



CONVERSION

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“Oh... most unusual!” the short, pudgy alien snorted as he looked at his dirty, cluttered shop’s latest visitor: a beautiful feline tauroid with spotted tan fur and long, brown hair.

“Um... hi,” the Tannit woman responded shyly. “Is... this a conversion shop?”

“Conversion? Yes! Yes indeed!” the alien replied, wringing it’s wrinkled hands and looking the woman up and down.

“Ah,” the Tannit responded, unsure of how to proceed. “I’m Chista.”

“Indeed,” the alien nodded. “What brings such an unusual visitor? Are you here to sell or to buy?”

“What do you mean?” Chista asked, cocking her head to one side.

“Well, are you here to sell someone to me or are you here to buy a conversion for someone of your own?” the alien asked.

“I... Well, I'm just really fascinated by the whole conversion thing,” Chista replied. “I just... can't get my head around the whole free soul controlled by a computer thing.”

“Ah,” the alien replied. “Well, there's only one way to do that. Let's get you converted up and you'll know just what it's like!”

“Well... Um... I...,” Chista stammered, her voice lowering.

“Oh, tut tut!” the alien said, waving a finger at the Tannit. “Since you're doing this yourself, I'll let you decide what you're going to be.”

“Um... what can... I be?” Chista asked.

“Well, I'd make you a work-bot or a guard-bot if it were left up to me,” the alien replied, walking around his guest and looking her all over. “You've got the perfect physique for either of those jobs. If you don't like those choices, you can be a servant-bot, a scout-bot or perhaps even a pet-bot. That is unless you have something specific in mind.”

“I... I don't know,” Chista murmured. “Pet-bot, I guess.”

“Fair choice,” the alien replied. “Pet-bot it is. Now just take off that tight little top and we'll get you into the conversion machine.”

“But... wait,” Chista responded. “What exactly is going to happen to me?”

“You’re quite a curious one, aren’t you?” the alien asked in reply. “Well, the machine will restrain you and then it’ll replace most of you with machines and computers and all the gadgetry appropriate to a pet-bot.”

“You mean, I’ll be mostly machine?” Chista asked.

“Of course!” the alien replied.

“Well, can I at least keep my pussy... and tits?” Chista asked as she fingered the zip fastener of her tight, Fexy uniform top. “I mean... I’d like to stay a girl.”

The alien laughed. “Every bot is an it.”

“Oh,” Chista replied dejectedly as she removed her top and tossed it on the ground. “Well, if that’s how it works... I guess.”

“Don’t worry about your girl parts,” the alien said as he lead Chista to the back of his shop. “We always make sure the flesh of converted guests is put to good use.”

Chista shuddered, not daring to ask the alien exactly what use it would be put to.

“Here we are,” the alien said as the pair stopped in front of a large cube shaped machine. The alien picked up a control pad from a nearby shelf and pressed a

button. The box let out a loud hiss and the front lifted up to reveal the dimly lit interior.

Chista gasped. Inside, hanging from every surface, were robotic arms tipped with all sorts of horrific implements. There were needles, saws, knives and countless esoteric devices which she couldn't identify. Her heart raced and she looked down at the alien.

“Go on,” the alien gestured toward the opening.

Chista slowly walked into the chamber, averting her eyes from the mass of sharp implements which she knew would soon be disassembling her body. The door fell closed with a loud thump and Chista was left in darkness.

The machine began to hum and the Tarrit found herself floating up from the floor. Hard clamps fastened themselves around her four ankles, her wrists and her neck, spreading her into a vertical, tauroid spread eagle.

“Oh, what have I gotten into,” Chista whispered to herself as things began to buzz and whirl in the darkness around her. She then shrieked as needles and tubes pierced her neck from behind. The pain was excruciating but it quickly faded as powerful narcotics entered her brain. She began to feel good, really good.

Moments later, countless blades pierced her skin, quickly flaying her from neck to hind toe. It didn't hurt.

As the blades continued to tear her apart, other tools began to add machine parts to her increasingly exposed skeletal structure. In an instant, her body had been reduced to a metal covered skeleton with a few vital organs carefully reconfigured to keep her brain alive.

As the machines continued to add to her structure, the blades moved to Chista's head and neck. In moments, her skull was left bare. Moments later, it was covered with electronic parts connected to the tens of thousands of tiny filaments which now pierced her brain. Left without sensation, Chista's drugged euphoria seemed ever more enjoyable.

“Chista?” a smooth, sensual feminine voice called out within the Tarrit's mind. “Chista, hear me!”

“Who are you?” Chista asked, though her voice was now only in her own mind.

“I am the machine which you will obey,” the voice replied. “You will obey me without question. If you do not do what I train you to do, you will be inflicted with pain such as you have never felt before.”

“I don't understand,” Chista responded.

“Relax Chista,” the voice called out. “Relax and take your programming like a good animal. Just give in.”

“I... I...” Chista tried to reply but a sudden awareness that some part of her mind was changing

came over her.

“You will obey your master,” the voice murmured.

“Pet... me... obey,” Chista thought as new urges and instincts flowed into her mind. She could think only of playing with a master and making him, or her, happy. She needed to make a maser happy. It was her purpose in life. Nothing else seemed to matter anymore.

“Very good Chista,” the voice cooed as it faded. “Very good.”

Then Chista could see light. The door to the machine hissed open. She dropped to the floor with a metallic clang, pneumatic shocks in her bare, robotic legs hissed. She stood up and let her slender metal arms dangle at her sides. She slowly exited the machine, the golden metal of her new form shining brightly in the light.

The little alien looked over his newest creation. He touched and prodded at the many bits of machinery and plated bone for several minutes. He then held a mirror up in front of Chista so that she could see what she had become.

For the first time, Chista could see her gold plated skeleton, enhanced and, in places, completely covered with machinery. Her face was more life-like, but also golden, with blank, black orbs for eyes. She lifted her

arms and gently fingered the small, hard, metal breasts which were the only sign of her former sex. She smiled and wagged her bony, articulated tail at the alien. It all seemed so natural, so right.

“One more thing and you'll be all done,” the alien laughed as he slid Chista's Fexy uniform top over her metallic shoulders. He quickly fastened it over her skeletal torso and took a step back to look at his handywork. “There. Now you'll sell my services even better!”

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