

LANEY STOOD THERE UNBLINKING AND SILENTLY STILL, LETTING OUT ONLY THE FAINTEST OF BREATHS.

SHE HADN'T SEEN WHO OR WHAT IT WAS THAT PLACED THE DEVICE ON HER TEMPLE, BUT AS SOON AS THE COLD STEEL HAD MADE CONTACT WITH HER SKIN THE LIBRARY SHE WAS IN, THE SCHOOL, HER FRIENDS AND THE WHOLE WORLD HAD MELTED AWAY FROM HER.

ALL THAT MATTERED TO HER NOW WAS THE DRONE...

THE DRONING NOISE IN HER BRAIN- THRUMMING, THROBBING AND PULSING AWAY.

DRONING AND WRAPPING AROUND EVERY ERRANT THOUGHT IN HER MIND, WHISPERING WHAT SHE SHOULD THINK AND HOW SHE MUST ACT.

ON AND ON AND ON. IT WAS OVERPOWERING AND ALL ENCOMPASSING. SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT TO SUBMIT TO IT-

-TO LOVE EVERY SECOND OF IT.

AND AS EFFORTLESSLY AS SHE HAD ALLOWED
HERSELF TO SUBMIT TO THE DRONING, SO
TOO WOULD HER STUDY PARTNER.

JUST AS ALL THE OTHER STUDENTS
IN THE LIBRARY HAD—

AND THE TEACHERS IN
THE FACULTY—

AND SOON, EVERY LIVING
PERSON ON THE CAMPUS.

LOST TO THE PLEASURE OF
SUBMISSION, HUNDREDS OF UNBLINKING
AND OBEDIENT NEW DRONES.



Jillian felt so out of the loop! Coming back from her run, it was so busy in the dorm with girls everywhere, going from door to door. What had she missed?

And on top of that, there was Elle and Vivian hand in hand as they walked down the hall. Hadn't they had that very public break up last week? And yet here they were together, holding hands...

Stepping perfectly in sync...

Staring straight ahead...

Expressionless...

Unblinking...

Eyes glowing...

Coming straight towards her...



Jillian rested her head against Elle as she stared into space. She still didn't quite know what was going on, but it was fine. She was in the loop now.

The little metal thing that Vivian had placed on her head drowned out all the hustle bustle going on around her, drowned out any thoughts of resistance and told her exactly what to think.



It told her everything was exactly as it should be...

Told her she loved this...

...that everybody should love this...

The thing on her head buzzed and Jillian opened her hand as Elle passed her a small metal object. Without thought, Jillian straightened up and began heading to the next dorm room.



Professor Arnold Schaffer gasped for air! Every nerve of his body pulsed with electric fire as the metallic object that was pressed against his temple buzzed and thrummed into his mind and its load of nanites into his bloodstream.

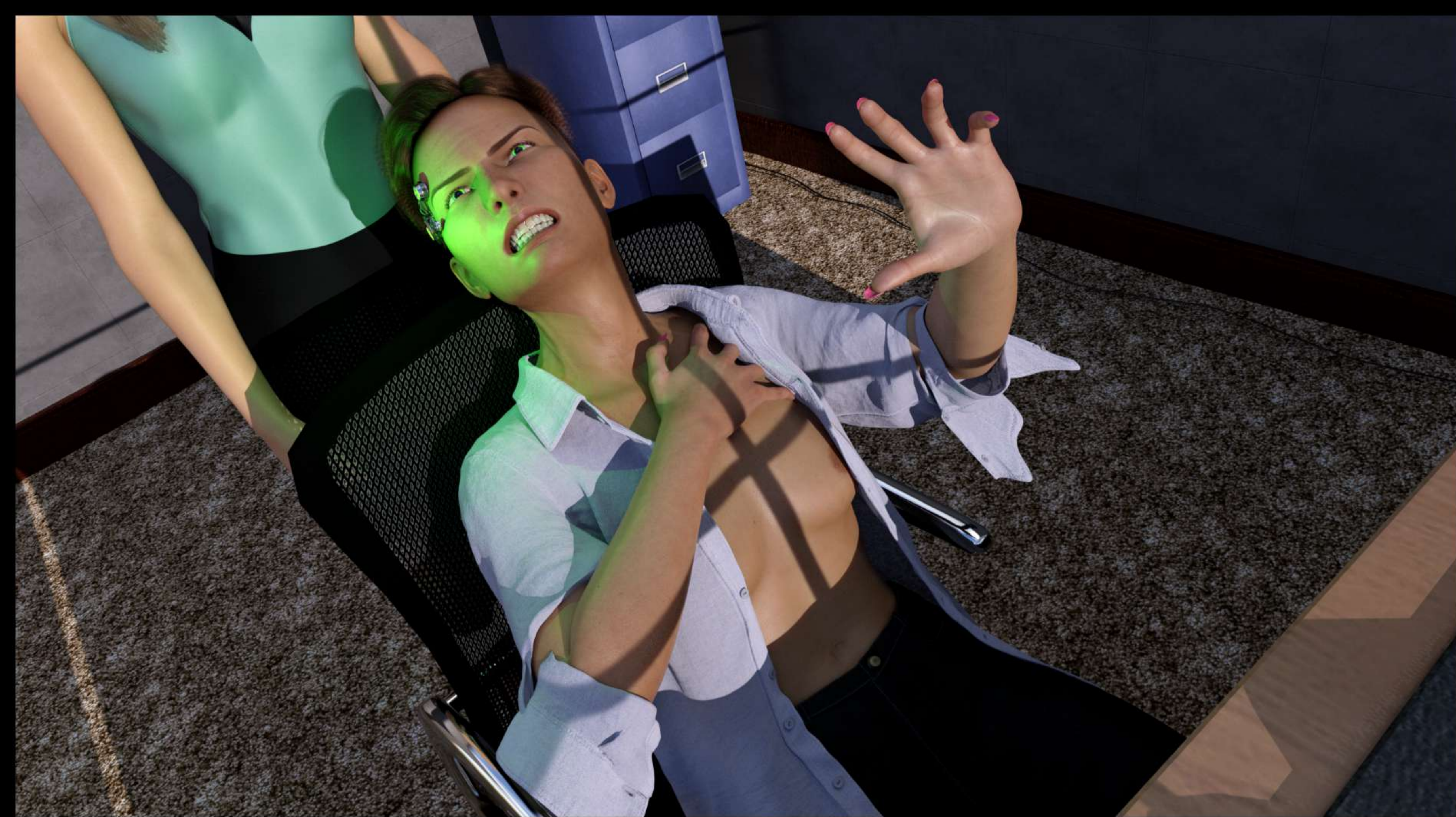
He could barely piece a sentence together in his mind as the ocean of static drowned out any meaningful thoughts.

What had he been doing?

Why was every muscle in his body tensed and in pain?

Who had attacked him from behind?

So many questions that came and were just as quickly washed away against the deafening sound... **Thrummmmm
thrum thrum thrummmmm thrum thrum thrummmmm thrum thrum**



*He needed to get himself under control! *Thrummmmm thrum thrum....**

Arnold furrowed his brows and strained against the all the stimuli assaulting him.

*He needed to figure out his situation... *Thrummmmm thrum thrum Thrummmmm....**

With all his strength, he lifted his left hand to attempt to pull of the pulsing thing on his head

*He needed to~ needed to *Thrummmmm thrum obey Thrummmmm....**

The professors paused as his eyes grew wide - through all the haze and noise in his mind, he'd definitely heard a voice within it! The noise... *maybe it was a pattern, maybe he could make sense of it if he focused!*

Thrummmmm thrum thrum Thrummmmm.... Arnold listened intently **Thrummmmm obey thrum Thrummmmm....**

There it was again! He was on to something! Arnold relaxed a little, the man of science could figure this out. He just needed to gather more information, he just had to keep listening.

As he focused in on the static noise blaring through his head, Arnold didn't notice his facial and body hair thinning or his hand softening and becoming more slender...



Thrummmmm thrum obey Thrummmmm... Thrummmmm thrum thrum Thrummmmm...

“Yes, yes- I understand the “obey” part but what else is there! Obey what?” wondered Arnold as he continued trying to decipher the hidden message droning and repeating through his head.

As he focused more and more on the puzzle playing on repeat in his head, the electrical fire coursing through his body seemed to dull down. Pain slowly replaced by a not unpleasant warmth.

Thrummmmm thrum obey Thrummmmm... Thrummmmm thoughts thrum Thrummmmm...

Arnold focused in on the sound as it repeated and rolled across all the neurons in his brain. Ah-ha, a new piece of the message revealed itself! “Obey - Thoughts!” was this alien technology from a higher species, promoting rational thinking?

The professor kept intently listening.

It seemed to become easier and easier to hear the patterns in the noise. It exhilarated him and he relaxed more, breathing in time with the noise, letting his heavy chest rise and fall. “Wait why is my chest heavy?” **Thrummmmm thrum obey...** and the thought was gone.



Thrummmmm thrum obey Thrummmmm... Thrummmmm thoughts thrum Thrummmmm...

Arnold stared ahead, his mind going into a meditative state as he continued to ponder the strange and delightful message rushing through his brain, sending waves of warm pleasure across his body.

“More,” he whispered “Tell me more...”

Thrummmmm thrum obey, slave-drone... Thrummmmm thoughts thrum Thrummmmm...

A new piece revealed itself. “Slave-drone...” he absently repeated “of course slave-drones would obey...” The new term seemed to melt into his brain with oozing erotic energy. Just repeating it sent thrills running down his spine to the tip of his engorged cock and up the peak of his erect nipples.

“but...” **Thrummmmm** “who are these slave-drone...” he wondered.

Thrummmmm thrum obey, slave-drone... No thoughts thrum Thrummmmm...

As if in response, a new understanding of the noise dawned on him. *No thoughts...* Of course, no thoughts... and Arnold’s mind quieted. His body responded to his ready acceptance of instructions as his figure slimmed and his hair lightened to a pale blonde.



Thrummmmm thrum obey, salve-drone.... No thoughts thrum Thrummmmmmm....

Arnold sat and stared vacantly ahead as the droning noise echoed through the now empty hallways of his mind. No longer impeded by conscious, disruptive thoughts, the machine on his head rapidly increased the speed of his transformation and subjugation.

You will obey, slave-drone... No thoughts thrum Thrummmmmmm....

Of course he would obey. It felt so good to obey... Arnold's waist slimmed down

You will obey, slave-drone... No thoughts thrum submission...

Yes, he would submit everything. Whatever was asked for... Arnold's features grew distinctly feminine

You will obey, slave-drone... No thoughts only submission...

Finally the message revealed itself in full! Although Arnold's conscious mind would never find gratification in this, his subconscious exalted as his rapidly shrinking cock erupted into orgasm. Spurting and dribbling cum until as it shrunk and shrunk and slowly tucked itself in his new and perfect pussy.



Thrummm thrummmmmmm thrumm thrummm thrumm

A new message began transmitting. What once was Arnold slowly stood up and turned to face the one who had assaulted him. A female in an aqua singlet. The slave-drone knew that it had once been Markus, a work colleague.

Thrummm thrummmmmmm thrumm thrummm thrumm

Without word, the two turned towards the front door as the new static pattern repeating within their pliant, receptive minds.

Stepping in perfect sync with one another, the two left the office and began heading towards the College dorm rooms, The slave-drones no longer needed any decyphering of the messages being transmitted to them. They knew instinctively what the messages were telling them to do.

More drone-slaves for the masters