

Eros Academy: Aria's Drone Investigation

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University had been busy for the few days following Aria's first visit to Eros Academy. That wasn't unusual, of course...but she had to admit the number of times she found herself idly logging into the Academy's Portal to peruse the Eros Catalog of Options certainly was a bit out of character. Despite how highly sexed Aria was by nature, such was her disinterest in most people that it was rare she found herself actively fantasizing about *real* encounters. Hentai imaginings or dreams of magical shenanigans that could scratch the deeper recesses of her incredibly kinky mind? Absolutely. But she didn't have a crush on campus she daydreamed about, and even her celebrity crushes were typically more about the character than the actor or actress. The pure lack of imagination even most fanfiction authors had about stories where *magic* was involved was...well, regular people and regular porn were both things Aria had dismissed long ago. She'd only vaguely hoped to, someday, find someone with a similar mindset to her own to get some version of *involved* with.

Eros Academy had changed that.

Apparently.

It was only after the third time she'd almost been caught playing with herself in public, while checking out the Eros Catalog, that the change in her perspective finally sunk in fully. But, once it had, she'd acknowledged quickly that she'd been too quick to dismiss real-world options. She'd know she had a thing for certain types of bondage play already, of course. It had just been that finding willing participants for that had been too much effort. Between its offerings in that direct and some significantly more exotic options, the Academy Catalog offered several other opportunities that Aria had to admit she hadn't actually considered. Like the fact that they had a *tentacle* room. With a variety of robotic tentacle types that were advanced enough for sexy fun. That was just *cool* and she *totally needed* to visit at some point.

That wasn't, however, what she'd gravitated to as the most interesting option for her second visit. The one she'd ultimately selected was a bit more...*involved*. And she was still carefully considering the balance of her options regarding it. Both sides of it the encounter sounded fun...but one side came with a bit of uncertainty that she'd felt the need to research. Thankfully, the Academy itself had provided copious research and links, and staked their own stellar reputation on the safety of the process. Which had eventually put her at ease. She'd earmarked both sides of the experience for her second visit.

Well...*technically* it was her third visit. Busy as University had been, she hadn't had the time to go *play* at the Academy. But she *had* managed to squeeze in a short visit to sit in on a couple of the required safety classes for some of the more involved play options. It was all stuff she'd known for years, which had allowed her to fly through the material once the instructors realized that fact. She still didn't have any advanced safety certifications...but she *did* have a few basic ones. Which had been required for the experience she'd wanted to try. The one she'd freed up her entire day to try *today*, in point of fact. As she stripped off in one of the Academy's locker rooms, she had to admit she was looking forward to a new experience...

As she stood stepped through the double doors labeled 'The Drone Lounge,' Aria wasn't particularly surprised by what she found. Immediately through the door was simply another check-in area, much like she'd seen at the 'Challenges' room on her first day. There were more people here, the lounge being a somewhat popular attraction, and one that was only open during specific hours in order to ensure enough attendees. Most of the people present, however, were simply being processed for quick entry through one of two sets of doors. The larger set, where the majority of people were being directed, likely went onto the main 'lounge' floor. The second set was smaller, less obvious, and Aria noted the handful of people going through it were mostly quieter sorts of individuals.

She only had a few moments to take that all in, as an attractive brunette had seen her and quickly approached her, sporting a cheerful smile and wearing the skimpy uniform of an academy employee.

"Hello! You're Aria, right? My name is Alisha, and I've been assigned to help get you oriented for the day. Did I see correctly that you were interested in experiencing both sides of our Drone encounters?"

Aria nodded, hesitated, then decided a verbal response was probably warranted.

"Yes. I'm a switch. I would like to see what I'm getting into before I actually try the Drone side of things, though."

Alisha nodded happily.

"That's good, actually. We prefer to handle it that way, though normally we do so with a one-on-one encounter with a Drone. Sometimes several such encounters, actually. It's a bit more unusual to simply split time between the main Lounge Floor as a guest, then follow up straight up with a Drone experience. Few people are mentally flexible enough to flip between the two quickly..."

That made sense. But Aria wasn't exactly normal. Before she could find a way to express that without sounding like some sort of Karen, Alisha continued, saving her the trouble.

"In your case, though, I noted there were comments in your certification courses. Apparently, you already knew the material comprehensively enough that you ended up acting almost as an assistant for both of the basic Dom and Sub classes. The handlers for those courses were impressed enough to take note of it, without even mentioning to each other. Given that...while I'll stick with you to make sure you handle the transition fine, I have a feeling you'll be okay. Are you ready to check out the Main Floor?"

Relieved that she didn't have to argue her case, Aria simply nodded. With another bright smile, Alisha ushered her to the door Aria had already surmised headed onto the main floor. As they went, Alisha quietly reviewed the few rules, making sure that Aria had them down completely. It wasn't really needed in Aria's case, since they were mostly common sense, but she honestly appreciated the sign of professionalism. Particularly as she was intending to be on the other side of this in an hour or two.

As they entered the main floor of the Drone Lounge, Alisha tugged Aria to the side, sticking to one wall. That, frankly, suited Aria just fine as she took a few minutes to drink in what she was seeing.

The room itself was reminiscent of a spacious bar. More Jazz bar than dive, mixed with a few nightclub vibes, though missing the dance floor that would be required for the latter. Everything was lit in a subtle neon glow that went surprisingly well with the dark woods and rich leather of tables and booths. There were, of course, a few oddities that stood out. A pair of raised dance cages at either end of the long bar, with a few similar cages scattered throughout the room. Half-concealed alcoves that held not tables or booths, but sex swings, couches, and shelves of sex toys and accessories.

Then, of course, there were the Drones. Aria had seen pictures of them in the catalog, of course. But this was her first view in person...and it didn't disappoint. Each one was covered in identical, skintight latex from head to toe. The bodies underneath obviously weren't identical, though some effort had clearly been made to thicken and thin specific areas to fit a vague standard. There wasn't a single female drone without a nicely shaped ass or at least C-cup breasts...and not a single male drone was sporting less than a six-inch cock, either. The latex on both genders was mostly black, but colored bands appeared at wrists, ankles and throats. The male Drones had another colored band that looked distinctly like a cock ring in placement, and the female Drones seemed to come with one of several different colors tipping their nipples and coloring their genitals. Curious about the colors and unable to sort that little detail out from context, she quietly asked Alisha for an explanation. The brunette smiled and pointed to a booth...or the menu atop it, more specifically.

"Exact details are in the menu on every table and written into the top of the bar. The simple version is that the color coding lets you know what a given Drone is capable of. All can be used for sex, of course. But not all can actually *feel* anything. The latex on those is deliberately thicker, to prevent much if any sensation from passing through. In the male's cases of that, they are often even in a cock cage, with a copy of their cock simply built up around it. Some Drones like that, get off on not feeling anything as they are used like a toy. And some customers like the other side of it. Though admittedly, it's one of the rarer colors you'll see."

Alisha pointed out one of the women, one with white colored nipples.

"There are other colors, too, of course. The white tips on her nipples means that she's lactating in some form. Usually artificially induced." Alisha's pointing finger shifted to a male who's cock was ringed in orange. "The orange ring on that one means that he has full sensation but is cum-restricted. A combination of Drone Programming and a cock-ring will prevent him from cumming, no matter what you do to him. Hours of fun torment for him, and quite enjoyable for his clients, since he won't wear out after a climax or two. An orange set of lower lips on a female drone means the same thing, though the means to force their edging are a little different."

Her guide lightly touched Aria's arm and pulled her into a booth, pointing to a menu.

"You can see a comprehensive guide in the menu, before choosing a Drone to play with. Or ordering from the built-in displays to have a suitable Drone directed to you. Assuming one that meets your desires is available, of course. Do you want to order one? Wander around? Or perhaps just sit and watch for a bit first..."

Aria considered for a long moment.

“Is there a place with a better view? Somewhere I can watch everything for a bit? I do want to order a Drone. But part of the reason for this was to get a feel for what people do *with* the Drones. So, I should probably observe for a bit, first.”

Alisha nodded cheerfully. That seemed to be her default emotion. And somehow it didn't feel like a fake customer service sort of cheer. Aria supposed they probably looked for people that enjoyed this sort of thing? Or perhaps Alisha was simply a happy-go-lucky sort of person, and they'd made her a guide for newbies because of it? Either way, she followed along as the brunette gently tugged on her arm again.

“There's a couple of balcony areas! One is expressly for people who like to observe, rather than play much themselves. So long as you don't mind the fact that at least a few of them will probably be...ah...satisfying themselves to the view...then it will be the perfect place.”

Aria snorted at the idea of that bothering her, which got an amused wink from her guide as Alisha led her to a half-concealed stairway. The narrow stairs took them up about a floor and a half, leading out onto a balcony she'd likely taken as just part of the ceiling in the fuzzy neon glow of the main floor. There were, indeed, a couple of people playing lightly with themselves, and a pair playing with each other, as they looked down onto the main floor. Aria was both amused and impressed to note that, in order to facilitate exactly that sort of voyeurism, the facility had built-in places along the railing that were vaguely human-shaped. At each such spot, the railings warped outward, with a tilted seat that would let you look down while partly hanging over the edge. The result was a good, risk free, view of the main floor, while leaving the viewers hands free for...other things. Probably not a great option if you were afraid of heights, though.

Curious about how practical that actually was, Aria aimed for one of the seats and slid into it. It was comfortably padded, with a material she recognized as being designed to repel liquids. It was just textured enough to prevent her bare skin from sliding around...and the raised nature and slight angle of the seat did give her a good view over the edge of the balcony. She let her feet dangle over the edge, quickly discovering that there were footholds there for them to slide into. The end result, with the dual warped bars still there to prevent her from going over the edge, was actually fairly safe feeling. How fun. Idly letting her hands roam...because why not...she looked down and studied the main floor.

From here, she could see into many of the alcoves, and she quickly realized they were all a little bit different. In one to the opposite side of the floor from where she had entered, a Drone was locked in a pillory being trained by three men and two women, the latter using strapon for their part. In another alcove a bit to the right of that one were a pair of women playing with a pair of male drones. One of which had the orange-colored bits that marked him as an edging victim. Two more alcoves had single drone/patron pairs, engaged in a rough doggystyle session in one and a heels-over-head missionary position in the other.

As she continued to sweep the main floor, she spotted others, people and Drones outside the alcoves, having fun as well. A drone under a table eating out a redhead. A second putting on an erotic belly-dance for what looked to be an actual romantic couple. A pair of men doing bodyshots off a, surprisingly male, Drone on the bar. A...was that futa Drone? Huh, she was going to make a note to investigate that at some point. Though he, she, or it looked a bit busy being spit-roasted at the moment. Aria took it all in, absorbing the atmosphere and finding it...surprisingly positive? She'd half expected

people to be bullying the Drones, even if the rules were clear on what was and wasn't allowed. But that didn't look to be the case. .

The sight was reassuring. Her dominatrix mother had been brutally clear on the difference between being a Dom and simply being a sexual bully excusing their maliciousness as 'dominance.' She'd been equally vicious in labeling the vast, *vast* majority of supposed 'Doms' she ran into professionally as nothing but the latter. Though she also admitted that it was probably less common in actual relationships. Or, at least, that she really hoped it was. In light of that, Aria was happy to see that in the Academy, at least, seemed to understand the difference. Better yet, they acted on that understanding to weed out the bad actors that were in it purely out of personal sadism. Humming, content with what she'd observed, she turned to Alisha.

"I've seen enough. Can we go down and order a Drone?"

Alisha nodded, again cheerfully. Aria was almost certain it was just her basic disposition at this point...

"Absolutely! Do you have any idea what you want to order? We might simply be able to grab one on the way if it's not a complicated combination."

Aria considered. Part of her wanted to explore the menu for exotic options before deciding. But...that could be left for another time. At the moment, she simply wanted to see one of these Drones up close. Get a good orgasm or two...then see what it was like from the other side. As much as she usually preferred being the dom, the idea of being a Drone was scratching an itch in the back of her skull that she blamed on her mom. Having all those fantastical hentai volumes constantly around the house made normal sex seem a bit unimaginative. And this was something that could have been straight out of one of those hentai...

"Hmmm, something basic would be okay this time. I suspect as a Drone I'm more likely to get grabbed up by a male. So...a Female Drone, I think. One will full sensation, please. And...the Milky Breasts thing seems interesting? Why not that too, if one is available."

Alisha smiled brightly.

"That's a pretty easy combination! Should just be able to grab one on the way. Let's see if we can, anyway!"

It was less than five minutes later that Aria found herself inspecting her Drone more closely. It had, in fact, been quite easy to find the combination she wanted. The woman was quite busty, just like all the lactating Drone she's seen. And she at least *seemed* to have a quite impressive figure. Of more interest to Aria were the little details. At close range, it was obvious that her lips were actually some sort of gag. A fleshlight-like toy, she was pretty sure. And the latex smoothing over her face included her seemingly-closed eyes. The woman could very obviously see her, so there must be some sort of trickery afoot there, but Aria admitted she couldn't figure out what it was.

Unlike her upper lips, the woman's lower lips were clearly real, if smoothed out a little by the latex. Running her fingers along the bright-pink lips had produced both a lovely, muffled moan from her

Drone...and a bit of lube. A rub between her fingers and sniff had determined that it was quite natural, too. Somehow, they'd made the latex permeable one-way to allow her natural wetness to reach whoever was using her. Fascinating...and exciting. She knew it must be some sort of metamaterial...but it made it seem almost like magic to consider it. Particularly when she started playing with the Drone's breasts...and discovered strawberry milk! That had actually made her giggle...as well as dive into suckling with enthusiasm. She paused after a few mouthfuls, then pulled away and grinned, turning to Alisha.

"Want the other side?"

Alisha blinked owlshly for a moment...then smiled.

"I'm quite fine...but I wouldn't mind joining in if you really mean it..."

Aria chuckled at that.

"You're cute, so you sharing her with me will only make it better."

The surprised blush on Alisha's face was almost comical, given where they were, but that just made it all the better for Aria. She grabbed the slightly shorter woman and directed her to one tit, while she took another...and if she let her hand linger on Alisha's bare butt to fondle it while they milked the woman, the guide didn't seem to mind. With that observation in mind, Alisha planned her approach. While the gag was interesting, it limited what Aria was really in the mood for. So...

Slowly but surely, Aria shifted her hands. One she trailed down the Drone's body fairly quickly, beginning to finger the woman slowly. The other, resting on Alisha's ass, she eased along only a bit at a time, getting close and closer to the guide's bare pussy, teasing the other woman into *really* wanting it. When the milk finally slowed down, Aria pulled away...and slide behind Alisha. She whispered in her ear even as she finally slid a finger inside the woman, making her shudder.

"Hmmm, what I really want right now is a tongue in my pussy. And our Drone doesn't seem able to do that. So how about we have a little fun."

Aria's other hand had left the Drone, grabbing up a toy from the shelf in their little alcove. It was a dual-ended strapon that she held up for Alisha and the Drone to see.

"I'm going to put this on our little toy...and then order her to fuck you. You, meanwhile, are going to get on your hands and knees and let her, while eating me out. No cumming until I do!"

Alisha shuddered...and nodded. Aria grinned, happy to have read the other woman right. Given the way Alisha had eyed the Drones, she suspected Alisha herself often spent time *as* one of them. Which meant she was used to taking orders...particularly in *this* room, of all places. Even if she wasn't 'Droned' right now, there was a psychological association that made the girl quite happy to comply...

It was only the work of a minute or so to get the strapon buried in the drone, buzzing lightly as Aria discovered it had a vibration feature. She whispered her commands to the Drone, orders to fuck Alisha from behind at a slowly increasing pace, doing her best to make the woman cum with Aria. The Drone obeyed...as did Alisha as Aria sat and spread her legs, the brunette going to her hands and knees between them. Moments later, all three of them were moaning as Alisha and the Drone went to work...

Two satisfied women, one happy-sounding Drone, and about a half hour later...Aria found herself in the 'Drone Works' section of the Drone Lounge, Alisha still acting as her guide. There were very few Drones back here, most already having been outfitted and out on the main floor for the night. But there were a few men and women that had come in late that were either entering the pods lining the wall looking normal...or exiting the same pods as an anonymous Drone. Alisha quickly directed Aria to one of the more isolated Pods, where they could speak without bothering anyone.

"Okay. So this process is a bit involved. You've already read the required literature and policies, right?"

Aria quickly confirmed she had, getting a nod from Alisha.

"Right, then you know that there are two parts to this. One is the physical stuff. All you need to do for that is let me know what options you want. I'll put them in and the pod will take care of it when you're under. It's the 'under' part that we need to cover most, though."

"Hypnosis of some sort, right?"

Alisha made a so-so motion with her hand.

"Put *very* crudely...yes. But what we actually do is a lot more sophisticated than something you might see a stage magician pull off. We induce our trances with a mixture of neural stimulation, audio feedback, and mild sensory deprivation. *Technically*, we also use a tiny dose of anti-anxiety medication. But that's honestly only to prevent the sensory deprivation from freaking people out until they've gotten far enough under."

Aria nodded. There'd been a rough overview as part of the required reading. But the *exact* process used was a company secret. Mostly because the Academy didn't want people abusing it. Sensible, as far as Aria was concerned.

"And there's a reset at the end, right. To make sure nothing lingers?"

Alisha nodded firmly.

"Exactly right. I *will* note that repeated exposure might make you slightly more susceptible to regular hypnosis. But that's actually an unproven thing, we just give the warning as a precautionary heads up if you decide you want to repeat this often. Now...are you still okay with this?"

Aria was equally firm in her own nod.

"Yes. I'm very curious."

Alisha smirked.

"I think you figured out that I've been on the Drone side a lot...so I can tell you it's fun! Very ...relaxing, really. Now, lay down in the pod and I'll go over your options..."

The Pod hissed open, revealing a roughly human-woman-shaped recess. One with...a pair of dildo-like attachments? Well, she supposed, given that the Drone had appeared to be all Latexed-Up on the *inside* as well as the outside, it made sense. Shrugging, she climbed into the Pod and wiggled around until she was hovering just over the dildos, which she could now see had lots of little holes all over

them. Clearly injectors of some sort. Still a bit 'warmed up' from the earlier fun and aroused at the idea of this anyway, she didn't have any real trouble sliding down onto them. Though she was thankful to find that the anal injector had been pre-lubed.

As soon as Aria was properly settled onto the injectors, Alisha hit a button that made the recess Aria was in conform more closely to her body. She wasn't sealed in, yet, by any means, but it was clear that was coming. What followed were a series of simply questions.

How much sensation did she want?

All of it, thank you.

Did she want to cum or be edged?

She wanted to cum her brains out, thank you very much.

Lactation?

Why not?

Commands to cause constant arousal for as long as she was Droned?

Yes, please!

The list went on for a bit, with Alisha noting that this would be saved as her default profile in the future. Eventually, the questions stopped...and there was a quick prick as the fast-acting anti-anxiety meds were provided. Moments later, the pod sealed her in, cutting off all light. A mask with a set of contact points made contact with her face, even as lights began to play before her eyes, a voice she only half understood speaking in her ears. Sleepy...so...sleepy. That was her last thought before she went under...

When she woke again her mind was clear. No thought, just sensations. Amazing sensations. The warmth of low-level arousal flooded her entire body, even as someone ordered her out of the Pod. The someone probably had a name. But she didn't care what it was. She did care for the amazing feelings that came when she obeyed the order, as well as the next order to follow. A deep thrum of delight, an increase in the glow of arousal, all because she did what came naturally and obeyed. So warm.

She was taken from one place into another, this one lit more dimly, but with pleasing colors to the lights everywhere. She stood in a row with others of her like...but not for long, she thought. Though time wasn't something she cared about either, save how long it had been between orders. 'Not long' she thought. 'Not long this time.' It was a pair of males that had taken her, one feeling out her breasts before they did. That had felt nice. Almost as nice as when he ordered her to follow and she obeyed.

They were somewhere else again. Not far, she thought. And she got a new command, a command to kneel on a bed, over a naked woman. One that looked familiar? Oh, the one that had made her feel good by ordering her out of the Pod! That was nice. Maybe they could feel good together? The way the woman groped her chest a moment later, kneading her nipples to make the milk flow was even nicer. The glow of pleasure from the new command had barely faded when the pleasure from those hands started...and it was soon joined by an even more intense pleasure as a hot rod of flesh probed at one of her lower cock sleeves. She moaned in delighted acceptance as it easily slid home...then even her

muffled moaning became nearly-silent as she was faced with another cock, that quickly slide down her throat sleeve.

A part of her was confused at the warmth that rushed through her body at the second cock. Was sucking on one of those supposed to feel good? She couldn't remember. And then she didn't care. It felt good, after all. Who cared if it was supposed to? Oh...and now the cocks were moving. That felt nice. More than nice. A haze of pleasure from three sources blanked her mind completely as she raced toward a climax. She peaked...and the pleasure didn't stop. She peaked a second time, this time feeling cum unload inside her from two side...but there was only a short pause.

She was ordered to shift position, squished breast-to-breast with the non-Drone woman, astride the laps of two men. New men, she thought, though she didn't really care about their faces. Only their cocks. And this one was a bit bigger than the last, she thought! So nice as it slid inside. The other woman must think so too, for she moaned as one slid into her. Then the woman was sucking on her nipples, drinking her milk, and both of them were being lifted and pulled down on the laps of the men. Oh, this was fun. And it felt so good...

More men came and went, as well as several women. Only the first woman stayed, though she seemed to have fallen asleep for a bit. The-Drone-that-had-been-Aria-once thought she might have slept too, for a few minutes. There were brief blank spots in the overwhelming pleasure. It lasted forever and it lasted no time at all. And then the familiar brunette was awake again, they were back at the Pod. There were pretty lights and she was...so...sleepppy...

Aria awoke disoriented. A calming hand and gentle voice helped anchor her as the odd memories of her Drone-self tried to mesh with her returned ego. They did, slowly. And Aria marveled at how *different* it had been. Not just from her normal reality, but even from how she'd imagined it. It had been so much...*more*. She was going to have to do something nice for Violet, after all. Like fucking her into a stupor almost as deep as the Drone-fugue, then putting a collar around her neck and telling her she belonged to Aria. That sounded awesome right now. And she didn't think Violet would mind much. But...someone...Alisha...was talking. Aria started actually listening...and apparently Alisha could tell.

"Ah-ha, there you are! Always a little disorienting. And more so the first time than any other! Are you okay? Did you have fun?"

Aria cocked her head, taking stock of her body. Sore. Very sore. But in all the fun ways.

"I'm fine. And...I think I did have fun? I'm still processing a bit. I remember you were there the whole time. Part of being a guide?"

Alisha blushed and rubbed the back of her neck.

"Technically? Yes. But I only need to observe. It's just...after you played with me on the main floor. Well...you're *really freakin hot* and I wanted more? I made sure a couple of the guys who are pretty trustworthy took charge of you. I hope they made sure it was good...I know I passed out twice. The orgy they threw together was pretty intense."

An orgy. Huh. Aria had been part of an orgy. Probably as its centerpiece? That was...interesting. Another new experience, on top of the Drone thing. She wondered how different an Orgy would be if she could actually realize she was *in* one?

"I do think it was fun, actually. And I'm flattered you wanted *more*."

Alisha giggled at that.

"You're going to be a super popular Drone if you come back, you know. You kept going way after they'd thought you would tap out! And that body of yours can't be *totally* concealed by the latex. Enough they won't recognize you without it, for sure. But you still stood out a bit from the other Drones. Not to mention one of our best Doms was practically crying that you hadn't gone in for an edging setting. What with the stamina you showed off."

Aria grinned at that.

"Maybe someday. I'd have to be in an odd mood, though. I like cumming too much."

Alisha blushed, playing with her hair a bit.

"You...should try it at least once, sometime. The Drone State takes a lot of the frustration out of it...and the first time you cum *afterward*, if you set up some time with a lover, is...incredible. Or can be, with the right person, at least."

Aria hummed, considering that, then shrugged.

"I'll think about about. For now, though...I think I need to get home. I may have stamina...but I'm very sore."

Alisha laughed and gave her a hand out of the pod...

It *had* been fun, Aria decided. Maybe even enough so to do it again. But first...she was seriously considering that collar for Violet. Then they could do the Academy together! As well as have some fun at home. She wondered if Violet was susceptible to more normal form of hypnotism...

<<End Part 2>>