

Blissed out 'Bou-drone

A self-indulgent caribou drone TF fic by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"Ugh... what a day"

The inflatable reindeer groaned to no one in particular as she threw herself onto the sofa, her rubbery form landing with a soft squeak and a light bounce. It had been a long day of being a busy business 'bou for Lus, and it showed. The cream-colored floof around her neck that was usually taught and squishy was instead visibly underinflated, and her sapphire antlers had started to droop.

"I could really use a little top-me-up" she mumbled, as she reached over the end of the sofa with one of her sapphire hoof-hands, feeling around on the end table. Without looking she found what she was after, an air nozzle, and pulled it towards herself. Holding the hose between her two fingers she flicked open a valve cover on her chocolate-brown, glossy-smooth hip with her thumb, before sticking the nozzle into the one-way valve hidden inside. She gave it a slight push to make sure the connection was firm, then flicked open the shutoff valve near the end of the hose.

"Mmm... Better already." She murmured to herself as she felt the compressed air flow into her, cooling as it expanded, her chest rising as she repressurized. She rubbed her eyes with a squeak as she sat back upright, feeling refreshed and re-energized... and just a little bit horny too. She reached down to her petite reindeer udder, giving it a soft pat before squeezing one of the teats between a finger and her thumb to release a squirt of fresh, cold, eggnog.

"Ohh..." She let out a moan as she added her other hand to the effort, leaning back against the sofa and staring up at the ceiling as she milked herself with both hands, the thick, creamy eggnog squirting out onto her smooth, synthetic legs before quickly running right off, onto the couch and the floor below. Normally she wasn't this productive outside of the holidays, and she had forgotten just how good it felt!

With a sudden realization she stopped, and looked over to the end table. Sitting on it was a coil of hose ending in a nozzle just like the one stuck in her valve, which her eyes traced back to a small tank and air compressor unit sitting on the floor beyond. Next to the compressor, leaned against the end of the low table so that just the top and the regulator was visible, was a pastel blue tank of compressed gas that belonged to Mary, the ewedrone that lived with her. Slowly her eyes traced the path of the hose that came out of the regulator, following it from there to a coil half-overlapped with the air hose, then to the nozzle that protruded from her shiny, golden thigh.

"Oh no. Nonononono." Lus reached down and pulled the hose free, flicking off the valve on the end to shut off the swirl of pink gas that had discharged from the end of it. She'd just

accidentally filled herself with drone gas! And enough of a dose that she was already growing a thick second skin. A gorgeous suit of heavy golden rubber, permanently bonded to the inflatable below...

"Oh! Ohhh..." She moaned to herself as she rubbed the expanding patch of gold, caressing the side of her udder as it flowed across the pink surface, her sense of touch not being diminished by the additional layer, but in fact being amplified instead. Every touch, every caress was even more pleasurable than before as she tugged on a teat fruitlessly, the valve inside not allowing her eggnog to flow-

"Wha-" She groaned weakly to herself, reaching down with her other hand to try another.

Drone exists to serve others. Her udder is for providing them with nog, not for her spill for her own pleasure.

She stopped, taken aback by the sudden voice in her head that wasn't her own. She raised one hoof-hand to her head, realizing just how light-headed she suddenly felt, while she continued to tug at a teat with the other.

Drone exists to serve others. Her udder is for providing them with nog, not for her spill for her own pleasure.

"Drone's udder... for pleasing... others" she repeated to herself, letting go of the teat in her hand and instead giving the golden udder a gentle caress, running her hand over the blue recessed zipper that ran down its center as she felt the liquid inside slosh.

That's right. Good drone.

Those words, "good drone", brought a flash of arousal to her nethers, drawing her attention to the patch of rubber that was nearing her pussy. She tossed back her head again, letting out a hot breath of pink gas as the goo poured inside, stretching out her walls as a hollow rubber shaft pressed inside her. She moaned as it bonded with her, feeling the lube run down her firm-but-squishy rubber walls as her cunt molded itself into a round toy lined with ribs and nubs. She reached down, sticking a thick hoof-finger inside easily and moaning at the incredible sensation of rubbing her own rubber nubs, before it was forced out again, the zipper from her udder continuing back along her crotch and sealing her new toy-hole behind it.

Drone's toy is for pleasing others. Drone needs to find others to unzip her and play with her. Drone doesn't get to be drippy and messy unless others choose for her to be.

Lus whimpered as she tugged at the zipper, failing to get it to move as she felt the heat and moisture rising behind it.

A classy, luxury drone doesn't dribble her lube all over. She stays zipped and needy until her services are needed.

Lus reluctantly pulled her hand away, holding it out in front of her as she watched the golden rubber coating roll down it. She turned it over, staring transfixed at it as the coating consumed her hooves, forming firmer rubber caps over her hoof fingers. In the background she stretched her legs out, watching as the metallic layer rolled down her ankles, her hooves being covered in a thick layer of anti-slip cerulean rubber.

"Ahhh!" She gasped again as she was pulled from the haze by the sensation of cool liquid rubber pressing into her anus, parting her clenching cheeks as the smooth, tight, stretchy toyhole pressed deep inside her, bonding inside her. She wiggled her tail against the sofa with a squeak as she felt the leftover liquid collect on the rim of her new pleasure hole, solidifying into a puffy, lewd, rubber donut.

Good drone. Drone loves to please others with her sensitive donut.

Lus nodded in acknowledgement of the voice as the gold rubber crept over her floop, working it's way up her neck. She squirmed as it crept down her muzzle, two blue ports forming in the sides of it as the tip of her snout was sealed over, replaced with a blank, metallic mask. As it crept over her face, hardening into blue, swirly lenses over her eyes she reached over to the tank that had started her transformation and lifted it over the end table, placing it on the sofa behind her. She leaned back, feeling it click into place on her back, before reaching over her shoulder and grabbing the hoses, connecting them to her muzzle ports.

She took a deep breath of the pink gas, feeling a wave of pleasure flow through her as the gas coursed through her hollow insides, permeating every part of her. On the outside the goo made its way over the last unsuited areas, flowing up onto her ears and dragging them down slightly from their usually perky position. It coated her antlers, blunting the points even more than they already were, forming them into a firm but forgiving rubber ornament. She spasmed and kicked her legs as the programming finally allowed her the overdue orgasm it had been holding back. She ground a hoof-hand against her crotch zipper and another against her udder as the overwhelming pleasure of her more sensitive heavy rubber anatomy overwhelmed her, burning the rules of being a good rubber 'bou-drone into her malleable mind.

Feels good to be a luxury drone, doesn't it? So elegant and erotic. Horny, yet composed. You don't even miss that you can't orgasm by yourself anymore. Drone only gets relief from others.

Lus nodded in agreement as she rose from the sofa. She held her hands out at her sides as she stood up, steadying herself as she felt the vibrators that were built into the walls of her new ribbed rubber pussy and her puffy, gaping anus came to life. Fresh, cool reindeer nog continued to flow into her udder as she stood there, causing the sensitive rubber pouch to swell, the weight and pressure on her crotch growing. Despite her recent release she was now even more

aroused, and even more needy. Her legs wobbled and her hands quivered as she thought about touching herself, before the voice interrupted her.

Drone loves her new body, doesn't she? Being dependent on others to cum. Always horny, needy, yet not so lost in it that she isn't still useful. Drone enjoys working and playing in her permanent blissful haze.

She stood frozen to the spot as she listened to the voice, her legs steadying and the thought of trying to pleasure herself fading away as she stared into the spirals. She was a good drone. She was made to please others, and she would stand here at attention, enjoying her blissful new body until her ewedrone companion returned. In a few hours Mary should be back and could show her the ropes (and hoses) of her new job as an industrial drone... and then test how well she pleases others.