

Ketex's First Drone

A white furred anthropomorphic wolf enters his home late at night, processing all that has happened to him over the past several hours. The spaceship, the DCS, domination conquest suits, becoming the administrator, the programming flooded into his mind, skills, strength, new ability. All of it felt like a surreal dream, and then the ship collapsed under the weight of the swamp with its complete destruction leaving just *him* with the power of this power, "*My life is no longer going to be the same. Perfect,*" he thinks, mulling about not what to do next, but who to show this new, better life.

He feels the hidden suit within him, looking over his white fur, his naked form, hands gently caressing his fur, then with a simple thought, the sleek white latex flows over his body, blue stripes along his backside, tubular thong forming around his crotch, covering his rear, stuffing him, and chastising him. A silver pack grows from his back, with thick black tubes with blue stripes that lead over his muzzle, flooding his lungs with a blue haze of pleasure, arousing his mind, his cock twitching against the constraints. His mouth flooded with a rubber tentacle, allowing him to suckle and enjoy the sensation. The black visor hides his eyes, providing him a HUD display of information, searching through the data to make a selection that will best suit him, "*I have to be careful. Until there's enough of us, I have to do this with tender loving care.*"

Culling down his selection as he applies new filters and variables to narrow it down to one select individual, the name pops up on his screen, "Name: Marble Gender: Male Conversion Chance: High" A head shot of an orange anthropomorphic with yellow eyes appears beside the basic information.

Ketex knew this has to be his target, it's just too perfect to ignore, and so very easy to bring straight to him, he shifts back to his original white furred self, all the parts of the suit melting back into his body, composed of nanites and advanced rubber polymer, making it impossible for anyone to notice anything is different from him, except hidden on his palm in blue lettering is KT-00.

He grabs his cell phone and calls him. The phone rings several times before he finally answers, sounding tired and groggy, "Hello? Who is this?"

"Marble, it's me Kevin!"

The orange canine shakes the cobwebs from his mind, his alertness quickly rising, a sign of concern rising up in his voice, "Kevin? You know what time it is? Is everything alright?"

"Everything is fine... no, in fact they are better than fine, so much so I need you to come to my place right away."

"What? At this time? Are you... did you say you need me?" he asks, his interest rising, tail wagging.

Ketex's ear twitches, processing the shifting tone in his voice, the quickness of breath, shifting of weight of his bed. The drone's own tail begins to wag, "Yes, I need you Marble, can you come here, right now?"

"N-now?" he asks, hearing the excitement in his voice.

“There’s something I need to show you, and I just can’t wait, please, come now.”

“Sure, I can come. For you? No problem. To your place, right?”

“Yes, and hurry. This is going to be the most amazing thing you’ve ever experienced.”

“I’m coming. You don’t have to convince me... You know part of me has always wanted to...” he says, trailing off leaving a bit of dead air between them.

“Wanted to what Marble?”

“Ah... I’ll see you in a moment.”

“See you soon,” he replies hanging up, tossing the phone off to the side, “This is going to be too perfect,” he says, walking over the kitchen, fixing himself a drink, “I should wear a little something... otherwise it might be a little too obvious,” he remarks, rushing to get on a pair of shorts.

Marble arrives with butterflies fluttering in his stomach, “*He says he needs me. Needs me! After all this time I’ve really wanted to tell him, but has he noticed? Or did he have feelings for me too? I just... calm down Marble, calm down. Let’s not jump to conclusions, it could be something wrong with his computer or router... but at this time of night? Could it really be that?*”

The door swings open revealing Kevin in nothing but a pair of boxer shorts, the sight of which is enough to make the canine blush, which his fur hides, “H-hey Kevin.”

“Marble, you made it. Please come in,” he says, stepping aside, waiting for his friend to come inside, before closing and locking the door behind him.

“I came as fast as I could. What could I do you for?” he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, looking over Kevin, his heart starting to race, tail wagging, pants growing a bit tight, “Us everything alright? You called me kind of late.”

“It’s better than alright Marble, it’s actually the most wonderful thing that could have ever happened!” he exclaims, leaning in close, running his hand across his jacket, “And I just can’t wait to show you.”

He smiles, heart throbbing, feeling as if it’s about to burst out of his chest, “W-whatever you could you mean? Did something happen?”

“Yes, you can say that. Something that made me open my eyes to the reality of the world, and just how much *you* mean to me,” he says, leaning in close, bringing his lips close to his.

“*This can’t be happening...*,” Marble thinks, shivering against his friend’s chest, eyes looking over his gorgeous white fur, his shorts tenting, his aching member straining against the soft fabric, “Y-you have?” he says with a bashful smile, wanting to lean in closer, to bring himself to kiss those lips, but he just barely holds himself back.

“Yes Marble, and after much deliberating, I want nothing more than for you to join me.”

“J-join you? I-I don’t know what to say.”

He grins, unbuttoning his jacket, tossing the clothes to the side, “You don’t have to say anything Marble. You just need to let me do what I want, and it’ll all be *perfect*.”

The orange canine shudders, his arousal surging forth, his cock twitches when he notices the bulge in his friend's shorts, "Y-you know Kevin. I've always wanted to tell you just how much you mea..."

His words are cut off, by Kevin's finger pressed upon his lips, his eyes locking onto his, while his other hand lifts and removes the canine's shirt, "You don't have to say anything more. Just let what happens next, happen. And it'll all be made clear to you."

He swallows the lump in his throat, his body quivering in delight, lifting his arms helplessly letting Kevin do what he wishes with him, stripping him down, letting his hot pink member swing free, aching in the cool air, as he's gently pushed back up against the wall, "Y-yes, I understand," he moans, looking down, seeing his friend's shorts are gone, not even wondering how or when they got removed, his pink throbbing length twitching in the air, the knotted cock pulsating in the air, "*I can't believe this is happening. This has to be a dream. Has to be a dream!*" Their cock tips 'kiss' sending shivers of pleasure through Marble's body. His body is like puddy in Kevin's hands.

"That's it Marble, let me do everything, there's nothing you have to worry about now that I am here to help you," says Ketex, leaning in closer, the rubber across his body coming out, smoothing out his white fur, the markings showing, the pink cock shifting to black with a blue stripe along the sides, the clear pre-cum shifting to a deep shade of blue, becoming slick and shiny like liquid rubber.

"O-okay," he whines, leaning back, feeling the strong powerful grip of his friend, closing his eyes to simply let him have his way with him, "*This has to be a dream. There's no way this is reality, but if it's a dream, I don't want it to end,*" he thinks, not noticing the subtle changes against his cock, the smooth sleek rubber touching his member.

"That's it Marble, relax and enjoy yourself," says Ketex the rubber muzzle and visor slipping over his own eyes, but the tip of his muzzle remains open as he breathes out a blue colored gas that washes over him, flooding his lungs with the sweet aroma.

The orange canine shudders, his cock squirting a bit of pre-cum as his arousal jumps several fold, pleasing warmth fills his lungs, his body grinds harder against lover's body, soft squeaks fill the air as he's sent to a higher level of existence. Pure loving ecstasy that he can't imagine being transported to in such a short period of time, but it's at this moment, there's that nagging part of him, that tells him that something is *off*. What was it?

"Relax, breathe in deep Marble. Everything will become clear to you soon," says Ketex, his voice shifting, the body transformation complete as he funnels the arousing gas over his friend.

He gasps, opening his eyes, expecting to see that loving white wolf before him but instead is greeted by the gaze of a black visor and a rubber face with a black muzzle with black tubes with blue stripes attached to the mask, which then go back to behind him, "W-wha..." is all he can mutter before the smooth rubber hands come across his face.

"Relax Marble, you will join and, and serve our growing collective. Your skills are exactly what I need for us to grow and prosper," he says, hugging more blue haze over his face,

latex growing across his muzzle, spreading across his mouth. His eyes grow heavy, trying to pull away but the latex drone's strength before him is just far too great.

The taste of latex floods his mouth, covering his white teeth, darkening them to a black. A mask forms across his face, while white rubber crawls across his skin. A shiver runs across his body as latex spreads down his neck, along the back of his head, starting to cover his ears. A dark black visor begins to form over his eyes, the last vision he can see is a black rubber tube with a blue stripe form against his congealing latex mask, elongating and snaking its way behind his back.

"What is this? This can't be happening, it must be a nightmare, yes, a nightmare," he thinks, the rubber spreading down his chest, as his back is pushed away from the wall, a back container is constructed attached to his back, starting to pump that luscious blue miasma right into his lungs, doubling his arousal, making his cock twitch.

He reaches out to grasp onto Kevin, "What is going on?" he tries to say, his words are muffled as the faceless drone before him disappears into darkness, the world around him becoming muffled as he feels a sliding flow of latex across his body, moving down his form, expanding further over the surface.

A HUD display appears in front of his eyes, "New Host Acquired, scanning neural biology."

"What is this? What is that?" Marble thinks, his hips bucking forward, pressing against the rubber drone's length, as the tight loving grip of Ketex never lets him go.

"You are being perfected to join the collective. You will relax, listen and obey," says Ketex, the words able to be heard by him because the suit allowed him to hear his superior speak to him.

"Kevin..." says into the muffled mask, each breath flooding him with greater arousal and need, making it harder to keep focus.

The HUD display reports, "Neural scan complete. Starting process of new DCS unit, designation Ketex-01."

"What is it talking about? I need to get out of here, I need to..." his thoughts escape him as swirls of color are displayed before his eyes. He's unable to blink or look away as his will is whittled down with each passing moment.

"Drone will obey."

"Drone will serve."

"You will obey Administrator Ketex-00."

The words flash before his eyes and then sink down into his mind, the pleasure growing, the allure of the words becoming ever more powerful, how could they be wrong? He moans into his mask the white rubber sliding down his form, guided and spread faster by the original Ketex drone, which reaches down and grips the hard throbbing pink flesh.

"That's it Marble. Accept it. You will love joining me as we grow, spread and make more Ketex Drones," Ketex says, encouraging his partner, spreading the rubber across his length, darkening it into a thick throbbing black rubber, the blue stripes and marking soon taking root as

a silver metal tong grows across the base of his crotch, encompassing the orange canine's balls, caressing and teasing them, while matching black and blue rubber tubes move along the crevice of his thighs and belly, reaching around to his rear, where a silver and blue metal plug is shoved right into him, filling his rear, teasing his prostate, to further encourage him to listen and obey...

"Good drones get pleasure."

"Pleasure is obedience."

"Obedience is pleasure."

"You will submit to administrator Ketex-00."

"You will do all you can for the collective."

Marble's memories remain with him, knowledge that he can use to serve the collective... wait, "*Was that a thought of my own, or something else... that I must serve...*" The moment those thoughts entered his head, a surge of pleasure came over him, his cock twitched harder, hips bucking, pressing up against his fellow drone, rewarding him to keep on this path, to accept the programming being drilled into his mind. Another deep breath, more of the arousing gas flooding his lungs, all of it feeding back into a vicious loop that is tearing down his will, making it harder to resist.

The white rubber continues down his legs, metal souls appear on his feet, with a blue rubber tip, the last vestiges of his orange fur now gone, as his cock grinds up against his fellow drone, the desire to obey and listen to his fellow drone growing.

Ketex grinds himself against his fellow drone, looking on his chest, seeing the name KETEX-01 appear in blue lettering with a barcode right underneath it. His enhanced synthetic vision allows him to read the code, confirming that he's a genuine ketex drone and that there is no mistaking it. He presses himself up closer to his new drone, the first of many, "Just a bit more. Accept it. Accept me. We will make this world a better place for all of us."

The administrator's voice penetrated his mind, the white noise he's hearing only amplifies the command given to him, the pulsating colors and desire to serve bubbling up within his mind, any desire to struggle is quickly fading away, leaving him wanting and hungry. His focus grows stronger, it won't be long now till he fully embraces who is now.

"You are a drone."

"Your designation is Ketex-01."

"You serve the collective."

"You obey administrator Ketex."

"You will do all you can to help the collective grow."

"Listen and obey."

"Listen and serve."

"Accept administrator's commands."

"Accept your programming."

"You are Ketex-01, a drone."

"*I am... I am... Ketex-01. I am a drone. I serve. I obey. I will do all I can to help the collective grow,*" Marble thinks, knowing who he was, but now starting to embrace who he is

now, taking upon himself the correct designation of a Ketex drone, Ketex-01, the first of many drones.

On his HUD it suddenly reads, “Compliance detected. Neurological reconfiguration completed. You now proceed to continue operations KETEX-01.” The drone’s vision clears and standing before him, holding him close is the administrator Ketex.

It was simple enough the first thoughts that pop into his head, he states to him, “Unit Ketex-01 online administrator. I hear and obey.”

Hidden behind the mask Ketex grins, lifting up his drone, pressing his cock tip against the plug in his rear, which opens up just for him, “Excellent drone. Welcome to the collective. You will serve me and your future drones well,” he states, slipping inside of him, squirting blue latex pre-cum into his behind, making for a slick filling entry.

“I hear you administrator and I obey,” he moans, squeezing down his administrator’s cock, accepting him into himself, “I’ve always wanted this, and now I have it. Thank you Ketex for including me in this wonderful collective,” he praises, his cock throbbing hard, dribbling the same blue liquid.

“Excellent Ketex-01. You will proceed and hack into the local systems and prepare for the next stages of our expansion. For now, I will reward you, as the second and newest member of our collective.”

“Thank you, administrator,” he responds, gasping in his mask, clenching his administrator’s length, feeling a joy and bliss of serving and obeying him. The irony now felt upon him that all this time he’s wanted to be with him, and he’d do anything to do so. But he lacked the confidence, and courage to do so. Now he’s bound to serve and obey him as a good drone unit. And as that cock pounds into his rear, he’s being drawn closer together, like he’s always wanted but in a way, he’d never expect to happen.

He wraps his legs around his lover, holding him close, the power and strength of the thrusts enhanced by the suits, making Ketex a better organic being than ever before, and that same strength and prowess is felt through him. He hangs onto his lover, rubbing his cock against Ketex’s belly, letting the blue streaks of his pre-cum run across them.

The bond the two share grows stronger, and as Ketex unleashes his hot sticky blue rubber load into his newest unit, it only further enhances their bond and collective strength. His hot gushing nanite drone essence floods his fellow unit’s rear, sending a surge of pleasure through Ketex-01’s body.

The former orange canine now forever trapped within the collective and he couldn’t be happier for it. The programming in his mind grows stronger, meeting no resistance as it becomes deeply rooted in his mind, the urge to search for new targets to grow and expand the collective now his primary function and purpose for existing. In his mind the programming repeats, ensuring compliance.

“Drone obeys.”

“Drone’s designation is Ketex-01.”

“Drone serves the collective.”

“Drone obeys administrator Ketex.”

“Drone must help the collective grow.”

“Good drones ensure the collective grows.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Bliss is obedience.”

“Drone will do everything in his power to be a good drone.”

“Good drones do everything they can to help the collective.”

As the surge of drone seed fills him. Ketex puts him down, the sleek drones looking nearly exactly alike, save for their designation on their chest. The administrator drone states, “Enter stealth mode.”

“Affirmative,” Ketex-01 states, the rubber retracting from his body in the same way that Ketex had done earlier. The two drones reverting back to their original forms, Ketex, the white furred wolf and Ketex-01 the orange canine with glowing amber eyes, “Thank you Administrator. I will do all I can to help the collective grow.”

Ketex leans in, passionately kissing his fellow drone, gently running his fingers through his fur before pulling away, leaving the orange canine in a state of near permanent bliss, “I know you will. Return home, and start preparations and remember Ketex-01, if you find anyone suitable for conversion, do not hesitate to add them to the collective.”

“Yes administrator, I won’t let you down,” he replies with a big smile on his face. On his right hand is the hidden designation in blue KT-01, the mark that he’s joined the collective, and one thing’s for certain. The collective is going to grow, the only question remains is how much and how fast.