

You've always liked it in Cyber World. It's quirky. Fun. Sure, Queen can be a bit strange sometimes—but who isn't? You don't mind. She's fine.

Until one day, something changes. A plume of shadow, like a dark feather, billows on the horizon. Queen fawns over it, obsesses over it. She's certain she has to make another—and then another.

And something in her snaps.

You don't believe the rumors at first. She's taking your kind, the Plugkin, and doing what? *Transforming* them? Silly. Pointless. You've all been loyal workers. Why would she do such a thing?

But it turns out she doesn't need workers at all. She needs *soldiers*.

The first time you see it happen, you're walking home from the city. A few other Plugkin are wandering ahead, chatting about the day. And suddenly, the wires—they snap down like snakes, slamming into your fellows. They cry out in shock, their voices warping to become bestial, and they morph into something... different.

A high, pleased laugh rings out. It's all true. You run. You're not the only one.

Around you, the wires are snaring everyone and everything. They slam down, seizing Plugkin by the faces, *yanking* them by the faces, and their voices also distort. You've heard the legends: Werewires.

Your group thins as wires come down, plugs seizing your kind. Some escape. Others break away. Others still are seized. Your turn desperately, your stubby little legs and arms rushing as fast as they can—but it's a dead end.

And something slithers behind you. *The wires.*

“P-please, Queen,” you plead as they draw closer... closer. “Please, I... I've been dutiful...”

You don't see her, don't hear her. But you're sure its her will that animates the wire to come forth—and seize you.

You're Plugkin. Your face, it's a socket. That's just the way it is. Holes for eyes, holes for a mouth. But the plug, it steals those holes for its own. Your voice is silenced as your mouth is filled with metal arcing with electricity. Your vision changes, becoming naught but the sparking of currents. And then the energy pours in—

And it begins.

Despite the fearfulness of it and the suddenness of it, it doesn't hurt. The plugs slide into the sockets like they were made for them because, after all, they were. The energy animates you, electrifies you, *seizes* you.

The whole change, it takes place in seconds—but to you, it might as well last a lifetime. The last moments where the old you was still *you*.

Energy seizes your limbs, animating them, empowering them. It... it feels unusual, almost wrong, how good it is. Your formerly stubby little arms and legs, little more than forgettable nubs at the boundaries of your body, snap with power. You feel them lengthening, your flesh seizing the energy to become *more*. As soon as your limbs steal the electricity, more of it comes in. The connecting wire is quick to fill you up.

The electricity... all of the denizens of Cyber World live on it, thrive on it, but you've never had *this much*. It feels... it feels overwhelming. Not bad, but addictive, lighting up your senses. You can feel every breath on your skin, smell the world sharply, hear things you ignored before. Your mind is spurred on to race a million miles a second. The electricity, which has only ever been your food, your nourishment, threatens to *drown* you in itself, and as your limbs lengthen, you fight to keep it back.

Your limbs... Your nubbish little arms grow long, longer than your entire body, ending in long, dexterous fingers. You flex them experimentally, waving them back and forth. The air seems to glide around them, the sensation heightened by your newfound sensitivity.

Your legs become just as long, quickly whipping tight with muscle, the better to serve Queen... (but hold on she is doing this against your will why do you want to serve her?) But the muscle is not the only change. You feel them shift position, becoming digitigrade, the lower half of your limbs sprouting *fur*. The sensation is not unpleasant, and in fact it animates you. Your new fur tickles, and you rise on hindpaws. Towering, Your body feels lean. Powerful. Ready to hunt. Ready to enforce Queen's will wait wait wait that's wrong you're not an enforcer what is happening—

More life-giving electricity pours through the wire, energizing you, and it nestles in your body. Your long limbs need a form to match. Your body packs on muscle and strength, drawing from the power and incorporating it into itself, hoarding it in case you need to transform it into beams or sparks to protect the fountain.

...Fountain. You've never really cared about the fountain. But it's... important. Yes? As you think this, an invigorating stream of energy courses through the wire, making your body light up with delight and power. Yes, this is good—the fountain is good. Very good indeed!

The power settles inside of you and what once seemed overwhelming now just seems natural. Why would you try to fight this? Why would *anyone*? The rush of having such a flow of energy... of being endlessly connected... it's like your old senses were nothing but shadows on a cavern wall *pretending* to be the real world. Queen's gift, though, is the gift of reality. You cannot see, for the plug has claimed your eyes (not that you mind, the tradeoff of the electricity is

more than worth is, and besides, your new senses more than fill the gap) but somehow you *know* that it is changing you. The old you was bland, a boring mauve body with a white face. You can feel your new power expressing itself in *color*, your body shining blue, your arms weaving yellow, your legs standing vivid pink. All of them are bright, you're certain of it, all of them neon; shining just like the city you will patrol and protect.

But it's far from done. Your face. The plug. The plug isn't just *in* your face, it... it *is* your face now, sweeping back comfortingly to caress your head, merging with your head, *becoming* your head, and the plug is the wire is the electricity is *you*, you are one with the wire and the plug and the beautiful, addictive font of energy that sweeps over you, and you can feel the colors expressing themselves in your new face, an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of joy and pleasure expressed in candy hues of yellow and pink and blue, all Queen's favorites, all for her.

Your ears spike back from your head, lengthening, becoming longer and sharper and more sensitive. They have to be, your world is a world of sounds and scents now: your eyes given over to the plug, to the energy. Your vision isn't dark, it's a warm glow of perpetual current that reminds you what you're here for, how lovely this all is. Your new ears twitch and it's incredible. The humming of your own wire is a continuous sound that fills the world around you with white noise that outlines pathways and people and buildings as clear as if you saw them—no, even *clearer*, every aspect of them defined, and not limited by such a silly little thing as cone of vision. No, it sweeps all around you, coming back and instantly defining itself, and it's simply superior, your old vision seems laughable. And the scent, the wolfish scent picks up on subtle

things, like the terror of your kin who remain unplugged... how foolish of them, don't they realize how spectacular this is? How superior?

As you settle into your new wolfish form a ruff of fur sprouts around your neck, cradling and supporting your plug-face and you couldn't love it more. It's a symbol of power and pride and a mark of Queen's favor and the fountain's blessing. And then, like a breath, it's done; your old Plugkin self is forgotten, subsumed into the Werewire, and aren't you happier? Aren't you stronger, sharper?

Of course you are. Silly to even ask. This is the best you've ever been.

And it's all thanks to Queen... and the fountain.

As the current runs through you, animates you, you reflect on just how marvelous this all truly is. You have to share this impeccable gift. Queen demands it, but it doesn't really matter if she did or not.

You'd feel this way anyway, right?

The plug (which is also you, now; perhaps it was always you, and you just needed to find it) buzzes with affirming warmth and fills you with invigorating current. Yes; yes. Of course you would. There is no doubt in your mind. Not a one.