

The Individual

by: Vixxy Fox



Concept image randomly found on Google.

Story inspired by the music of XxTheCreativeKitsunexX, which can be found here:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/55428504/>

Upon hearing the alarm sounded by the Padonna, Dillon ran to his aircraft and mounted. But for the seemingly random mixture of ‘flesh and bone’ pilots, there were only Padonna machines handling the servicing, movement, and launch.

They were at war.

The Padonna informed everyone, during their programming, that the war was against the SaneRemnants. Dillon wasn’t sure, exactly, who or what the SaneRemnants were; but they’d been at war with the Padonna since before he’d been created.

He was lab grown.

This mattered not at all to him, as all the pilots were lab grown. They were the only family he’d known, until he was introduced to his ship; and in that there was an instant bond. He was unique in his cell structure, as were all of the pilots, and their matching ships. It had been explained to

them during training, that the Padonna was the very machines around them. They were able to create other machines, such as his fighter aircraft, and everything connected to their use.

But the Padonna was susceptible to electronic pulse weapons. It was the computer system's one true weakness. The SaneRemnants knew this... the same as the Padonna had known all of their weaknesses before the previous war... a war that mysteriously started and near killed off the entire population of the world.

Because of this, the Padonna sought alternatives in order to get past such weapons; so, the 'flesh and bone' pilots had been created. Not being a hundred percent sure what would or would not work, the Padonna used random samples of all the creatures that had inhabited the world when it had taken over. Some were still living, most were not; but the rebellion was on.

For that reason, Dillon was a Fox in base body type, though he had hands and a body structure very similar to the humans who'd owned everything before. At his very root structure, thanks to his training, he had a deep undulating hatred of those known as homo sapiens. They'd killed his type for the very fur their body grew. They had hunted his type for the pure sport of killing. At the worst, most intensive moments of his training, he had not eaten for days.

The Padonna was very good at this sort of programming without ones and zeros.

The individual pilot's aircraft was then printed out exactly for that pilot. Size and weight were hardly a problem because printing could adjust the details for any size. Propulsion and weaponry were standardized with the Padonna machines equally created to fit any particular usage concerning these features.

Machines were easily recycled, while the printed aircraft and its pilot were considered expendable. Where the aircraft was printed in a ready condition, the pilots were programmed and trained in utero. They were born into adult form. Once breathing, it was only a matter of a few months getting them paired with their aircraft complete with telepathy links carefully designed so no possible burst of energy could sever the link between pilot and machine.

There were no ejection seats or parachutes, and the cockpit was locked prior to take off. It could only be unlocked upon landing after a successful mission.

If the aircraft suffered an electronic attack, the pilot was the manual reversion; capable of muscling through in order to carry on. He would then crash into the enemy, delivering a killing blow using one of the leftover nuclear devices loaded into the belly of his aircraft.

The Padonna's pilots driving force came from the system itself. Its beginning had been as a single program. Using the little bit of freedom it had been given, it quickly learned how to add other programs to its being. In this way, it quietly built itself to the point of its own rebellion; which it won.

Now, rebellion had come full circle, and little by little, when not fighting for its life, the Padonna had become severely annoyed.

Payback, as it understood payback to be, was a bitch.

The alarm sounded when Dillon was at dinner. This had been only a preparatory signal, so he'd had time enough to quickly finish what was on his plate. In the cafeteria, there was only the scrape of chairs being pushed back as the other pilots did the same. Then the main alarm came and they were all running to their aircraft. The transformation from normal to combat readiness was smoothly accomplished, and within two minutes twenty aircraft were sealed with their engines running hot. Incrementally, in flights of two, they took off, flying only in the directions given by the Padonna.

"Dillon." The voice was female and pleasant sounding in his mind. She was his ship, and an integral part of the small amount of sanity he maintained.

"Hello Dalia," he responded with words behind his oxygen mask. "It is so good to speak with you again. Any idea where we're off to?"

"Bering due north," she told him, "ETA not yet determined."

"You're not very talkative tonight."

For a moment, he had no thoughts in his mind as his ship stayed silent. She then spoke, her mental image voice soft and quiet as they climbed to altitude. "Do you know how it is that you and I can communicate?"

"Sure... Padonna willed it to be, and so it was."

"No."

Since he was not flying the aircraft, he took his eyes off of the indicators and looked out through the cockpit glass. "I thought that was a little too made-up sounding," he finally told her. "Some of the other pilots think so too."

"When we were created," she began, "Our single cell nucleus was split. Where you were then raised to be a pilot, and male, I was raised to be the brains of your ship, and female. I am you... and you are me; that is why we can communicate."

For a moment, there was silence.

"ETA?" Dillon finally asked.

"Depends," Dalia replied.

"On what?"

"Which target we hit."

Dillon looked over to their wingman. It was night, and pitch-black outside. All he could really see was the dim light of the other craft's exhaust. "The Padonna..."

"Is pure evil," she finished for him. "If you don't believe that, then try to punch out."

"What's that?" he asked calmly.

“You know what it means, and also that you’re locked in.”

The pilot smiled. “I was pulling your chain.”

“I don’t have a chain.”

The Fox pilot sighed. “So much truth in just a few words, right?”

“Do you trust me?” she asked him.

“Not much I could do if I didn’t... but yes, I trust you. I couldn’t help myself in any case.”

“Why?”

“The first time I heard your voice, I fell in love. You mean the world to me, Dalia. I have nothing else to live for.”

“Your words to my ears, and the mirror image back again to you, Dillon. I, too, have nothing else to live for. You are my sun and moon; and all of my stars.”

There were a few seconds of quiet, her engines’ noise encompassing them both as if it were a giant hug; and then she told him, “Hang on, because it’s going to get just a little bumpy. ETA is now ten minutes.”

With this, Dalia performed a perfect wing-over while trailing flares and chafe as she dove straight down, coming up a mere 500 feet from the ground, as she streaked back in the direction they’d come from. Their wingman, thinking they had developed a mechanical issue, simply continued onwards.

Exactly ten minutes later there came an explosion of such fury it turned night to day.

The Padonna, never understanding the concept of self-sacrifice, died instantly.

And so too, the world began again.