

An Industrial Drone Demo

3M1LY is asked to go on a sales visit. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

“Hey Emily, can I ask for your help with something?”

The yellow rubber elephant jolted to attention in her seat, her ears fluttering in surprise. She had just been logging her recent production numbers and reviewing the notes that had been added to her upkeep log, and with the productive part of her shift done she wasn't really expecting anyone to be looking for her. Especially someone who sounded so... organic.

Slowly spinning around in the extra-heavy-duty desk chair, 3M1LY turned to face the source of the voice, blushing deeply at the sight of a well-dressed male human standing in the door to the equipment office, looking over her naked, glossy form. Her hands hastily shot to her crotch, attempting (unsuccessfully) to hide her pink, nearly knee-length horsecock, while her trunk tried to obscure the nipple of at least one of her voluptuous breasts.

Unphased by the indecency of a synthetic drone, given that they were designed to be that way, the man strode into the room and leaned against an empty chair closer to her.

“So I'm going on a sales visit this afternoon, and I was thinking it might help to bring our Head Machine along? You're certainly more knowledgeable about your capacity and the different lube formulations you can make and how you operate than I am.”

“Oh gosh, I- That-” 3M1LY stammered. “Usually us synthetics keep to the factory side of the business, and I- I'm not sure...”

“Don't worry, you'll be fine” The sales rep reassured her as she trailed off. “I'll do most of the talking during the meeting, all you'll need to do is help me explain some things, and answer some technical questions if the customer asks about anything.”

“I- I suppose I can do that...” 3M1LY responded, nervously.

“Great!” He exclaimed, standing back up. “I've got one of the company vans signed out, so I'm just gonna go grab my demo kit, and you can just meet me at the loading bay whenever you're ready.”

Turning on his heel, he briskly walked out of the machinery offices and turned the corner, back towards the administrative side of the facility.

“G- Gosh... 3M1LY muttered to herself, nerves mixing with a warm rush of excitement that centered itself between her squirming legs. “I can’t believe we’re going to show me to... *customers.*”

The ride over to the factory they were visiting had been a bit of an embarrassing start to the trip. The van that the sales rep had signed out was unfortunately a commercial model that lacked a rear bench seat, and being a nine foot tall elephant drone with a rump nearly a yard wide, a standard front passenger seat wasn’t an option. That meant the only option was to tie her down in the back and have her travel as cargo, and while 3M1LY found it surprisingly comfortable to be cuffed spread eagle across the back of the company van, responding to the sales guy’s idle small talk when tied up and unable to look the him in the eye was... awkward.

Thankfully her technician kept some latex professional attire in her parts and supplies cabinet in case the two of them got called to an important meeting, so at least she had something to wear when they arrived at the factory. The glossy suit didn’t cover *all* of the warning text and hazard symbols printed on her yellow rubber skin, but the charcoal colored jacket and skirt matched her cautionary color scheme nicely, and helped her look like something a bit more professional than industrial. It also didn’t leave much to the imagination, as while she was technically covered the jacket did little to hide the size of her enormous breasts, to say nothing of the bulge in the front of her skirt.

Much to 3M1LY’s relief, the receptionist seemed to barely acknowledge her generous endowments, as did the representative from the purchasing department that they were meeting with. Most organics regarded drones as simply shiny background elements of urban life that had their own norms and expectations separate from those for *people* people, but going into an office was a bit different than simply disappearing into the background of a public place.

Like reception, though, the meeting had also been fairly uneventful. After the two humans exchanged business cards they all shook hands, then settled into a large meeting room where she sat slightly off to the side, trying not to awkwardly crowd them. Every now and then the customer would ask a question, usually something a sales rep *should* know, and he’d nod to her to answer it. A tactic to make it look like the machinery-drones were more involved in decision making, she assumed. People seemed to like that kind of thing.

Soon enough the meeting seemed to be winding to a close, as the two humans stood up from the table and shook hands. As delicately as she could, 3M1LY stood up as well, standing off to the side as they mumbled about something.

“Now about that demo I promised...” the sales rep said, gesturing past 3M1LY to something at the other end of the room.

Turning to look, 3M1LY didn't see anything at the other end of the conference room, but before she could turn back to face him and ask what he meant she felt a shove at her back. Despite her height and bulk that should have made her impossible to push around so easily, she felt her body instinctively give in, gently falling onto her hands and knees. As she felt the salesman lean against the side of her chest and start to unzip her latex skirt, she realized what was happening. He'd been gesturing at her. *She was the demo.*

"Nooooooo..." She protested, while at the same time unable to bring herself to resist. "T- The customer is gonna see my tiny little girlcock and how- how easily I cum from anal!"

"That's the idea~" He replied, finally reaching the bottom of the zipper and causing the skirt to be thrown to the floor with a swish by the rubber horsecock contained within the latex bulge springing free.

With her rump exposed, she felt him take hold of her thin rubber tail, lifting it out of the way for better access. She blushed as she felt her body instinctually start lubricating her hole in anticipation of the singular embarrassing-yet-wonderful purpose it now served.

"Nnnnnnnhhhhh~" She moaned as she felt a large rubber plug stretch out her asshole in a wonderful rush of pleasure, before seating itself snugly inside of her. She squirmed, feeling a weight coming from the insertion. A hose. Her cock throbbed in anticipation as she felt the salesman's hand slide down her side as he dropped to a kneeling position, before starting to guide a transparent sleeve that she knew well onto her throbbing cock.

"Noooooo... I'm not a good demo!" She protested again, a spurt of pre from her cock betraying her enjoyment more than the unconvincing tone of her protests. "My c-c- COCK is so small after the girdrone horm- MmmmMmmmm -mones!"

"That's small?" She heard the customer ask.

"By elephant standards." The sales rep responded matter-of-factly as he connected the hoses to the sides of what had initially looked like a briefcase, but now appeared to be more of a portable control unit of some kind. "Now I'll just get our Head Machine here fired up..."

3M1LY's attempt at one last protest was cut off before it could start as the pump fired up, the vibrations traveling down the hose and into the plug, quickly followed by a pulsating flow of liquid feed material. She moaned needily as she felt her balls swelling, her internal plumbing quickly and efficiently converting the incoming liquid into high-quality industrial lubricant before piping it to storage. Before long she could feel the pressure starting to build, and while she didn't want to cum so quickly while being evaluated, built-in sensors were telling her that her balls were coming up against the eight liter capacity that was printed on them.

Her resistance didn't last long, however, as her attempts to process the pleasure from both the vibrating plug and the sleeve caused her to lose focus on holding the release valve shut, and

her cock erupted. Jet after jet of refined lube shot into the milking sleeve as the world around her stopped mattering for the moment. She was a machine that was designed so that her pleasure also provided useful material to others, and she was doing what she was made to do. Nothing was more satisfying to an industrial drone than a job well done, and she let out a triumphant, compressed air trumpet to celebrate.

She wasn't sure how long it took to empty out her balls and come down from her drone-gasm high, but when she did she could see the two humans seated at a table again, positioned so they could watch her. She looked up at them from her position on her hands and knees, her yellow rubber skin blushing pink at the realization of what she had just done in front of two professionals.

They looked at her for a moment, before returning to the paperwork laid out on the table in front of them. As the sales rep from her own company resumed a dry explanation of contract terms, 3M1LY realized the plug in her rump was still vibrating... and still pumping fluid into her. Turning her head to follow the hoses, she traced the plug in her rump to the portable control unit, which seemed to be drawing from a tank, which seemed to be... filling with the output of the milking circuit.

"Um... I think you mis-configured the pu- pu- uuuunnnnnnnhhhhhhh~" Her timid attempt to point out the configuration created an infinite loop trailed off into a moan as the product of her recent orgasm reached the pulsating plug, and she started to fill her with her own lube-cum. Thoughts of crawling her way over to the control panel to get out of this predicament crossed her mind, as did the thought of simply using her bulk to break the setup... how *embarrassing* it was for a big elephant gal like her to be so easily trapped in an endless fuck machine, while the *people* people simply watched.

Her mind went blank as she came again, overjoyed with the chance to show of what a good industrial rubber fuck machine she was.

The sound of the vacuum pump winding down was the first thing 3M1LY heard as she came out of her pleasurable haze. She wasn't sure exactly how much time had passed; she had long lost count of the number of times she'd cum, and it felt like it could have been days of bliss... but the fact that her human companion was still wearing the same outfit implied it was probably only a matter of hours. She squirmed as the sales rep grabbed the base of the hose and pulled the plug out of her ass with a slick squeak, before feeling him gently towel clean her needy rubber hole.

3M1LY took a deep breath through her trunk as the rep kneeled down and gently removed the milking tube from her cock. Even though synths didn't need air, something about pumping it around still felt calming. One of those things that made them "human-but-not".

Once she was unhooked she looked around for the skirt she had been wearing, which her human companion handed to her. She bashfully shimmied back into it, as he nonchalantly moved on to packing other parts of the gear he'd brought.

"So... uh..." She stammered, never quite sure how to start a conversation with someone who'd just seen her run a production cycle. "Did you sell them a bunch of barrels of lube?"

"I did better than that!" He exclaimed, pausing and turning to face her. "They actually want to buy a license for our formula, and have you dronify one of their procurement specialists so they can make their own industrial lubricants!"

"C-Convert someone?" She stammered

"Mmhmm!" He nodded, brimming with excitement. "We'll come back sometime next week with you full of transformative additives, and they'll have a volunteer picked out for you to fuck full of lube-cum until they bloat up into a industrial rubber fuck machine just like you! They're so excited they're gonna bring their management down to watch."

3M1LY blushed deeply, as the swelling bulge in her latex skirt betrayed her excitement.

"Oh dear..."