

THE MUSEUM OF DWAGISH

BY DARKWITT

CONTENT WARNING: Themes of eugenics, planetary subjugation, breeding based submission, questionable consent.

Author's Note: I debated for a long time about whether or not I wanted to share this story. Before I wrote this, I was in a deep creative burnout. This pulled me out of it in a frantic, almost manic few days of writing. It was sudden, intense, and frankly a mix of startling and relieving. I genuinely thought I would not get my creative drive back for a while.

My affinity for hypnosis, identity control, and similar themes has been well-studied and analyzed for well over a decade. I've written dark themes before. I've never felt the need to explain myself because it was always meant to be fiction, and exploring these themes helped me better understand my fascination with them. Oftentimes it's easiest to explore these themes in writing to better get into the head-space of why we find ourselves fascinated and compelled by the most despicable portions of our species.

It's so easy to associate the author as condoning the things they write, especially these days. Even a rejection of such things being beyond fiction can feel like a weak justification. The nature of this being portrayed through erotica I reiterate that this is no reflection on my philosophy or disposition beyond fiction. I hope that you will keep that in mind as you read it. Thank you for reading.

Glance sat patiently at the base of the limousine on its knees. Quietly synchronizing its heartbeat with the faint guidance glow of its bind collar. It was not its place to sit on a cushion unless its Master whimmed it so. Its head remained bent low. Hands flat, fingers splayed against the velvet flooring, legs bent and spread so far apart, its crotch pressed flat against the surface along with its tail that was nearly as thick as its thigh. This was the default submissive position. It elicited a twinge of instinctual satisfaction for having assumed the position for so long. Glance had no thoughts in mind. patience was not a virtue for a Dwagish, but an expectation. The Master's attention was fickle, so a Dwagish must wait for its place to be used.

The snap of fingers caused its pleasure nub to spasm for just a moment. It was a startling feeling, but one that made it blush enough to see the deep red darken its normally hot pink scales. It tossed its voluminous white mane with a dramatic flourish, its sleek face defaulted to a demure pout as it took a deep breath to slightly inflate its slender chest. Glance curled its tail into a perfect S. The bell collar at the final third of its tail jingled as the motion came to a graceful stop. As if to telegraph to its master the kneeling motions has completed and it was ready for its next instruction. A kind hand reached forward and caressed its scalp. Sharp chitin caressed gingerly against the well-behaved Dwagish. It crooned with a delicate nod of its long muzzle. Horns tapping against the Master's wrist fondly.

Glance was getting a treat today.

"We're here." The deep voice chattered. Master was of the owner race: The Xudraxi. A race of bipedal serpents with cobra-like hoods, jutting with crystalline

protrusions surgically sewn into its membrane. Mental augments to enhance its already brilliant mind. With an adjustment of its tie, his deep purple flesh darkened as the inner membrane of the hood fluoresced along with its accented markings. His eyes, flat along the sides of his serpent head, changed lenses to adapt to the sunlight as they stepped out of the vehicle. Glace adored the sound of Master's dress shoes. The sound of its resonant clack reminded it of its own polished padded clawpaws. Though far deeper thanks to Master being three times Glace's size.

The Xudraxi were surprisingly more augmented than the Dwagish themselves. With their mastery of genetics and technology, their enhancements were sleek, elegant, almost deistic. The Ocular ajna, A domed glass protrusion jutted from the top of its head like an over-sized third eye. Frequently oscillating dazzling displays as if contemplating a galaxy, or a singularity. Its arms were long, but lean with densely packed muscle. The accents of its scales fluoresced much like its crystals and the markings on its hood. Whether or not they were synthetic, or bio-luminescence had long become irrelevant. Its tail was thick enough to be a useful appendage, with an additional tool crystal attached to a port woven right into the tip for modular purposes. Master himself sported a psychic lancet, ideal for invoking emotions and forming ideas in other beings. Glace loved it when Master used it to inject his understanding of a movie they both just watched.

Much of Xudraxi perception of the world was far greater than their pets, as was their capacity for multiple trails of thought and processing. A Xudraxi could compose a sonnet or resolve a complex mathematical equation while carrying one conversation verbally and a separate one psychically. But in rare moments of mental, spiritual, or emotional relevance, their undivided focus could burn the experience right into a lattice of complex quantum storage memory cells. It not only commits the experience to long term memory instantly, but can be shared with consenting Xudraxi if desired. Glace's Master took a deep breath through its string of tapered nostrils along its segmented muzzle. The domed ocular ajna shifted its pattern from the Andromeda galaxy into a cyan serpent's eye matching the other two. Glace only understood that Master was electing to push aside its various important tasks for this moment. If this along was the treat, Glace would have been overjoyed.

The building was an alabaster monument of marble elegance. Embossed in silver etching were the words "MUSEUM OF Dwagish." Glace was a curious Dwagish by nature. Listening patiently to Master's voice as he taught the world to it was a delightful reward for obedience, patience, and cuteness. But today was to be a special day. It was the anniversary of its collaring. A momentous occasion for any Dwagish. Master said it was a 'rite of passage.' but it was promise of more stories made not only by Master, but Master's Masters. Glace could not think of any reward finer. Even at full height, Glace had to crane its neck to stare adoringly up at him. It was easy to do so, the vertebrae in its neck permitted it to even bend its neck practically upside down with dexterous ease. The stories were going to be good today. He flicked his hand and with a snap of his fingers, the two rings on the middle finger and thumb briefly connected. A white polymer 3D printed into existence, connecting his hand to Glace's collar. A tiny jolt coursed through its compliance lymph nodes at the base of its ears. Causing its posture to

tighten and its wrists to flare, palms parallel to the floor.

"Ah~. Thank you for treating me today Master!" its flat chest pressed with gratitude against its master's thigh. He responded with an affectionate chuckle. Claws reaching behind its head, raking along the white hair till it bounced back into shape. "Pay it no mind, Glace. Today is important. It's time we show you something special." Master tugged the leash and walked into the ornate lobby. A Xudraxi teller smiled kindly at Master as their crystal implants resonated in a greeting at a frequency Glace could not comprehend. Xudraxi rarely let Dwagish hear their language. Much of it was no longer an oratory linguistic, but a series of tones and psychic eddies only perceived through the crystals sewn into their hoods. With a silent nod. The Master exchanged a blend of greeting and monetary tender through their spiritual accounts. The tickets displayed on his lapel, and Glace's collar formed a stripe of neon colors to register his connection to his Master.

The interior of the Museum both excited and humbled the Dwagish toy. The world was built for its Masters. Larger hallways, longer stairs, even door handles were just a little out of reach. It was not unlike a mouse adapting life making a home out of a cupboard in a kitchen. But here? The building felt intended for Dwagish to attend. The smaller marble stairs were cool to the touch and comfortable to walk without clawpaw protectors. Plaques and signs were scribes in both the elegant crystalline script of Xud that the Masters understood, and a translation in plain toyglyph that made it easier for Glace to understand. There were no median zones or discourager broadcasters to keep Dwagish in their lanes. Even the ceilings were constructed lower than usual, with warmer lighting. Slats of mirrors from the roof of the sprawling structure provided natural light to the whole of the building. Bright colors and simple murals of Dwagish frolicking dominated the walls in bright pastels. One piece depicted a red scaled, black haired Dwagish nuzzling the hand of their Master fondly. This museum was made for Dwagish.

Glace had never felt so welcomed in its life. At least not in public.

Just past the transparent fiber partition that swung open with a smooth hiss, Xudraxi Masters waited patiently to the side by a small patch of artificial grass, their ocular ajna wide open and their eyes closed showed they were lost in thought. One Xudraxi's domed eye resembled a lava lamp, almost fulgent enough for Glace to get lost in, had it not been better trained by Master to avoid non-consenting self-rapture. Four Dwagish pressed their mouths to the base of rubbery protrusions sticking out of the walls at default submission height. Eyes closed as they gulped a clear, viscous slurry of nutrients with performative enthusiasm. their heads bobbed back and forth while their tails swayed in sync with each other playfully. Most were clothed far more conservatively than Glace. But one naked orange Dwagish showed the hydration meter along his spine was lighting up gradually. It originally thought these kinds of drinking fountains were reserved for outdoor public parks. But it appeared this place was almost built with the intent for the Xudraxi to be a secondary companion, rather than the focus.

"The Museum of Dwagish has documented the entire history of our toy race. It's

often kept from young and new petsubs until they are ready and properly house trained. I would have done it sooner, but we've been so busy as of late." He wasn't wrong. Between Master's meetings and the psychic lancet tuning and his sister's wedding, Glace almost felt for how complicated Xudraxi's life can be. It merely closed its eyes with a kind happy smile. An expression shared fondly on Master's social networks that made him very popular. Glace was frequently praised for his impeccably CRISPR'd scapelt and carefully groomed hair. It was proud to provide such prestige and joy to its master through that.

Glace's eyes stared back at the wall spring. There was a pink spigot jutting invitingly at the end of the line. Shining and rhythmically leaking the cold clear gel that promised to hydrate, clean, and charge its bio-mechanical implants. Something a Dwagish so enjoyed to imbibe in. The pink Dwagish found itself drooling just a little. Bobbing its head in time with the throb that synced up with the backs of the other Dwagish heads hydrating. A gentle, sympathetic tug of its leash brought Glace out of its stupor.

"Are we thirsty, Glace?" Master asked kindly. Glace swallowed hard but shook its head. "I'm okay. Just... the color is the same as the one at home." it blushed. Master smiled and tugged the leash again to continue further in.

As Glace shuffled his small clawpaws along the floor, standing along the slight abrasive path beside Master, intentionally paved to naturally file down the petsubs' nails as it walked. A large shiny cherry red clawpawprint was adorned on an inviting pedestal. Like it was meant for a child. Glace spun his head round to look up at Master, hair fluffing as it trailed to catch up with the rest of him. Master gave a nod, the Dwagish swished its tail eagerly, and slapped its clawpaw against the large button with a satisfying Ble-deep.

An electronic voice warmed to life, the dulcet tones of a Xudraxi curator caressed Glace's ears pleasantly.

"Hello little Dwagish. Welcome to the Museum of Dwagish This commemoration to the history and biological development of Dwagish was graciously precogstructed by the High Council of Historical Preservation. All attendance is free and donations are encouraged. History should never come at a greater price than living it! My name is Il'zavoth, curator of the exhibits you're about to experience. These projections are provided verbally for Dwagish benefit. Accessibility crystals are available at the welcome desk." Glace felt its ears vibrate sympathetically. It loved when the Masters chose to speak aloud. Their voices were so deep, it would sometimes make Glace's chest tickle.

"The Dwagish go hand in hand with Xudraxi like ice cream and sprinkles. The dedication and eager submission from the Dwagish are cherished and celebrated by their loving Xudraxi Masters. But it was not always this way."

It wasn't?

"By the end of this tour, we hope you will have a deeper understanding and appreciation of Dwagish biology and more importantly, their history." A pair of double doors twice the Master's size opened with a satisfying hiss, and a brief gliss of vibraphone fanfare.

The large entrance gave way to a long hall. A mannequin of a light blue Dwagish showed a breakdown of the inside of their body. A tasteful skeleton showcasing the various augments and synthetic organs that consisted of the inner workings of the diminutive package. So much careful work put into the artistic portrayal of a Dwagish humbled Glace. The Masters were so attentive to detail.

"The Dwagish we know today are an evolutionary apex of complimentary symbiosis. Augmentations applied through genetic sculpting and CRISPR treatments allow Dwagish to not only evolve for survival, but for fashion. If a Xudraxi ached for a Dwagish with fiber lights at the roots of its hair, or permanent nail polish. Xudraxi technology has simplified all these naturally synthesized traits with a simple sub-dermal application in a handy injector." Glace glanced up at its Master, who smiled and responded by wiggling an injector in his free hand. No doubt a treat for later.

The two continued to walk down the hall. One stride from the Master took at least three steps for Glace, but its thicker thighs were well suited to keep up the gait. They passed by the first archway into a series of holographic displays, mannequins, and dioramas depicting various stages of Dwagish history. A sign showing a disengaged wrist-leash and a check-mark was placed right before the entrance. Glace's tail wagged. Master splayed his hood just a little wider, a coy expression, before disengaging his wrist-leash. The Dwagish trilled with excitement and ran circles around its Master. The sound of its clawpaws running at quick enough speed and weight caused it to cushion its footfalls. Making the run easier on its feet, but also eliciting an adorable airy squeak with each step so the Master can track its movements whenever Glace got 'zoomies.' It bounded eagerly to smack the first clawpawprint it could find. A pair of Dwagish holograms depicted touching with their noses and pleasure nubs as they stood with their wrists flared in disarm position #4. Glace genuinely thought that stance was invented by Master.

"Dwagish do not exist in the wild anymore. To date, 99.5% of all Dwagish are bonded to a master shortly after an incubation period of training. Because of this, Dwagish, while sentient, do not have a culture of their own. Instead, they are treated to socialization festivals, communal outings, and ruts, to keep them happy, and more importantly, healthy."

Glace's ear-fins splayed a little. A sign of curiosity and a little confusion. But it continued down the hall at its own pace while Master walked casually behind. The next display showcased a side profile of a Dwagish silhouette, and a spider-webbing break down of its nervous system paired with its 'sexual organs'. A zoomed in display showed the tip of the Dwagish tail, that had an orifice so small, it barely resembled one. A line pointed that it was called a 'discreet ovipositor.' The button on this display was worn down so much the raised clawpawprint was actually a recess so deep, you could almost

see the metal underneath the red polymer.

"Originally, Dwagish ancestors struggled with regulation of sexual urges. Sporting traditional genitalia of bipedal organisms, but with a libido that encouraged frequent, yet brief bouts of intense passion. However this proved to be difficult to regulate population due to confrontation being phased out of population regulation. Nowadays, Dwagish exchange genetic material through a prehensile appendage in its oratory cavity, and dispenses smooth oval of silicon carbide from the discreet ovipositor in the tip of its tail. Allowing electro-stimulation and genetic therapy to guide its development with no invasive procedure. Overpopulation was swiftly resolved with the invention of the ovipocket, a small IOD, or Intra-Ovipositor Device that can completely nullify a desire for reproduction until it is remotely switched off. As for its former sexual organs, Dwagish have evolved to use the sensations associated with them as a form of compliance feedback."

Glance drooled a little with vapid incomprehension. Too many big words. The Xudraxi curator laughed reassuringly as if she had a feeling this would be far too technical for a Dwagish.

"Simply. Following their Master's orders feels even better than sex. At least until the IOD is disengaged for copulation. Of course for a Dwagish, it's better to show than to tell!" The display flashed for a moment as the showcase of the 'discreet ovipositor' flicked to show the small plug inside the tail tip was now remotely disengaged.

And Glance almost went feral.

Its eyes rolled back up in its head as its tail flicked. The Dwagish felt an itch in the back of its throat. A deep pressure that caused its pleasure nub to almost vibrate insistently. It turned round and slammed into the thigh of its Master. Tongue slithering out with an impassioned squeal. Its eyes glazed over and started to thread its thick appendage out. Craning its head back as the tongue darted to and fro to find something to bury itself in. Glance swallowed with obscene desperation. It was like the urge to bury its tongue in another Dwagish was a lit match, and every thought in its brain was dried straw. Its hips gyrated desperately to squish the pleasure nub like a stress ball against Master's leg. Glance barely had the lucidity to even ask what it was looking for. So deeply locked in to that urge to mate. It turned its head to see a light purple Dwagish with faded pink hair sauntering into the room with its blue Xudraxi Master.

Glance only got five feet away from the display before the IOD reactivated. Glance panted and flared its wrists into resting submissive position #4. Its pleasure nub spasming rhythmically as its thoughts returned from the feral urge to mate to the profound desire to please its Master again. Master blinked in surprise and frowned when He saw the sign in Xud next to the display that said "Please endeavor/attempt/require to keep your Dwagish on its binding/cable/leash."

Glance stared at the red button on the display, then back at Master. Master reactivated the leash just as Glance was about to reach the button with an extended

finger from its clawpaw. Glace playfully yanked and whined as it tried to reach for the worn down button again, kick-kicking the floor as it leaned forward head first until it finally made its arms go limp in defeat. Practically held up by the collar around its neck as it lowered its head in abjection.

"Ah ah, don't even think about it." Master's psychic crystals fluoresced. A silent, nonverbal chastising. It wasn't an unkind sound, He couldn't hold it against Glace. Some impulses are simply too strong to fight. Master's psychic lancet slithered over, touching the tip of his tail to a small crystal on the back of Glace's collar.

"N-nnuh... ahhhhh~" Glace moaned cutely, its leg kicking as it pressed the bottom of its chin against its curved puffed up chest. Eyes fluttering while the Master worked its brain over. It's consciousness was temporarily slotted into a holding partition reserved for when Master needed to 'open up the hood' in its brain. The experience was orgasmic, even if such a concept did not really apply to a Dwagish.

The memory of the mating urge with the button was modified into something Glace witnessed happen to someone else. Edited to give him a more mature separation of the emotions and urges associated. As if the Master coated the experience in a membrane of clinical detachment. before storing in its short term memory as a polite, but distanced delight. Glace comprehended the memory once belonged to him and was now changed. But that knowledge did not bother it. For it was Master's guiding hand that kept some of those more intense outbursts from getting the better of Glace. Once the tail and the psychic lancet pulled away, Glace blinked a few times and cuddled its Master in gratitude. Glancing back at the worn down button with a feeling of curiosity, but self control.

Having that said... If Glace wasn't better trained, it really would have liked to hit that button again all day.

Another button was presented before a visual display of a Dwagish brain, split up into color coded sections with small explanations in toyglyph. A blue Dwagish toyployee was standing on a pedestal surrounded by purple Xudraxi psychic crystals, not unlike the ones sewn into Master's hood. It waved sheepishly at Glace. The pink Dwagish waved back, their tails swayed together in sympathetic motion. Another button push.

"While the Xudraxi brain still has plenty of mysteries for us to discover, the Dwagish's smaller brain has been mastered to nearly an art form by cortexnicians. Hundreds of years of research and development have turned an initially chaotic, mysterious, organ into a well tuned instrument. The Dwagish have an underdeveloped prefrontal cortex normally meant for reasoning and planning, they more than make up for it in their ventral tegmental. A part of the brain that regulates pleasure and reward cognition. Verbalized Xudraxi speech is naturally attuned to a frequency that stimulates this portion of the brain." Glace never knew how compatible Dwagish were with their Masters. It made sense. Even though Glace only knew enough Xud to order things for Master, listening to it without fully comprehending it was a delight in and of itself. "Did you know that trained Dwagish naturally respond positively to certain words and

phrases?"

Glance didn't notice there were a few screens behind the toyemployee until they lit up with words like "SUBMISSIVE." "COMPLIANT." "TOY." the psychic crystals resonated. The words introduced caused Glance and the toyemployee to straighten up. It was a flood of positivity. Immense joy and satisfaction just by hearing those words. Just by thinking about those words. It caused a bit of a feedback loop with them both. The toyemployee's mouth opened wide. Letting its tongue loll out and its eyes rolled up in the back of its head. A live demonstration of how just certain phrases, even introduced casually in conversation, introduced pleasing jolts in the deepest parts of their brain. Master came up behind Glance and rubbed its head to help bring it out of its stupor.

"Having fun?" He asked. Glance nodded frantically. "I'm learning a lot!"

"Come on, there's an interactive exhibit next." Master pat its back. Making it clear it won't be receiving a leash tug this time around. It was oddly freeing, but Glance couldn't say it was an improvement. Simply different.

As they approached the interactive exhibit, the Dwagish bounded past a diorama of a half destroyed factory. Toyemployees in hard hats hiding their eyes scoured the debris on all fours as one Xudraxi with a clipboard gestured towards a hand sticking out of the rubble. The plaque said "Dwagish lead the way in rescue!" As the curator continued automatically.

"Dwagish are nimble, configurable, and easily suited for a number of tasks. Here we see a rescue operation where a Xudraxi Guardian guides the efforts of a menagerie of Dwagish. Using her psychic connection to direct them as a single organism. In some scenarios, preemptive CRISPR treatments enhance their lung capacity, burrowing capability, even olfactory senses to make Dwagish better suited for whatever task they have in mind." Glance barely paid any attention to it once it saw the interactive exhibits just up ahead.

A few displays tugged at Glance from all directions. There was a speech inhibitor pod that turned Dwagish words into adorable babble. A CRISPR simulator to show what some of the most common genetic adjustments would do to a Dwagish. A young purple Dwagish was enthusiastically pointing at some wings that would have given it flight. Another display was a trivia game about toyglyphs that both Masters and Dwagish could participate. There was even a pod where a Xudraxi could briefly experience the alpha brainwaves of a Dwagish and feel what it's like to think as one. Master politely declined that last one. Many of the exhibits were occupied, and a little crowded. So they settled with an exhibit spanning the back wall.

It was a walkway divided specifically for Dwagish to go through. The text above it read "Gaitways: Artisanal strides." Glance tilted its head. It looked like any other people mover. With an archway in front of it, and a glass partition along the right side. Glance's tail curled to an S as it stood patiently. Master clicked his tongue in permission, and the hot pink Dwagish bounded past the archway on all fours. At least it did, until it stepped

through the threshold.

It was like a magnetic force pulled its wrists, ankles, neck, and tail to a straighter posture. Hips rocked left and right with each step, stomping on the ground with enough force that it caused its large thighs to jiggle ever so slightly. Its wrists flared, swaying its legs but keeping its arms unnaturally still. The force of each step on the people mover made its fluffy hair shake just a little. Glace couldn't turn its head to face master, but a side eye showed he was enjoying the show.

"u-uhm..uh... what..." it tried to say, but whatever this walkway was doing, it made it hard to speak. The curator's voice was still easy to comprehend even as Glace's speech centers were occupied by... something.

"Gaitways are both used as training modules and an easy way to keep curious Dwagish free from dangerous areas. Shortly after the domestication trials, Ze'van To'quux created the first fenceless pen. Where rudimentary psychic signals harmlessly discouraged a Dwagish from entering an area. Now that Dwagish instinctually understand their boundaries, the technology has been adopted to help Dwagish gait to be more appealing. Even daring and expressive. For example..."

The text overhead flashed in toglyph to Glace, and Xud to Master walking along the right side. The word "PONY" preceded Glace's knees to lift high in the air. Its clawpaws bent limp and arms held close to its chest like a begging puppy. The sound of its claws hitting the ground first instead of the paws made a more distinct click against the metal. Another word: "VOGUE." Glace placed its hands on its hips. Stamping the ground in stride as its expression softened. Pouty lips, eyes half lidded, like it was almost bored to be doing this. And lastly: "CALIBRATION." at militant attention. Swinging its legs with a pivoted motion, like an automaton with almost no points of articulation. Glace could hear the explanation, but there was no ability to communicate between its brain and the rest of its body. It was hijacked. Glace hadn't felt like this in years. The last time was when it wandered into an employee only section of a diner trying to find Master and the discourager broadcaster compelled it to about face and return to the public area.

The walkway came to an end and Glace stumbled into Master's waist. Who comforted and held it up as its own motor center fell back under its control again. "Easy there. I never had you do one of those." Master said. Glace hugged the Master earnestly before adjusting its posture again. "How come?" it asked. Master responded with a click of his tongue, and the Dwagish slid to stand beside him with graceful ease despite its brief disorientation. "I prefer training the old fashioned way. It gives you... personality." Glace briefly recalled Master cupping its hips as it practiced walking beside him and blushed.

The Master's expression flattened when they came to the next exhibit. "The History of Dwagish Evolution." Master looked at the injector in his hand and took a deep breath. Glace felt tension oscillating from its Master's crystals and offered a sympathetic hug. It didn't know what the problem was. But Master's emotions and

troubles were often far too complex for Glace to understand.

This was not one of those times.

The first display was frankly frightening. A beast stood eight feet tall, roaring in a display of power and strength. It had rows of spikes along its spine with a sharpened glaive made of bone at the tip of its tail. It wore a military vest and combat fatigues. Holding a gauntlet with a sharpened blade as it pumped one fist in the air. Its mouth open in a roar of rage, eyes like daggers and teeth even sharper. Its heavy feet had savage looking talons that looked like it could dig into solid rock. It had jet black scales with a dark gray underbelly, with shorter black hair dwarfed by its massive ram-like horns. Glace hugged its Master's leg. Startled by the mannequin. But Master said nothing. He didn't even pet its head. He simply let the feeling sink in. The gears were turning in the little Dwagish's head. It sniffed at the thick chitinous mass of armor plates along its ankles. And it stared at the huge claws. Just one of them was bigger than its foot. Glace brushed its white mane from its eyes to look at the plaque. A tiny stress alarm indicated on the back of its collar readout. Its blood ran cold.

"Pre-Domesticated Dwargor."

The button wasn't large and friendly this time. It was a smaller red button, with no raised clawpawprint on it. A feeling was stirring in Glace's chest, its breathing quickened. It felt... strange. Alien. Not entirely unpleasant. Like it was tasting adrenaline for the first time. It reached forward and gingerly tapped the button.

"Before meeting the Xudraxi, the Dwargor were the dominant species on this planet. A tribal society of proud warriors. Their beastly forms were capable of digging through solid rock. Overcoming immense droughts and famine. And their society was formidable and complex. Their culture revolved around overcoming strong adversity for the sake of better honing their disciplines."

The next showed a much smaller Xudraxi, the crystals sewn into their hoods were almost comically oversized compared to today. Their eyes larger, a little cuter. Wearing an almost ceremonial robe. Purple sigils float near its eyes as it held out one hand with a DNA structure. Another applied an injector to its bicep as the color of his scales began to darken near the point of contact. The plaque read "Prevolvled Xudraxi."

"The Xudraxi sought the stars. Traveling between galaxies to find not only new homes, but a way to push the evolution of their species to new heights. Thousands of years of traveling through the cold of space required changes in their bodies to survive the vacuum, and enhance their strengths for the long journey. Dozens of species contributed to their evolution. Either through inspiration or genetic extrapolation."

Glace leaned to the side to look to the next display. Two Dwargor in lab coats were crafting a rail gun. With a mural depicting a space vessel being sliced in half behind them. The plaque named it "The Domestication Trials." Glace couldn't help but notice the sigil of the Xudraxi, a cobra hood with a diamond in the center, emblazoned

on the side of the vessel.

"Of all the species that fought the Xudraxi, the Dwargor were unquestionably the most effective. Their entire society united in resistance to their colonization. Rededicating the entirety of their planetary resources and labor into the war effort. Millions died on both sides. By the end. The Colonists lost half their population."

The atmosphere of the museum was decidedly different in this hall. There were no other people here but Glace and Master. Master stood at the back of the hall. Watching Glace walk to each station and press to listen. The next one showed a Dwargor in fancy attire kneeling before a more modern looking Xudraxi. The Plaque read "An honorable surrender."

"While the Dwargor were superior in strength and resolve, the Xudraxi were far superior in technology and science. After a hundred and fifty years of brutal war, the Dwargor surrendered to their new Masters. The Xudraxi vowed to never allow this kind of bloodshed to taint their new home ever again."

Another display showcased a diorama of a laboratory. Rows and rows of Dwargor given augmentations and genetic alterations. Behind the diorama, a surprisingly artistic depiction of the Xudraxi and the Dwargor exchanging clusters of DNA. As if they were binding in spirit. "Trials and Error."

"The Dwargor were everything the Xudraxi needed. But their strength of spirit would only guarantee generations of resistance. So as the colonists begun augmenting themselves with the gifts of the Dwargor, they decided on a breach of protocol. An exchange of genetic traits. Gradually, over hundreds of years, the Dwargor were bred, crossbred, and genetically altered to be the most malleable, compatible creatures to satisfy the real-time needs for experimentation and alteration."

There was a different display near the end. A recording. One of multiple Dwargor meeting together in a basement. About ten of them. The Timestamp was recorded almost a thousand years ago. The plaque read "The Final Resistance." Click.

"Nearing the end of their genetic evolution, the Dwagish still had some of their desire to resist, one of the last traits that was a challenge to isolate and identify. However, Xudraxi scientist found a way to not only discourage that impulse to resist, but twist it into an impulse that furthered their domestication."

The Curator stopped speaking, to allow the recording to play. In the bottom right corner, it said "4th generation."

"We will not allow ourselves to be peasants in their new order. Their high council will burn by the time we're done!" The leader Dwargor was scarred, rippling with muscle, and had a savage look in his eyes that implied he was ready to die for his cause. The screen flickered to a smaller looking female Dwagish. Still quite buff, but now she had brighter scales, more punkish hair. In combat fatigues holding a gun. "7th generation" it

said in the corner.

"We're going to occupy the building. Shut down their operations until they give into our demands. Violence will only cause them to clamp down further. But if they see the resolve of our spirit, they'll concede." another flicker. Far later. "28th generation." this time they were almost modern Dwagish. Brightly colored scales, dramatic oversized hairstyles and horns. Compared to the others, they were almost cartoonishly frail. Even the leader, a green Dwagish who tried to cut its black hair short, was still wearing latex stockings and gloves like this was just an extracurricular activity it was being allowed to do.

"S-so we're all agreed, we need to tell the Masters that we deserve better! We're not just pets. We're not slaves." A bald yellow Dwagish with oversized gold horns came forward with a trill of a whine.

"We have the perfect plan. We're going to give a firmly worded letter to the Council requesting we have a hearing to have a Dwagish representative on the council." A cherry red resistance member blushed as its hips gently bumped into the stool while it walked over to say its piece. There was a fire in its eyes, as if it was about to say something compelling and profound.

"If they say no we'll...w...w-we'll...mmmhhhh~" The video didn't change this time. The Dwagish resistance members all started to spasm and twitch. Moaning cutely as their exposed bodies quivered and quaked. One begun to rub its pleasure nub. Another slid its arms behind its head and hooked its elbows against the bottom of their horns. Glace was confused.

No Xudraxi had entered. No breakdown of their doors. No fighting. There was no signal projected, no effort required by the Xudraxi whatsoever. Instead. The Dwagish climaxed and leaked. Their tiny pleasure nubs barely making a mess as eyes rolled back into their heads, and wrists flared while their brains latticed with pleasure responses. This reaction was simply part of their artificially induced biology.

"n-n-n-othin' like maaster."

"b-but...I.. wanted to say...b..."

"ju-juh-just.....I just wanted..ahhh~?"

Their words devolved into mindless babble. Twitching again and again while their folds clenched and their hips swayed side to side. Mouths hung open as they whined and moaned cutely. Glace pressed its hands to its face in astonishment. Their eyes fell half lidded, fluttering as their pupils disappeared, irises beginning to glow. After the salacious display of Dwagish submission, they all seemed to drool and coo.

"d...don't..."

"b..buh..."

"th....slrp.."

"mmh...mmmhh..."

The Dwagish's mouths opened. Swallowing instinctively as they continued to spasm out tiny jets of lubrication that stained their thongs. The conversation and the firmly worded letter were discarded, far too caught up in the constant barrage of pleasure their brains were subjected to. Words became an impossibility for their tiny subby brains to construct. So all they did was babble and cum. After a little more than two minutes, the Dwagish no longer had pupils. A trail of drool had gone from their lips all the way to the floor. Tails swaying lazily in a familiar synchronization. A final whine collectively left their lips in a high pitched coo of dazed content.

"weeeeeeeh~!" The room cried.

Silence fell in the former den of rebellion. The Dwagish standing at default submission posture before one finally had the intelligence return to its brain to encourage the others to act again.

"M...maa...ster?" it said. Without a further word, they all turned and left the room. Going their separate ways. As if they were in a trance. They didn't just forget about their resistance. It was like they forgot what resisting was. Already trained to associate even the idea of trying to fight back with a learned helplessness paired with an irrefutable arousal at being so thoroughly under thumb. Glace couldn't fully comprehend how they did it. But it was as if the Xudraxi bred the very idea of comprehending resistance out of its race. The screen turned off... and Glace's hot pink scales was clearly visible.

It was **blushing**.

Finally. Glace turned to see the comparison display. A white Dwagish standing submissively beside its genetic ancestor side by side. It almost seemed like a pathetic caricature. The hot pink Dwagish leaned forward and rested its hand on the glass partition dividing them. There were clear male and female depictions of Dwargor throughout the dioramas. But Dwagish had no definitive gender by comparison. Their bodies were sleek, save for their plump hips and oversized decorative horns used more as handles than anything. Its pleasure nub was no longer meant for reproduction, but rather stimulation; merely another layer of domination. Every single aspect of its body, brain, and biological components were systematically corrupted, rearranged, modified. Some for survival, others merely for amusement, all to propagate a need to behave.

It was genetically perfected to be the ideal pet.

Glace recalled the comparison at the beginning of the museum trip. That the Dwagish were compared to sprinkles on ice cream. A metaphor as simple as that was not beyond it, though the Dwagish wondered if that would stay that way for long. Ice cream and sprinkles did go hand in hand. Separately, ice cream is still a treat.

But sprinkles are nothing.

The Dwagish briefly contemplated a complicated emotion associated with the hypothetical of life without the Xudraxi. Much of the tasks indicative of autonomy were so far divorced from its life, that even the process of comprehending it instinctively leaned toward asking Master to tell it a story so it may better understand. Its mind was simply too soft for such a taxing exercise. A blend of impotent despair, trained helplessness, appreciation for its master, and artificially induced arousal turned into a feeling it had never experienced before. It was too complicated an emotion to fully digest.

Glance turned back at Master with a look of abject betrayal and confusion. And yet the appearance of its outrage was strangely adorable. Its eyes widened, glowing irises the size of dinner plates, whining a pitiful "Weeeeeeeeh~" as if it was asking Master to do something about this. Its bubble butt wiggled along with its tail trailing hypnotically behind it.

The entire time the Dwagish was given the unwashed truth of its subjugation, Master stood at the back with its arms crossed. He said nothing, allowing the Museum to phrase this story better than he ever could. It was more than just a Museum visit for the two of them. It was a necessary part of Dwagish training. One final test of its leash. He stepped forward, but not enough to get close.

"Glance." The sound of Master's gentler tone made Glance grow quiet, shifting uncomfortably in place as its wrists flared submissively. Like it needed to go to the bathroom.

"How do you feel about this?" Master asked softly.

"B-buh. Master! We were so big! We were so scary! Your ancestors did th- but I-Gh! Weeeehh!" despite the sounds of distress, the larger Xudraxi could sense from its psychic crystals a combination of emotions. Betrayal. Confusion. Helplessness. Arousal. Excitement. The instinct had taken the little Dwagish, and it was playing it out as predictably as a school play. He snapped his fingers, and the Dwagish caught its voice in its throat, standing straighter, looking up at its Master with wide eyes and mouth sliding to an O shape.

"We did this. We enslaved your species. We took over everything, warped your kind to service ours. Took your strongest genetic traits to make them our own. We've bred the resistance out of your ancestors. We actually perfected your DNA about sixty years ago. Long before you were born. It's important that you know the whole story. So. Now you know. How do you feel about it?"

The tiny toy gave out a sound its Master never heard from it before. A cacophony of half syllables squeaked out in adorable high pitched squeals of bashful embarrassment.

"mmhuqwefhqnehalwcmwa~" Glace's hair wiggled like a headdress as its hips spasmed a dry climax from its pleasure nub. Even if it was one of the most intense climaxes it felt in its life, not a drop was spilt. It was too well trained to make a mess in a public area. Its pleasure nub vibrated in its thong, the tailhole puckered as its heavier tail swung up in to an S. Glace squeaked over with a practiced strut until it pressed its face into Master's belly. It begun to lap and lick desperately against his pants. Purring and moaning absent mindedly. The glaze in its eyes had never been deeper, the glow never brighter.

"Maaaaster... that's so meeean. But so hoooooot!" it whined playfully.

The Xudraxi tensed. But gave a sigh of relief and slid its clawed finger into Glace's mouth, who begun to suckle on it like a greedy calf milking its mother. The tension was gone, instead was the passionate obedience of a Dwagish's loyalty renewed.

"The- the way that like- the biiiiig scary ones wanted to do mean things and then the Dwagish were just too well behaved and that letter sounded so extra scary I'm so glad we don't do that kind of thing anymore! Master is so good! Master is the best. Thank you so so much for mmmh... for uhh... slrrrp." It couldn't speak for more than a few moments at a time. but when it did, it was like it was trapped in a sugar rush. Just eagerly babbling about all the fun it was having before it buried its greedy prehensile tongue around the Master's finger and into its mouth. Glace's knees buckled. But Master gripped under its arm to keep it from kneeling and pleasing the Xudraxi right then and there.

"Hhhh... n-not just yet toy. There's one last thing I want you to see." He held up the toy back to full height, though not without resting its head against his thigh to keep it propped up. The Dwagish was already getting a bit tuckered out, swallowing the air and swishing its tail expectantly for orders. But there was one final display. One less explanatory and more a commemoration.

A statue of polished marble stood in the final antechamber. A depiction of a Xudraxi with a double helix held aloft in its hand above its head. And a Dwagish's mane getting tussled in the other. However, the Dwagish statue was made of a rare metal. Shimmering an iridescent pink and silver. Like it was a far more precious thing than the Xudraxi.

"As the Dwagish have given so much to us, we commemorate this museum to a once worthy adversary, a life saving sacrifice, and now, a cherished companion. If it were not for the Dwagish, The Xudraxi would still be a fraction of what it is today, wandering the cosmos for a miracle they may have never found. We tend the land, curate the curriculum, and ensure the lives of the Dwagish are happy, healthy, and free of consequence and strife. It is our thanks that we hope you enjoyed this tour. You are a good toy, dear Dwagish. Now, and in perpetuity."

Glance shivered at that. They were right. They worked tirelessly molding and tweaking them in body and mind. Yet the very act of this manipulation to the atomic level has left the Dwagish's capacity for reasoning unsalvagable. It can only perceive its Master and his Superiors in a positive light. It was the awareness of that very fact that made its pleasure nub quake with satisfaction. How noble they must be to tell each Dwagish their fate, and the consequence of that subjugation. How twisted it was to turn that very informing into a method of foreplay for the most well behaved of the Dwagish. It was at that point that the Master lowered to one knee, and held his palm open to reveal the hand injector.

"This is a pacification suite, Glance. It's designed that if you did happen to take issue with that last exhibit, this would take care of you." he kept his hand on Glance's shoulder. Taking a moment to let that sink in, only to realize the glazed glow of the Dwagish's eyes were never going to flash with recognition. So he continued.

"It's one final CRISPR treatment that would have shrunk the glands near your prefrontal cortex. Effectively, it would have made you utterly docile. Pacified like a sheep." Glance's tail raised a little tensely.

"Quite a few other Masters give the injector anyway so their pets can just focus on being toys. But..."

Master tossed the injector into the trash.

"You prefer the old fashioned way, Master." Lucidity returned to Glance. There was something inside it that made a point to remember this moment. It didn't fully understand why, it wasn't capable. Only that it was special and important. The Master's lip tightened a little but gave a small nod of confirmation. Glance barely comprehended the body language, but Master was smiling so whatever Glance did, it was good.

Instead of the expected impotent rage and frustration in the face of such cultural and even genetic annihilation, Glance only felt arousal and delight. But who could blame the little Dwagish? The might of what its kind had once been was so divorced from who the Dwagish were now, it might have well have been a fairy tale. And yet... Glance let curiosity get the better of it again. It walked over to the trash can and peered into its contents to look for the injector. Much to its surprise, that turned out to be a far more difficult task.

Because the bin was almost full of unused injectors.

Perhaps it was due to the Xudraxi no longer feeling threatened by the ambitions of the Dwagish. Maybe it was that, after generations of animosity, it took a final, total submission for them to soften. The sight did not dilute Glance's feeling of Master's care. It didn't make it less special or meaningless. If anything, it might have represented a change in their perspective of who the Dwagish were now. Perhaps one day that compassion may cultivate a desire to give back some of what was taken. Or this artificial symbiosis might be the full extent of their accord. These thoughts bounced

uselessly between the neurons of a creature that could not think nearly as deeply as its Master. Indeed many of these ideas went over its head. All that mattered was the little pink Dwagish had a nice day with its Master. It would cherish this memory each time it rested on its knees for the next time the Master needed it.

As they walked toward the exit. There was a psychic eddy that emanated from Master's ocular ajna. The view of a sunset cascading on the surface of a moon was on display. It was an absent-minded projection Xudraxi sometimes gave when distracted. An experience Glace was familiar attuning with. But this one did not feel accidental. Perhaps Master elected to be vulnerable with his own experience. It was a quark of thought, but a dense one.

"Impotent. Selfish. Futile. My skin itches with paralysis. How does one act upon moral outrage when there is no use to act? I knew. I have known. We are supposed to know. But seeing it colors the experience differently. What is left is but a memory. Even our own retelling surely must be sanitized for our sake? We are as alien to our ancestors as the Dwagish are to theirs. But the process. Systematic. Total. A factory line of extractions and improvements to grow us and diminish Them. 'Necessity' resonates within our communal consciousness. Was it? A prosaic justification. We are greater with than we ever could have been without. Would the removal of their gifts be enough, even though they are sown into our very helix? We sculpt and mold, and they not only expect it, they enjoy it. Any meaning behind punishment has long atrophied. Now all we have is to continue to benefit. The legacy of such cruelty is sewn into my very being. What I would give to undo the pain, yet I cannot. I could not. Because it already has come to pass long before my DNA was ever considered. It would mean I would not exist, nor would Glace. Would bringing them back fix what our ancestors did? No. It would only annihilate what they are, out of some selfish feeling of guilt all over again. What they were is no longer what they've become. Impotent. Selfish. Futile. I cannot exist without Glace's ancestors. It cannot exist without mine. All I simply can do is cherish what I have. So I will."

The thought was dizzying, merely a picosecond woven into billions of twisting knots. An internal monologue of thousands of conversations compacted into a single burst. A Xudraxi's concept of introspection was as dense as a library, yet to them, it was like perusing a pamphlet. Glace pressed itself to its Master's side whom started in surprise. "Sorry. I was miles away." He scratched the back of his hood sheepishly. A strange vulnerable posture normally not witnessed by Dwagish. "I know," Glace responded with a kind smile. "I hope the trip was worth it."

A pair of glass doors swished open with a hiss to the sound of excited chittering and squeals. Dwagish scrambling around off leashes to look at all the things on display while some Xudraxi perused more casually, or simply waited at the door until their pets tired out. A Dwagish toyployee waved down the two to enjoy the many offerings on display at the gift shop. Appealing knickknacks, stuffed Dwagish, and sentimental trinkets lined the shelves. Small booklets about Dwagish anatomy, how best to care and clean your Dwagish, and even a cookbook to make Dwagish treats in Xud were placed on a higher shelf for the Masters to peruse. Master looked down at Glace and tilted up

its muzzle. The toy wagged eagerly as it looked back, almost expectantly. Nothing needed to be said. Glace bounded over to the gift shop augments while Master perused the accessories.

Glace's Master had initially settled on a cyan collar with a cute silver tag with Glace's name etched on the front, and his identity sigil on the back. But Glace had a different purchase in mind. It bounded over with something in its mouth. Sliding to submissive position 12, arms splayed out on the floor. Legs spread and extended to shove its rear in the air, like a dog ready to play fetch. Master shook his head with a chuckle and lowered to one knee to take whatever was in Glace's mouth out. It tugged back playfully once or twice before Master had to cheat with a tiny snap right next to Glace's ear. Eliciting a passionate moan that loosened the grip.

In his hand was a pink ruby psychic crystal in a reinforced plastic container. A cartoony picture of a Xudraxi clutching his head as a Dwagish danced like a ballerina was printed on bright, appealing packaging. In Xud and Dwagish was large colorful text saying "Thought leash!" Master was familiar with these. A newer line of psychic crystals that you slid into a Dwagish's ear canal so you could project ideas and thoughts directly into their head as if it were their own. Apparently they've become so common, they sold them at gift shops. Master pet along Glace's white mane, causing the Dwagish to thump thump thump its leg in satisfaction.

"Best not. These ones are usually pretty low quality. But tell you what. You were so well behaved today, we'll pick one up at the Crytstarium on the way home. If that's what you really want." Glace nodded profusely and buried its muzzle between Master's legs in affection.

As the two left the gift shop with a small bag of trinkets and a stuffed Dwagish that looked almost like Master's coloration, Glace couldn't help but look over its shoulder back at the Museum. The sun settling down cascaded a corona of neon greens and blues through the night sky. Briefly illuminating the naturally occurring magnetosphere around the building in a brilliant flash, before the stars in the night began to emerge. It was the same as the sunset reflected on Master's ocular ajna mere moments ago. It stopped to enjoy the sight of the evening lights wash over the edge of the building. Glace felt a gentle click of a looser collar latching around the one already embedded into its neck. It blinked. Feeling the tightly braided fabric and the metal tag and tiny bell that went along with it. Giving a teasing shake of its head to hear the pleasant jingle from the metal.

"Mrwr." Glace cooed with a satisfied purr. It closed its eyes and slid its clawpaws to its chest in submissive position three. Letting them hang limp. Curving its back to push up its chest and craning its head up to full height in case Master wanted to pet its head. Its ears picked up the sounds of other Dwagish chittering animatedly to their Masters about the day they had. Some asking questions, others opening up the gifts their Masters bought them.

Despite their history, there was a feeling of genuine affection emanating from the psychic crystals of the Xudraxi that blended with the magnetosphere of the night sky. Their emotions were so rarely on display in a way that a Dwagish could comprehend. But some times, when the climate was just right, the Dwagish would be gifted with the rare sight of seeing the glow of their crystals bend the light around their hood. Like a kaleidoscope of emotion. Glace stared in awe at the dazzling spectacle of joy and peace its Master projected while it held its Dwagish pet close, staring at the horizon as they waited for their car.

Glace could not think of a finer treat than a sight like that.

END