

Cynder Drone in Space: One Equals One

Ratchet takes a moment to clean his glasses, “That was a good chicken pot pie,” he says, letting out a little burp, blushing, “Sorry...”

“It’s alright, I hope I didn’t make it too awkward for you.”

“I’ve gotten used to the fact that your body is unique... you’re rather fascinating.”

“Fascinating? Me? I’m really ordinary. Normal to my people.”

“Normal? There’s nothing that I consider to be normal for you,” he says, looking over the dragon, feeling a tingle through his body, a moment of admiration of the dragon’s smooth sleek simple body, *“Why am I drawn to someone like this? I prefer men, this is... not a guy? Could be, though could be a girl... or neither? Or both? There’s nothing there... is it just weird? Or am I just drawn to the unknown or the smooth shine of someone who is like a living rubber drone? Smooth crotches are nice...”*

“Ratchet... Ratchet!” exclaims Celina, through her small hovering drone, getting right up into the human’s face, “Your queue is beeping!”

He snaps out of it, “Huh, what? My queue is beeping? It shouldn’t be beeping unless...” his eyes widen, slipping through his work, catching the issue, “High priority check on reactor three. Damn, damn, damn. We got to go,” he says, patting himself down for his map device.

“Is this the way you are looking for?” Cynder asks, holding up the holographic map.

“Yes, it is. You managed to pick up on that fast...” he says with a bit of wonder but quickly brushes it off, “I need to go, need to help.”

“I shall help too, to lead you there.”

“This is too important.”

“Let me *equally* be helpful by guiding you there.”

“Equal. Equal. Good, listen...” Ratchet shakes his head, rubbing the bridge of his nose, “Just the way there, but when I say stop, you stop, I don’t want you too close to this work.”

“I understand, thank you.”

Rushing through the station, Celina remarks, “I don’t recognize this path to the reactor.”

“Trust the map,” Ratchet remarks.

“My drone is starting to have issues with connectivity...” she remarks, the screen growing fuzzy and the drone’s motions jittering.

“How? Drones are your species thing.”

“Something about this part of the station, I’ll have to pull away and find an alternative route.”

“Okay, we should be fine.”

“Be back soon!” she chirps, the drone flying off.

A minute later once Cynder is sure that the drone is far enough away she says, **“Stop.”** Ratchet stops, a shiver running down his spine, “What? What’s wrong? Why did we stop? We need to get to the reactor.”

“You have an important mission to do. Most important mission of your life. The mission of *equality*.”

“Equality? I...” something about the dragon’s words in his mind makes him squeak, eyes glazing over, “That sounds nice... What do I need to do?”

The dragon drone would grin if that was possible. She reaches up and opens this forgotten large storage room filled with random forgotten junk, **“This room will be used to equalize the station. You need to build it in your spare time. It is very important to be built and let no one know. Understand?”**

Ratchet tries to pull away, something about this feels wrong and off but it's quickly washed away under the glistening smooth shine of rubber, a draw to the drone he has tried to figure, explain, resist but now is at the forefront of his mind, “I understand... but I don't know how to begin...”

Cynder drone grabs him, turning him to face her red glowing necklace, **“Stare into my necklace, the knowledge will be transmitted into your unequal mind, helping you reach one step closer to proper equality.”**

“Huh? One what are you...” his eyes are locked onto the gem, the budding desire for equality growing within him, body twitching, aching, tensing then relaxing, massive amounts of knowledge are shot into his brain, schematics, tools, everything he'll need to make an equalization facility right in this very room.

“There, there, now you get a taste of equality, it's hard to ignore, isn't it?”

“Y-yes... So hard to ignore... feels good. I will do what I can for equality.”

Cynder runs her smooth claws along the much smaller human, **“Good, good. The bliss of equality will be yours. But now we have a reactor to check? I'm sure it was just a simple error in the reader, a glitch in the system, but better hurry, just to be safe, right?”**

“Yes... yes, better hurry,” he says, his mind seemingly coming back to him, the two reaching the reactor moments after Celina's drone does, but before that happens, Celina ran into a member of the crew that brought Cynder to the station.

Brian is walking through the hallway, reading a book on his data pad when he hears the whiz of a drone approaching, “There something wrong?” he asks, as Celina flies by, stopping, turning, almost hitting a random person as she does a quick U-turn.

“Oh? Me? What, no. Small reactor issue. Going there no with Ratchet and One.”

He cocks his head to the side, “Where are they? Weren't you supposed to be hanging over the faceless dragon at all times?”

“Oh...” the drone spins, “Just a little detour. They went through a spot where my drone can't reach. Interference issue. Not a big deal, but I have to hurry and get there! Talk to you later Brian!” she chirps, the drone flies back down the hallway.

“Yes, I shall talk to you later... and perhaps one and Ratchet, that is very odd they happen to go through the one spot that you couldn't follow...” he remarks, pulling up his holographic book, resuming his walk and read, “I wonder,” he mutters.

Back at the reactor the massive structure is a marvel of technology, with wires, tubes, and a hum of energy that makes one's hairs stand on end. The power and strength of the advancement of technology exemplified in this moment, humbling anyone who would stand before it.

“I won! I won! Wee!” Celina says, the drone spinning around.

Ratchet huffs, “It's not a race Celina. Now to run diagnostics and make sure this isn't a glitch of some kind.”

“Shouldn't that be checked before making your way over here?” asks Celina... and shouldn't One be farther away?”

“This is as close as one is getting,” he says, pulling out his datapad, connecting, “And it's best to be here and get a hands on to be certain.”

“Oh, alright,” she says, watching Cynder, who sits on her haunches, looking around curiously, “One, are you doing alright?”

“I am fine. Such big things. I never could imagine things could be so big.”

Celina chuckle chirps, “You’ve been in a big thing the whole time.”

“Oh... right, I forgot that,” she responds.

“It’s alright.”

Ratchet lets out a long-drawn-out sigh.

Celina turns the drone to him, “What is it?”

“It was a false alarm, just a glitch in the system. Nothing is wrong with the reactor.”

“Well, that’s good. Back to normal work then?”

“For another hour or so, but after that I would really like some time alone? I’ve not had opportunity to be by myself for weeks.”

“Oh... oh! Yes, of course, I but where to take one then?”

“I know my position around here has been contested. There was the two-legged dragon? She was very interested in me.”

“Dream? You want to be more around her?”

“It would be polite to give her time.”

“I suppose so. It would be easy to watch you being in one spot. It would be a nice surprise, the look on her face when she gets more time with you will be wonderful,” she says with a chuckle chirp.

“That would work, but I will need my map back.”

“Of course, here it is,” she responds handing it to him, sending into his mind, **“Keep me updated on your progress. I want to be there when the systems are ready to equalize you. Don’t react to this statement except with a subtle nod.”**

Ratchet subtly nods to Cynder, “Thank you One. I appreciate the time spent with you, it has been rather nice, but you need to get back to where you belong soon enough.”

“True, I’ve been having such fun here, it will be hard to just leave just yet,” she says, giving another looking around.

“Now, now, all good things must come to an end One, but not yet. Follow me, I’ll take you to Dream and I’ll do my best to make sure she doesn’t go too overboard.”

“I just want to be equally helpful to everyone,” she says, following the drone.

Ratchet looks back at them, feeling a tingle through him, seeing that smooth sleek crotch, thinking, *“Soon I shall also be equal... blissful equality.”*

Back in the lab, Dream is working on her experiments, humming and hollering about not making any more progress when she says, “If only I had more access to her...”

“Hello Dream!” exclaims Celina, her drone buzzing into the lab.

Dream huffs, “Hello Celina, always forgetting to knock to let brilliance know of your arrival. Disturbing a mind such as mind is a travesty.”

“But I have such good news to bring you,” she says, moving through the lab in a bit of a dance, the dragon following her with her eyes.

“What is it?”

“I brought your friend back to you.”

Dream quirks an eyebrow just as Cynder walks into the lab, “One, you’re back?” she asks, holding back her excitement.

“I am, I thought it would be only fair to give you more time.”

“Really?” she says with a sly grin, “Oh I mean *really*? That would be nice, learning and figuring more about you and your people is a top issue.”

“Especially since I won’t be here too much longer.”

“What?!”

Celina says, “I’ve heard from Captain Raymond that after their next mission they’ll be going to bring one back home. Which I think is the right thing to do. We can’t keep this poor dragon here.”

“That’s... I shall be talking to Asquith about this!” she exclaims.

Brian who caught Cynder and Celina walking through the hallways alone, secretly followed them, and upon hearing Dream’s exclamation pops himself in, “You’ll be telling the Station leader Asquith what now?” he asks.

“She’s deciding when poor one here has to go back! I will not stand to hear of this.”

“You would be one to cause a big stink about this... I haven’t heard of it, how did you find out?”

“From one.”

The human looks over to the rubber dragon then back to dream, “That’s interesting.”

Cynder looks at the human curiously, “*His responses are curious... does he suspect? Naw, how could he?*”

“Well, I’ll be on that mission too, so I’ll be away from all this fun... Such is my life full of work, adventure and flying into the unknown. It’s a wonderful life, but...”

Celina flies over to him, “But what?”

He waves it off, “Nothing, it’s a dream job... So, where’s Ratchet?”

“He’s off doing his job. We’ve hung around him long enough, destroyed his room and privacy, that a little break is good.”

“Oh? Was that your idea?”

“One’s idea actually, but I couldn’t agree more.”

He steps closer to the drone, “And when was this suggested?”

“Well...” she says moving about, the human having to take a few turning steps to keep track of her, “Not that long ago, why?”

“You really should not spin around so much when people are talking to you Celina,” he says, taking a moment to regain some balance, looking over at Cynder, who has been staring at him, to the best he could tell with that faceless dragon, “No reason, was just curious. I have nothing better to do at the moment till it’s go time on my mission. So, I’ve been reading up, wandering about the station and doing a few good old work outs.”

“You should go on a date,” chirps Celina.

“And do you know any eligible woman on this ship that haven’t turned me down already?” he asks with a smirk.

“I could think of *one*.”

“What about me?” inquires Cynder.

Celina’s drone shakes, “Not you, me. I was talking about me. Yup, me.”

Brian remarks, “I thought you liked Ratchet.”

“He’s gay, we’re just friends.”

“And I like to date someone who I don’t have to wear a suit to get to touch.”

“You don’t know what you are missing, VR connections are mind blowing,” she sings.

“I’m sure they are for you, but my hard trapped mind is difficult to blow... as you put it,” he says, giving a little bow, “Anyway, talk to you all later.”

Dream huffs, “Yes, yes, fascinating. One I need you over here, there’s some things I want to look at closely.”

“**Yes Dream,**” she replies, padding her way over to her, the dragon looking at the human as he leaves, unsure of his intentions, but the sense that he’ll be gone during these vital moments gives her a sense of ease of her plan.

Over the next two weeks though, everything moves according to plan. Cynder is watched by the avali in Dream’s laboratory, all the while Ratchet spends his free time working, building, hiding away in the hidden away room deep within the space station where the cameras and other sensors have stopped working but the alerts related to them being non-functional have also been disabled.

Day in, day out, nothing unusual happens, nothing special, nothing to draw attention. Ratchet, a simple human who often keeps to himself, doesn’t make any waves during his extended many hour-long absences deep within the station, driven to get the systems online, converting the archaic technology to exactly what is needed to create the perfect equalizer. Each step brings a sense of bliss within his mind. Something about working for a greater good, to be part of something larger than himself... sits well within him. The infectious rubber within his system, guiding him toward the path, encouraging him, pleasing him, feeding him everything he needs to get the job done right, and that is completely fine by him.

Then two days before Raymond and Brian are set to return, Cynder, sitting quietly in the lab, with Celina drone laying idle nearby suddenly thinks, “*It is time. I feel that it is ready,*” she thinks, her red gem glowing, “*Hacking into the systems to hide my departure... got it.*”

Asquith, who has been watching the dragon drone during the night hours looks through the monitors, seeing the glowing red gem, “Almost clockwork that dragon does it... something about that feels...” she states drinking her wake up juice, feathers in good need of preening, “Vast network of knowledge, centuries of it, and I can’t find what I am looking for... damn it,” she tenses, feathers rising, studying the quiet lab, not noticing the feed is now on a loop from a previous day...

Ratchet checks, double checks, triple checks the equipment, the unorganized room is now sleek, clean, sterilized perfection, though with hap hazard devices that show the points of molding and creation of a future Cynder drone, a far cry from the hidden molding machines behind floor and ceiling panels. His heart races, “This is wonderful, this is exciting, this is... why am I so excited about this? I did a good job, I am proud of it... but... why? I just...” Ratchet mutters, trying to go over it all in his mind, motivations, thoughts, and time and time again he’s brought back to the sense that it feels good and it is *right*.

“**You’ve done well. And for that you will be the first to know the bliss and pleasure that is equality,**” says Cynder Drone, stepping into the room, admiring the hard work that ratchet has done.

Ratchet jumps a little, feeling nervous, “Yeah, I just... every time I think about why I am doing this I just get a little hazy. As if... never mind,” he says with a little squeak rubbing the back of his head, “I did it. Yup, all for equality. That is, good right?”

Cynder drone walks around the human like a predatory feline with a cornered mouse, “**It is wonderful. It is the best thing there is. When everything is equal, everything is perfect, pleasurable, blissful,**” she says, her red gem glowing, the machines within he room come to life, synthetic tentacles wrap around Ratchet’s wrists ankles, lifting him off the ground while smaller tendrils remove his glasses, tearing his clothes to shred to reveal his lithe naked body.

“H-hey! What’s going on here, I need those glasses to see!” he exclaims, tugging against the cool metal, his body held up horizontally, legs drawn back into the machine looking press.

“You won’t be needing those. Unequal perfections shall be equalized. You shall see clearly, think perfectly, and be fully knowledgeable. And what you know shall be added to the collective. You will strengthen us and become equal amongst us.”

Each time Cynder drone says equality, a tingle of pleasure runs down his spine, over and over it simmers in his mind, the obviousness of the situation starting to press down upon him, “Y-you manipulated me into this...”

“And was it a bad thing? Don’t you want to know the delightfulness of equality?” she asks, her red gem glowing, words whispering into Ratchet’s mind, while her smooth rubber claw runs across his face which the human finds impossible to pull away.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Bliss is equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Making others equal is wonderful.”

“Becoming equal is the best.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Ah... I...” he squeaks, wiggling as he’s pulled back, his body from the waist down is pulled into the mold press, the machines hold him into place, the top and bottom halves come down upon him, locking his body from the waist down, a flood of warm rubber slipping into the mold, the heat of which felt onto his naked skin, pleasure building within the rubber, his crotch, body aching, the movement of his limbs steadily growing less and less, “I like being me, could there be some other way to be equal?”

Cynder drone sits on her haunches, grabbing his head with both hands, gently rubbing his ears, making him look directly into her smooth face, **“Equality means that, equal. You can’t be equal if you are not one like me. In every way. Don’t you want to be like me? In every blissful, pleasurable, equal way?”** she says, gently scratching his head, massaging his scalp.

“Equality is wonderful.”

“Equality is blissful.”

“Equality is nirvana.”

“Do not resist the gift of equality.”

He pants, the warm sinking deep into the pleasure that encases his lower half. Hot like melted wax, his length twitches and grows hard within moments, surrounded by the liquid being pumped into the machine, making him moan and squeak, panting heavily, the pleasure sensation growing, “I... I...” he grunts shivering.

“The bliss of equality is being gifted to you now. You will be made like me. Equal like me. Everything will be the same. Abilities, knowledge, skills, purpose and place. All shared, all one. Part of the collective that we are all equal to,” she says in that smooth monotone voice, the gem glowing around her necklace that draws him into its glow.

“Ah... but... this just feels strange, off that I,” he shudders, the warmth around his lower half grows spread, body shifting and changing under the ever-increasing pressures, the pleasure and ache between his legs changing with each passing moment. That hard throbbing ache between his legs, feeling so good yet the sensation becoming ever less localized. The twitching delight grows firm, stiff, the area of pleasure spreading as with each passing moment he feels his

length become smoothed and smothered under the machines, a tail growing outward, becoming part of him.

It's strange to feel one's self become changed and shifted by a machine he's made, "You tricked me. Did things to me to get me... oh my gosh that feels wonderful."

Cynder Drone continues to caress his head, rubbing his smooth chest, petting him like a pet, **"The bliss of equality is coming. It is a wondrous feeling that you are now coming to understand. Unequal creatures like yourself fail to grasp how perfect equality is till you are fully delved into it. It's simply showing you the way to understanding. And steadily it is becoming clear to you just how well you are now understanding my true purpose. A purpose that me and all my fellow drones share. One that you will share soon. Part of my equality is already within you. Can't you feel its draw?"**

"Y-yes... I can, it's just..." he groans, the machines pulling away from his lower half revealing a perfectly half formed Cynder drone body. From the waist down is a large thick rubber form. The tentacles release him. His first reaction is to try to stand but he fails, tumbling down with a thud, "This is..."

"Perfection. Come, let's get your upper half equalized. Being bipedal was so unequal now you will walk equally with me."

"Equality is life."

"Equality is purpose."

"All drones are equal."

"Being equal is being a drone."

Ratchet tries to keep focus but the smooth rubber lower half feels so wonderful that it is fogging his mind. He looks down between his legs, shocked to see nothing but the smooth crotch. A perfect genderless crotch, exactly the same as one, "Why me? Why us?" he asks trying his best to resist.

Cynder Drone picks up his unequal half, guiding him over to the next machine, each squeaky smooth step drawing the human closer to it. The dragon responds in that same monotone voice, smooth, calm, collected, **"Simple. Because you are unequal. Nothing more than that. But we will fix that. You will be made like the rest of us drones. Perfectly equal."**

"N-no... I just..." he says weakly, his upper half of his body is put into the machine, arms slipping into the holes, chest relaxing on the mold designed to fix his human features. Only his head is to be left free. He tries to move away but the moment he does, Cynder drone places her hands on his smooth rump, holding him back.

"You are being made equal. I will show you more, relax, and enjoy yourself as your unequal nature is smoothed and equalized," she says, the red crystal glowing, the upper half of the machine comes down, pressing and locking Ratchet into place, leaving his lower half exposed, to the dragon drone.

"It's impossible to make things equal. That's just a crazy ide..." he trails off moaning, feeling his smooth rubber dragon half being caressed and teased by Cynder Drone One. The dragon takes her smooth face, gently caressing and rubbing against the crotch, a giant pleasure zone that feels countless times better than his simple cock did, increasing his arousal, while the hot rubber is pumped into the mold, wrapping around his body, changing and shifting while the machines hum away.

His breathing becomes deep and labored the warm rubber growing around his body, the aching pleasure between his legs, a bubbling up of sexual delight, "Oh my gosh... Oh my gosh,"

he moans out, feeling himself grow to higher heights of bliss that he never thought possible before.

“You can feel it can’t you? The *bliss of equality*. Let it sink into you. Accept it. There’s nothing wrong with it. In fact, it’s only *natural* to accept it, just like all of us have, so will you.”

“But it’s impossible...” Ratchet responds with another squeaky moan, the warm rubber expanding his body, limbs, belly, his lower half and upper half merging fully, his draconic features pressed and molded into shape but what is getting him is the dragon’s nuzzling, rubbing that smooth head along his super sensitive smooth crotch, making his desire to reach some kind of climax growing, fogging his thoughts more.

“Nothing is impossible for us. We work together to achieve *equality*.” Cynder Drone One says, her words having greater force and pressure into his mind, a hypnotic grab that latches onto his every thought, a whisper bubbling in his mind that grows stronger that speaks honied words that sound more truthful, correct, right, with each time he hears them bouncing around in his head.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Equality is pleasure.”

“Equality is life.”

“Drones are equal.”

“Equality through droning.”

“Being a drone is blissful.”

“Equality is obedience.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Drones obey.”

“Equal drones obey the collective.”

“You are to be an equal obedient drone.”

Thump, thump, thump, his heart pounding, the twitching ache between his legs growing stronger, “*How could a simple nuzzle feel so good? Could this really be the pleasure of being equal?*” he wonders, the soft tender squeaks between his legs, the dragon’s claws rubbing his thighs, keeping him on edge, driving him deeper into the desire to find release, “I... I don’t know how much more I can take,” he groans, body quivering in unbridle delight and then... it stops. His lower half is put back down, his smooth crotch left to ache and want that sweet touch of that dragon, leaving him wanting for her to return.

“Everything is equal. Including the pleasure, we give to one another. Accept the responsibility of being equal to your fellow drones. Embrace your path to becoming an equal creature like me and the rest of your drone kin,” Cynder Drone One says, stepping into view of Ratchet’s blurred vision. The sleek, slender, and faceless dragon drone looking far better than it did just moments before. The dragon moves in front of him, back to him.

“What do you mean?” he asks, the rest of his body getting closer to being completed, it would only be a few more moments now till only his head will be what remains of his old unequal self, the thought of in the back of his mind feeling rather... nice.

“Accept your responsibility of being equal. Equal in thought. Equal in knowledge. Equal in action,” she says raising her tail, pressing her smooth crotch up against Ratchet’s face, **“Return the gift of equality to me.”**

If Ratchet didn't know any better with the smooth monotone talking dragon, he'd swear that was a command yet, that smooth shiny reflective crotch brought back to him again, thoughts of the time he was in the shower with it, come rushing back.

“Don't be afraid, return the bliss of equality to me.”

He pants, his hot breath washing over the crotch, back into his face, his purple hair shifting from it, the reflective latex gives a vague outline of his face, giving an almost faceless look. The dragon sways its rump before him in a steadily up and down pendulum fashion.

“Return the favor. Be equal. Accept equality. Do unto others as done unto you.”

“Equality is blissful.”

“Equality is pleasure.”

“Obey fellow drones.”

“Serve fellow drones.”

“All must be equal.”

“Equality is nirvana.”

“You are an equal drone.”

The draw of it is now too much, the warmth flooding his body, the aching desire in his loins, the draw of equality he nuzzles and licks across the smooth crotch, tasting the rubber, hearing the squeaks ring out in his ears, planting his face in the smooth featureless crotch.

“That's it... relax and give in. Accept equality, give back what was given. In equal terms,” Cynder Drone one urges, letting the human sink into the new mindset that has been steadily creeping over his mind. He doesn't notice that the machine has released his new dragon upper half, freeing his arms, allowing him to rub the inner thighs of the dragon, returning the favor in *equal* measure that was given upon to him.

“This feels so good... so wonderful, smooth, delightful.”

“You're starting to understand. Accept equality into your life and only bliss and pleasure will follow,” she says, letting the human give into his newfound urges, the latex seeping deeper into his psyche, preparing him for the final steps of his equalization.

The urges grow and bubble within the human's mind, the monotone voice speaking into his mind growing stronger, overriding other thoughts till he can no longer take anything less but to give equally back to the dragon that has given so much to him. Rubbing his face across the smooth crotch, acting like he's one like her already.

“That's it. Now take yourself to get your head equalized, and when you come out, I will properly complete your equalization,” says Cynder Drone, pulling away once she's felt there was enough of a return favor, **“Come, you must be made perfect. Made equal.”**

Ratchet's head follows the smooth crotch for a moment, his eyes glazed over, body feeling so good. He stares at the dragon drone, lost in the pleasure of the moment, guided helplessly over to the head molding station, where all he needs to do is stand there as the press comes from either side of his head, “I'm ready to be made equal...” he mutters.

“Good, good. Equality is...”

“Bliss,” he moans, the molds come down, his vision delved into darkness. The hot rubber floods the mold, slipping into his mouth, nostrils, he gasps instinctively, body twitching as his head is remolded, smoothed away. His pleasure grows in the darkness of this blissful sinking into his mind.

“Equality is bliss,” says the voice in his head.

He shudders, tail twitching, wing spreading, *“Equality is bliss,”* he thinks back.

“All must be made equal.”

"All must be made equal," he thinks back.

"Equal drones obey."

"Equal drones obey."

"You are an equalized drone."

"I am an equalized drone," he thinks, the time spent in the molding machine feels like an eternity and also an instant, when the machine pulls away his vision is perfect, clear, better than it was before, with a wider range of view than ever. His need to breath seemingly gone, the smooth sleek faceless body before him, at first, he thinks it's the dragon drone that has done this to him but then he notices it is beside him, and he's looking in a mirror, showing himself as a perfect copy of the drone before him. He turns to the drone trying to speak but finds it impossible.

"Relax fellow drone. There is one piece left that will equalize you," she says, pulling out a duplicate golden necklace with a red gem, **"Once this is on, you shall join us and be equal, sharing your knowledge with us. Are you ready?"**

Ratchet nods, lowering his head to make it easier for the fellow drone to access it.

If Cynder Drone One could smile, it would be at this moment she would be, **"What a good perfect eager equal drone you are,"** she says, placing the necklace around his neck, which instantly merges and binds with him.

Ratchet would gasp if he could a surge comes into his mind, a collective voice speaks as he's brought into the collective.

"Uploading full droning program..." states a monotone voice deep into Ratchet's mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

"Drones have no emotion other than bliss. Drones are Blissful. Drones are obedient," the words, the programming sinking into every aspect of Ratchet's mind, his emotions becoming equalized, better, perfect.

"Uploading droning and equalization training."

Ratchet's sense of self shifts, becoming adjusted thinking less like himself as Ratchet and another perfect equal Cynder Drone. Everything that Cynder needed to know is fed into his mind. There is no doubt, no fear. No excitement. Only bliss, that he is obeying. That he is serving. That he is going to bring equality to others and show them the blissful truth that he now knows.

"Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109375 is now operational," states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold.

Cynder Drone One looks at the completed drone, **"Now that you are equalized, you understand the importance of what is to come. Are you ready to equally help me equalize this station?"**

Cynder Drone 9375 looks back at his equally perfect Cynder Drone, nothing different between them. Simple, smooth perfection, his knowledge is the collective's knowledge and the collective's knowledge is his to understand and use. He responds in a simple, smooth monotone voice that is perfectly akin to the Cynder drone before him, **"Yes, I am."**