

Lydia felt her eyelids flutter, her eyes slowly struggling to open as consciousness returned to the feline.

Mmm....where....what....

Slowly, the white-furred feline began to move...only to hear chains rattle...and find her movement severely restricted.

Her hazel eyes shot open...and she saw her surroundings for the first time.

There was a snow-white mattress on a silver metal bed-frame off to her left...a matching metallic silver toilet off to her right....and a sleek silver door in the wall directly across from her.

Where am I? She tried to say...and could barely make a muffled “Ur mmm eh?”

Panicked at the inability to speak, she again tried to move, this time with move vigor...and got nowhere, hearing loud chains rattling.

Slowly, she looked up...and her eyes went wide.

The feline was shackled to the wall, arms held securely above her head by small lengths of gleaming silver chain.

Then, she looked back down...

...and saw that she was a foot and a half off of the ground, her ankles shackled by a much shorter, but no less shiny, chain.

“Urf!” she grunted, struggling again...

...then freezing as the door in front of her slid open with a soft hiss.

She watched, eyes wide...

...as two slender black forms, both of them female and seeming to be felines, padded into the room silently.

As she watched, one of them wheeled a small cart up to the

bed...and paused, standing back upright.

Lydia noticed that the one by the bed had the number “11” in silver on its chest, exactly between its breasts...and that whatever the black covering was, it covered the female completely.

No eyes visible...no holes...nothing at all. Black from head to toe.

Then she let out a soft hiss as bright light was shined into her eyes.

A gentle, yet firm hand grabbed her muzzled mouth, holding her head in place...and she slowly opened her eyes.

The other form was shining a penlight in front of her face...and again, Lydia saw that there were absolutely no openings on the form's head. No eyes...no nostrils...no mouth...just a shiny, black covering.

Slowly, the form shone the penlight into the shackled feline's left eye...and Lydia let out a soft “Nuur” of discomfort, squirming a bit...

...only to freeze in place after a hard squeeze on her muzzle from the black form.

The form shined the penlight into the feline's right eye...and Lydia winced again...then let go and stepped back, letting go of the shackled feline's muzzle

Lydia shook her head, trying to clear it...then opened her eyes again.

She saw the form in front of her standing in front of her, silent, ominous...and noted the number “5” on its chest, in the exact same location as 11's number was.

Slowly, 5 turned to look at 11...and Lydia was sure some sort of communication was going on between them.

Then, she watched...

...as 11 pulled a large plastic bag off of the wheeled cart, the bag filled with a clear fluid.

Lydia watched as 11 passed the bag to 5...then squirmed as 5 turned and approached her with the bag.

She shook her head, not wanting that bag or the form anywhere near her...

...then 5 grabbed the shackled feline's muzzle, holding it firmly in place.

Lydia's body began to shake, fear causing the feline to squirm and wriggle...

...as 5 slowly and almost mechanically placed the large bag up above her head with one ebon hand...then traced a path of tubing out from the bag...and gathered up the end of the tube.

Lydia watched...as 5 held the tube up in front of the shackled feline's muzzle...then began to slowly insert it into the feline's muzzle.

Lydia shut her eyes, feeling the tube slip through whatever was holding her muzzle shut and slither down into her throat, her gag reflex causing her to swallow and let the tube down deeper into her body.

The pushing sensation continued for a little while...then stopped, much to Lydia's relief.

Slowly, the feline opened her eyes...

...and saw 5 fiddling with a mechanism that was now attached to the tube. One that had several lights on it and seemed to be a means to manipulate the flow of the fluid inside the bag.

They...they're keeping me hydrated? Lydia thought...then watched as the device was switched on.

Liquid flowed into the tubing...then vanished out of her view...

...and a short time later, she felt a cool feeling inside her belly, like the fluid had reached its destination.

Lydia slowly began to relax, feeling the cool feeling start to slink through her belly...

...then became aware of more sensations around her waist.
She looked down...

...and her relief faded immediately.

11 was installing another tube, this one leading up behind her...

...and then, with a gentle push, the tube went INTO her, via her rectum.

Lydia let out a muffled squeal at the intrusion...

...then felt more of that cool feeling filling her insides from that area...

...and, unconsciously, she began to relax again, feeling that calming coolness seep through her.

She was remotely aware of a device being inserted into her rear, likely a plug...

...and then felt another tube being placed into her vagina, followed by more plugging and even more cooling fluid filling her uterus.

The feline shut her eyes, rapidly losing herself in the soothing coolness of the fluid filling her...

...then faintly heard three soft pops...

...and lost consciousness.

...

Lydia slowly shook her head again, wakefulness returning very slowly.

Where..

Slowly, she eased her eyes open...and saw the same room as last time.

Nothing had changed at all, except for the fact that 5 and 11 were not there.

Is...is this...a dream...

Slowly, Lydia tried to move her body...but barely made the chains jingle.

No...don't wanna move....wanna....rest...

She heard a soft hiss...and looked up...

...and felt an odd bit of relief as 5 and 11 padded back inside her room, the cart being brought along with them.

She watched as 11 prepared three bags of that clear fluid on the cart...

...then saw 5 stepping in front of her, the penlight in its hand again.

*Relax...*a soft, feminine voice said in her head...and Lydia blinked.

*That...who are...*the feline's brain stammered as the penlight was flashed in each of her eyes again.

She watched as 5 turned to 11 again...and Lydia strained her ears for some sort of communication or sound between the two black females.

None was heard...and 5 turned back to her.

*Relax...*Lydia heard again...followed by, *Limp*.

Automatically, as if by reflex, Lydia felt her body go completely limp.

She watched, helplessly...

...as both 5 and 11 changed the bags attached to her, silently...

...then loaded the old bags onto the cart.

Lydia noticed that one bag was filled with an almost pale white substance...and blinked very slowly.

*What...what is...*she began...

...then felt the cool fluid enter her body again...

...and felt calmed by its pervasive coolness, radiating out from her belly and uterus.

Then, Lydia heard three soft pops again...

...and blacked out.

...

Wake.

Lydia felt her eyes open and her head rose upward, looking at the door.

She watched, unmoving, as the door opened...

...and again, 5 and 11 entered the room.

This time, she felt a small amount of joy at seeing them, like she was seeing long-lost family.

She watched as 5 approached her...and again shined the penlight into each of her eyes.

This time, Lydia did not move.

The feline did not even blink.

Very good, she heard a soft female voice say in her head...and she replied with a simple, *Thank you*.

She watched motionlessly as 5 turned back to 11.

17 is almost ready, Lydia heard in her head. *It will not be long now.*

Agreed, Lydia heard a response...and thought it was from 11.

She watched as 5 turned back to her...then reached up...

...and she was remotely aware of her arms being released from the shackles, followed by her feet.

She stood with her arms at her sides, unmoving...unblinking.

What...what do I do now? She thought softly.

Slowly, 5 reached up to the feline's muzzle...

...and Lydia became aware that her muzzle was now free of whatever was keeping it shut...yet she did not open her muzzle.

5 paused a bit...then replaced the bindings, re-securing Lydia's muzzle.

One more day, she heard 5 “speak” in her head. Lie down on the bed.

Mechanically, Lydia walked to the bed...and slowly laid

down on her back on the soft white mattress.

She stared at the ceiling, unblinking and unmoving...yet aware the 5 and 11 were doing something around her.

Then, she felt the cooling fluid start to fill her again...and let the calming coolness wash over her.

When you hear the popping, you will sleep, she heard 5 “say” to her.

Slowly, Lydia nodded...just a slight nod.

She heard a soft hiss...and then laid there for a bit, basking in the coolness seeping through her body.

And then, she heard something. Soft at first...like a soft whisper.

17 is your identity...17 must obey all commands given to it...17 is not a person...17 is an extension of its owner's will...17 must serve its owner faithfully...17 must obey its superiors...17 is your identity...

Softly, Lydia began to repeat the words she heard, in her head, albeit differently.

17 is my identity...17 must obey all commands given to it...17 is an extension of its owner's will...17 must serve its owner faithfully...17 must obey its superiors...17 is its identity...

She continued to repeat this over and over in her head, the coolness in her body helping her to accept her new mantra...

...until she heard the three soft pops again...

...and her mind went completely blank, her eyes closing.

...

Wake, 17.

The feline's eyes snapped open immediately.

17 is on-line, she replied.

Good. You are now ready. Stand.

Mechanically, 17 sat up, swinging its legs over the edge of the bed...then slowly stood up, aware of a slight tugging sensation on

something attached to its chassis.

17 felt an emotion as it realized 5 and 11 were standing near it.

Kinship.

17 watched as 5 slowly removed tubes from the feline's chassis, then slipped something off from around its muzzle.

All the while, 17 did not move. Did not blink.

Did not even breathe.

Follow us, 17.

Slowly, 11 and 5 turned and walked to the door...and 17's naked body followed obediently.

The three walked down a long hallway, silver doors lining it every few feet...then made their way into a small room at the end of the hall.

5 stopped...then looked back.

Proceed to the center of the room, 17.

17 stepped to the center of the room, stopping in its exact center....then watched as 11 approached it carrying a black bundle.

It is time for you to complete your programming, 17, 11 told it...then unfolded the bundle.

17 looked...

...at a suit of jet-black material, with the number “17” inscribed in silver in between the breast shapes on the suit.

17 watched...as 11 began to open the suit...

...and 17 felt another pair of emotions

Joy...and acceptance.

17 watched as 11 began to slide the suit onto its chassis, the black material sliding up its chassis to cover all of the white material that was its original covering.

Then, it watched as the material was pulled tight around its body...then looked straight ahead.

Remain still 17, she heard 5 say in her head.

17 felt its chassis freeze in place...

...as its new head covering was installed, the black material covering its old chassis seamlessly and completely.

17 remained standing in place, almost rooted to the spot...

...then 11 stood up...and stepped aside.

17 stared into the reflective surface there...and saw her jet-black form reflected there.

Black.

Shiny.

Perfect.

A small jolt passed through 17's head and body, then faded quickly.

17, you will assist 11 on processing the next acquisition, it heard 5 say.

Yes, 5, 17 replied...then followed 11 out of the room.

...

11 opened the door to one of the processing rooms, then stepped inside.

Bring the cart with the conversion fluid bags, 11 said.

Yes, 11, 17 replied, wheeling the small cart into the room.

17 looked up as the cart stopped...and saw the feline form shackled on the wall squirm at 11's approach.

Which number will this one be 11? 17 asked.

21, 11 replied. *It will be your assistant in Conversion.*

17 felt an emotion in its chassis.

Pride.

21 will learn to be obedient, 17 stated. 21 will enjoy becoming like us.

...