

## Be a New You With Drone Tech!

By Novus Peregrine

Ashley was always nervous when she came to any Drone Tech facility. Part of that was fear of being identified, even though she knew the lengths that the Drone Tech company went to in order to prevent that from happening. It would do far, *far* more damage to the company than it would to an individual if someone managed to breach confidentiality. Well, at least in a monetary sense.

Which was why her nerves weren't *entirely* the result of the possibility of discovery. The truth was that Ashley, like many other people that occasionally did part time work as a Drone for extra cash, was constantly worried that she'd grow to like it *too much*. While there were no such thing as 'full-time' Drones, that being strictly against Drone Tech's careful ethical guidelines, there was no question that some people developed a sort of...addiction. Drone Tech went out of their way to try and help such people, in no small part so that it didn't damage their reputation, but that didn't stop the creeping fear of possibly becoming such a person.

It was why Ashely only let herself come to Drone Tech for a set number of days per month. The money was *fantastic* and the experience...extremely pleasurable. Even better, in a way, it was incredibly relaxing at the same time. Just being able to *let go* was something that modern life didn't allow easily. To just be able to *forget* for a while and focus only on the now was amazingly relaxing. Which was the problem and the fear...but also the dual draw. Triple draw, really, since only those who would actually enjoy the experience made it through the selection process in the first place. Being a Drone spoke to the kinks of everyone who spent time as one. Period. Which meant it was fantastic money, fantastically enjoyable, and scratched an itch in her psyche that just wasn't quite touched by anything else she did. Hell, she wasn't even a sub by most standards, actively hating most forms of sub-dom play. But being a Drone...well, that was something entirely different.

Passing the last biometric security screening, of which there had been a dozen so far, Ashely stepped into the individualized Pod Room. When the doors hissed closed behind her and a favored selection of soft music began to play, much of the weight of nerves began to shed from her like a breath she'd forgotten she was holding. Every Pod was technically the same under the surface. But they were programable to a ridiculous extent. And every Pod could replicate your favorite setup. While it may have been one of dozens on site at this specific Drone Tech facility, for the duration of her five-day service, it was Ashely's Pod. Configured exactly how she liked it, set up in the way that best let her get into the right headspace for what was to come. And it was already working its magic.

Half-unconscious of the action as she soaked in the soothing strings of a favorite instrumental piece, Ashely shed her clothes, moving in a swaying little dance to the music as she did. She discarded each piece of clothing without a care, adorable little pink and purple bots swooping in from the sides of the room to grab each piece and store it. It would all be carefully laundered for her and ready when she left at the end of her 5-day contract.

Tension already half-gone and now naked, Ashley grinned as she ended her little dance perfectly in place in the center of a smooth, shallow bowl of 'stone.' Even as she raised her arms above her head, the walls shifted subtly and concealed overhead nozzles began showering her with cleansing 'rain.' She

basked in the perfect-temperature water, letting go even more, as the room's lights dimmed and projectors cast a glorious starscape environment around her.

The effect was very nearly her favorite thing about her trips to Drone Tech. With the projectors at work, she now seemed to be floating freely in space on her small platform of rock, stars and galaxies that changed each time she came spiraling slowly around her as she basked in the 'rainfall.' For her, it was perfect. Being exposed to the utter immensity of the universe and her small place within it was...comforting. An embrace she could fall into like a warm blanket, her anxieties, fears and worries simply...ceasing to be in the face of it. Her thoughts slowed, her motions became rote as she washed her hair and cleansed her body with scentless shampoos and soaps that the room raised up for her on little 'stone' platforms.

By the time she was done showering, she was ready, her mind prepped to fully enter 'Drone Space.' She half-sauntered down the newly appeared path of intricately worked stone with a flowing, natural grace she could never have done on purpose. The Pod hissed open, the interior almost pitch black. She stepped into it without hesitation, assuming the position that was ingrained into every Drone who ever trained with Drone Tech. Legs spread shoulder width apart, arms out, mouth open in as big an 'O' as was comfortable. Two heartbeats of silence ticked by, music finally falling away as the Pod door closed behind her. And then the process started.

The mechanical hands came first, of course. Gently and warm, but firm and unyielding, they silently slide from their housing and secured her limbs in a dozen places, anchoring her so the process could truly begin. The boots came next, rising from where they'd already been waiting just below her feet, encasing her legs up to the knee in an amorphous blob before shifting and changing, fitting itself perfectly to her form. It was skin-tight to her, but built out a bit from there, thickening her legs a bit without removing the detail, all part of making her a Standard Drone Model instead of someone that could be recognized. Her gauntlets had begun forming through a similar process while the boots were still rising, and both finished at roughly the same time.

Next came a collar and a bustless corset, one coming from behind and the other from ahead. The collar was designed similar to a posture collar but intentionally a bit less restrictive. She would be able to move her head far more freely than a true posture collar, but only with resistance. The most comfortable 'rest' position would always be in the standard Drone pose, looking straight ahead with perfect posture. A perfect posture that was made easier by the sturdy corset that locked around her body...and easier still by the framework that was now being put into place by a dozen arms. The framework built from the core components that were the Boots, Gauntlets, Corset and Collar. Plates of segmented pseudo-armor rapidly encased her entire body...minus her boobs, groin, and head.

The interior felt like Liquid latex to her...and would *look* much the same to someone outside. The difference being that when a user reached out to touch, they would find *give* to the materials, like the whole Drone was living synthetic rubber all the way through. They would know better, of course. But that wasn't the point. Mere sex-dolls would be so much *less* than a Drone after all. Someone they *knew* was a living, breathing, sapient being...that was at their every command.

That thought managed to penetrate Ashely's zen state, as it always did. But rather than shattering it...it only reinforced it, arousing her and thus helping prepare her body for the next stage. Her body, now under much finer control with most of the suit and its framework already in place,

positioned itself perfectly without her say-so, spreading its legs just a little wider as a C-shaped cup with a thin, textured pair of rods centered on it rose between them. There was little resistance as the well-lubricated rods found their way perfectly into both of her lower holes. Ashely moaned helplessly, as she always did, when they kept pushing in until one knocked firmly on her womb and the other pressed even more deeply into...the other entrance. A small readjustment of the cup device occurred and Ashely whimpered with a tiny bit of discomfort this time as a catheter filled the last empty place on her lower body. And then the sound of the pump came and Ashley braced herself.

The thin rods had been nothing more than the compressed outer skin of the Drone Tech Synth-Pussy and Synth-Rectum. Both patented and trademarked thoroughly. For a short period, both were pumped full of some nameless, non-Newtonian fluid, uncomfortably filling Ashely to the point of mild pain. And then, of course, the true marvel that was the Synth Genitals began. Their textured surfaces began to *bond* with Ashely's insides. In the space of a five-minute period, her pussy was, for all intents and purposes, replaced. Gone were any unique-to-Ashely features. In its place was a thin layer of Synth material that turned her pussy and ass into one of several standard Drone configurations. There were no more exposed places inside her...though one of the wonders of the material was its ability to transfer through most of the sensation. Add in the special texture on her side of the bonded material, and the sensations of being penetrated would actually be a bit *more* intense for Ashely, not less.

That wasn't the case for all Drone Models, of course. Instead, some had their sense of feeling completely suppressed, so they *couldn't* get pleasure no matter how hard they were fucked or fondled. But that wasn't Ashely's particular subset of Drone. She *wanted* to feel it. Wanted the 'users' to play with her, without her being able to say no or protest in any way. And there were more than enough clients who wanted her to feel everything. Particularly given some of the...other things that were yet to come.

The next of those things was the upper body piece. Even as the cup at her groin finished its work sealing the synth genitals to the rest of her suit and withdrew, the two halves of her chestplate-to-be reached out from before and behind her. The rear plate was thin, mostly there for support and coverage as it connected to her corset and collar. Its stiffness did help force her posture but, like the collar, she could still shift it with effort. It only kept her *default* posture into that perfect poise of a Drone. The forward chest piece was ever-so-slightly more humiliating. Ashely was only a C-cup...and Drones were universally large-breasted. As such, the side facing her was made of little textured feelers, designed to help transfer through feeling from what happened to 'her' breasts...even as the chest piece was built up with more synth material to push the appearance and 'feel' of her breasts to those of a solid E-cup. The only thing that kept her from squirming as she feelers settled into place was the relative completeness of the suit. At this point, the suit itself was more than capable of locking her into place, most of the arms having withdrawn. She couldn't even squirm...and she was well trained enough not to look down, or to let her lips close. Their turn was next, after all.

It was with that familiar thought that the chest piece sealed to her with a hiss...and an apparatus lowered from the ceiling. Obediently keeping her mouth open, a rod not dissimilar to those that had sealed her lower holes was threaded through her parted lips, followed by a ring that came to rest just behind her those lips. This rod was a bit more flexible and Ashely suppressed her gag reflex as it pushed all the way back into her throat. It inflated for a moment, just as the others had, and there was an instinctive few seconds of panic when she couldn't breathe. She'd been through this before, however,

and quickly suppressed that instinct reaction ruthlessly, leaning into her Drone Space. After just a few agonizing seconds, the bonding process had finished again and the rod withdrew, though the ring remained, now sealed into place by the bonding process.

Ashely knew, from seeing other drones during this step back when she was first trained, that she now looked a little odd, her lips slightly bulged around a black and purple mass and her wide-open mouth now looking like nothing so much as the inside of a cock sleeve. Which...was accurate. With the work on her mouth now done, Ashely could no longer speak, unable to move her tongue. Yet, to keep the idea of her mouth still being useful, it had been narrowed on the inside and shaped into a textured toy for someone to fuck.

The last two pieces of her Drone Suit were already approaching. The helmet came first, starting out as two separate pieces and being folded around her head, sealing to the upper part of her collar in both front and back, wiping away the last trace of her identity. For the moment, it also reduced her sight to a pitch black void and Ashley had to pushed down a tiny trace of panic. This was the only part of the process she didn't like *at all*, being unable to move in the dark, experiencing near total sensory deprivation for long moments as the last piece of the suit was inserted. And that last piece was the most important, in a way. The proprietary Drone Tech power and processing core that was even now being inserted into a circular cutout at the base of her neck. There was a shock of *connection* as it firmly pressed against her skin...and onto the perfectly matching subdermal implant that all Drones had.

The implant alone was useless. There was no way to wirelessly connect to it. And Drone Tech *rabidly* guarded the connecting cores like the one that was even now being sealed into her suit and against her skin by more of the latex-like black and purple synth flesh. In a few moments, it would be impossible to tell where it was sealed...but even now it was powering up. Random colors flashed for long moments before Drone 44273's eyes as the core activated her implant and took control of parts of her nervous system. The pleasure and pain centers of her body were first, lighting up gently for a few moments to signal handover. Then her senses began to return one at a time, the sensors built into the Drone Suit feeding her eyes, ears, smell, and sense of touch. The only place that feeling of touch was really *real* was from her Synth Genitals and Synth Breasts, of course. Everywhere else was now being fed by external data provided by the suit itself. Drone 44273 knew what, but still breathed a sigh of relief as the feeling of near-total sensory deprivation faded like so much smoke in the wind. There was a long few moments as a heads up display with instructions powered up...and then the pod hissed opened in front of her.

Ashley had stepped into the pod from its rear access.

Drone 44273 stepped out from its forward access, already following the direction arrows toward a meeting with her first clients. For the next five days, *Ashely* no longer existed...

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Drone 44273's last few days hadn't been particularly amazing. The first two days had seen her assigned to the Drone Bar as first a bartender and then a server. 44273 had been bent over and fucked in some fashion a several times in the latter role, of course, but that had merely left 44273 somewhat aroused, rather than satisfied, as none of those doing the fucking had been particularly well equipped. Her third day of services *should* have resolved that issue, as she'd been scheduled for a day-long orgy.

Unfortunately, her users had enabled her orgasm inhibitor almost immediately and left it enabled for her entire day-long service. Such was not the recommended usage of her model of drone, 44273 knew, but it was always possible to do so for an extra fee. Which the orgy group had apparently paid.

Which explained why Drone 44273's HUD was tinged pink, reflecting the 'Extreme Arousal' condition her organic components had been left in. Even knowing it was her duty to serve, Drone 44273 hoped her next assignment would relieve her of that condition. It was currently impairing her ability to function as she was supposed to, after all, which was just unacceptable for any Drone. Well, dispatch knew that too. So they were probably working on a solution. Drone 44273 just needed to continue following her instructions. Instructions that had just led her to one of the smaller entertainment rooms, meant for just one or two users and a Drone. 44273 opened the door and stepped inside...

If a Drone could blink, 44273 would have done so a moment after she entered the service room. Female clients that wanted Female Drones weren't *unheard* of. But they were certainly a comparative rarity. Drone 44273 had only rarely served a female user without a male user or male Drone also present. Which is what made her processor flutter with something akin to surprise as she found not one, but two female users in the room. Both were attractive specimens, if in very different ways. One, with a great deal of exposed skin despite still being dressed, was raven-haired with much of that pale, exposed skin covered in tattoos even darker than her hair. 44273 quickly analyzed the woman's physical appearance, estimating that she was easily five foot nine and at least an E-cup, with the rest of her figure being just as curvy.

The second user was shorter than the first by several inches, with much more demure clothing, and a comparatively petite figure. Likely barely a B-cup, only her smaller size kept her from looking flat, though her rear was a bit shapelier based on what 44273 could see in the mirrored wall of the room. In truth, the second female user was 'cute' rather than 'hot' in categorization, though perhaps the fire-red hair she sported would have changed some people's definition. People whose humor 44273 and many other Drones suspected to be a bit broken and in need of software patches. But still people, not Drones, so 44273 could hardly comment.

Just as 44273 got over her mental stutter, the taller ravenette was hopping to her feet.

"Ohhh! Our Drone is here! What is your designation?"

44273 couldn't speak directly, of course. But all Drones could speak through their implants, their voices coming out nearly identical, stripped even of any unique speech patterns by specialized translation software.

"This unit is designated 44273. Maybe users find it easier to simply refer to this unit as 44."

The user smiled hugely and nodded.

"44 it is! Well, 44...I've got a treat for you today! Hold on a moment." The ravenette looked over at her companion, even as she turned to dig into a backpack she'd been sitting next to. "And Delilah, get those clothes off!"

The redhead, whom 44273 quickly designated as 'User:Delilah,' squeaked. She hesitated, visibly rocking back and forth while darting glances at 44273...and then obeyed. Which didn't mean she was particularly quick or efficient about it. The unknown ravenette found whatever she'd been digging for

before the redhead had even gotten her shirt off. The taller user quickly held up what she'd been seeking, showing 44273 a pair of sex toys. One was obviously a strapon, of the type intended to penetrate the user as well as the target. The other was a bit more curious, however, almost looking like it belonged to...

"This is a pretty rare Drone Tech accessory! They didn't make very many of them, since it didn't prove popular enough. But I managed to get my hands on one and the people here certified it for use on your model!"

Ash!...44273 stared in surprise. Apparently, it didn't just *look* like it belonged to a Drone. That must mean it was actually made out of the proprietary Drone Synth material she'd initially recognize it as resembling. Extremely curious now, 44273 took a closer look at the...double-sided dildo? It was quite realistically shaped on one side, looking quite a bit like the Synth Penises she saw regularly on male Drones. But the other side looked almost like it was threaded like a screw. That wasn't quite right the right description, but it was somewhat similar seeming.

"You see, 44, Delilah here has a fantasy about being double penetrated! Once I got it out of her, I was determined to make it happen...but Delilah is also afraid of men. And I wasn't about to let one of my other nympho friends have a turn with my girl! They might have tried to steal her innocent adorableness from me! So, I thought to myself...we can use a Drone! Only, it turns out that even male Drones freak her out a bit."

The still-unnamed user erratically waved the toy around, even as she simultaneously shimmed out of her low-rise jeans, having discarded the strapon for now to free up a hand. The sight was somewhere firmly between comical and hot, with even Delilah seeming distracted enough by it that she stopped dithering over every piece of clothing she removed.

"I thought for sure I was out of luck. But I didn't give up! And, wouldn't you know it, when I went looking around, I found out about this thing!" The odd toy was given another waggle, 44273's eyes tracking it by reflex. "They apparently tried a limited run of them, as a way to make 'futa' Drones. But they proved not to be very popular. So they never made more than a few hundred. Buuuutt...they *did* keep the Drone-side software up to date! Just in case, I guess?"

The woman finally had to put the toy down to finish stripping, her voice stopping its chattering explanation as her shirt passed over her head. When her chest dropped free with the release of her bra a moment later, 44273 absent-mindedly updated her estimate of the woman's chest size to a EE instead of an E.

"The updated software means it can be *installed* onto certain models of Drones. Apparently, only ones that use a specific, thin, bonding membrane. It's so lucky that they called us and told us such a Drone had shown up! Apparently, it's a rare sub-model, and none were ever made specifically at this facility. I guess you must have been Droned elsewhere, originally, huh?"

Ashel...**Drone** 44273 almost flinched at that little deduction. It was true that she wasn't originally from here. But since Drone exteriors were virtually identical, no one had ever figured that out before. It was...slightly disconcerting. Enough so that 44273 almost missed the woman approaching her.

“Now, 44! Time to get you squared away! Lean backwards over that bench over there. Arch your back and sort of pelvic thrust forward, okay? Oh, and spread your legs. Supposedly, without the extra machines the Pods have, that’s the easiest position to install this thing in!”

44273 moved automatically to obey, though it took her a few long moments when she reached the standard bondage-bench the user had pointed at, for 44273 to figure out the best way to get into that pose. The user helpfully pushed and prodded at her once 44273 was in position, fine-tuning the pose. It was...quite the lewd one, 44273 realized. It basically opened her Synth-Pussy up and thrust it forward into thin air. Which, as she started truly processing what was happening, 44273 realized was probably the point.

A few seconds after getting the pose perfect, the unknown user tapped the base of the Drone Tech toy to a spot just about 44273’s Synth-Pussy. ~~Ashely~~...44273 shuddered in confusion as, a heartbeat or two later, the synth flesh framework bonded to her...err...fuck. Ashely shuddered a second time as the dissonance of what was happening partly broke her from the Drone mindset during an encounter for the first time in years. As a Drone, she just couldn’t process that the Synth-Pussy framework had just...shifted. She hadn’t known it could *do* that. And she didn’t have time to recover her Drone Space mindset before the still nameless woman spoke.

“Oh! That must have worked from your shuddering! Now to install this!” The woman paused, blinking sheepishly as one had stopped just shy of Ashely’s Synth-Pussy. “Oh, um, I’m Nora, by the way. Even if you’re a Drone, it’s probably polite to introduce myself before I, err...shove a cock inside you? Sort of?”

The redhead, finally naked, made the first noise she’d uttered since her squeak, giggling at the blushing expression on Nora’s face. It *was* kinda a funny expression. Which wasn’t helping Ashely get back into her Drone headspace at all. Frowning internally, she gave that up as a bad job. Every Drone knew it was possible to lose your Drone Space in a session...and honestly this one was too intriguing for Ashley to care much. She could have signaled an emergency break or complete pullout. But...this was interesting. Also, she was super fucking horny and she was hoping this might cure that, whatever...this was going to be.

Throwing a pouting look at the giggling redhead, Nora quickly shook off her blush and returned her attention to Ashley. Her hand completed its journey to Ashely’s Synth-Pussy, two fingers inserting into the gaping opening as she felt around inside. Only Ashely’s Drone Suit kept her from squirming at that, particularly as it brought attention back to how *odd* her pussy felt at the moment. The once-familiar contours of the synth-flesh bonded to her had *changed*. It was only a few moments later, as Nora spread her pussy wide with two fingers and brought the threaded end of the toy to her Synth-Lips that Ashely finally realized *why*. Her internal Synth-Flesh had shifted to have a counter-thread for the toy!

The new minute was, perhaps, the oddest of Ashely’s life. Nora literally *screwed* a penis both into and onto her! It...felt pretty amazing, too, if also very strange. When the toy finally reached the deepest parts of her Synth-Pussy, there was a sort of mental ‘click’ that could only have come from her implant...and everything shifted inside her *again*. This time, it was the synth-flesh of her pussy bonding fully to the new toy...and Ashely abruptly realized she could feel air moving around...via the nerves inside her Synth-Pussy? That took her long, disconcerting moments to sort out. Apparently, the...Synth-

Cock? Whatever its actual designation was, apparently it was designed to translate anything happening to it, even air moving across its sensors, as stimuli for her own nerves. This was...going to be unique, Ashley realized, extremely happy she hadn't pushed the safety button.

Nora, meanwhile, had given a little cheer and did a little dance as it worked...then scurried over to where she'd put down the strapon she'd taken out of her bag at the same time as the Synth-Cock. She glanced back at Ashley and spoke, even as she stepped into the strapon's harness.

"44, you can stand back up. Delilah...hmmm...I'm thinking that the bed is going to be easiest for us. You take 44 over to the bed and lay her down. She can have your pussy, I'm totally taking your ass!"

Ashely was a bit amused at the poor redhead, Delilah having trouble getting out the basic orders for Ashely to move. But she waited patiently, doing her best to act like she would in her normal Drone state. This was actually hot in its own way, pretending to be as she normally would be. And it was unlikely that her 'users' would be able to spot the difference. The Drone Suit encouraged a specific sort of semi-stiff movement by its very nature, and it's not like Ashley could speak without the words being filtered. So long as she was careful, this would be fine.

Eventually, the stuttering redhead did manage to get '44' over to the room's king-sized bed. It was a standard affair, with middling quality silk sheets in the same black and purple that Ashely's Drone Suit was made out of. Discerning eyes would quickly note the handful of attachment points all around the bed's frame, headboard and footboard, intended to make bondage a simple affair. Not that Drones needed to be bound...but some users wanted to be bound themselves. And still others wanted to bind the Drones up for fun anyway.

Delilah clearly didn't have anything quite so involved in mind, merely directing Ashley into position laying face up, before hesitantly climbing onto the bed herself. The redhead took a long look at the Synth-Cock, edging closer to Ashely slowly...and finally reached out, tentatively, to touch it. Ashley's eyes popped wide open under her faceless helmet, the instinctive thrust of her hips at the sensation that had just rushed through her thankfully suppressed by her Drone Suit. The moan she would have uttered a moment later when Delilah's hand wrapped around her Synth-Cock and pumped a bit was equally suppressed, even as Ashley internally shuddered at the intense sensations.

Latching onto an attempt to analyze those sensations as a way to get herself under some sort of control, she quickly realized that the *internal* portion of the Synth Cock was rippling in perfect time with Delilah's slowly moving hand, creating a wave of stimulation that rippled up the walls of her shuddering pussy, hitting every single pleasure nerve inside it. Include a few that, despite several years as a part-time Drone, she hadn't even known she *had*. Despite the oddity and intensity of it, she could tell immediately that it wouldn't be able to make her cum, at least not at this slow pace. Which brought her mind back to the incredibly aroused state of her body, something which her abrupt and disconcerting transition from Done Space back to regular Ashley had let her push to the side until the very moment. Now, however, it all came crashing back into her, and she felt her mind actually sliding part-way back into Drone Space from the sheer overload and her own mental association of that sort of extreme overload only ever happening during her Drone Days.

She wasn't sure how long she was stuck in that sort of half-state, automatically following a couple of simple commands to adjust her position, but she snapped most of the way out of it when the

sensations stopped for the better part of two minutes. When she did, however, Ashley realized *why* those sensations had stopped. Delilah was straddling her hips, her clearly dripping pussy almost touching Ashley's *twitching* Synth-Cock. The revelation that the Synth-Cock *could* twitch nearly distracted her...but only nearly, as Ashley also noticed that the moaning redhead was being fingered from behind by a grinning Nora. The taller woman was pressed into Delilah's back, one hand mauling a petite breast even as the other was plunging two fingers teasingly in and out of the smaller redhead's pussy.

Only the nervous system link to her Drone Core was keeping Ashley's breathing steady as she watched, wanting to squirm closer to that pussy, her Synth-Cock barely two inches from touching it. She wanted, *desperately*, to bury her new appendage in the redhead, to find out how much better that would feel than Delilah's hand had. But...she was still a Drone. Taking action that out-of-character would set off all sorts of alarms in Drone Control. She had to hold herself together if she wanted to get what she so desperately desired...

Thankfully, her visual torment lasted an additional two minutes. A hugely grinning Nora pushed the dazed-looking redhead forward and down, holding the woman's pussy lewdly open with one hand as it approached Ashley's straining Synth-Cock. Then, it was all Ashley could do to embrace the bliss, doing so eagerly in order to keep herself from thrusting, as the redhead was slowly impaled on her thick Synth-Cock. She ended up partly back in Drone Space by the time the petite redhead's groin met her own. That, thankfully, helped keep her still as she helplessly tried to moan out her pleasure. Then, Nora was pushing the redhead forward, the petite woman coming to rest with her face practically buried in Ashley's chest. There was a squeak a moment later as, Ashley assumed, Nora began to lube her lover's rear entrance.

The next few minutes were equally agonizing and heavenly. Nora had chosen a strapon only slightly smaller than Ashley's Synth-Cock, and the double penetration of the woman trapped between them took time and patience as a result. Yet, that entire time, Delilah's pussy was doing amazing things to Ashley's Synth-Cock as it shuddered, shivered and spasmed around her. She was almost certain the woman had cum at least once, possibly twice. And then, of course, there was the tightening of the redhead's pussy as she felt the strapon through the thinly stretched walls of Delilah's insides.

Finally, *finally*, Nora began to move. Her thrusting, while slow, was enough to cause Delilah's gushing pussy to move a little on Ashley's cock as well, finally driving her closer to the edge of her own climax. She felt the Drone Suit tightening its control of her body, suppressing most of her reaction...and then that changed as Nora gave her first order in what seemed like forever.

"44, fuck her from below! Try to get a counterpoint to me going, for now."

Instinctively obeying, 442- Ashley, raised her hands to Delilah's thighs, using them to get a bit of leverage and thrusting upward as Nora pulled out. It took a few attempts for them to fall into sync, Delilah's keening lowly, eyes screwed up, the entire time. By Ashley's fifth thrust, she was actively leaning on the Drone Core to keep her moving at anything like a steady rate, her mind sinking back into Drone Space for protection from the *intense* sensations rippling through her.

And then it was too much, and she *came*. Harder than she could remember in *years*. So hard that her mind went blank...

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44273's moment of slightly staggered motion smoothed out, her rhythm perfecting, even as her organic half's whole body shuddered. Good. It would reduce her overall arousal levels, making her more efficient. Eventually, at least. For now, 44273 speed up in time with user Nora's own efforts and hoped that her organic components didn't shamefully give out before the session was over. It hadn't stopped orgasming yet, after all, and didn't seem like it was going to anytime soon...not unless the safety's kicked in and forced a numbing agent into the system. She knew her organic self would be most annoyed if that happened again, as it took days for that sort of emergency measure to wear off...but such was the price of being a Drone. And being a Drone was 44273's favorite thing...

<End of...Part 1?>>