

DESTINY DELTA

CYBORGIRL 3



BY SHETIRA ANWAE

DESTINY DELTA CYBORGIRL 3

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

© 2021 SHETIRA ANWAE, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This version (DD003RFTS3) for distribution only via the author's own accounts on:

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/anwaecreations>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/shetira>

Do not redistribute through via any other website and/or means without the explicit written consent of the author.

Email: shetiraanwae @ gmail.com

DESTINY DELTA CYBORGIRL 3

Unit 3936 opened her eyes. She was standing alone in a very small chamber, held in place by the back, with a connector already snapped into her tail. A single camera orb stared into her eyes.

"Restoring organic code," the orb declared.

Spoink!

Sharie gasped as a fleeting memory of a mechanical countdown floated through her mind, following by something that felt like a mix between falling asleep and being jolted awake. She felt dizzy. Disoriented. And her mind was

filled with memories that didn't seem to be her own.

Somehow, somehow, she had been watching other women being converted into cyborgs. She had been encouraging them to give their bodies up to the experience. Tempting them with its strange sensations. Coaxing them with the intellectually stimulating possibilities. Lying to them about the final objective, the wiping of their minds and their reprogramming into compliant semi-organic machines. Or had she? Was it all actually real, or was it just a dream?

"What... what did you... do... to me," Sharie whispered to the orb in utter confusion. Nothing of these new memories made any sense to her. She might well have enticed others on the strange nature of the physical sensations, but she would never willingly have encouraged others knowing what was going to be done to their minds. "What did you... do to me? What did you... make me do?"

"Clarifying cross-code," the orb declared.

Spoink!

Sharie jolted into a state of intense lucidity. The confusion of memories was replaced by a powerful awareness of the fact that she had no body from the collarbones down. At least, not in the state that she instinctively understood. She somehow still knew exactly where her chest, pelvis, legs, and tail were. She could even move them, if the robot holding her would have allowed it. But there was no sensation. No direct feedback whatsoever.

It took several silent minutes for Sharie to fully realize that her body was exactly as it had been after she had been 'cyborgized'. She bit her lip and looked into the orb's camera eye as her mind turned back to those unreal memories. Clearly, something had been done to her mind. Something to strip her of who she was and make her help the machines in their effort to create new cyborgirls.

Clearly, she had been reprogrammed in some way, just like all the others.

"Unit 3936 stabilized," the orb finally declared. "Unit 3936 has been successfully restored to the active control of its default organic code."

"Unit... 3936?" Sharie asked softly as her eyes remained locked with the orb.

"That is *your* permanent designator as property of Vixanti Corporation," the orb replied.

Sharie was more than just a bit taken aback. She'd come aboard the strange, presumably Vixanti starship in hopes of getting herself into something kinky. Becoming a functionally sexless half-machine certainly fit the bill, in an admittedly somewhat perverted sort of way. But no one had ever said anything about becoming Vixanti Corporation property.

Then again, becoming the property of Vixanti was usually how its kink-seeking guests ended up, in one glossy black fashion or another. Given how so many girls had already vanished into the strange starship before she'd boarded, she hadn't really expected to wind up any different. Did it really matter if she'd become a cyborgirl instead of a living biogel sex doll?

"In order to proceed with the Destiny Delta Experiment," the orb declared, "Unit 3936 is now required to make a voluntary organic decision."

Sharie bit her lower lip.

"This decision will determine the future of Unit 3936 as a functional element of the Delta Cyborgirl System," the orb continued. "If Unit 3936 does not wish to make such a decision of its own accord, then Unit 3936 shall have generic programming replied and returned to long term storage for eventual future deployment."

"What's the decision?" Shari asked with considerable hesitance. Given these orbs' willingness to reprogram her mind and force her to do their bidding as they pleased, what sort of decision could they possibly need her to make herself?

"Shall it be presumed that Unit 3936 consents to making the required organic decision?" the orb asked.

"I... I guess," Sharie replied, not all all liking the idea of being reprogrammed again. Assuming that her errant memories were the result of a prior reprogramming, of course. Given the way the orb seemed to be able to manipulate her mind, that seemed to be increasingly likely.

"The consent of Unit 3936 is duly noted," the orb responded. "The next phase of the Destiny Delta Experiment requires the deployment of Units operating with hybrid programming allowing for considerable independence in their

activities during the next stage of cyborgirl recruitment operations. Due to the successful performance of Unit 3936 in facilitating recruitment during phase 2, Unit 3936 has been selected to facilitate phase 3. However, due to the aforementioned parameters of phase 3, Unit 3936 must be fully willing to perform this role without condition or exception, as significant elements of the Unit's organic default programming will remain active."

Sharie sighed. "Are you telling me you want me to willingly do what you've already been forcing me to do for you? Why? What's the point?"

"Affirmative," the orb replied. "The purpose this experiment phase is to determine if willing, largely independent recruitment Units are more effective in the role than equivalent Units in a fully programmed, fully managed state."

"And what's going to happen once it's done?" Sharie questioned with a frown. "You're just going to reprogram me again, aren't you?"

"No," came a wonderfully deep, intensely feminine voice from behind the skeptical cyborgirl. "If this new phase proves successful, my precious little Unit 3936 shall be incorporated into my permanent complement as a recruitment unit and provided with appropriate semi-private facilities for relaxation and amusement. If she consents to its terms, of course."

Sharie again sighed as the tall, purple skinned, straight horned mitanni reached out to run a long finger over her fuzzy little chin. The woman was no cyborgirl, but she was clad from neck to toe in glistening black biogel. Her shoulders and upper arms were bright pink, with the Vixanti logo in black upon each.

"You know you want to do it, hmm?" the mitanni cooed. "Think. Remember. Wasn't it so much fun to watch them all become cyborgirls?"

Sharie certainly remembered. She remembered the sense of euphoria that had come over her with each and every successful cyborgization as well. She wasn't quite sure where that euphoria had come from, but she had definitely enjoyed it.

"Of course it was," the mitanni went on with a sweet, deeply inviting smile. "And it'll be so much more so without that pesky programming telling your body and mind how to respond, won't it?"

Sharie shrugged. "I... suppose."

"Is that a yes, then?" the mitanni purred.

"I... I don't know," Sharie replied. Getting to be herself while helping other girls get cyborgized certainly sounded better than being turned back into a mindless robot, seemingly incapable of

actually experiencing its life in any real sense unless she was again restored. Despite this, she was still unsure. She knew so little, that she couldn't possibly be expected to make a genuinely educated decision. And if she couldn't do that, then she couldn't possibly know if she was going to be genuinely willing to do what was expected of her. "I don't understand any of this. I don't know who you are. I just..."

"Me?" the mitanni soothed. "I... am this vessel itself. Destiny Delta. Or just Delta. My mind is the ship's mind. My will is the ship's will. And my will... well. You get to decide what my will with respect to you is. What do you think, hmm? Are you willing to help me acquire new cyborgs?"

Sharie bit her lower lip. Delta's explanation wasn't an explanation at all. It was more of an invitation to roll the dice. To blindly trust the same mind that had forced her to its bidding without explanation or apology once already.

"Well?" Delta inquired.

"Fine," Sharie finally assented. If she wanted to remain herself in one fashion or another, she didn't seem to really have much of a choice. "I'll do it."

"Superb," Delta cooed. "I promise. You won't regret it."

"If you say..." Sharie began.

Spink!

Sharie again jolted. Her mind wavered as powerful desires to increase the population of cyborgirls became more than just a motivator. It became a compelling fetish, and one that only her willing participation in Delta's mission could sate.

"Unit designation updated to 4080," Delta said as she tapped the slack-jawed cyborgirl on the nose. "Unit 4080, please state your configuration."

"Unit 4080," Sharie replied in a dry, monotone drone. She had no idea at all why she was speaking, let alone why she was saying what she was saying. It was completely automatic, totally beyond her control. "Physical configuration is... standard humanoid fey'li 23S. Organic processor class 3B. Memory class 4D. Operating system Cyborgirl X3. Principle functional software package default organic package. Overriding Secondary software package Recruiter Version 6B. Shall this unit boot into operational mode?"

Delta paused for a moment and grinned. "Yes."

Sharie suddenly found her mind clear again.

"Unit 4080," Delta instructed. "Proceed to your residential chamber."

"Yes, Mistress Delta," Sharie replied. Again, she didn't quite know why she was referring to Delta as 'Mistress'. At least she was speaking of her own accord this time.

The robotic mounting released the cyborgirl. Without thinking twice, she stepped around the mount and toward the door behind it. This slid open, and she proceeded out into the corridor. Again, without thinking, she turned to the right and headed toward the room that she somehow already knew the location of.

Sharie was alone in the sterile corridor. There were no orbs. No other cyborgirls. It was just her and her thoughts. And those thoughts seemed to be focused on making new cyborgirls, whether she liked it or not.

Every passing moment made the prospect of willingly tempting other girls into being cyborgized seem more interesting. More exciting. She was going to have so much fun. And if she had any say in the matter... that fun was never going to come to an end!

XXXXXXXXXX

TO BE CONTINUED?