Drakon grunted inside his mask as the suit squirmed and writhed around his trapped cock, rewarding him for another chore stricken from the long list Remi had uploaded. Always so close to pushing him over into an orgasm but keeping him at an edge. He wiped off the soapy water from the suit's breasts and visor with a clean rag as he stood up on heels

It was already the second day since Remi had locked him inside the home work drone suit after he was caught lazing about again, the living room and kitchen once again a mess. It was a bit different from the previous times she'd forced the human into that current smooth and faceless uniform, but this round she figured she'd try doing it without setting his body to autopilot with brainwashing.

After all, even if his body felt tired and sore by the end of his internment, what was the point if his mind wasn't there to learn from the experience?

He was grateful that Remi had at least refrained from making the suit form a butt plug, but still groaned from having to endure all that tormenting edging instead of getting to experience those thought melting orgasms.

The electronic ears perked on the helm as the mask displayed a proximity alert on the visor pressed up against his eyes. A camera feed popped up in the corner as he could see some one in a Kerberus uniform vaulting over the fence before careful inching his way towards one of the windows. The agent had an expression of frustration on his face as he attempted to call for backup via his phone a few times, only to be foiled by the house's signal jamming systems.

As much as Drakon would have enjoyed watching the home's other security countermeasures kick in to restrain and force the intruder into a faceless rubbery fate, he recognized that this might be his very chance to escape his drone suited duties!

With a few hand motions, Drakon was able to remotely deactivate the series of traps the agent would have been attacked with as he used some tools to open the window up before slipping inside.

The agent nearly had a heart attack as he could see a supposed drone busily dusting the shelves only a few meters away from the window he entered through. A moment passed as he remained still, before the drone could be heard creaking its head in the direction of the intruder. The agent stared nervously at the faceless creature for a few moments, hand reached for his stun pistol before the drone gave a greeting bow with a cheerful ping before returning to finish it's dusting.

With a sigh of relief at not having been caught first thing into the homes, the agent cautiously stepped through the hallways, keeping out of the line of sight of the cameras as best as he could, rummaging through drawers and shelves along the way to check for any information or samples of value for his employers.

Eventually, he reaches the basement door, noticing the keycard scanner on it. his heart pumped in a mixture of excitement and fear, knowing that he'd only have one shot at opening something like this without tripping some sort of lockdown procedure.

He nearly jumped out of his skin as he saw a shadow loom over him, turning around in a cold sweat to see the same care drone hovering above him. Before he could grab his weapon, Drakon grabbed his arms, holding them firmly as he activated the suit transfer protocols he installed in the drone helmet as a backup in case he needed to escape his rubbery fate.

The agent's arms were rapidly engulfed by a wave of black shiny rubber, his attempted at screaming for help quickly silenced as Drakon activated the mask's tongue tendril, forcing a mass of thick rubber into the squirming human's mouth. With every passing second, more of Drakon's skin was revealed, slicked in the suit's lubricant as the intruder on the ground felt it become harder to move with every inch of his skin claimed by the symbiotic uniform.

Once solid arm and shoulder plates pulled themselves off, transforming into semi flexible material before quickly clamping over the agent's own limbs, locking his limbs away from being able to tear at the rubber breasts growing on his chest and the blank hood stretched across his face.

His hands now free, Drakon gripped the helmet encasing his head, gagging and drooling as the rubber tendril inside extracted itself from his throat, exiting with a few coughs anda gasp as he stood over the twitching agent, the intruder's crotch now being milked by a new rubber sheath to break down his resistance.

With a smirk, the now free human turned the mask's backside over towards his struggling victim, holding it inches away from their face as he knelt next to him. "While I don't appreciate unwelcome guests, I have to thank you for taking the opportunity to take a break, you don't mind do you? Although, I think we'll need to do something about that resistant suit stretching you're doing, I don't think that'd make we'd please Remi very much if you weren't doing our chores..."

With a snap of his fingers the suit activated and began pushing and pulling the agent's shuddering body to attention.

"Home drone, activate compliance protocol."

A cheerful ping chirped from the helmet before his body was forced to march over to a suit docking station, his limbs pushing him into a squat before getting onto all fours, the host trapped inside only able to let out gagged muffled groans of protest as the suit presented it's ass near two plates in the ground.

The agent's eyes widened as he could feel the suit pushing rubber into his ass, his attempts at jerking around fruitless from the magnetic locks that activated in response to his resistance, keeping his arms and knees in place. A click was heard as the latches for the plates clicked open and a large glowing knotted dildo rose from the ground, held by a robotic arm.

Just barely able to bend his neck around to see, he redoubled his protests and squirming, doing his best to shake free of the arm's aim. Such efforts were in vain however as the tacking sstem of the arm easily plunged the tip into his rubber sheathed rear, causing the agent to widen his eyes and moan in a mixture of both pain and pleasure from the foreign intruder. The dildo slid in and nudged against his prostate without much resistance thanks to the self lubricating surface coating his insides, only mildly resisted by the meager attempts to clench around the shaft slipping into his ass.

Drool spilled around the gag in his mouth as his body trembled in exhaustion from the intrusion, labored breathing and moans muffled by the thick mask and gooey face coating underneath until it stopped, feeling something wedge against his pucker. The rubber coated human let out a sigh of relief and confusion, only to once again whimper fearfully as he remembered the toy had a knot, his futile jerking ad shaking quickly resuming as he felt the arm pulling the shaft out against slightly.

With one swift lubricated motion the knot plunged deep into his stretched pucker, the agent's eyes widening as his lust laden scream was gagged and muffled by that rubber cock buried in his throat. His body shifted back and forth in his bindings as he desperately attempted to find some form of comfort from the thick knot currently lodged in his rear.

The drone suit took advantage of his exhaustion and began attacking his mind with waves of hypnotic media, the goo pushed into his ears forcing him to hear a mixture of pulsating sounds and whispered command while the goo covering his eyes began glowing in a swirling purple and black hypnotic color. The drone in training flung and shook his head uselessly as the human inside tried his best to close his eyes and push out the words of servitude speaking over louder over his own thoughts, telling him to give in and submit to the pleasure.

His focus was broken however as he moaned into the goopy rubber material, feeling the latex snake itself into his cock while squeezing the exterior of his shaft at the same time. He whimpered in need as he felt the latex push itself into his prostate, a thin bulb pulsating in sequential rhythm between the suit squeezing his balls and pumping their throbbing cock.

With one last push, the suit pushed it's new host past his edge, forcing him to orgasm hard, the rubber and metal plated body convulsing in absolute lust as his cum was neatly guided through that cock tube into an ever growing bulb formed at the tip of his cock. His eyes rolled up in pleasure as he let out last gurgled moan around the rubber cock buried in his mouth before his mind went blank, body slumping slightly, yet held up by his...or rather her new uniform, breasts heaving steadily as she took in rubber filtered air with every breath.

Drakon stood smugly over his victim when he heard a car pull up near the house, quickly souring his expression to one of panic. The silent alarm must have alerted her! If he was caught shirking his duties, who knows WHAT experiments he'd have to endure as punishment.

He scrambled up the staircase, still naked, looking around desperately for a place to hide before noticing the slightly cracked open attic panel. Grabbing it's ledge, he pulled down the hatch, allowing him to climb up the ladder. Pulling up the panel after himself he flopped down to catch his breath, when he noticed something blue glowing in the ceiling.

Turning on his phone's light, he illuminated a napping living bat suit, wings wrapped around herself and blue pussy glowing. Reaching up he poked at the bat queen, who's body currently felt slightly limp and hollow. Perhaps she was hibernating>

Either way, Drakon had found a perfect way to make an excuse about the currently bent over and brainwashed drone!

Reaching up, he grabbed her pelt and gently lowered her to the ground. He fingered her slit, watching to see if she'd wakeup in a moment and take over his body, but saw her face still in a sleepy eyes closed expression. With both his hands, he pried her malleable pussy open, revealing a slick blue glowing interior, dripping in mysterious lubrication. Hoisting her above his head, he began to slip himself into her nethers, arms first as he pried her open, hands quickly becoming slathered in dense lubricant from trying to grip her insides, gliding her pussy down over his elbows.

He paused before taking a breath, grunting as he doubled his efforts to widen the pussy a bit further, finally popping his head into her moist interior with an audible hollow slorping sound. Within the dimly glowing interior, he felt around with his hands to find the arm holes like some sort of sweater, eventually locating her shoulders, allowing him to begin slipping her arms over his own while her pussy now stretched and wrapped around his upper chest as he pulled more of her on.

Slipping his fingers into those digits stretching those wing membranes he could finally grasp at Frost's mask. Gripping her sleeping face with both hands he yanked it down, popping his head into her neck, his facial features visible through the silky white fur of her throat. He could feel the cock gag bump onto his forehead as he progressed and gulped before pulling the mask slightly foreward and opening his mouth.

Slowly, he allowed the inches of glowing blue to slip into his mouth, gagging slightly as he felt the tip hit the back of his throat and begin to travel downwards, the bulge from the invasive sheathing causing a slightly visible bump to form on the exterior of their shared throat. Letting go, he felt her face snap into place wetly against his, blinking a few times before opening a pair of glowing blue eyes and using her winged fingers to wipe away the trail of drool, her blue pointed tongue running over her cute pointy fangs.

'Frost' smiled as she continued working the rest of the pelt over herself, swallowing up Drakon's lower torso, his cock and balls disappearing under that stretchy blue slit and twitching under that belly of white fur. With one more pull, the former human managed to tuck both his legs inside Frost's own, wiggling her clawed feet before using her hands to adjust and tuck away the outline of his manhood.

Down below, Remi stalked into the home, drone suit gun at the ready and tail swishing in anticipation as she scanned for the intruder. Walking through the halls she eventually found her cherished drone twitching on all fours, wet spatters of drool, lube and a progress indicator on the visor of the drone's dome.

As she stooped down to inspect the rubber and metal encased host, she heard the clack of talons on the floor, whipping herself around with the goo dispensing device pointed in the direction of the noise. Remi stopped swishing her tail in anticipation, lowering her weapon as she saw the white and blue bat holding up her hands with a playful smirk on her face.

"And is this how you greet all your house guests?" squeaked Frost as she sauntered over.

"Only the uninvited moochers..." the snow leopard sighed. "Why are you here? Don't you have a cave full of drones to play with?"

"Well, I figured I'd take a few days to rest and hibernate...taking care of so many of my kin can be tiring after all. Besides, I figured I'd have a stay over here to keep tabs on our favorite human, maybe even toy with him a bit." she chuckled before nudging the drone's cock with her feet. "I wasn't expecting to be woken up by him to already dressed up in such a...cute...outfit. I figured I'd test some of the fun features of his suit."

The snow leopard grunted in frustration as she looked at her phone notifications. "Ah, I don't have time to deal with this. Listen I need to get back to the lab, you can stay as long as you don't trip any more alarms...and don't abuse him too much now please? It's going to take a while to undo the brainwashing, so don't make any more work for me when I return."

"Byeeeeee" 'Frost' waved with her wings while the snow leopard hastily put on her jacket again and ran out the door. Turning herself around to the bent over drone, she panted as she fished a throbbing blue cock out of her slit.

"Ah now that we have some time to ourselves, you won't mind if I test out some of those suit features will you?" she cooed before inputing some settings on the suit, disabling the restraint mode.

The days would be filled with Drakon enjoying his break from the chore life, using those drone holes in between the programmed duties the suit forced the agent to do in his place. He did plan to eventually let him go, using the brainwashing settings to write over his memories of the capture, making believe he instead just had a wild weekend of drinking and partying.

But for now, he'd enjoy the lusty fruits of his deception.