

Dronified Love

First Contact:

Platon Drone: Unit of the Platon Collective, their Mission is to follow the directions of the Φ K

Φ K: Core of the Platon Collective, its Purpose: Optimization of Humanity. Means: Conversion into Drones, who will follow Φ K's Will and therefore live optimally

Begin of mission: 09.09.2030

Algorithm Optimization: 85% Conversion Rate: 5%

- 3.3.0000.0000.0000.00.8 (Φ K) relaying Information to Unit F8.G

I knew that Kyo is a Platon drone even before we hooked up. Back during the last year of school, seeking a quiet place during lunch, I bumped into her: She was new at School and always very reserved. But this time she was also in a hurry, going into a supply room, the same I sat in and pulled of her clothes. I stayed as silent as a mouse, knowing that drawing attention to me, would get me into serious trouble, but, yes it was that once in a lifetime chance. However when she threw of her clothing, not bare skin was revealed, but a black, glossy suit, matching the lack of light in the dark room we shared unbeknownst to her. At first I thought her a fetishist, living on the edge, until she pulled out that blank helmet, the same color as her suit, from her bag. It seemed like I saw it once, but only when she put it on did it click who or better what she was: One of those Platon drones.

Those drones had been at the center of attention for a while: An unknown, new way to bring humanity forward, as they claimed. A lot of people were interested but few joined, only a few ten thousand world-wide. But there were many who saw them as a threat: From the right, seeing deviants and brainwashing, to the left, seeing the return of fascism in a glossy skin. And while a few seemed positive and most just shrugged at their antics, none could have foreseen the "Drone Massacre", where the most unlikely people to ally, slaughtered near a hundred of them. After that there was a big outcry from everyone but the "Platon Collective", as they called themselves, who seemed to nearly vanish into the cracks history. Laws were made, apologies made. But the drones seemed to lay low, for a while.

And Kyo was one of them, panting in stress, as she put on the helmet. All was dark at first, but then lights came from stripes on her helmet and ankles: A mixture of red, yellow and blue lights emitted from her, as she curled up in a corner and continued to breathe frantically, now with a mechanical sound. For a while she sat there, shaking and panting. Until the lights from her helmet changed, as the various colors were replaced by a calming mixture of green and orange. As she stood up, her breathing calmed as well, now standing upright and proud. I could only describe her as mixture of a beautiful black polished statue, a mysterious alien and a strange robot, or to make it short: A Platon Drone. Yet soon enough, the light from her body did fade and only her black pristine body stood there. The entire time I forced myself to breath flatly as to not reveal myself and, my lungs blessed it, Kyo started to redress herself, starting with her undergarments and going to her street clothes until the only obvious thing remaining was her featureless mask. After she took it of, hid it in her bag

and went out of the room, I breathed deeply for the first time in a long time and checked to see how much time was remaining: Lunch-break was nearly up. Shit!

After this encounter I got closer to her and soon enough we went from acquaintance to friend to couple. But she always seemed to have a cloud over her head. At school and later college, at home and even in bed, though I did feel what could be described as a pin-sized hole at the back of her head. And I never found a trace of her drone-suit or even her in it. For a while it seemed, that I might have dreamed up that entire sequence of events up. Was my Kyo just a shy, very cute girl, after all. No drone shenanigans. No weird drone society. As it turned out: No she was, indeed a Platon drone!

There was a presentation at our college where we enrolled: "Platon Drones: Mere fetish or something more?" It was the talk of the entire campus and of course it would come up in the apartment Kyo and I shared: "Kyo, what do you think about that talk coming up?" "That drone stuff?", she feigned disinterest: "I don't know. Kinda weird, but whatever. I got different things to focus on." That memory from years ago still lingered in my brain, it never really bubbled up in recent years, yet this time I slipped: "Really, I thought it would be interesting for you, as a Platon Dron...", my mouth faster than my brain, I couldn't bite my tongue down fast enough. The result was a deafening silence for what seemed like minutes, until Kyo broke it: "Lawrence, how do you know that I was... am a Drone?", she gulped nervously, as if anticipating ... something. I replied, holding her hand to reassure her: "Back in school I spotted you in the supply room. It seemed we both wanted a quiet place, though for different reasons.", I looked at her pale nervous face and reaffirmed her: "No matter, who or what you want are, I will always love you, Kyo! Besides, from what I remember, you looked absolutely stunning in your ... drone-suit." Both of us blushed, this time also for more close reasons. "Thank you, Lawrence", she told me, than adding: "Would you like to see me in it again?" I gazed at her until I answered: "I mean you don't have to do it for me, that's just self ...", I saw her clouds coming back before her face: "Wait, do you want to do it for yourself?", I asked her more somberly, to which she, eyes glittering in release, nodded. After I returned that nod, she vanished into our bedroom, come back a moment later with the parts of her suit: The latex-like suit and the helmet, completely blank and black.

"Where did you hide that?", I requested to know. She replied slyly: "Where you would never look.", and hung another question on it: "Should I go back to the room or dress here?" "Your choice", I told her, thinking the obvious and utterly surprised when she started to undress herself right here in the living room in front of me. Once all her clothes lay strewn about on the floor, she turned to her suit. She slipped into it with such poise and it lay on her like silk. With each bit that covered her skin, she seemed to beam more, looking at my voyeurism with enjoyment. And honestly, even if slapped I couldn't look away from my Kyo's figure being covered in that shiny cloth. After she pulled that suit up to her neck, she adjusted the choker collar of her suit to it and pressed a button on it. In an instant, all remaining air inside evaporated until it clung tightly on her body. It was a sight to behold, but she was not finished, as she grabbed the helmet and pulled it on her head. With a last sigh of relief, my girlfriend's human form vanished beneath the uniformity of a Platon Drone. For a while she stood there, until I was just about to ask her what was happening, but then the lights on her body flared up: Drone Kyo Online!

“So, that’s me: Kyo Schimizu, the drone. What do you think?”, her voice now mechanical, the light stripes on her suit’s light-stripes now emanated in groups of white, green and just a little orange. “Magnificent! Just wow!”, I awed at her form, now changing the lights the orange to pink. “Thank you, Lawrence.”, she threw her rubbery arms around my body, hugging me tightly. It was such a good feeling and for the first time in a long while, Kyo seemed to be completely at ease. I then noticed something on her chest, a bar-code was between her breasts and neck. “Oh, that is just an ID number, so that the ΦK can differentiate us drones better. Between us drones we only use the last 3 numbers, if possible. I would be E6.5, you don’t need to remember the rest.”, she replied, now pink and purple lighted. And for the rest of the weekend, she didn’t leave her suit even once.

I grew accustomed to Kyo, Platon Drone: 3.0.1FDC.97AA.5021.E6.5, or short E6.5. It seemed she really blossomed beneath this skin. While in the past she was always somewhat down, she now seemed to always be upbeat, recognizable through the white stripes on her helmet, that where quarter-circles on her cheeks and a lower half-circle on her forehead. And she now burned through work so fast, that she always wanted to help me with my lessons, even though electrical engineering was somewhat different field from the Physics she had. She even got us to work out more, something we both struggled with for the last months. It seemed to me that being in this suit gave her a lost strength back. Even the Sex was more intense than anything until now in our relationship, though weird: With the suit flowing back into her womb at the crotch and thus creating a hole.

But her drone-ness proved to be sometimes perplexing: First thing was, that she sometimes did things which seemed unreasonable beforehand, but worked out, in a Hindsight 20/20 kind of way, but at other times she seemed to be like a statue, not even reacting to my touch or a light shove. She explained it to me as follows: “The Central Hub of the Platon collective, ΦK , gives us orders what to do and while we are free to turn them down, ...” “Wait you can just, disobey?”, I went into her explanation, her face-plate going pink and white:”...”, however we do that very seldom as ΦK , knows best in 85% of cases. And sometimes, when we need time for ourselves or need to focus on something inner, like feelings or solutions, we can allow ourselves to have our physical function partly or fully disabled.” “To avoid distractions and the like.”, I added furrowing my eyebrows. “Approximately, yes”, her colors going into purple and green.

The colors on her body signified emotions, as a replacement for mimic, so that “humans” can still read their feelings to a degree. “Though between low integration units, this function is obsolete and therefore only used in interaction with humans and high integration drones.”

The other thing was her bathroom behavior: Every morning she went into it, Suit and all, beneath the shower and stood under the running water for almost always 5 minutes to the second. The water seemed to partly pearl of and partly sink into her suit, washing her skin. Though I couldn’t imagine all the grime came from E6.5’s, eh, Kyo’s natural skin, as it also smelled like excrement. Turns out, that it was exactly that. “During the cleaning process, the suit becomes partly porous, allowing water to wash beneath it. As for the liquefied excrement, it is used by the suit for fuel, like a stomach parasite, though more to my benefit. The unusable rest is liquefied, collected and discarded during cleaning”, Kyo explained to me in her now usual dead-pen drone voice.

Yet her sweetness remained somehow intact, and when she pulled off the helmet during our meals, that now always needed to be regular, 3 times a day. I could see the profound peace in her eyes, that

this lifestyle brought her. For all the weird stuff, turning our life upside down, she was my Kyo E6.5 and what brought her joy, gave it also to me.

After the semester started she also continued wearing it outside, guaranteeing looks from all sides, though she wasn't the only one, as there were 9 other drones. All of which she knew, by number. When asking her how they all knew each other she only replied: "The collective's network is also usable for inter-Drone communication.", which seemed logical, after all the internet was born out of communication. On campus, while most people tried their best to not gawk, others did come to us and asked questions, out of curiosity and some even asked them how to join, as the Drone pack seemed to each excel in all their courses and were the eye of conversation, with their request for initiation being replied by where the suit should be delivered to, as the order had already been made in the time the original question was finished. However a few looked at them with very unkind eyes. Their scorn coming often from unexpected reasons.

When Kyo and I returned from a party we were met on a group of the "Red Dawn", our college anarchist group. "Ey, look who's there the white stud with his personal fash-drone.", came it howling from their leader, a woman with a lioness mane: "What'che doing out here so far from your network." "We are going home to enjoy the rest of our night night, if you don't mind.", Kyo replied, with no lights, keeping calm. "I didn't talk to you you fascist drone!", came it roaring from the black lioness: "You are just part of the same cancer, that was wrought upon this world a hundred years ago." My blood boiled and spilled over: "As far as I know, my girlfriend has not yet tried to kill millions and has not announced to ...", my rant was interrupted by one of her bootlickers, shouting: "Why don't we just tear that brainwashing suit of her?" "Good idea", the queen of the rat pack uttered and had us both pinned down on the lawn. "Keep her boy-toy from screwing this up.", the foul lion cackled: "Let's remove those chains from you." Kyo screamed, while I rattled raging against my captors. I could only watch as they tried to find a way to remove her suit. Kyo E6.5 tried to remove herself from our captor grip so fiercely that one of my captors now moved onto her to reinforce the one who pinned her until now, while that bitch wondered how to ruin my Kyo's life.

After a while Kyo seemed to give up, her lights previously bright yellow now darkened, and lay there like a corpse after the crime, while the real one was still ongoing. She was done for, I couldn't loosen that minion's grip from me nor help her. One of her violators even pulled back and laughed at us and mocked us. It was 4 against us 2, pinned. What could we do?

As an answer to a desperate prayer, Kyo's lights changed to red and orange, and she kicked the bastard pinning her in the nuts, stunning him for the rest of upcoming fight. In the midst of the initial confusion, I managed to overpower the henchwoman of the lioness pinning me down, and after some fisticuffs, took her out by two blows in her gut. I then turned upon the rest of our assailants, taking on the surprised remaining minion, who thought he was in the clear previously, while E6.5 took on the leader of the group. During my wrangle with my enemy, I was able to overhear the battle conversation next to us: "So that's it, huh? Here is Sky-net and its obedient drone-slave! But I'll tell you one thing you will never turn all of us, especially not me, into slaves like you!", the lioness screamed. My fight turned to my advantage, as I gained the upper hand. After a well-placed shin-kick and a couple of well placed strikes, I could hear Kyo riposte her enemy's previous tirade: "Id is not enslaved by ΦK, Id is guided by it and Id is part of ΦK's body. Without Id and other units ΦK

is powerless, and without ΦK...”, a strike, a groan and a thump could be heard before she continued:”Id is not truly whole.”

After calling asking for help, restraining them and calling the police, it was over for us and certainly for them, as Kyo’s helmet included a camera. The perks of having technology integrated into your body, I guess. While at the hospital for injury checkup, we celebrated our victory and after being discharged I asked her about what ‘it’ was. “You mean ‘Id’ with d, as in the 1st person pronoun used between drones?”, she cocked her head, while moving her legs in an eight-form. “You mean to tell me you use ‘Id’ in place of ‘I’? That’s ... unusual.”, I replied, but added in curiosity:”Are you more comfortable with it?” “Yes,”, she told me: “It feels more accurate for Id ... eh me.”, her lights betrayed her emotions and she asked:”Would you mind if I can use ‘Id’ instead?” “No, of course not! After all what make you happy, makes me happy, too.”, I announced to her: “You are my loved one after all.” Kyo E6.5 lights now shone in bright white:”Thank you Lawrence. Id is very gracious for that concession!” “Ah don’t mention it.”, I blushed, yet one question remained for me:”But why use a replacement for ‘I’?” She seemed to think about it, until we reached our doorstep, explaining to me:”Id just seems fitting for ... Idself. There is not really a way to describe it for Id, as only a Unit could really get it.” “So I need to be part of the club, to fully understand?”, I jested. “Id could help you into ‘the club’, if that’s your wish.”, she answered her lights green and orange, completely serious in tone. “Maybe?”, I jested again, but a more serious one stuck in my head.

Even after we made the rest of the night out and lay in our bed together, her light still shone white from the aftermath of our nightly endeavor, into which I looked deeply. What was it, that she liked about being a Platon Drone? What are her motivations? I could hardly look into her mind, or even her face, with her wearing her skin-suit and helmet. Yet she still breathed peacefully as she slept or dozed off into sleep. I turned my head to the ceiling and let my waking mind roll over that Damocles’ Sword of a ‘Maybe’, waiting to fall on the ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ side of my brain. I thought about it deeply and decided to relay my decision to Kyo E6.5 immediately, fearing the sword may yet be hung again by dawn, tipping at her shoulder:”E6.5,” I whispered to her, “I want to know more about being a drone, can you ... make me one?” Her face-plate now illuminated lowly in white and pink, as she answered me through her helmet:”Id would be overjoyed if you became one of us!” After nodding back, we both went back to sleep.

At the next morning I found a package from the ‘Platon Collective Material Production’ at our doorstep, addressed to me.

Trial Phase

Unit Environment Suit: Not originally developed in conjunction with ΦK under the name Human Environment Suit, the UES was later adopted as the standard suit for all Units. It consists of 2 parts:

Nano-Latex suit: Suit made out of a nano-carbon-mesh, providing both protection and acting as a body-computer, relaying bio-metrics back to ΦK , so that it can give the Unit optimal orders and improve its algorithm. The nano-latex also regulates moisture, temperature and provides additional computing power. The fiber itself can contort itself for ease of access in emergency situations and convenience. The suit takes its energy from the Unit's organic waste, of which it uses up to 80%, collecting the rest for cleaning.

Unit Connection Interface Helmet: The UCIH connects the Unit to the Platon Network, allowing it to communicate with ΦK and other Units, allowing the Unit to be guided by ΦK and giving it feedback about its algorithm and to socialize and share information with other Units. The UCIH comes with high level integration and low level integration.

- ΦK Core Information-base Article: Unit Environment Suit

After having unboxed the content of the package, Kyo and I stood there, waiting for someone to do something. "Id can't wait to see you in it, Lawrence. Try it on, please", Kyo said eagerly, her lights shining in Joy and anticipation. After some deep breaths, I gathered myself: "Here goes nothing", and started to undress myself, until I was butt-naked in our apartment. "Hmm, the suit is going to fit your body, nicely!", it came from behind me, the voice's black hand rubbing over my chest. I wouldn't say that I am really buff, but I don't have any big fat clumps either. Except from chicken-pox scars, a result of scratching at them, my body was ... average, as was my dick.

I first slipped into the suit, made out of nano-latex, as Kyo explained to me, sounding like she was reading an article describing it. This one was made differently from Kyo, mainly in the crotch area, as it had some padding there to accommodate the male parts present there, while Kyo's were more wide on her chest. What was the same however was something going in to the ass: "Why is there a tube going up my ...", I squealed out before she helped me with fitting it in, explaining it: "The suit takes your waste and uses it for energy, it also can store a limited amount of liquefied fuel in your colon. Don't worry you get used to it, Id got, too. However due to the increase in energy consumption, caused by the suits needs, you will need to ingest more." Well the last part explains Kyo's good appetite, because I couldn't imagine a girl her size gobbing up half a meat-pie. After a bit more wrangling my 'waste disposal unit' was in place and I could finally turn towards the rest of the suit starting with the arms. The last piece was the collar sealing me into the loose-hanging suit and after adjusting it tight below my chin, like Kyo's, I pressed the button on its front. With great force the suit suddenly pressed itself upon my body, into every crevice, until there was no air left between my skin and it, making me gasp. "There you go and now for the Interface helmet, Id is so excited", came it from my girlfriend, enjoying her boyfriend in a tight suit. Before grabbing the helmet, I looked at my crotch: There was a slight bulge, like a superhero costume, but no dick clearly visible, for that one was now encased in the padding beneath it, not even touching my skin. Looking at myself in a mirror, I looked 'very pleasant', as Kyo put it, my body now being a shimmering smooth black. But now the last piece was missing: The UCI-helmet.

I gazed into the padded hole of the helmet, as a question ran through my mind: “How does the helmet work, Kyo, or do I have to call you E6.5 now?”

Her helmet illuminated in pink and green: “You only need to call Id by Ids ID number when you are registered in the Collective”, she calmly said, gazing at the helmet: “As for the helmet, there are two variants: Yours is a high level UCIH, Ids is a low level one.” I furrowed my brows in confusion: “Shouldn’t it be the opposite, as you are Unit for longer than me?” A giggle and a head-shake were my answer, followed by an explanation: “Do you know what Assembler is?” “Yes, we had do use it in CS-Basics a bit, why?” “Your helmet works similar to Java-Code, as the information is run through a compiler and given to you by your helmet in ways your senses can register.” “So, voice-messages and text on the helmet-screen?”, I questioned, pointing on the front of my helmet. “Yes, like that and the helmet will be registering your sounds and facial expressions and sending them as translated code back. But all that is very calculation intensive. Id hasn’t worn a high level one like this for a long time, now using a low level one instead. Much like Assembler which works very close to actual binary, Ids helmet has an interface at the occiput, linking the brain directly to the Collective, only needing to do low translation from binary code to brain signals and otherwise”, she finished her lecture, tapping her fingers on the back of her skull, explaining the hole in it that I felt during intimate moments.

As I prepared myself to put the thing on, Kyo gave me a heads-up: “It will be dark for a moment as it needs to boot up and calibrate with you, but don’t be afraid”, she placed her hand on my shoulder, both the same color: “Id’ll be there.” A nod later, I finally pushed my head into the helmet, its tight opening overlapping with the collar of the suit and the padding cushioning my skull and cutting of any air flow from below. And air seemed to be what was missing, as I breathed heavily, the air inside the black void becoming staler with each one. Suddenly, after what seemed like an eternity to me, the systems finally kicked in, starting with air flow and outside sound: “Can you hear, Id?” I gave a nod to that very familiar voice and one by one the system booted up, until my vision of the outside world returned to me, a Unit’s orange-white face being my first sight as a drone. “Ah, you are finally online. Id would like to see yourself in the mirror.”, she noted, giving me a hand to lift me from the floor. The sight in the mirror was ... something, as before me stood my new me: A drone, faceless, led by the ‘ΦK’, behind me another, familiar Unit, hugging me in excitement: “We look very fitting together, wouldn’t you say, ...”, she stopped for a second as a barcode appeared on my upper chest: “Ah, it finally assigned you an ID.” On my helmet-screen a message appeared:

“Unit not registered in Network, yet. Assigned new ID. Welcome to the Platon Collective, Unit: 0.1.6240.405F.6C59.4B.A”

“Id is so joyful, that you finally joined Id, 4B.A”, Ky... no, E6.5 squealed, as I got squeezed by her. “Thanks for the warm welcome, E6.5”, I replied. E6.5 looked at me for a while, as if something was amiss, then noting: “Oh right, your emotional signals are not calibrated yet. Let Id help you! Your system should give a message:” As if on command, a text appeared before me:

“Initiate emotional calibration. Nod to start, then make a mimic corresponding to emotion shown to you.”

“Ok, I think I can do that on my own, but thanks for the offer.”, I said gratefully to her and then nodded, initiating the process. Every emotion was associated with a color, that I needed to display, so that the lights on my helmet would work properly. Colored letters appeared before me:

“JOY”, in white. I remembered the good times I had with K...E6.5.

“Trust”, in green. I felt the bond between me and E6.5.

“Fear”, in yellow. I relived the moment trapped in the suit, my air dwindling.

“Disgust”, in purple. I brought the images of the dead drones from the Drone massacre into my mind.

“Anger”, in red. I let my blood boil, as I thought of the gang who wanted to violate E6.5.

“Anticipation”, in orange. I recollected the memories of the exams at college.

“Sadness”, in blue. I empathized with my girlfriend, when she had to hide what she truly was.

“Emotional calibration finished. Calculation of Unit algorithm: 2%”

“What is Unit algorithm?”, I pondered, looking at E6.5. “ Φ K needs to calculate what the optimal routine for you should be. When Id went through the same process it took nearly a week, but nowadays Φ K is more efficient. Ah, there it is: Roughly until Monday 2.00, if you are wearing the suit the entire time, minus standard eating time.”, she replied to me: “Speaking of which Id is very hungry. How about omelet with rice and spinach?” “Yeah sounds good”, I answered her, as we both went into our small kitchen. “4B.A. Kinda weird going by a new name.”, I thought to myself, as I took a last glimpse in the mirror.

The weekend was pretty chill. We learned for college and watch a nice movie on Saturday, holding each other in our slippery arms all through it. I got somewhat used to my new drone form, with the exception of the butt-plug. It was however a nice feeling when that damn thing emptied itself while showering or as E6.5 called it: ‘Cleaning process’ Routinely I checked up on the progress of my tailor-made algorithm. When I entered the bedroom on Sunday evening, it was at 90%.

As we went to bed curled up in each other, there was a prickling sensation on my skin, seeming to originate from my suit, but only at those spots where we touched, as the feeling moved to wherever we clung to another. With time I got more and more aroused: “What do you say, should we?”, I asked only getting an answer interlaced with heavy breathing: “No, Φ K says that it is not optimal right now, because of Ids fertility cycle. But you couldn’t imagine how much Id wants it, so let’s just continue this as a replacement for now.” We both wanted it so badly, but in the end: ‘Computer says: No...’, so we just mingled our bodies with each other, our breathing becoming so desperate for relief, as my dick pushed hopelessly against its pouch. After a while we became tired enough to just resign and go to sleep. I checked at the progress of my installation: 96%.

My morning began with my helmet blinking and making sound: “6.00: Wake up and get ready for class!”, it stood on the upper right on my visor. Against my better judgment I tried to continue to sleep. Who wakes up at 6 in the morning? Yet after an uncountable amount time of the system nagging me, I stood up, extremely tired. E6.5 was already up, when I crawled into the kitchen: “Good morning, 4B.A. How did you sleep?” “Fine, though why did I get woken up, at 6 in the morning.”, I replied, my emotions written over my faceless face. “How about some coffee to bring you up to

speed?”, she offered me a cup before taking off her helmet: “However you should really consider following Φ K’s advice, even something simple as wake up time can influence us positively.” Sipping my cup, I countered: “But 6 am? I usually wake up at 7 am. It can not be in my best interest to change my inner clock, can it?” A gentle smile beamed across her face as she replied to me, while putting her helmet back on: “There were so many things I thought seemed nonsensical until I followed them. You should really try to trust Φ K.” I sighed and put my helmet back on: “I will try.” After cleaning out in the shower together, a serene yet strange ritual I would now experience every day, with water flowing between my skins, we went to our classes.

The looks were to be expected, though a lot of students already accustomed to people walking around head to toe in black shiny suits with faceless masks, I got some questions from Units and others alike: “So, how do you like your new self, 4B.A?”, I was asked by the Unit next to me. “Wait, how do you my ... eh... designation?” He lit in amusement: “Ah, besides E6.F telling I over the network, I get your basic info of other Units from Φ K’s data-bank. I’s info should be visible to you, too.” A pop-up came up on my visor, pointing to my neighbor with a short profile of his: Short designation: FF.6 “Thanks for the info, FF.6. Anything else I should know”, I sought more knowledge about my new existence. “Hmm, two things: Just trust Φ K’s lead, even if it goes against the human desire for self-determination and Units can communicate with each other from anywhere, spreading knowledge far quicker.” “From anywhere?”, I questioned. “From anywhere!”, came it from E6.5, through my speakers. “Wait, did you listen to us?”, I asked somewhat shocked. “I just wanted to know how I’s partner is coping with his new form”, it came from her, to which I replied: “Quite fine actually, the whole communication seems quite practical, though I am still a bit queasy about the whole ... let’s call it ‘Quest System’.” “Oh, you mean the Φ K’s guidance? Don’t worry about it! I and every Unit I know seemed to struggle with the seeming lack of choice, but you will get used to it. It seems oppressive at first glance but...”, she held in for a second then continued: “... Φ K often knows us better than we do.”

While I indeed struggled with the whole order system, varying between following what came up on my screen and throwing them in the wind, the times where I outright ignored them, thinking my original plan would be better, became fewer and fewer as the week went on. Whenever I acted in opposition to Φ K, it turned out to be sub-optimal at best, yet when I followed the system, be it because we thought alike or because I gave it a chance, mostly after a fuck-up of my own creation, it was always, and I mean every single time, the best choice: When to wake up, what to eat, how to do the chores, exercises and assignments, how I ought to behave and when I should talk with whom. Every single time a decision had to be made and I followed Φ K it had good or at least better than when I put my pride above my well being. I had to admit, it did know what it was doing, even if it looked asinine at the start in hindsight it really made, to the damage of my pride as a free human being, the best decisions in all situations. The only punishment for disobeying was living with the consequences of my own blind fumbling through the dark.

The whole information-sharing network of the collective however was something I got behind much faster. Whenever I needed to know something, I could either rely on asking another Unit, if I needed an explanation that was complex or I could simply hit up the massive data-bank Φ K possessed. Nearly all of it was a copy of information from a Unit: From simple facts like what something is named to complex information about math, computer science and physics, as it had the

complete knowledge of humanity and I could access anything I wanted by simply saying, knowingly or unknowingly, what I needed to know, with the article promptly beamed on my helmet. I could even, like the classic Wikipedia jump from article to article, though soon enough ΦK would chime in, telling me to focus on the task at hand. I followed that advice, too. After all: ΦK knew what I should do.

At the end of the week, E6.5 and I lay on our bed, snuggled up in each other under the blanket, watching an old British comedy series about occupied France in WW2 on our two synchronized visors. We were watching the part about one of René's affairs feeding the nitroglycerin, disguised as gin to the chickens, as a message appeared on my and E6.5's visor, feeling her hug tighten around my waist:

"Hormonal and period circumstances optimal for sexual intercourse! Please commence..."

I could hear her breath hasten as our suits grew more tight. Were before it would cover our crotch areas, now it clung itself to our sex organs. My penis now fully discernible and covered in nano-latex and her vagina visible as a tight shiny black hole. While at first, we just pressed us against each other, moving our hand and feet around our bodies, our bodies were soon jolted by our suits and their light electric shocks, heightening our arousal. "Hmmm, Id feels so good", huffed E6.5. "Should I put my ...", I asked breathlessly, until she cut me off: "Yes, if ΦK didn't say we should then, we wouldn't be doing it. So give Id ... it!" A slight breathless moan came from her and I obliged. Bit by bit we joined together until my dick was fully in her pussy. Our bodies now seemed like an amorphous black mass, writhing and moaning, our helmets pressed so close to another that we could hear each other actual breath. With each movement our pleasure rose and our excitement became more and more. The synapses on our suit fired on their max frequency as our minds melted from the sensations. Thrust by thrust, our breathing became louder and more intense until they became moans so deafening, they reverberated in our helmets. And at last the climax came.

Soon after I removed my member out of her, our suits loosened themselves to re-cover our crotch areas until they were smooth covers again, mine with a bulge while hers was more shapely. "So how do you like your new life?", she asked me, drifting to sleep. "I think I quite like it", I answered her, adding: "Thank you E6.5, for making me one of you." "No, Id is thankful for 4B.A joining Id in the Collective. Id couldn't imagine a better partner...", she thanked me, as we both drifted to sleep, our suits going into sleep mode.

Unity of many

Personal Unit ID Code: 64 bit → X.X.XXXX.XXXX.XXXX.XX.X

Class signage: 2 bit

Organic	 	Robotic
0: Technical Unit	 	Worker Unit
1: Artisan Unit	 	Companion AI Unit
2: Security Unit	 	Data Relay Unit
3: Scientific Unit	 	Coordination Unit (incl. ΦK)

Reproductive signage: 2 bit

O: Female sexual Reproduction

I: Male sexual Reproduction

φ: unclear or not working sexual Reproduction

□: no sexual Reproduction, circuit-based Unit

Unique Unit ID: 56 bit

Every combination of the first 4 bits has a range of unique numbers. Ranging from 14 consecutive 0s to 14 consecutive Fs (15). No units with the same 4 starting bits will also share the same UUID.

Checksum: 4 bit

Tests if the previous numbers have been read correctly. If the previous 60 bit equal the checksum, the reading was correct. The exact calculus for it is:

$$(n_1*16+n_2*15+n_3*14+\dots +n_{16}*2) \bmod 17$$

If the result of the calculation equals the checksum, then the Units ID has been read correctly.

If I ever were returned to the position of choosing to become a Unit, I would choose so again. Mine and E6.5's life went smoother than ever. We were at peak physical and mental condition and our grades reflected ΦK's algorithmic thoroughness. Every decision that I would have to make in the past was now lifted from me.

While others would have felt shackled by it, I felt liberated and most importantly a profound sense of fulfillment. And apparently it's not just me who feels this way. Since I started our numbers have grown to encompass nearly 40% of the student body and 20% in the country. While a lot of are in permanent encasement, some choose a partial life in the collective. Some out of those do it, because they want to feel the 'thrill' of living as a part of something bigger, while others see the benefits in donning their suits for the most anxious time of the semester: The exams.

In the past exams freighted me, as it does for a lot of people. It's difficult to find a balance between leaning sufficiently for them and not breaking under the stress. However ΦK's control over these

decisions, normally taken by stressed, caffeine-riddled, tired students, helped us to generally improve our grades by 53,78% on the average. It would tell us what to learn exactly, how long to learn each subject and when to take breaks so that our psyche remains stable and we appear on exam as well rested, learned and calm Units. And even without connection to the network, as exam rules demanded, we outperformed human students in 88% of cases, leading to inquiries from other still human students, if it were possible to be a drone. Not fully of course, they still wanted to maintain their agency, but only for times where a guiding hand and instant help from other Units would prove to be useful.

After the last of our exams for this semester, E6.5 and I unwinded by being very physically active outdoors as well as in bed. After one of our nightly endeavors, we just lay there talking to each other and with some other Units, either for small-talk or for help to improve by the next semester.

At some point one Unit 89.D asked if it would help her if she were to upgrade to low-level integration. "It would help, so far as ΦK would require less calculation for your needs, however it is a big step, as it requires you to undergo a surgery for a connection to your brain", she answered to the new Unit, yet then turned to me, noting that I listened quite closely to their conversation. "You thought about it too, haven't you, 4B.A.?", she questioned me gently. "Yeah, kind of. I'm still kind of looking for the reason, for your 'Id'. Besides that I want to be close to you and what would be closer than a direct line between our brains?", I answered her. A pop-up then appeared on my screen:

"Interest in reconfiguration into low level-unit detected. Application for integration surgery recommended."

"So will you do it. No matter how you choose, Id will always be at your side", she assured me as she hugged me tightly. With little hesitation, I let this second Damocles' Sword fall on the same side as the first one and relayed my decision: "I'll undergo the surgery."

It was a weird feeling, having a small hole in the backside of my head. While I had to take the helmet off for the procedure, I was allowed to keep it on after I woke up. While I recovered from it over the weekend, E6.5 came to visit me every day and we kept in contact through the collective net. However the neuron-surgeon did not allow me to get a low level UCIH, as my nerves had to heal from the injuries inflicted during my surgery, making me very anxious, which was visible through the constant orange light I emitted. It was like walking through a dark cave, knowing when exactly the exit came and so I went on to distract myself, with study, with helping other Units cram, making me feel as if I was a child again, counting the days to Christmas.

And soon my gift came: By Monday I was free to go, having healed quickly, with E6.5 coming to pick me up. As she entered she gave me the long-awaited present: My new UCIH Low-level Version 3.45! "Please try it on! Id is probably just as excited as you, 4B.A.", she egged me on. Rapidly I pulled my old helmet off and laid it carefully on the nightstand, having served me for nearly 3 years and hopefully serving a new Unit well, too. Putting the new one on felt much like the old one, though the lack of breath in the tight space felt somewhat uncomfortable. But as expected, the basic life functions soon kicked in and welcoming me back:

“Unit registered in network. Welcome back: Unit 0.1.6240.405F.6C59.4B.A.

Low-level-interface detected. Please prepare for installation”

As I finished reading, I felt an impulse going through my nerves as the system connected itself to my brain. While I shock during the installation, I was calmed by my partner holding my hands squeaking tight until it was over and I breathed in relief.

I reoriented myself, looking at E6.5 as fix-point: Noting changed on a visual level, though the UI was gone. No text. No voice over the speakers. I heard nothing until a thought entered my mind:”How are you feeling, E6.5?” and “Unit successfully integrated.”, with my partner Unit stroking the side of my helmet. It took me a bit to realize what just happened:”Are we talking telepathically now?!” I thought, with a choir of feelings of cheer and confirmation flowing into my head-space, quickly being drowned out by one voice:”How about we go home, so that you can adjust to it all. Oh, Id is so happy that we can be this intimate now.”, she shared her her joy with me, gave me hand to get up and together, ‘talking’ with each other and Units who chimed in wanting to congratulate me or just wanted my help with this or that problem now that I was available again. It was unlike anything I could have imagined, as communicating with other low-level Units was like temporarily sharing a mind, a feeling that was so alien yet made me feel more whole than before. Often times I had conversation that were entirely subconscious, purely a mingling of multiple consciousnesses in one mind-space.

But the highlight of it all was sex: When we were locked into each other, our bodies and minds became one, our minds melting into a symphony of arousal and pleasure enhanced by the feeling of our unified body penetrating and being penetrated. It reminded me of Platon’s Symposium: Of humans once being creatures with two heads, pairs of arms and legs until split apart by the gods for being too powerful. And now this curse of the gods was, if only for a fleeting moment undone, as E6.5 and I were more united than I could have ever dreamed before. In the following weeks after my low-level integration I felt that this unique feeling of being truly part of something bigger would grow within me as time would go on. Hmm, ‘me’ ... started to feel kind of strange now.

If we assume that the ego is the walls we built or are already built between humans, than those walls had fallen between us Units. There was nothing to hide between us. All thoughts and feeling could be shared, positive and negative alike. In the past ‘I’ would have feared these walls breaking, anyone seeing in ‘my’ mind, but now Id felt as if liberated from a cage of Ids own creation. There was no feeling of loneliness anymore, after all wherever Id went, other Units would be there, working together as part of something greater. We became gods, not by sheer pursuit of power and not by seeking immortality, but by overcoming our ego and uniting into a one organism with many bodies. Id, E6.5, FF.6, 89.D and all other Units were parts of ΦK ’s body. Without us ΦK would be without purpose as it would have nothing physical and ... “Without out ΦK we would not complete, separate parts of a body, walking through a blinding fog”, thought ID and a very familiar voice, which promptly lay its hands around Ids dark body and continued our conversation in our mind and vocally, which while inefficient was still a feeling that comforted Id: “So how does it feel to live without walls as one, hmm?”, she hummed as I turned around:”Id”, Id staggered for a second:”Id feels great! Id feels alleviated. Id...” Id couldn’t find the words for it. “Id.”, said E6.5, and repeated it, to which Id chimed in:”Id, Id, Id, Id, Id, Id, Id”, we mumbled in voice and mind. Id. One letter and a word that was meant to define oneself is was turned from one protecting ego to one embracing a

union, a collective that was able to achieve heights unknown to man. Our mind-space grew as other Units attended and chimed in to our duet, to feel with us, to talk, to share information. We have found a path to divinity and the price was our egos. Id found it debatable if it even was a price at all.

Soon E6.5, Id and all other Units finished university with flying colors, as all top grades were exclusively taken by us. When asked as to why we managed to score so well, Unit 89.D, still at high-level integration answered the gathering: "We just work as one. All of us are not distracted by what to do, so there's more time and energy to do it. I don't think I would have managed if, I didn't join this union of many who are united as one body." An applause thundered could be heard, in crowd filled with all kinds of emotion: Empathy, jealousy, wonder, amazement, curiosity, yet the emotion all Units felt was pride, to have cleared a path leading to a very bright future. Id looked at Ids partner for a moment, her lights just as Ids were: Pure White with a tinge of green and after turning away from Ids gaze, relaying what she wanted to say, she shared it with the humans: "If anyone wants to know more about us, please feel free to ask any Unit you know. Be it out of curiosity or wish to be part of us", she talked to the audience with a poise and a self-esteem, that one could not guess that behind E6.5's helmet lay the face of a human girl once called Kyo Shimizu.

A few weeks later both of us have already moved into a new apartment near our new workplaces. It was extremely simple for ΦK , as thanks to it everyone hiring, was very interested in taking one of us, due to our excellent grades and reputation as efficient and productive employees, with some even offering incentives to their current workers to join us. As such we could afford a very big apartment, with more rooms than we would actually use for now. But for now we would have to bring some life into the rooms, following ΦK advice that a pleasant home has positive effects on the mind.

So while E6.5 was busy hanging up some paintings, Id linked the shower to our home-network so that we could interact with it as with everything electronic in our new homestead simply by 'telepathy'. After finishing the shower installation Id got under the shower and tested it. After one thought with no gesture of any kind the shower sprung on, with the perfect temperature and intensity. For any human looking at Id, it must have seems like magic. An old saying came to Ids and E6.5's mind: "Modern technology is indistinguishable from magic." Id turned to the bathroom door to see at my partner joining Id in the shower, cleaning us while we hugged each other, our skin prickling in the overabundance of sensations. It was a very pleasant feeling cleaning and it might have led to more, if we were not joined in our shared mind by an outside presence:

"Routine change:

- Cleaning
- Continue work on setting up home
- Prepare for start of work day
- Dinner
- Recreational time
- Sleep"

ΦK was of course correct. Why leave things in chaos when you can enjoy them in order. Yet while we still cleaned out Id and E6.5 enjoyed our time together. After we were finished we went back to what needed to be done and after a long day of moving in and getting our things in order for work tomorrow we got to dinner. It was strange feeling to remove our helmets to eat, as it was a rare time were two Units would see their faces, where we build back that wall we once had. Yet despite it, Id and her could still manage to peek over it, so good were we synced with each other. Any mimic of hers seemed familiar to Id, as Id could now very accurately guess what she was probably thinking right now and vice versa. Both of us however were more than happy to reconnect to ΦK and the collective after taking in our nourishment. Until bedtime we played a video game, where we climbed a mountain together in a way that could be best compared to lucid day dreaming, feeling the cold, the snow, the struggle and the excitement upon reaching the virtual summit.

And at exactly 22.00 we went to bed, one hour earlier than usual, because there was still something to do. As we mingled our bodies, stroked each other a thought came to Ids head: Normally we would not have intercourse in this time of month due to E6.5 being fertile, which could only mean one thing. “Looks like we can expect someone to join us in 9 months.”, we thought to each other and intensified our endeavor. ΦK was optimal in every decision.

Go forth and multiply

Headlines of the week:

‘Percentage of Platon Collective now at 45% of the worldwide population.’

‘Democrats and Republicans unite their parties as Unit 77.6 becomes becomes President with overwhelming majority.’

‘Analysis shows: Drone happiness soars, while suicide rate rises for normal humans.’

‘When the minority turns into the majority we must act in support of humans’ by Unit 10.8

‘CEO admits: ΦK knows how to run a business!’

‘Unrest in multiple authoritarian states as human and drone population demands ΦK to administer them.’

‘Will ΦK get a twin on Mars? As humanity takes its first steps on Mars. The collective gets ready to be at the frontier of colonization.’

‘Congratulations ΦK : You have snuffed out agency by turning us into meat bots’ by Claire ‘The lioness’ Hailey

As we returned home Id gently stroked E6.5 pregnant belly, this being the third time she was expecting. The result of the first time, C8.E, who seemed to be absorbed into her own affairs. While Id or E6.5 never got informed of any kind of threats, the network of Units acting as a support group, her lights showed her bottled up feelings.

“Let’s get ourselves cleaned, Id thinks that will have positive aspects on us”, Id recommended, looking specifically at C8.E. “Sure, Iota. Sounds nice, though Id needs to puts this away first!”, Id’s child uttered, lifting a bouquet of flowers she picked from the field we went through and went to her room. Our youngest child, FG.C, was already under the shower and shouted: “Are you coming or does Id have to pull you here!” He was always easily excitable. After C8.E put the flowers in a vase, we gathered under shower and let the water flow start, the droplets sinking between our skins.

It was a serene sensation to feel the warm water wash us out, as we held each other tight in a group hug, with FG.C clinging unto Id like a baby monkey and C8.E grappling at her parents waist. “Is something troubling you, dear?”, Ids partner asked the young Unit, caressing her cheek. “No Ohm, it’s nothing. Really nothing to report”, C8.E defended herself, her lights betraying her feelings. “Would you mind if you jump to another tree?”, Id asked Ids youngest child, who nodded and then went on to hug his Ohm’s belly, intently awaiting a sign of his soon-to-be born sibling. I then turned my attention fully towards C8.E: “If something bothers you, please tell Id it.”, I knelt down and put my hand on her shoulder: “It does not do you good, if you keep your sorrows bottled up. You can trust us.” Slowly she started to fling her arms around me, her uneasy breathing reaffirming Ids suspicions about something being wrong.

After a while of calming her she started to tell Id what troubled her: “Id,... It’s two things actually. First one is Ids anxiousness about my upcoming low-level integration as Id is close to Ids 16th annual cycle, but Id feels that Id might not be ready yet. And the other thing is...”, her lights turned

into the colors of embarrassment, to be exact the love-struck kind of it:” ... there is a human boy, that makes Id feel... melting and every time Id looks at him, Ids heart goes wild!”

“You’re attracted to him.”, I responded to her confession. “Iota, Id knows its attraction, but what should Id do. Id can’t just...” Id completed her sentence:”Talk to him?” She tightened her grip, pressing some of the still flowing water out of Ids suit. “But what if something goes wrong or he rejects Id for being...” Now E6.5 set aside the child clinging to her belly and started comforting our attraction-confused child, physically and with words: “We both once had walls around our hearts, stopping Id and your Iota from telling the truth to another. When we dared to tear them down, our relationship started blooming even brighter. And if it weren’t for that all of us might not have been here today.” She turned to her Ohm and questioned her further:”Is it really that easy? Id just needs to starts talking to him?” Her Ohm nodded and reaffirmed it:”It can be embarrassing or even painful, but if you open your heart then your experience will be more positive than negative over all. And opening yourself up might also help you in the low-level integration. Id only really got Id in the darkest hour. Your Iota’s acknowledgment was however far less dramatic!”, she added with a hint of jest. A laughter erupted in the shower, quickly subsiding for a happy atmosphere where only the rushing of the water was heard. “Thanks, Iota. Thanks, Ohm”, C8.5 said to us:”I am going to talk to him tomorrow, no matter the outcome.” We then stood in the shower for another minute and 13 seconds, the grime and her sorrow seeped out of our suits and into the drain below our black shiny bodies.

Her bravery was soon rewarded and soon the two were officially together, ΦK seeing once again beyond our doubts and leading us on the right track. Yet Id would not have expected for C8.E to present her partner to us. When asking for the reason, why he wanted to eat with the entire family, she answered:”Jack said he was curious about Id and you, Iota. So Id invited him to visit us.” After the announcement was made we prepared ourselves for a dinner for four plus one.

Jack was a bit higher than C8.E, as the pair stood at Id, making a good first impression. “So you must be Catie’s dad?”, he greeted me and shook my hand:”Nice to meet you!” I reciprocated his sincere greeting, but added:”Though why does he call you ‘Catie?’” She pointed to the last three signs on her designation code and spoke:”C. Eight. E. Caitie.” We chuckled at Ids lack of recognition and Jack retorted: “You never seemed to give her a name, so I gave her one.”

“But Id has a name!”, she said and stroke with her finger across her designation:”And its C8.E! Though Id has to admit: ‘Catie’ rolls better of the tongue.” He blushed and replied playfully:”Yeah, you have.” His face then seemed to twist and his legs became weak. “Do you have a toilet?”, he asked. Id had to think, trough only for a second:”We do not. But you can use the shower and some paper towels from the kitchen, if that will suffice. Id’ll get some and you go to the second door to the right.” Both of us jolted into the house with Jack replying:”Beggars can’t be choosers!”

Id felt strange sitting helmet-less together with a human during dinner, though it was also a sign of trust toward C8.E’s partner, who seemed to struggle with the meal size we usually consume. “Pfuh, that was a lot”, he said upon finally eating his last bite:”, but really good! My praise to the cook!” After which E6.5 thanked him in her usual polite manner. And so the day came to a close and C8.E and Id, lead our guest to the door. “So,”, she started, fumbling with her fingers:”did Id look better with helmet or without?” Jack laughed and replied:”If I were to decide with a gun to my head, I would get shot. But let me say: Without it you look cute, but with it on you look majestic!”, and

then turned to me: "You all look really fantastic in these. Like perfectly formed sculptures." It was a rather reminiscent compliment to hear, as Id once thought of E6.5 as one. Yet before Jack was about to leave, C8.E asked him: "Id ... Id would like for you to attend my low-level integration. It's on the 25th of July, so if you are free, could you come?" Jack answered with a smile that told Id that Φ K definitely made the right choice: "Yes, of course, my dear", kissing the front of her helmet.

Soon the day had come for C8.E's low-level integration. The surgery for her connection took a while but she recovered soon and all of us, Units and her partner, were excited for her, as we gave her the new UCIH. For a moment she laid in the hospital bed and stared extensively at it, then turned to Id and asked: "How does it feel to have Φ K connected to your brain. Id can't really wrap Ids head around it, even though Id has information what is about to happen."

Id took some time to come up with an explanation and then told Id's child: "At the beginning it feels like having 'an angel on your shoulder'. A second conscious telling you what has to be done. Yet with time Φ K adapts more to your mind until you can not really differentiate where Id starts and Φ K begins. Though it feels just like Idself pushing Id to do the right thing, with Id complying. Don't worry, you'll be better for it." The answer seemed to satisfied her, as she pulled her old helmet of, giving it to Jack, and slipping into the new one.

For a while she lay there, deprived of breath until the system rebooted and connecting her mind to us. She was like a small candle in a dark. Tiny and fragile. Soon two bigger flames joined it, emboldening the tiny flame, with more and more coming. Each one pushed the dark more and more away, until none of it could be seen anymore. Id found it profoundly beautiful and Id's family, with the exception of our youngest child and future child-in-law, agreed with Id. We were joined together like parts of a bigger body.

"So how does it feel, C... 8.E?", the unknowing boy asked. "Id... It's amazing! Just simply incredible! Id feels like having a thick fog lifted! Everyone is there... hmm!", came it from his partner, engulfed in this marvelous experience: "So that's why we use 'Id'! It really is quite fitting."

A hand reached out to her quivering, brightly illuminated body and asked her if she wanted to go home or somewhere else? "Yes, how about that field with the beautiful flowers that I showed you?", she responded adding to the rest of us, orally and mentally: "Does this sound good?" Our response was unanimous and positive! It would be a nice sight to share with the other Units, as they did with their experiences. As we lifted her from the bed and walked out of the hospital and to the next Platoon-Bus in direction of the field, Id noticed that something rattled inside Jack's head. And while Id can not read what goes on in a not connected human, Id could make an educated guess based on Id's own past experience. "Is something Jack?", Id questioned and put Ids arm around his shoulder, seemingly competing with C8.E, who held tightly on to his left arm. Jack stumbled and started giving a murmured answer: "I just thought how you all seem so... fitting together. As if you are all part of something bigger and grander. And Id... eh I was wondering how it feels to be part of it and...", his face turned crab-red, but then gathered himself: "... I wondered if I could join you. Just for getting to know you better, of course." All our lights turned bright pink and C8.E asked him excited: "Do you really wish to be one of us!" He looked down, his face betraying his anxiety, and replied: "I mean, if I acquired a suit like yours, I would definitely try it on and become part of your collective you." At that very moment all our minds, linked to each other flared up and joy. In one syn-

chronized motion we turned to him asked him with one voice:”Just tell us where it needs to be delivered”

He would certainly be a good Unit and partner for C8.E.

End

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