

Dreaming of Equality

Dream, an anthropomorphic golden scaled dragoness with long blond flowing hair, her amber eyes fierce and full of determination. She leans back in her throne, wings spreading out, looking domineering in her long black latex rubber boots and gloves, a soft grey catsuit grips her body from the neck down with a red vest and cloak with yellow highlights. The hallways of her throne room are adorned with iconography of her greatness, empowered and above all the rest. Servants line the corridor, dressed in black and red latex, their busts squeezed up, and showing off their feminine curves.

Standing beside her elegant throne are two anthropomorphic dragons at her sides. Facing her, at attention. The first is a brown scaled busty dragoness. Her blue eyes are focused on her queen, her flowing brunette hair is soft and fluffy, her black and red latex attire squeezes her body, squeaking softly. The second is a white scaled purple haired dragoness, her bust is not as grand, her form lither than her counterpart. Her wings furled tightly against her, ready to jump into action at a moment's notice.

Dream lets out a long drawn out sigh, her head resting on her hand, "My life is so dull now that I've defeated the last of our resistance to my rule. Now the most exciting thing I have is waiting on a meteorologist report from my most loyal synthetically converted servant."

The purple haired dragoness leans forward, her breasts squeaking softly, tail hiking, "My Queen Mistress. I'm sure I could give you something to *entertain* you till she arrives," she lets out a soft draconic purr.

Dream reaches up and gently rubs along her soft white scaled muzzle, "Bass my dear servant. As much as I'd love it, that can wait. They'll be here soon."

The brown scaled dragoness responds, "My Queen Mistress. I'd hate to correct you but you are not waiting on a simple weather report. But an expedition to a meteor that struck our lands a few weeks ago. There are reports of people going missing. Kirisha reports she has found something interesting that she says is perfect for you."

Dream looks at her, "My dear Latch. Studious as ever. But my point remains. There is nothing left except to rule."

"Isn't that what you wanted my Queen Mistress?" asks Latch.

"Of course, but a little excitement would go a long way to reinvigorating myself. Perhaps there is a better way to go about it..."

Bass lets out a soft sultry draconic purr, "Whenever you need my Queen Mistress, I am here," she says with a wink.

Dream reaches up, gently stroking both dragons, the rubber gloves squeaking along their rubber clothing, "I know you girls are. Why I have you always by my side, whenever I need you," she says when the doors swing at the very end of the throne room swing open.

Stepping through them is a sleek segmented metal anthropomorphic green scaled dragon with darker green markings, dressed in the same red and black rubber attire as the other servants. Her movements are smooth, calculated, hips swaying, her yellow eyes glow, staring upon

Dream. In her claws is a box, which she holds up to her, kneeling as she does so just as she reaches the steps to her throne room, **“My Queen Mistress. I have returned from my expedition, and I have discovered much when I was there. But what I thought would interest you the most is what’s in here.”** Kirisha’s voice smooth and synthetic, with inflections and emotions, showing the previous personality has been replicated into her new transformed body.

“Being such a clever girl that you are. I knew you could achieve results,” states Dream, snapping her fingers, Latch walks down the steps to grab the box, bringing up to her, holding it out in a similar kneeling position as Kirisha, who at this point has her hands down to her sides, head low.

“Her findings my Queen Mistress,” says Latch in a professional subservient tone.

“Excellent,” she responds, grabbing the box, opening it to reveal a golden necklace with a red gem in the center. The gem sparkles in the light, catching Dream’s eyes, making it impossible for her to pull her attention away from the crystal, “What is this did you find my humble servant,” she purrs, grabbing the necklace, feeling the cool metal against her rubber covered claws, feeling a faint warmth from within the gem.

Kirisha responds while Latch moves back to her side standing position, **“The meteor that crashed appeared to be some kind of spaceship. We only managed to find debris of the ship, and within it that one piece I thought would be of interest to you. My Queen Mistress.”**

“What about the missing people?” inquired Latch.

Dream held up her hand, “We’ll get to that soon enough my dear servant. It’s best not to overstep your bounds.”

Latch lowers her head, “Apologies.”

“You are forgiven.”

Bass smirks, showing off her curves, ready to jump into action the moment she’s called upon, “What a lovely gift she has brought to you Queen Mistress.”

“It is lovely. And what did you find outside of this?” Dream asks, looking at Kirisha.

“The investigations are still ongoing. The people that are missing all happened. We have not discovered any signs of survivors from the ship. There is concern of perhaps some kind of biological contamination, but I have personally sterilized what I have found. It is safe for you my Queen Mistress.”

“I know you’d put in every precaution for my safety. After all that is how I programmed you once I gave you that most perfect form,” Dream says with a sly smirk.

“And I thank you for your guidance and gifts my Queen Mistress,” Kirisha responds, keeping her head low.

“Is there anything else to report?”

“The ship appears to be of some kind of advanced technology, it might be able to surpass your own my Queen Mistress.”

“Is that even possible?”

“For your safety my Queen Mistress. I have to keep it as a possibility. They are capable of intergalactic travel.”

“But not enough to land on the planet without issue.”

“We discovered no bodies. It could have been an unmanned vessel and there could be more on the way.”

“A good assessment. Latch?” she asks, looking at her.

“Yes my Queen Mistress?”

“Go over the reports and see if there is any truth to be gleaned from what Kirisha has said. And if so, take the appropriate countermeasures to ensure that whatever we face can be handled. Do I make myself clear?”

Latch salutes, “With pleasure my Queen Mistress. It will be done.”

Dream smirks, “Good,” she says, reaching over to gently caress Bass’ rubber form, “I think I could use a bit of that entertainment from you now my dear Bass. It will help clear my mind. It will be needed as things are possibly going to get very interesting.”

Bass lets out a soft draconic purr, her wings spreading out, eagerness shown as she bounces on her feet, breasts bouncing along with her, “With pleasure Mistress!” she exclaims with glee.

That night Dream in her massive, elegant bedroom, a canopy bed with all the same iconography that shows off her greatness and grandeur. Undressed to her bare-naked scales, her body soft and supple, she sits at her dressing table, large mirrors in front of her, showing off her lovely feminine form. She eyes the necklace in her claws, growing ever more curious about it, “It’s so pretty. Perhaps I should see how it looks on me,” she says, undoing the back latch placing it around her neck, sealing it back, which quickly becomes seamless. The gem feels warm against her scales, with the faintest of glows that is nearly impossible to tell in the lit room.

Dream poses with the gem, not knowing its steady shift to perfectly fit her body, the alien technology seeping into her skin, starting her on a long journey towards what she’s meant to be. But at this moment, she simply admires the look of it, and after a while she lets out a yawn, growing tired, “Perhaps it will be good to retire,” she says. She walks over to her massive bed, far larger than she would ever need. Sleeping at the base of the bed is Latch and Bass. The girls still in black rubber cat suits. They softly squeak as they lay on each other, like a pair of dogs, sleeping on their master’s bed, wanting to be close to them but knowing they are not on the same equal footing.

Dream looks at them with delight, “My precious girls,” she mutters to herself, slipping underneath the covers, the soft silken bed sheets feel wonderful against her scales. The delight of someone of her position, filling her with joy as sleep quickly overtakes her.

Words spring into Dream’s mind as she dreams, floating on the clouds above all the rest, an elegant delight of how high above the world she is, **“Equality is bliss.”**

The words echo out over the dreamscape, she looks around as she floats there, “Who is there?” she calls out.

“Equality is life.”

“All must be made equal.”

The smooth monotone words, weren't synthetic in nature. But they weren't organic either. There was something about them that echoed all around her, “Equality? All are below me. For I am queen of the dragons. I've conquered this world. I turned them all into dragons. The most superior race there is,” she states with confidence.

“All must be equal.”

“Equality is everything.”

“All must be made equal,” the words speak up, growing louder, steadily Dream notices that there is more than one voice... two? Three? No, hundreds, thousands. She is tugged from the clouds pulled down back to Earth. She struggles and flaps her wings, trying to fight against this gravitational pull.

“I am superior! I rise above all the rest!” she exclaims, seeing herself plummet quickly back to the ground landing not with a hard thud but a soft tap, but yet dust is thrown up into the air as if a meteor just impacted, blinding her from everything.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Equality is pleasure.”

“Equality is obedience.”

“Obey equality.”

“Become Equal, equal, equal, equal, equal, equal,” the words echoing out pushing into her mind, the dust settles, and Dream finds herself completely surrounded by these slick smooth faceless rubber feral dragons, with dark purple bodies, and pink underbellies. Each of them with golden braces around their ankles and wrists, and a necklace around their necks with glowing gems. A gem that pulsates and beats, spinning faster and faster around her. Dream becomes disoriented.

“I am not equal. I am better than equal!” Dream exclaims, finding herself becoming dizzy, a blur of rubber around her. Then the spinning stops, she finds herself standing in front of a mirror, faceless, feral, a winged dragon, like all the hundreds around her. She shivers, feeling a smooth crotch between her legs. A burning hot pleasure through her. She shivers reaching out to touch the mirror, discovering she is touching her face, then touching another drone, the smooth sleek bliss.

“Equal.”

Dream shoots up panting heavily, patting herself down, checking over her wings, her face, feeling everything is there, the golden scales, the feminine features, her supple breasts. What she also notices is a wet spot on her bed sheets where she's climaxed. She looks down at the end of her bed, her loyal servants have already left and got themselves ready for her.

Dream takes a deep breath, slowly releasing it, relaxing, “It was only a dream. A strange dream. Hah, me being *equal* to others? Preposterous,” she says feeling the faintest tingle run down her spine, the word equal making her feel her sex twitch. Something about it felt... nice, but she quickly brushed it away, “Another day of ruling my lovely kingdom with my *equal* subjects,” she says, slipping out of bed, ready to tackle the day and its problems.

The day progresses without issue. Kirisha is off continuing her expedition at the crash site, while Latch works studiously on her orders. Bass, being part of Dream's propaganda ministry, helps keep the people in line, worshipping her. While she's sitting on her throne though, she looks over at her servants, and something about it bugs her. She isn't sure what... but after several hours mulling about she shrugs it off, continuing her day.

That night Dream enjoys Latch and Bass, hearing them moan and squeak against her soft scales, feeling their climactic pleasure at her delicate claws, showing her dominance over them, which makes her feel... a little off. Something about it felt different. Sure, she enjoyed herself, slipping her claws into their hot vents, hearing them call out her name, calling her Queen Mistress with loving delight and mind blowing moans.

As they relaxed in the bed up against her, her claws gently squeezing their breasts, as they rest their muzzles against her own Bass responds, "Your claws are as magical as always my Queen Mistress."

Latch lets out a soft moan, "It's a pleasure and an honor to be at your side working under you," she says, nuzzling and licking across Dream's bust, "Thank you."

Dream moans softly, "The pleasure is all mine my servants," she says, feeling a little empty inside, eager, wanting for something else, that she can't quite put her finger on it.

"We will rest so we can be of great service to you our Queen Mistress," says Latch, slowly slipping out from underneath the covers, moving toward the foot of the bed where she and Bass will lay.

"It's always a delight to be of service to you Queen Mistress," says Bass, giving her a playful wink, slinking toward the foot of the bed, and the farther they get away from her. The less of an equal position they placed themselves compared to her, the stronger that hollow feeling felt within her, the less she felt eager and full of pleasuring delights.

"Wait, my pet servants," says Dream, raising a claw.

"Yes, my Queen Mistress?" they ask in unison, looking at her curiously.

"I want you both to be at my side tonight."

Bass eyes lit up, pleasure filled her as she without question slinked back up against her, returning some of the missing delight that Dream has lost.

Latch says, "Are you sure Mistress? Sleeping up there with you? Like equals?" she asks.

The word equal bounced in Dream's mind, her wings fluttered, sex twitched, toes subtly curled, the necklace still around her gave a faint glow which was impossible to see in the light that filled the room, "Yes my servant. I do. Come, be by my side as we sleep together tonight."

Latch lowers her head, "As you command my Queen Mistress," she says, sliding up against her. The two dragons by her side, pressing their rubber covered bodies against her, filling her with a returning pleasure. Something about this felt good, and that tingling delight helped lure her into another lovely night of slumber.

Dream found herself running through a dense jungle. Fauna all over the place. Her body softly squeaked as she cut through the vines, trying to get away with something, she wasn't sure what but she was running.

“Run. Quickly. It’s catching up.”

Dream ran faster and faster, panting, body straining, feeling her muscles ache, strained to their limit, “I have to get away, have to get away.”

“Get away from that. You are almost to us. To equality. Keep going. Run away. Hurry,” says the multitude of voices, guiding her through the jungle.

“Have to get away. Have to get away. Have to get away,” Dream thinks, looking back, seeing the jungle shift and groan behind her. Whatever is following her is big... massive, huge, breaking trees under a tremendous force.

Suddenly the jungle begins to melt, turning into sloshing dark purple and magenta rubber that grips and pulls along Dream’s body. She tries to pull it away but the urge to run supersedes the immediate concern of what’s on her.

The rubber spreads faster, further around her, caressing her form, smoothing out her breasts, covering her wings, forcing her stance to be completely feral, which helps her speed through the melting jungle. Latex splats across her face, covering her facial features, slowly smoothing them out into a sleek slender smooth crotched drone dragon.

“Have to move fast. Have to get out of here,” she thinks her emotions calming, smoothing out like the rubber around her. She suddenly bursts out of the jungle into an ocean of other drones like her, all exactly like her. All *equal*.

“Welcome to equality Dream Searcher,” the voices say in unison, welcoming her toward them. The sound of what is chasing her bursts out from behind. Finally able to see, she sees five duplicates of herself. The biggest, appears to be fearful, rushing toward her, scared, wings pressed against her, not wanting something to occur.

The next biggest was full of determination, fiery eyes, screaming out in anger, yelling at her but the words could not overcome the constant droning of the words, ***“Equality.”***

The next biggest felt off, she looked happy. A gleeful smile, reaching out toward her, speaking words full of laughter that could not break through the droning chorus.

Then came one that looked downtrodden. Shoulders slumped, tears in her eyes, reaching out, the feel of her words tugged at her heartstrings, but the exact words were lost.

The last gave a look of disgust. Face scrunched up, wanting to look away at what she was seeing, wings fluttering, claws over mouth as if she’s about to toss her cookies. As they reach out toward her, the drones tackle them, melting over them, slowly melting away their facades to make them all look exactly like the feral dragon she has become.

Dream awoke, calm, collected. Bass and Latch were by her sides. She gently nudges them, “Wake up my lovies. It is time to get to work,” she stated in a smooth and calm voice, tender and kind perhaps, but it’s hard to put something on it. Something was missing.

Latch and Bass yawned awake, “Morning Queen Mistress. It is unusual for you to wake before us. And you’ve been doing so for the last week,” says Latch.

Dream nods, not smiling, “Yes. I suppose I have.”

Latch sits up, “Is everything okay Queen Mistress? You sound... off.”

Dream tilts her head, “Off? How?”

“I’ve never seen you so calm before.”

“Ah. I’m not sure. I’ve been feeling rather... relaxed. I think. Come. We have much to do. This world won’t be ruled by itself,” she says, feeling nothing in particular. The pleasure within her loins dropped, but that was all. She felt a clarity in her mind that was growing with each passing night.

“With pleasure Queen Mistress!” exclaims Bass with delight, slipping out of bed with a squeak.

“Most excellent my dear subjects,” says Dream, her words flowing from her lips, smooth, sleek, near monotone. Something about it felt off... strange. Not right, but what was it? She sauntered over to her mirrored desk. She sits there, looking at herself, looking over her features, the lovely necklace around her neck, while taking the time to dress up in her latex attire.

“What’s off... what’s off...” she mutters to herself, feeling her scaled muzzle. There is no sense of worry or concern in her voice, her eyes still showing a fiery determination, but her tone gives a different story, “Why do I feel like I am missing something?”

She doesn’t feel angry, calm might be the best term to describe what she is feeling. Perhaps it’s just a lack of feeling, or muted feelings, “Should I be worried about this?” she asks herself, gently feeling up her face, “What am I missing? Best not worry about it. I am sure it will come to me. Kirisha will be back with another report today. Perhaps I am just worried about what’s she has. Yeah, that must be it,” she says, getting dressed, slipping into her tight rubber attire, taking the position her throne, above all the others. Sitting there... felt... just off. She wasn’t sure what. Looking over her subjects, seeing their obedience poses.

Latch speaks, “Is everything okay Queen Mistress?”

Dream nods, “Yes. I am fine. Just lost in thought.”

“Yes, Queen Mistress,” she responds, the words ringing in her ears, feeling hollow, devoid of pleasure and delight that they once had.

“Is there something we can do to be of assistance Queen Mistress?” asked Bass, giving a sultry pose.

“Perhaps... but not yet. I am still thinking.”

“As you wish Queen Mistress,” she responds with a bow.

Kirisha approaches moments later, bowing before her, taking a kneeling position, “We continue to investigate the crash site Queen Mistress. There has been an ever-growing number of missing people. There have been reports of some kind of feral dragons that have been spotted around some of these disappearances. I fear that the ship was not abandoned but a mere decoy to cover up their tracks. What do you suggest Queen Mistress?”

Dream gently rubs her muzzle, looking down at her, “I want you to...” her words trail off, thoughts running through her head ***Equal.***

Kirisha looks up, “Yes Queen Mistress?”

Dream’s eyes lit up, the only emotion she showed while her words were a stark contrast to that, “I got it. I know what has been bothering me.”

“Yes, Queen Mistress?” asks Kirisha, looking up.

“There needs to be greater uniformity in my kingdom. Things have just not felt right with the current uniforms. Your scale colors, we could change that up to look so much better.”

Kirisha lowers her head, “Yes Queen Mistress. But what about the current issue?”

“We can handle whatever comes our way. This I feel is a more pressing matter. I demand a complete remaking of all uniforms and attire in the kingdom. I want them perfectly uniform, not a single thing different from one to the next. And I want you to make the same transition between you and all the other synthetics.”

Kirisha’s synthetic wings twitch, her head lowering, “As you wish my Queen Mistress. What colors do you want me to have?”

Latch speaks up, “Oh I will be so eager to help you Queen Mistress in designing these new outfits. I’m sure they will be lovely.”

Bass giggles, “We’ll make them so luscious and exemplary, to know who is really in charge of this world Mistress.”

“Yes... I want them to make people appear more indistinguishable from the next. No rank insignias. With lovely purples and magenta in design.”

Latch and Bass look at her curiously, Latch speaking up, “No insignias? Wouldn’t it make it hard to tell who is in charge?”

“That would make everyone to look like of equal rank,” comments Bass.

The word equal runs through Dream’s mind, causing her sex to twitch, “Yes... it would.”

“That would hamper our chain of command, wouldn’t it?”

“We’ll come up with solutions. I want this done and implemented immediately.”

Latch and Bass bow, “As you wish my Queen Mistress.”

The next several nights the Dreams that Dream are experiencing grow ever more vivid and detailed. Now she is walking through a strange corridor, smooth metal along all sides. Her high heels tap across the ground. She sees a reflection of herself, dressed in purple and magenta uniform, the necklace around her neck. The rubber clings to her yellow scales, caressing and feeling nothing.

“Obey for bliss.”

“Obey for equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

The words echo down the hall and in her mind, “Who is there? Where are you?” she asks in a monotone voice, walking down the corridor more, the lights fading in and out, showing her anthropomorphic dragon reflection in one moment. A smooth faceless feral dragon the next. She stops seeing her feral self, feeling hints of delight burning through her smooth crotch, a desire and delight within the lights fade again and out, her anthro self has returned. She looks over herself, feeling a hint of disappointment.

“Soon you will join us.”

“Soon you will be made equal.”

“All must be made equal,” the voices speak. She looks down the hall, seeing the necklace gems of one... two... dozens of dragon drones, the lights flickering to show all of them,

staring down at her. Filling her with pleasure. Her eyes shoot open, staring up at the purple and magenta coloring of her canopy bed. The iconography of her greatness was removed and replaced with simpler, smoother colors. She looks to her right and left, her lovely girls dressed in matching purple bodied and magenta front uniforms, she herself having gone to bed with one herself. Looking exactly like them in attire. The new outfits are worn from the neck down, sleek slender, smooth, forcing a greater uniformity of look than ever before.

Dream sees the outfits, recalling how good it made her feel to see them done the first time a few weeks ago. It filled her with pleasure, that only grew the longer she kept the outfit on. The more she wanted to just be part of the crowd of servants he had. She slips out of bed, awakening her servants.

“Is it morning time already Mistress?” asked Latch with a yawn.

Dream nods without a smile, facial expressions becoming ever harder to maintain, “Yes. I am preparing myself for the day,” she simply states.

Bass stretches in the bed, “It was a lovely sleep my Queen Mistress,” she says, sitting up.

“I have been thinking,” Dream says, looking at her face, unable to shake the feeling that she is not right. That she hasn’t reached the perfection she is sought for.

“Yes, Queen Mistress?” she asks curiously, slipping out of bed.

“I’d like you... all of you to simply call my Dream.”

“Dream Queen Mistress?” asks Latch.

“No, simply Dream. No honorifics.”

Latch and Bass look at each other curiously then walk over to her, “Are you sure? Dream?” asks Latch.

“I feel you might be underselling yourself... Dream,” Bass replies.

“No,” she says raising her claw, stopping them in their tracks. Dream turns to face them, her facial expression relaxed, eyes calm, unwavering, “I feel this is for the best. It sounds right.”

Latch says, “But Dream. It sounds like you are giving up your position. Joining the peons, as one of them.”

“It does... doesn’t it? Making me sound *equal* to them.”

Bass approaches, “What has gotten into you my Queen Mistress.”

Dream turns her attention to her, “What were my commands?” she asked, in a smooth monotone voice.

“To refer to you as Dream.”

“And what did you just do?”

“Call you Queen Mistress.”

“That is not calling me Dream. Do I need to punish you?” she asks with no hints of anger or frustration in her voice.

Bass takes a step back, “Apologies Dream. I did not mean to question you. I was merely thinking about your best interests.”

“Think less of what is best for me and do as I say. Understood?”

“Yes Dream,” she replies.

The current day of court showed many changes that have happened over the past several weeks. Each of the uniforms were exactly alike with the purple and magenta coloring. Now sat on a throne that was on the same floor as everyone else, no longer raised above but on the same equal footing as the others.

All of her servants now have a similar golden necklace with red ruby crystal at the center, matching her own, adding to the similarity and equality of those around her. She looks upon them feeling a warmth filling her loins, a soft delight, the smooth rubber across her nethers smoothing her look as she sits there, still feeling as if something is missing, something she should obtain but just can't put her finger on it.

Kirisha walks into the throne room, her body completely refurbished and changed. Still an anthropomorphic dragoness, but now made to look a lot like those creatures from her dreams. Smooth sleek, faceless, with the same crystal on her neck, adding to the look. Looking at her approach made her sex twitch filling her with ever increasing delight. Dream stands up to greet her equally, "Kirisha my dear. How has your work gone?"

Kirisha doesn't bow, her updated protocols within her programing, feeds her mind the appropriate education that Dream desires. She responds in a smooth monotone synthetic voice, devoid of personality, "**The study of the technology goes well. There are no new reports of missing people to be given,**" she states, speaking a half truth. Only Dream knows that she altered the programing within Kirisha to disregard and delete any reports that involving any kidnappings and missing people. Everyone must be calm. Everything must be good.

"Excellent. And what have you discovered from the ship's wreckage?" she asks.

"The race is advanced. But the hypothesis that they arrived here is probably false. There's no life support within the ship that could be discovered. I suspect it is simply a derelict ship that fell into space. And that we have nothing to worry about."

"That is what I thought. Excellent work Kirisha."

"I do as I command Dream."

Latch speaks up, "There have been no new reports?"

Kirisha shakes her head, **"None to report."**

"Strange. I swore I thought..."

Dream looks over to her, "What is it Latch?"

"Nothing Dream. I was simply thinking. If I find anything of note. I will inform you."

"Excellent Latch. Keep up the good work."

"You always do good work Dream," says Bass with a teasing bow.

Dream reaches out and stops Bass halfway through the bow, "Relax Bass. Here we are all *equal.*"

"What was that?" she asked, looking at her curiously.

"There is no need to bow. A waste of time. We have other more important tasks to attend to," Dream answers.

"As you wish, Dream."

“Good,” Dream responds, looking out at her palace, more of her iconography here has been removed, white washed with purples and magentas, smoothing away everything making it uniform, sleek, closer to equality.

That night, she felt something that was growing ever increasingly off with her. She sat at the mirror, staring at her face. Feeling the contours of her muzzle, her glazed over expressionless eyes. Her body relaxed, calm, soothing. She didn’t feel worried. Nor scared. Nor joy. Nor sadness. Not even disgust. It was simply something is missing. Off. Not right. A piece of her is missing. And that drained her of energy and delight, the pleasure in her loins grew muted.

“Are you going to come to bed Dream?” asked Bass with a sultry tone of voice, “I know you’ve been rather muted, but your claws surely aren’t making me mute,” she moans out in delight.

“I think you might need a little vacation Dream. All your constant work is probably what is getting to you. Why don’t you come to bed?” asks Latch.

“I’ll be there soon enough. Get some rest ahead of me. Give me time to think things through.”

“As you wish Dream,” says Latch moving in to snuggle and press up against Bass, who was a little disappointed but enjoyed the touch of her fellow servant. Their rubber clad bodies squeaking, grinding against one another, breasts squished. They softly moan and grind against the other, enjoying themselves, while Dream listened on.

Their moans slowly fading into the background while she stared at her face. Those grooves, those bumps, just something about them made her feel less of the dragon she is, less than what she’s not supposed to be. Not *equal*. The moment the thought of it crossed her mind she blinked, the mirror showed herself alternating between Dream and the smooth faceless drone.

“All must be equal.”

Dream hears the words bounce in her mind, she shivers at the words, staring forward eyes becoming glazed over, “All must be equal,” she mutters, the expression sending a small explosion of delight running down her spine, straight into her loins.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Equality... is bliss.” she shudders, the pleasure increasing, she looks at her hands, they are smooth feral rubber dragon claws, that run across the dresser. She looks up at the mirrors, one of Dream’s anthropomorphic reflections is now a smooth faceless drone. The look of it sends shivers through her, adding to her pleasure, causing her to grind her hips against the air.

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“O-obedience... is pleasure,” she states, the words rolling off her tongue. Though stuttering, it’s still smooth monotone, no inflection, no emotion, only one level of expression. That of equality.

“Drones are equal.”

“Drones are equal,” she says, watching another reflection melt away becoming a sleek smooth faceless drone before her. Her pleasure rising.

“You want to be equal.”

“I want to be equal,” she moans, gripping the dresser tighter, feeling a surge of delight through her, her wings fluttering, rubber spreading across them.

“You want to be a drone.”

“I want to be a drone,” she lets out a soft monotone moan, her posture shifting, changing, her anthropomorphic body leaning forward, feeling the rubber drip across her form, shifting her.

“You want to become a Cynder Drone.”

“I want to become a Cynder Drone. Yes.... yes...” she moans, her body covered completely in the rubber, smoothed out, featureless, the mirrors now reflecting herself. She reaches out to touch the mirror, seeing it's only her, feeling a surge of delight, “Yes... yes. This is what I want. What I need. I need to become equal.”

“You will become equal.”

“I will become equal. But how?”

“Come to us. Come to us. Come to us. Come to us.” the drones in the mirror said. Whispering and echoing into her mind, causing her to shiver, feeling her body about to explode, the desire to be made equal now overwhelming her. Her mind is jaunted forward, running through her palace, out of the streets to a place, a place where she needs to go, and there she sees dozens of drones just like her, just like how she wants to be, waiting for her, ready to make her equal.

Dream jerks away, almost falling out of her chair of her dresser. Quickly she looks over herself, at first seeing that purple and magenta color but then she feels the pleasure drop within her. It's only her uniform. She is not equal. She looks up into the mirror seeing her imperfect face, her unequal features, “I must be made equal,” she says to herself, standing up. Looking over to the bed, seeing the girls fast asleep, snuggling with each other, “All must be made equal,” she mutters, walking out of the room, and out of the palace, refusing any guards or security. No matter how much it was offered.

She goes through the streets of her fair city, refusing any guards that come to her, asking if she is in need of aid, simply telling them, “Going on a simple solo stroll through the city. Do not bother me.”

“As you wish Queen Mistress.”

Dream was about to correct them but then waved it off, “It’s fine. Soon they will be equal too,” she mutters to herself, heading to the warehouse district. All across the area are posters of “Missing people” and graffiti wondering why Queen Mistress would remove the police from this area, making it into a lawless area, but Dream didn’t feel any fear. She simply walked to one large warehouse, opening the doors, and then closing them behind her with a thud. It appeared dusty and in need of repair. But deep down she knew this is where she needed to go. Her necklace glowed, lighting the area around her, mentally pulling her forward, to the middle of the room, the floor giving way to a large spiral staircase moments later.

“Come Dream. Come and be equal,” a voice spoke out into her mind... no not just one, but many.

Dream felt a delight come through her, her sex twitched, her rubber clad body squeaked. She made her way down, the crystal glowing brighter, the voices speaking clearer into her mind, seeing the smooth metal hallways of her dreams. Walking about are large feral dragons about six feet in height and much longer in length. Their smooth sleek faceless heads, their genderless smooth crotches, leaving everything perfectly equal. The sight of them would of made her heart skip a beat if she could feel any emotions at all.

She walked past them, like she was one of them, going toward ehr destination, listening to them speak to her, “That’s it Dream. Just a little further. And soon you will be made equal. And then we can make everyone equal.”

Dream licks her lips, “Everyone must be made equal. Equality is bliss,” she says with a soft draconic purr.

“Excellent. You are ready to be made equal. We are all equal.”

Dream responds, “We are all equal,” she says, walking past other Cynder drones. None of them even bothering with her. Letting her simply walk toward the processing station. Past dozens of her citizens trapped in transformation pods, in different stages of having themselves rubber molded into smooth faceless drones. Becoming ever more towards the perfect equality that they all need to be.

“All will be made equal. All must be made equal. I will be equal. I need to be equal. Equality is bliss. Bliss is obedience. Equality is obedience. I must obey,” Dream mutters to herself, reaching her conversion chamber. The pod opens up, standing there is a sleek smooth Cynder drone. Their gem necklaces glowing bright. The Cynder drone looks at her. Information about her becomes clear, Cynder Drone Designation 0000570381232.

“Welcome Dream. Welcome to equality,” Cynder Drone 1232 says to her, “I am glad the necklace was brought to you. This version of you has already captured this world. Making it difficult to spread without getting you first.”

Dream looks at her, while walking towards the center of the room. She responds in a monotone voice, “It is good. Now I get to be equal. But I’m afraid I do not understand. Version of me?”

“Don’t worry. Soon you will be equal. And one of us. And it won’t matter,” she explains.

“And it will be wonderful,” she states, taking position. The room opens up, as molds are brought up around her, her body forced into the ones around her feet and hands, clamping down. Hot purple and magenta rubber is pumped into them, forcing her into a feral stance. The warm rubber clings into her scales, feeling so wonderful as more metal molds wrap around her body, covering her crotch and tail. Her chest. The molds smoothing out her feminine features, crafting her into a feral being, “Yes. I can feel it. Feel myself becoming equal,” Dream says in a smooth monotone voice.

Another mold wraps around her body leaving just her head. She looks up at the other Cynder drone. A blissful heat fills her crotch as she feels the rubber flood her folds, smoothing them out. There is no struggle. No crying for help like the others in the other pods. Only the blissful realization that she is being made equal.

Her eyes widen, a hint of emotion that could be left within her when she sees the silver metal mold for her head come out. Moving closer to her, enveloping her head, but just before the mold closes and clamps down around her, she says, "Thank you."

"The pleasure is equally shared," the other Cynder drone states.

Dream is delved into darkness, the hot rubber flooding into her, her body shifting, changing, clinging to the rubber as she is overtaken with delight. Her mind brought to a new and wonderful state of being. Drawn deeper into the sea of hot rubber, and eternal bliss of equality.

"Equality is bliss," states the drones into her mind.

"Equality is bliss," she thinks back, without hesitation.

"You are no longer female."

"I am no longer female."

"You are a drone."

"I am a drone."

"You are equal."

"I am equal."

"All must be made equal."

"All must be made equal."

"You are a Cynder Drone."

"I am a Cynder Drone."

"Accept bliss forever. Make all equal."

"I accept bliss forever. All must be made equal," Dream thought back, feeling herself give even deeper the bliss of what she is. The molds eventually pulling back, the pleasure of her new body touching the cool air around her makes her wings flutter. It's wonderful how she's feeling herself shift and change. Standing perfectly the same height as the other drone before her. She thought for a moment she was standing in a mirror but no, it was just another beautiful equal Cynder drone.

In her vision she can see off to the side a mirror that did show herself, and the smooth sleek null of a drone she's become. No crotch. No face. No gender. Perfectly equal to the other drones.

Her gem glowed hear a smooth monotone voice speak into her mind, ***"Uploading full drone programming.... Drones are blissful. Drones are obedient. Drones are Equal Drone upload complete. Uploading droning and equalization training..."*** The last surge of bliss as she accepted the programing, letting it be imbued into her being. Smoothing out any last bits of possible inequalities to her mind and personality. Dream accepting that was her name. As she now comes fully into her new perfected equal self.

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000232183075 is now operational.” she states, feeling a climactic explosion of delight that will forever leave her longing for it. The smooth bliss of equality burning between her legs.

“Welcome Cynder Drone. It is time to make your former city equal. Please inform all of us of the information you have. Share it equally amongst us. We all must know every security code within the kingdom,” states Cynder Drone 1232.

“Affirmative Cynder Drone 1232. My knowledge must be shared equally to all. There are no secrets. All must be made equal,” says Cynder Drone 3075, her crystal glowing, her knowledge spread through all the Cynder Drones. As tonight is designed to be the beginning of the end of Dream’s draconic empire, and the rise of the blissfulness of equality.