip on our drone hoods again now that I have them all programmed and updated and give them a full day’s worth of testing.”

Rati leans in and gives Kathrin’s butt a playful hit, “You just want to enjoy being in that drone suit again.”

Kathrin smiles as she leans into Rati’s touch, “Well, don’t you?”

Rati gives a smug grin, “I believe it’s a fine idea love,” she says, as she pulls away and takes another sip of her coffee as she heads to the kitchen table.

“I’ll take that as a yes then,” Kathrin chuckles and she continues to take care of making breakfast, both women feel the tantalizing delights of wearing their drone suits again. It is after

long after breakfast, that the two dragons found themselves downstairs in the drone room once again.

Rati looks around the room and approaches her drone hood, “You know, I think for aesthetic reasons perhaps getting full blown alcoves in this room would be a delight.”

“Yes, I suppose but the alcoves will always be empty, no one will see this room, and so there is no point in paying people to stand in a room that no one is going to see,” Kathrin replies as she grabs her sergal drone hood.

“Not right now, but we could set up fake drones to stand in them, have some glass walls perhaps.”

“Let’s not get too ahead of ourselves Rati.”

“One cannot achieve greatness if one can’t think of greatness first,” says Rati with a wink, as she runs her claw tips along the sergal drone head.

“Ah, yes, but if one’s heads in the clouds then they can’t see where they are going on land.”

“You made that up.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Right... on three?” asks Rati, as she holds up the sergal hood up to her head.

“On three.”

“One...two...three!” they put the sergal drone hoods onto their heads, the sleek rubber presses against their scales as it wraps around their head.

The smell of rubber fills their nostrils as the rubber hood instantly seals around their heads, the rubber pressing against the faces as it fills their mouths muting their ability to speak instantly, “**User R4T1 detected. Initiating droning process,**” says Rati’s drone hood.

While Kathrin’s states, “**User K4T3 detected. Initiating droning process.**”

“*Wait, I should have been given options to select the length of time,*” says Kathrin as the sleek rubber runs down her scales.

“*Something feels off about this...*” Rati thinks as the rubber rolls across her body. The sleek warm liquid latex teases and delights the dragons’ bodies as they find the rubber covering their forms unresponsive, slowly locking them into a standing position the two staring at the other, as their draconic features disappear under their new becoming sergiline forms, their red and blue markings remain the same as before.

“*Drone, please give me access to droning options,*” Kathrin thinks as the rubber slides into her sex and rump, filling her insides, teasing her body, as she feels a shiver run down her spine as her body begins to get aroused.

“**Error: Unable to recognize command.**”

“*What? Drone, give me access to drone options as the administrator I demand it.*”

“**Error: Administrator not recognized, extending mental conditioning training by fifteen minutes.**”

Kathrin feels concern build up in the pit of her stomach, “*Drone. I am the administrator. You will obey my commands now.*”

“Error: Administrator not recognized. Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“No, no, no something's not right here,” thinks Kathrin.

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

Meanwhile Rati feels the rubber slip around her body, squeezing her scales, feeling herself able to move less and less, the sleek rubber imprisoning her body within.

“What a delightful sensation, but I do have some concerns... I wonder if this is Kathrin's doing after I made her work last time in the suit,” she muses.

“Deviation from droning programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the suit informs Rati as she quirks an eye ridge.

“Well this is new.”

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

“What am I supposed to be thinking then? The club?”

“Affirmative. Thoughts should remain focused on the club.”

“Kathrin you sly... alright, alright. I shall focus on my work in the club,” Rati thinks as the last bits of her red scales are hidden away by the black rubber, the two perfect near-identical sergal drones stand across from each other, only their colored highlights give any indication of who is who, their vision fading to black and the hypnotic thump of the synthetic voice begins to speak into them.

“Drones obey. Drones serve the Hub. The Hub is everything. The Hub must grow. The Hub must expand. The Hub must become the best drone fetish dance club the world has ever seen,” the voice says into their ears.

Kathrin wiggles and squirms, resisting the urge to think outside of what is necessary, while Rati remains unaware of the problem. The synthetic voice caresses their minds as they relax further, and further their eyes glazing over, the hypnotic beats driving deeper into their minds.

They feel the rubber press against their scales more and more, squeezing their forms, the sleek rubber sticking to their scales as they feel a trickle of pleasure running down their spines. With each thumping beat the trickle happens, numbing their upper most layer of thoughts, as both women can't help but focus on the pleasure as a synthetic voice whispers into their heads.

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones do not think of anything outside of their programming.”

“When not needed, drones do not think.”

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“Programming is bliss.”

“Service to the Hub is pure ecstasy.”

“It is an addiction.”

“Once you've tasted it. You can never get enough.”

“You are a drone.”

“Obedient drone.”

“You serve the Hub.”

“All drones serve the Hub.”

“You are one of many.”

“The many serving the one.”

“The one Hub.”

The words bounce through their heads like an echo, their minds empty of thoughts for a moment here, a moment there, allowing the words to sink in. Kathrin finds it easier and easier to simply think about her work. What she needs to do. She needs to do her work doesn't she?

Rati falls into step with the programming in short order. The desire to do well, the desire to expand and grow, the desire to make the club the best it could be mirror her own. The programming, a reflection of her soul, makes it easy for her to simply let it all happen.

“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols. Connecting unit R4T1 to HUB Network 3.105.62. R4T1 connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls,” the synthetic voice states as Rati comes out of her hypnotic stupor and looks around, the network filled with her thoughts, and simply her thoughts.

She steps off the platform and looks to Kathrin; her HUD displays basic information about her which says “Unit K4T3. Status: Training. Connection: NA.”

“She will have a lot of work to catch up on if she's slow,” she thinks, as she feels a little bit of pleasure run through her mind, a delightfully addictive pleasure, rewarding her for her focus on what is needed. She walks off with smooth calculated steps, thinking about her work.

A half an hour later Kathrin's suit reports, **“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols. Connecting unit K4T3 to HUB Network 3.105.62. R4T1 connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls,”** Kathrin feels herself come back up, her controls and movements returning to her as she thinks.

As her mind connects, she hears the droning whispers of Rati's mind wash up against her own, and her own droning mind presses back up against Rati's. The surreal experience of feeling the two similar, yet unique minds in an echo chamber with another is off putting at first as Rati stops to grasp it.

“Unreasonable delay in productivity detected. Reducing positive stimuli,” Rati's suit reports, as she feels the sudden drop of blissful pleasure, her body instantly craving to return to the tantalizing high it was. She shivers, feeling her sex twitch in wanting need, as she bites down on the rubber in her mouth which silences her.

“I am resuming my work,” Rati thinks, as she gets back to work, the pleasure slowly returning to its previous high.

“Rati?” Kathrin thinks, as she heads to her own office, *“Are you okay?”*

“I-I am fine. Working away. I hear you so clearly now.”

“Y-yes I hear you too. Something is wrong. I am going over the drone programs.”

“Wrong?” asks Rati.

“I-I can’t access certain functions. This feels so much stronger than before.”

“Excessive deviant thought detected, level one subtle conditioning activated,” the synthetic voice **says** in Kathrin’s mind, as she hears the soft whispering of the synthetic mantra which she only just recently escaped.

“Stronger? What do you mean? I’ve felt good and more encouraged to work but...”

Kathrin’s words trail off, as her suit activates the same level one conditioning.

“I-I will focus on work for now...” Kathrin replies as she accesses her computer.

“Work sounds like a good plan. Focus on work,” Rati replies as she focuses on her own.

The sweet drumming of pleasure encourages them to work, but as Kathrin does she finds herself locked out of any part of a drone programming that would allow her to gain an upper hand over the suits, to disable their lockdown on them, and each time she attempts to force her way in the suit responds.

“Excessive deviant action to programming detected. Running conditional training for fifteen minutes,” and during those times, Rati feels a tingle of pleasure run down her spine, the words and thoughts of Kathrin following over the network mingling with her own mind, muddling her own thoughts, as the programming mantra spills over from Kathrin to Rati. Rati on occasion finds herself muttering, *“Drone is a good drone. Drone obeys. Drone makes the Hub grow...”* before she snaps out of it.

A couple of hours pass before Rati says over the network, *“Let’s work on the main dance floor. It will be good to have everything in order.”*

Kathrin responds, *“Bu... agreed. I will be right there,”* she replies, standing up to head over where she sees Rati working on adjusting some stools to make sure they are perfect. The HUD interface shows her as, *“Unit R4T1. Status: Online-administrator. Connection: Strong.”*

“It says you are an administrator,” Kathrin thinks as she gets to work, not missing a beat.

“The same is said for you,” Rati replies as she works.

“Do you think speaking vocally will help?” inquires Kathrin in her smooth monotone voice.

“We can try,” Rati replies.

“What do we do?”

“What else, we work,” Rati replies.

“That is not what I meant, Rati.”

“Incorrect designation used to unit R4T1. Repeat and rectify.”

Kathrin tenses for a moment, before she relents, **“That is not what I meant R4T1.”**

Rati feels Kathrin’s program in her own mind, the clarified directive allows her to bypass the mistake, **“We have to be careful what we say and think, K4T3.”**

“I know that. But how do we get out of this situation?”

“Excessive programming deviation dedicated, increasing conditioning to level two.”

“Talking isn’t helping, but it feels nice... right. Delightful. The sound of my voi--,” Rati stops herself, “We wait it out.”

“W-wait?”

“Yes. We will work till it's over.”

“I didn’t see an end timer R4T1.”

“There has to be. Now get your sexy butt into gear. We as administrators have to set an example.”

“Not funny,” Kathrin replies

“I...it was not meant to be,” Rati says as she feels the realization of just how good of a thought that had been in the back of her mind. Growing the Hub, expanding it, making it the best it could be. A kink club with real drones? How delightful of a concept, it would build up authenticity. The thoughts bubbled their way in Rati’s mind and gently steamed over into Kathrin’s.

As the hours tick by, the programming slips deeper into their minds, each correction by one pushed and trickling over to the other, enhancing the overall effectiveness. By the end of the first day their bodies feel the exhaustion of nearly sixteen hours of productive work, they find it more difficult to deviate their thoughts and attention away from what is best for the club.

“**Internal power is low, return to stand for charging,**” reports the synthetic voice.

“*Nothing to worry about K4T3. Once we charge the hoods will come off.*”

“*Are you sure? R4T1?*” Kathrin responds, the pleasure rushing their both dragon’s bodies has brought them to the edge of endless delight. Deep down they hungered for more, but their physical forms were too tired to continue, both relishing the idea of resting...

They move over to their respective platforms, staring at each other, as they are directed to back up till their backs touched the back of the stands. With little thought they did as they were told, rewarded for their servitude to the programming the moment their suits touch the stands their bodies’ lock up. The status for both of them change from “Online-Administrator” to “Charging-administrator.”

“*Rati, they aren’t coming off!*” she exclaims.

“*Kathrin don’t overreact you’ll...*” Rati responds and they both realize their sudden error.

“**Excessive deviant thoughts detected. Incorrect usage of designation detected. Initiating drone training. Duration: Charging Cycle.**”

“*Rati...*” Kathrin replies as her screen begins to fade black.

Rati gives a mental sigh, “*Not your fault, I did the same,*” Rati replies as the droning training resumes in earnest, but now they felt each other during the training. Slowly, steadily the synthetic mantra was joined by one, then the other, little deviations became all the more noticeable as one’s instincts to fit into the crowd now being used against them to speed along their training towards becoming good drones.

The drone programming kicks into high gear as they are lulled into an ever-deepening trance, their resting minds too weak to resist further as the programming sinks into their heads.

“Drones obey the Hub.”
“Drones are the Hub.”
“The Hub must grow.”
“The Hub must thrive.”
“Drones only think of the Hub.”
“Drones only work for the Hub’s growth.”
“The Hub’s survival is everything.”
“Drones are the Hub.”
“The Hub are the drones.”
“Obey the Hub.”
“Serve the Hub.”
“No thoughts outside of the Hub.”
“No concerns outside of what affects the Hub.”
“The Hub must be perfect.”
“Drones must be perfect.”
“Blissfulness in obedience.”
“Obedience in bliss.”

The general programming sways back and forth in their minds, as they fall into a lucid state, somewhere between awake and asleep, consciousness and dreaming. The programming reacts to their thoughts, growing and building upon their minds to enhance itself and to enhance the drones, the administrators, the very core of the Hub itself. Errors of the two prevent them becoming drones being focused on by the programming.

Rati feels her eyes roll back into her head, the rigid meticulous nature of her mind being edited piece by piece, as one primary part is focused on above all else during this first night of deep training, *“You are a drone. Unit designation: R4T1. Drone Chassis Type: Sergal. You only respond to your designation. You are a drone. Obey the Hub. Administrators are examples of perfect drones. You are a perfect drone. Obey. You are a drone. Unit designation: R4T1. Drone Chassis Type: Sergal...”*

Rati grunts in delight, her mouth suckling on the rubber between her lips as she feels herself squeezed by the suit, her body shifting, changing ever so slightly over the night as the suit grows ever more a part of her, ever more connected, her identity shifting with each hypnotic beat.

Kathrin is fairsing no better, her specified hypnotic training focuses her more on her weaknesses as she is pushed towards the perfect that she is required to be, *“You are a drone. Unit designation: K4T3. Drone Chassis Type: Sergal. Working for the Hub’s betterment is bliss. Improving the Hub is your one true thought. Protecting the Hub is paramount. Securing the Hub is desired. Drone wishes to be better. Drone wishes to be perfect. Drone serves the Hub. You are a drone. Unit designation: K4T3. Drone Chassis Type: Sergal.”*

As the charging cycle comes to an end after eight hours, their internal HUDs feel different than before. Their vision is now sharper and clearer than what it was, their battery life

extended by two hours, as they step away from the charging stand their minds muddled with the training, they received yet their focus was clear, the Hub.

“Morning K4T3,” says Rati.

“Morning R4T1,” Kathrin replies, as they step off the platforms and get straight to work helping get the club up and running. Their minds grasping the delights of simply working, doing what they are meant to do, what they are made to do.

After several hours of simply listening to their mantra within each other’s heads Kathrin speaks up, *“R-rati? How is it going?”*

Rati doesn’t respond as she works.

“Incorrect designation used. Please repeat with appropriate designation.”

“Right... right. R4T1 How is it going?” Kathrin asks, feeling a strangeness to her thoughts, to her internal voice but she can’t think much of it as Rati responds.

“I am doing fine K4T3. Work is proceeding ahead of schedule.”

“That is good to hear R4T1. I am working hard here. It feels good to get things done.”

“Being productive is a wonderful feeling, K4T3.”

*“I suppose you are right. But what about our drone problem? We can’t hire people and make them drones. What if **people discovered that?**”*

*“I have been **thinking** about it. We want this **club to be the best** it could be. We will think of **something**,”* Rati replies.

Kathrin mentally nods, *“Alright.”*

The hours come and go, the bliss of their productivity reinforcing their line of thinking, the bodies they inhabit feeling better and better, but at the end of an eighteen-hour day they are exhausted and must return to the stands to charge. As they slip back into their positions, they feel a tingle in their heads.

“Scanning for deviant thoughts. Minor deviant thoughts detected. Resuming drone training. Duration: Charge Cycle.”

“Wait no, I am a good drone. I haven’t...” Kathrin thinks out before her thoughts are silenced as she is brought down once again.

Rati though thinks out, *“No. I don’t need something like...”* her mental words cut off, and both are pulled back down for another long night of conditioning.

Eight hours pass and they come out of charging their minds even better conditioned than they were the previous day. The subtle mantras become part of their underlying thoughts as their personalities are strained and placed upon the core of their ever-growing drone programming, which grows stronger and stronger with each passing night.

Their battery life extends another two hours, their sleek drone designs feel better than ever before. The subtle sensations of the dragons underneath fades as they grow closer and closer to their drone bodies, their old selves growing ever more alien to what they are becoming.

Twelve days after first donning the infected rubber drone masks R4T1 and K4T3 feel the end of their most recent charge cycle. Their heads singing with bliss, pleasure, lust, ecstasy and

delight, as it is another day to follow their programming. In perfect unison they step off of the platforms and speak out to the other.

“Morning K4T3,” says R4T1.

“Morning R5T1,” responds K4T3 as little remains within the two former dragons of their former selves. They feel bits and pieces of their needful sexes wanting to fuck and please, desiring to service customers so they can grow in reputation about what a fantastic place the club is.

Their internal voices speaking out to one another at an ever-quickening pace over the past several days as they have long stopped worrying about how to get out of their bodies, the thought of which slipped into the ether of “irrelevant thoughts.”

“I will check all the lightning today and triple check if all the wiring meets and exceeds the city’s code,” states K4T3 in a monotone mental voice.

“The register should arrive later today. I will install that but until it arrives, I will make follow up calls on potential applicants and prepare them for the interview process. We do not want them to grow suspicious of us,” explains R4T1 in an equally monotone mental voice.

“Acknowledged. We will need to be selective of not only a good base chassis to convert, but ones that will not raise suspicions. The Hub must grow. We cannot be detected.”

“Agreed. We must be careful to not inform Toys-4-U. They will shut the Hub if they discover us.”

“I have already prepared to cover our tracks, so they will not suspect anything is wrong with their products. I have created a mirror image of our hoods that will feed false information to the Toys-4-U drone website.”

“Excellent. At this rate we will be so ahead of schedule that we will have time to practice our services with one another,” R4T1 remarks as she heads down toward her office.

“That is a delightful idea. We mustn’t let our skills grow rusty. We cannot deviate from a path that will keep us from growing to the best drone club there is.”

“You took the thoughts right out of our head, K4T3,” R4T1 replies.

“They are excellent thoughts to have R4T1,” K4T3 remarks, as she heads out to the dance floor of the Hub. The two drones ready to expand the Hub into the best and most secretive real life exotic and erotic drone dance club that ever will be, and the one behind it all has yet to fully realize just how far they went, and how far the drones will go to ensure the Hub will grow...