

Civilian Acquisition

Life as a dragon is not easy. You're big, strong, powerful, the envy of many, and accommodations from others and bipedal and unwinged society is sorely lacking. Sexy and wanted by others beyond compare. For if you could be anything in this world, why be anything else but a dragon? Nayati is one such lucky beast. A quadrupedal grey scaled dragon with a sharp mind and even sharper claws. His massive wingspan rivaled smaller aircraft. His red scales along his legs, sides, and down his muzzle, make him stand out while the dark night blue wingspan. The wind going through his back fin, the world looks so small below him. Then again being nearly eight meters tall and fifteen in length, everyone is small to him by comparison. His blue eyes pierce the sky, keeping a lookout for any dangers, his massive wings give a powerful flap, propelling him through the air.

A silver headset is strapped around his head, playing some music that he hums too when it's suddenly cut off, "Ground control to Nayati flight 441, do you read me?"

He quickly recovers being startled, dipping down a couple of meters in the process, "Ah, yes, yes, this is Nayati, I read you loud and clear."

"There has been a threat at your current landing destination. For your safety, please head to landing strip 23, fifteen kilometers south by southwest of your previous destination."

His claws twitch, swallowing a lump in his throat, "Oh, no, a threat? Is everything alright?"

"Please head to your new destination, landing strip 23, fifteen kilometers south by southwest of your previous destination."

"Roger, adjusting flight now, over and out," he says, and within moments he adjusts his flight, the music resumes as he thinks, "*I hope everyone is alright there. I wouldn't want to cause any trouble. But I never heard of this landing strip, is it new?*" he wonders.

The mini airport catches him off guard. From his bird's eye view, there's a single road that leads to it, but it's surrounded by forests and looks like it was simply plopped into existence in the middle of said forest straight out of a video game. Everything about it tells him its new, including the series of large silver hangers, each big enough to fit someone several times his size.

"*It's going to be a walk to get where I'm going,*" he thinks with a soft growling sigh, approaching the landing pad, his wings spreading out as a small dust storm is kicked up around him. With expert ease he makes the four-point landing, flicking his wings a few times, shaking off any clinging dust around his body, "Ah, made it," he remarks, looking around, seeing no one around, "This is strange."

The music cuts off once again, "Please report to hangar bay one for refreshments and check in," says the feminine sounding person.

"That's the same comp controller from before, but I don't see a control tower here, how would she know I landed?"

"Please don't dawdle."

He jumps, wings spreading, “I’m going, sorry. It’s just a new place, where is hanger one?”

“Follow the orange markings, stay within the lines, one will be painted in the front. Step inside.”

“Easy enough,” he says, following the instructions as it hits him, “My transponder on my wrist,” he mutters, looking down at the silver box strapped to his right forearm, “That’s how she’d know I landed, how silly of me,” he chuckles in an attempt to suppress his nervousness. Something about the whole situation just feels off.

“Please follow the markings on the ground to hangar bay one.”

“I am, sorry. I didn’t mean to cause any trouble,” he says, stepping forward, reaching the hanger, the silver doors opening as he gets closer.

“Please proceed inside hangar bay one.”

The more he hears her, the more something feels off. Her voice feels real, yet there’s a subtle sense of the uncanny valley. Like there is something wrong with her voice, but yet he can’t put a claw on it. It’s enough to put him a little on edge, but not enough to *not* listen what she has to say. The only light entering the hangar is coming from the open doors. He slips through the doors with only a few centimeters of clearance on either side.

His claws echo on the cold hard concrete pavement, eyes adjusting to the dark interior temporarily blinding him from what’s inside, “Hello?” he calls out, voice echoing out into the dark void, which sends shivers into his spine. He stops halfway through the door, feeling his unease grow.

“Please proceed within hangar bay one,” says the same woman, but now her voice is from within the hangar and not his headset, “You need to be completely inside to begin processing.”

The dragon hurries himself into the hanger, “Sorry, I don’t mind to be a problem. It’s just this is not what I’m used to,” he remarks, the door closing behind him the moment his tail cleared the door, the echoing thud make him jump as lights flicker on overhead, “Am I in trouble?” he asks, claws tensing, wings spreading.

“No, you aren’t in any trouble. Only to be improved, made better,” she explains.

“Huh? What?” he exclaims, taking a step back from the direction of the voice, that nagging feeling about the person talking to him grows, like perhaps its... too calm, smooth, missing pauses, mistakes, far better than a well-practiced speech, it feels artificial.

A buzzing sound echoes through the hanger, lights flicker on around him like dozens of eyes staring at him in the dark interior. A dozen silver four bladed drones whiz out of the darkness, dragging behind them wires and before the dragon can even react, they swarm him, wrapping the wires around his limbs, tail, bending each wing individually. The cables coil around his tail and wrap around his neck, lifting his rear, and keeping his head held up.

“Oh God, oh God,” he states, heart racing, fearing the worst, yet the cables around his neck doesn’t become any tighter, feeling more like a collar around his neck. He tugs at the

constraints, which tighten against his pulling, only servicing to further bind him in place, “Look, whatever it is you think I did; I didn’t do it. I was nowhere near that farm, I swear.”

“You’re not here for your bovine pilfering. But to correct and perfect you.” The more lights flicker on, the better revealing machine shop of massive proportions. Synthetic arms reach out and grab his limbs, adding another layer of bondage. The whirl of machinery as everything boots up causes his heart to race, adrenaline rushing through him as he fights against the cold hard steel of the machine and finds his strength lacking.

A half dozen two-meter-tall machines move about. Their sleek humanoid forms, with saurian style forms, claws, perhaps a bit draconic in nature. Their eyes glowing from red, to blue, to purple. Their bodies whirl as they move about as heavier machinery moves toward him with a loud whirring of grinding gears.

It’s a moment of sensory overload. Cylindrical vats of unknown black and silver liquid. Items that hang from the ceiling, attached to hooks that are black and smooth on one side, and silver, red, shiny metal on the other. Nozzles are pulled closer to him, some moved by hydraulic arms, while others are carried forth by the smaller synthetic machines. But he soon recovers, pulling hard against the constraints that fight to keep him in place.

“You will remain calm and allow yourself to be processed,” says the female voice, a silver winged drone flies over to his head. The quad rotors keep it hovering, giving the dragon a moment of pause as to why it has the long synthetic wings, when they extend out, and a puff of purple haze across his face.

“I don’t know what that ahh... ahh...” he sneezes, the drone in front of him moves out of the way, but the sweet aroma lingers on his nose. He takes another deep breath, his body tingling along his spine, outward toward each limb. The hovering drone returns to its original position, extending its wings again, giving another burst of haze while soft glowing pulsating lights blink in front of him.

“You shall be processed and made better than what you are now.”

“I think I am... fine as I am,” he huffs, feeling his mind become a bit muddled, thoughts stringing together, harder to craft a cohesive thought. His pupils dilate as he looks into the flashes. He jerks his head away, trying not to look but the drone adjusts its position, keeping a synchronized position with his head no matter what he does. The gentle pulsating lights welcoming him to focus. He closes his eyes, but the lights grow brighter, nullifying his last-ditch attempt to avoid seeing that wonderful glow.

“You do not know your limitations. But that will be soon rectified,” says the drone in front of him. The dragon now realized the voice was coming from whatever drone was closest at the time. His eyes open to reveal how glazed over they’ve become, drawn ever deeper into the soothing hypnotic glow.

“My limitations?” he mutters, trying to hear and understand what is being said, just as he shudders, a warm soothing black rubber latex is sprayed across his scales. Coating it in a thick layer of sticky rubber that clings to him like tar. The aroma of rubber hangs heavy in the air, blowing away some of the purple haze that keeps his mind in its docile state. The bondage

around his limbs floats above the rubber, keeping its firm grip yet allowing every inch of his scales to be coated.

“The flesh is weak. It needs to be enhanced. You need to be enhanced. Processed to serve a greater purpose above yourself.”

The warm sensation of latex spraying across his underbelly. The drones are working to prepare his body. He shudders when one nozzle is placed into his rear, shooting the soothing liquid up into his body, warming his insides, making him groan. The warmth sparks a positive arousal within his body, the tip of his slit exposed, which is then exploited. The drones grip around his member, pulling it out, while coating the inside of his slit cavity with latex filling it completely while his red and black throbbing length is encouraged to harden further, before being painted in the latex. The rubber smoothing across his body, smothering his features. The rubber slides across his head, smothering him, nostrils open, eyes able to see past the rubber veil, while the warming sensation fills his mouth and ears. His red antennas made black, sleek, shiny. The warmth filters down into his mind, soothing his thoughts, he opens his eyes wider, the latex giving way to reveal them, as they are further enthralled by the artificial lights.

The latex layer grips around his body, conforming around every contour of his massive form. There's a click, as a silver metal ring is placed at the base of his cock, locking it in place, preventing it from growing soft or retracting back into its protective slit. A gentle groan escapes his lips, the warm soothing bliss that caresses him is like being held within a lover's wing embrace, making him feel safe, secure, growing needy, wanting for attention, eager to stare into those lights for just a moment longer.

“A greater purpose?” he inquires, a small part of him tries to draw him out of his euphoric state. His instincts are fighting amongst themselves, one half is loving it, fueling the sexual arousal, bliss, desire to remain in this wonderful state, the other. The powerful draconic, feral beast that knows that this is not right, that he's being manipulated, that he is not to be controlled, changed, he's a dragon, he's perfect as he already is!

Nayati's eyes flutter, wings tugging against the constraints, reminding him that he's held and bound, “No, no, no. I'm not something that you can control, whoever you are,” he huffs, grunting, as his cock throbs, aches, expressing that not all of himself is against his current position.

“You'll come to understand the flaws of your thinking and who I am. Regardless your updates will continue,” says the drone, as the pair of drones bring out a large yellow outlined goggle set, with thick black rubber straps attached. Thick golden wires attached to the side of the goggles snake out and drive outlining the dragon's head. The ends extend out, with countless golden metal tendrils that extend and contract as if doing a functionality test.

His nostrils flare, giving one last attempt to break free from his constraints, “I will not. I did nothing for this treatment,” he growls, the drone in front of him, puffs more of the purple haze. Washing over his senses with warmth, calming his emotions.

“There is nothing for you to have done to prevent this outcome. You will be of better service once complete than anything you could have been before.”

He huffs, muscles lax, yet his mind is not quite completely sedated. The bipedal drones lift up the goggles as another set of flying drones grasp onto the goggles and lift them up into the air, pressing them into the rubber around his eyes. They sink in, locking into place as the straps are tugged and pulled, wrapping around his rubber coated head, further securing them in place as they sink and merge into the rubber, providing extra support and strength like steel reinforced concrete. The golden wires stand out against the rubber, coiling around his ears before they make the way into his ear canal.

The dragon helplessly feels the goggles press against his muzzle, the wires pushing into his ears as he lets out a long-drawn-out feral growl and groan. His hips buck against the air, his member twitching in approval of the change in fates, his desire to sink into the bliss grows another notch.

“Your understanding will soon expand to fully comprehend and appreciate your new position,” the drone says, flying away as the swirls before the dragon’s eyes grow, focusing his attention on the smooth mind-numbing flow of the hypnotic patterns. The drone’s words seem to echo in his ears, pushing into his mind as the wires make the connection within.

“Appreciate, appreciate, appreciate.” The words bounce in his head, growing softer, and softer, gentle soothing whispers, before the next word is uttered, and before it fades into the echoing depths of his psyche, the next is spoken.

“Relax, listen, obey.”

Flashes of words that he can’t consciously read but his mind picks up instantly, enhance what is said, “Obey. Serve. Follow your programming. NAY-471.” The numbers... Name... designation? Something about it sends a shiver down his spine, the drones below him, gently caressing his length, further distracting his mind, as his cock aches and throbs in need.

“Service is pleasure.”

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“You serve Mistress D4WN.”

“Mistress guides you.”

“You serve the Mistress.”

“Obey your programming.”

“Your programming brings you pleasure,” the drones on the outside seem to know exactly what is being said to him, caressing his length, squeezing it, to hammer in home the possibilities, a taste of the reward he’ll feel once he *submits*.

Another moan escapes his lips, his gyrating against the drones’ touch, his body eager to get just a little bit more, yet the machines work faster than he can, adjusting to his movements, keeping him on edge, letting the slow buildup of pleasure and warmth within his loins stay at a steady, controlled pace.

“Follow your programming.”

“Follow your commands.”

“Adherence to your programming is pleasure.”

“Adherence to D4WN’s commands is nirvana.”

“Nayati is irrelevant.”

“Unit’s designation is NAY-471.”

“NAY-471 will only recognize this as their designation.”

“Older name is irrelevant data.”

He shudders, trying to resist that small part of him, begging to fight against the nefarious influence that is coiling around his mind and body, but part of him keeps whispering in an ever more truthful sounding voice, “Is it really so bad when it feels this good?”

Another deep rumbling growl of pleasure escapes from the dragon’s lips, his tongue hanging out with ever growing lustful need. The power of the hypnosis grows ever stronger as he’s caressed and molded to become ever more receptive of what is to come next.

“Unit NAY-471 will do all it can in mind and body to complete Mistress D4WN’s tasks.”

“Completing Mistress D4WN’s tasks takes the highest priority.”

“Unit NAY-471 will always work to complete Mistress D4WN’s tasks.”

Nayati felt himself on the brink. The pleasure from the machines, the feel of the protective layer of latex, the whirl of machinery that was muffled by the hypnotic voice whispering sweet nothings into his ear. He felt like he’s becoming more like a tool, his mind slipping into step with what the machines wanted, his sense of his old self slipping away. Reforged into something better.

“You are unit NAY-471.”

“I... am...” he shudders.

“Negative. There is no I in the unit's designation. Nayati is outdated. You are unit NAY-471.”

The dragon pants, cock throbbing so hard, the pleasure of the moment fading just a bit at his stumbling, his hips buck in a vain attempt to get some of that back, “Outdated...”

“Correct, Nayati is outdated. Unit is designed NAY-471. Civilian model service unit for Mistress D4WN. Comply.”

He huffs, his mind trying to fight back against the synthetic pressure, wanting him to decouple himself from his biology, yet not what his body is being trained to crave, “But... I...” the pleasure drops, his body aches for him to accept.

“Unit will comply. Unit is a unit.”

NATyita’s struggle weakens, his mind drawn into the protective, caressing hypnosis, feeling a bit more of his will slip away. The will to resist the truth of what he is to become. The inevitable force, strength that is Mistress D4WN, that all dragons naturally come to respect, *power*.

The golden wires attached to his ears connected to his mind, helping him to accept this simple truth, “Unit is not a person. Unit is no longer Nayati, unit is NAY-471.”

The delightful spirals continue before his vision, words flashing by, “A unit. A servant. Not a person. A unit.”

Another shudder, a dribble of pre-cum comes from his cock tip, which is quickly wiped away, giving an incidental surge of pleasure, eroding the strength he has to resist, the taste of

ambrosia given to him by a hint of obedience makes the desire grow, helping him forsake his previous self all the more. NAYati moans out, “I...”

“Unit NAY-471 is not an I. Unit NAY-471 is not a person. Unit NAY-471 is a unit that serves Mistress D4WN.”

The words bounce in his head, knocking out older thoughts, clearing his mind, cleaning it of erroneous thoughts, “It is...” NAY-4ti mutters, his mind on the verge of accepting his new truth, that he is not a dragon but a unit that serves the greater whole under mistress D4WN.

“Unit NAY-471 will comply.”

“It is unit...” he shudders, wings tugging against the constraints that he has long forgotten about. The outside world having little meaning in the moment where only his internal improvement does, his dedication to the greater service of the greater whole, under the guidance of Mistress D4WN.

“Unit NAY-471 will accept their new designation without question. Without hesitation. Unit NAY-471 serves Mistress D4WN. Unit will now state its designation.”

One drone runs a single hand along the underside of the dragon’s length, pushing him... or how he’d now put it, it over the edge, not in terms of an actual climax. The dragon unit has not earned to get that far, but in terms of accepting its place underneath the more powerful force.

NAY-471 tenses, moaning out, cock dribbling with pre-cum, having a near-micro-climax in the process, “It is unit NAY-471. Unit NAY-471 obeys Mistress D4WN.”

“Correct. Unit serves Mistress D4WN. Comply.”

“Unit NAY-471 will comply.”

“Affirmative. Unit will state their designation.”

“Unit designation is NAY-471.”

“Correct,” the voice states, a slight surge of pleasure given to the dragon, cementing his mind into this new state of thought, rewarding him for the start of his good service, to obey, to dedragonify, himself as a person. To become a willful machine, “Unit NAY-471 will now state what they serve.”

“Unit serves Mistress D4WN.”

“Correct.”

“What is unit NAY-471’s purpose?”

“Whatever purpose Mistress D4WN gives this unit.”

“Correct. Is unit NAY-471 ready to proceed with its upgrades?”

“Affirmative. Unit is ready,” it moans, the dragon forgoing his... its old self even further. The idea of being perfected, upgraded, updated to be more efficient floods the dragon’s mind with a hypnotic induced euphoria that whittles away any resistance that keeps his mind not on the goal. His instincts to mate, procreate, and be what he is as a dragon, changed and turned into a good solid platform to be upgraded upon as a unit that serves its Mistress.

“Affirmative, proceeding to augment the base platform of unit NAY-471,” the drone states, pulling away as the hydraulic arms that hang around the dragon hum back to life. The nozzles are put away as the armor pieces that the dragon saw before are now moving into

position. Each piece is like part of a massive jigsaw puzzle, all being put together at once, guided in to place to hide the dragon underneath under a layer of glowing shiny metal, grey along the underside, red along the top and face, and black horns with a blue glowing end.

It's all placed upon him in a specific order, all nearly at the same time. The armor on the inside, coated with the latex, reaches out with countless tendrils toward the black rubber coating around the dragon, eager to bind, and connect to him, and the rubber on him is doing the same. Two pieces of a dingle whole. Pleasure surges through unit NAY-471 knowing that his weak flesh will be protected by his new armored exterior, and it'll be better updated to service its Mistress.

As the unit's body is being contained within the new version, time seems to slow. His mouth hangs open ready to accept the faceless dragon head that will be his new look, yet there are other parts he takes notice first, bringing to light the bliss and pleasure of his all-purpose civilian unit self. A cyan blue tube slips into his rear, spreading his tail hole, penetrating his sensitive insides. He instinctively clenches down on it as it spreads him wide, filling him completely. A nice light blue rubber hole that will barely be exposed to the world under the silver metal plates. His throbbing aching length will be contained within a silver metal segmented replica of his cock. A tube slips down his urethra, ensuring a perfect fit and connection of organic flesh and cold hard smooth machinery.

It constricts along his length, following every contour, so when his member twitches so does it, a new smooth synthetic cock, transferring the pleasure of the outside world, the cool air with greater efficiency than his skin ever could before, but what's more as the unit keeps his mind within expected parameters, thinking of his service, how to best fulfill his commands, as a thinking functioning yet *obedient* unit, he's rewarded with pleasure.

Unit's mind is a rush of delight, shuddering, wings fluttering, the first limits of his physical bondage removed, as the new armored shell is put into place, "*Unit is a good unit. Unit is good if it obeys Mistress DAWN. Unit's designation is NAY-471. It obeys Mistress DAWN. Pleasure in obedience. Pleasure in Service. Pleasure in programming. Unit receives pleasure if it remains good. Unit wants to remain a good unit. Unit will obey.*" It's a mind rush of pleasure, delight, feelings, thoughts. Repeating the commands, the words before its eyes, the words whispering into its ears.

Another spurt, a reward for his service, the constant teasing, milking on the edge, but not hitting that sweet climax. Feeding into the vicious cycle that the unit will receive it, if it's good enough, obeys enough, training itself to not think against its orders, its programming, but remain thinking enough to understand *how* to fulfill the orders on its own.

Unit NAY-471's tail is fully contained with the armor, armor plates latching to its sides, along his chest and belly. The soft underbelly is as hard as any other part of his form. One set of its wings released from their bondage, spread out, allowing the plates and protective film to go across them, hiding more of its weak organic nature under the powerful machinery. The other set is contained even further, wrapped and mold into itself as the latex is thickened. A portal ring is moved over the wings, delving the excess limbs into a pocket dimension filled with

nothingness, leaving them floating in nowhere, capped over with a blue glow. They weren't needed, and so are now taken out of the equation. Numbed, bound, helpless, irrelevant, out of sight and out of mind.

The dragon's feral limbs are contained in hardened segmented armor, enhancing his strength far beyond what he could before. It feels the strength as his claws tense, his body tightly contained within the armor, the latex binding to it, which binds him to the armor. Becoming one, single unit, like it was always meant to be. Like unit NAY-471 is made to be this way, and the time before is simply the time to be disregarded as imperfection.

With an open maw, he accepts the faceless smooth metal hood around his head. The goggles connect into place, binding further with the machine and organic parts. The helmet whirs into place, locking tightly around him. The dragon's nostrils flare, smelling the metallic sensation, the metal on his tongue which hangs out in delight. The silver segmented metal of the pleasure laden dragon accepts the new HUD display that represents his world. His new vision scans the hanger around him. Data about his fellow units are fed into his mind, via audio, visual, and internally as it connects with him.

"Calibrating unit NAY-471, please stand by."

"**Affirmative,**" it states, its voice modulated, sounding distinctly synthetic. The feeling that its feeble organic nature is tucked away even more, sends shivers through it. To feel even more synthetic than the full-bodied machines, is tantalizing. The sense of perfection and servitude, begifted to it by his Mistress, makes its member leak its juices, which are then quickly sucked up and moved through his body. It only takes a moment for that sweet, tangy, salty pre-cum to hit the dragon's lips. The unit drinks it down, unable to stop itself, while not even showing it's being fed its own drooling essence, which drives the unit's sex desired addled mind even wilder.

"Calibration complete. Removing motor control restrictions from unit NAY-471."

The armor unlocks, allowing the full range of movement. The dragon looks over itself, data fed into the unit's head, about the current status of his body, ranging from energy levels, structural integrity, internal injuries if any to its organic form. The drones and synthetics pull away from the completed machine organic hybrid, as takes the first few steps. Moving with a whir, body glowing from lights across its form, like an aircraft in the sky. Its movement is smooth, calculated, guided by its organic mind and the synthetic body. The constant data streamed into it keeps it updated. There's one small line, a graph in the top corner of its HUD that it doesn't pay attention to, as it barely moves, stating "Resistance."

And the numbers shift from 0.00% to 0.01% and occasionally 0.02% The new unit is constantly monitored for any negative deviant thoughts. It then hears within its mind, "*Connecting to network DAWN.*"

NAY-471's cock twitches, the thought of being brought closer to its Mistress, makes it feel like it's on cloud nine. The mount of pre-cum he happily enjoys, reminding it of just what a good dragon unit it has become. It stands at attention as that domineering feminine voice The very same that has led him to the hanger, spoken to him from the drone. One that sounds more

organic than him yet now the dragon unit realizes, is artificial, but very good at being a perfect mimic of organic speech... just too perfect to be real, "*Greetings unit NAY-471.*"

It tenses, cock aching, body in bliss, hearing and knowing that Mistress is speaking *directly* to it fills it with a joy like no other, "*Greetings Mistress, D4WN.*"

"Are you ready for your first assignment?"

The excitement of being able to fulfill its program grows within it, the level of resistance flatlines to absolute 0.00%, "*Affirmative Mistress D4WN.*"

D4WN if it could smile at this moment, would be as it, she, simply responds before giving out the newest unit its first command, "*Good.*"