

Dancing to the Bleat

A Sheepdrone TF fic by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"Really? This is the best you could do?"

"Come on! It's an underground pop-up club, you've got to wear a mask of *some* kind during your set. And besides... I think it's kinda cute."

Sean flipped the rubbery hood over in his hands once more, giving it an annoyed glare. Sure it had the gas-mask aesthetic he'd had in mind, but he had expected something... well, not this. It looked like a damn sheep! Like someone smashed together a rubber sheep mask with some parts from the hardware store. Although, as he ran his hand over the hose fittings at the end of the muzzle, it did seem to have been made with a pretty good level of finish. Where the hell did she even get such a thing?

"I'll see if I can find something else, but it's not like anyone is going to know it's you. That's the whole *point*."

He turned to face the condescending voice and opened his mouth, about to rip into the young redhead leaning against the door - who was supposed to be helping him set up. She was missing *his* point; that just because he was performing anonymously didn't mean he was okay with looking like a joke. Before he let loose he stopped himself, looking back to the mask. It was certainly a head-turning piece, and the strange fusion of fluffy sheep and industrial equipment was actually so ridiculous that it sort looped around and became ironically cool again.

"I mean... if nothing else turns up, I think I can work with this."

"Great. You're on at eleven. I've got some other stuff to take care of, so text me if you need anything."

And with that she was gone, leaving him alone in the makeshift dressing room. Sean rolled his eyes as he set down the mask, turning back to his laptop. Whatever. He had samples to prep.

Sean held the mask up, giving the inside of it a more thorough inspection than he had earlier.

"Hmmm...." he poked at the sealed muzzle before turning to the smooth, shiny side of the hood, feeling for hidden holes and frowning when he didn't find any access other than the ports on the front and the floppy rubber ears on the top. "Still can't believe this dumb design isn't just a prop."

He chuckled to himself before putting in a pair of in-ear monitors, muffling the distant thumping of the current set while he installed a microphone down in the muzzle. Satisfied that he'd be

able to hear and interact from inside the gas-mask he held it up to his face, using his free hand to gently pull the zipper closed over his dark, messy hair, guiding the audio cables out the back. As the zip hit the end of its travel and the neck formed a seal, he took a breath in through the filters. It... it actually was kind of nice in here. The one-way lenses blocked less light than he thought they would, and the filters weren't as restrictive as he feared. He stood in front of the mirror and turned to the side, checking for how obvious the zipper was.

Before he could find it the dressing room door opened, the redheaded assistant from earlier standing in it. Her hair was noticeably frazzled, likely from wearing the sheep-mask of her own which she held in her hands. The combination of the in-ear monitors and a layer of rubber made it hard to hear her, but the message was clear. He was up.

"Thanpf" Sean mumbled through the mask, nodding and grabbing his gear before heading into the corridor. As he neared the stage he could hear the last track come to a close, and the club patrons break out into cheers. He paused at the curtain.

"Up next, we've got a set from your mystery artist. About to get wild up in here!"

As the cheers rose he stepped through the curtain, fist pumping with his free hand as he plugged his cables into the waiting synthesizer and fired off his first set of loops. He surveyed the crowd for a moment, waiting for the right moment to add the next set of beats. It was hard to tell with all the various masks and face coverings, but it seemed like the sheep mask was so dumb everyone was on board with the silliness of it. That was a relief.

No longer worried about the mask, the first two tracks flew by. The energy was electric in the converted warehouse, and despite the damp, gooey feeling that was creeping down his chest and back from the warm mask, he was amped. A dumb idea hit him, and he turned down the bass, flicking on the microphone in the mask.

"You warmed up yet? This sheep's got some sick bleats for ya!" He quickly flicked the in-mask mic back off after the dumb themed pun, and cranked the low backing beat way up.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

Sean hopped slightly and pumped his fist in time with the music, feeling the low bass beat flowing through his body... specifically a certain part of his body. He could feel his cock starting to stiffen, tenting his shorts as it rubbed awkwardly in time with the music. He reached down behind the booth with his off hand, quickly adjusting his shorts.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

He blushed under the gas-mask as he felt his adjustment do little to reduce his arousal. If anything, now that this package wasn't awkwardly restricted the pleasure was actually more intense. He snuck his hand down and gave the bulge in his shorts a stealthy squeeze as it

throbbed in time with the beat, before returning to the task and hand and dropping in a transition to the next set of samples.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun.

"Uugh..." He grunted to himself inside the mask as he felt the throbbing in his crotch change in pace to follow the new base line, the bulge in his shorts feeling like it was still swelling even larger. The pleasure was incredible and he just wanted to crank the backing all the way up and over the edge... but at the same time, why rush to a finish when that constant, throbbing bass line felt so good?

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun.

He reached his hand down again to give the tent in his shorts another squeeze, feeling it throb in his hand when a voice came through the earpiece.

It would feel better if you let it out.

A voice in his head said he shouldn't, that something was wrong... but he could barely hear it over the music. Before he could bring himself to focus on that thought he was already following the first voice's suggestions, loosening his pants and letting his rubber shaft throb freely.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Dun, dun, dudududun.

Wait. His rubber shaft?! He skipped a beat in panic.

Of course. Matches your theme. And it feels great, doesn't it? Although maybe it is a bit much to have your cock flopping about on stage...

That... made sense? He gave his cock another squeeze, feeling the soft rubber deform in his hand as he used his other to lay in a new beat.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Buhbuhbuh. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Buhbuhbuh.

He glanced out at the crowd, finding them too entranced in the beats and preoccupied with each other to be paying his sudden exhibitionism any mind, before relocating the hand that was pumping a fist in time to the music to pumping something else. As he did, he could feel things shifting down there... the rubber spreading to his hand, a thin film of goo rubbing off of it and squelching between his fingers as the strokes got shorter, his cock trading length for girth... and sensitivity.

Gotta have gloves that match the outfit. Give it a sec, you'll be stage-friendly again soon.

As the plump cock continued to throb, he felt his motion change from a stroke into more of a kneading as the thickening gloves limited his dexterity. Something... Something was wrong down there... but it felt so right?

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Buhbuhbuh. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Buhbuhbuh.

He threw in a new loop before looking back down to his crotch. In the middle of his puffy, white latex shorts, where his cock should have been, was a throbbing rubber bulge. He reached down with his uncovered hand, giving it an experimental squeeze that left it covered in cool, rubbery goo. He- He could feel the pleasure radiating outward through this latex crotch, pushing the edge of the spreading shine over his knees and up his pecs. He let out a huff as the latex pressed into his rear, a plug forming inside of his rubber rump, throbbing in time with his bulge.

Go on. I know you've been wanting to crank it up.

He didn't need the voice to ask twice. He fumbled with the synthesizer for a moment, his fingers failing to respond inside the thick, stiff rubber gloves as he felt the goo on them stiffen. He pulled his hand back for a moment, staring at his shiny new hoof-mitts and trying unsuccessfully to flex his fingers within them. His mind raced for a moment, wondering how he was going to crank up the beat now, before his senses suddenly returned to him. He enthusiastically smacked his hoof-hand down on the synthesizer with a rubbery clonk, and with the notch in his cloven hoof pushed the slider up.

Thump-Thump. ThumpThuThump. Thump-Thump. ThumpThuThump

He could feel his bulge throbbing faster and more intensely to match the faster beat, while the new plug vibrated in time from the other side. It was like he was on the edge of an orgasm, every throb feeling like he was going to explode, but just... couldn't get there. He looked down again, seeing a new marking on his bulge. A lock. With an infinity symbol on it.

That's right. No risk of making a mess on stage with a permanent rubber nudge. Not that you would want to, right?

He gave his new nudge a squeeze between his two stiff hoof-mitts, his whole body throbbing in pleasure as black goo rolled down his legs, over his boots. The white rubber on his chest rolled the rest of the way up his pecs, meeting the black rubber of his neck before flowing down his arms, meeting his gloves at the elbow. He fully looked the part of an industrial sheep now, and it felt incredible. Each beat, each throb of his rubberized body was the edge of bliss. The voice was right. It was good to be a horny, needy rubber sheep. He didn't need to cum. He didn't even *want* to cum anymore.

I think you know what to do now~

He flicked a switch in his mind, fading out the current track before switching his voice from his internal speaker to the club's sound system.

"The Synthesizer Sheep has a special treat for you all tonight! This next track is going to change your world!"

He restarted the bass line, letting out a soft bleat as the throbbing in his bulge returned, then looped the bleat into the mix with his other samples. He surveyed the crowd, watching them get further and further lost in the music, before raising a hand to the synthesizer and punching the "hypno" loop.

Good sheep, good drones, head full of wool~. Good sheep, good drones, head full of wool~

The Synthesizer Sheep surveyed the crowd, watching the crowd for changes.

Good sheep, good drones, head full of wool~. Good sheep, good drones, head full of wool~

They started slowly and subtly. A bandanna starting to push out from the muzzle growing behind it. The strap falling away from a pair of ridiculous round goggles. A glint of shiny rubber poking out from the neckline of a shirt. Pants starting to bulge with new and improved equipment... as well as a number of skirts.

You're a happy rubber sheep, a horny rubber sheep, embracing your fantasy~

He faded out the first hypno loop, transitioning it into the second, his bulge throbbing in anticipation of the next set of changes. It didn't take long for the atmosphere in the club to change, the moves on the dance floor getting dirtier and dirtier, some drones choosing to discard their clothing as "dancing" ceased to be the proper description, others too preoccupied to do so and instead allowing their growing rubber wool to take care of it for them, oozing over it and dissolving it away, or inflating from underneath and stretching out the seams until they burst.

You're a happy rubber sheep, a horny rubber sheep, embracing your fantasy~

He turned to check the bar area, and huffed a satisfied bleat at seeing it too descending into rubber sheepdrone debauchery. On a barstool sat what used to be the red headed assistant from earlier, her own sheep mask having seamlessly extended itself down her body to her elbows and knees, converting the woman below. Next to the nearly-complete ewedrone sat a handsome rubber ram, who's muzzle was being held to the large, zippered bulge under her disheveled skirt by his curly, blunt horns. At a booth near them a fully converted ewe was bent over a table, her little rubber tail raised for the ram who was nuzzling her sensitive bits, his muzzle covered in her shiny, synthetic fluids. Down at the end of the bar a ewe with a round,

dark, goat-like udder below a large flared cock sat perched with her legs open, offering two new on-tap offerings more of interest to the transforming crowd.

We have many models, but all are welcome, all have a place in the flock

A growing chorus of rubber-on-rubber squeaking pulled his attention back to the floor of the club, where a full-on orgy of rubber sheepdrones was in progress. At first they all appeared identical, but as the Synthesizer Sheep watched, the menagerie of different models became apparent. Off to the side were two sheep like him, grinding their sealed bulges together as the rubber crept up their necks, silencing their moans of pleasurable frustration as their sealed muzzles grew in. Down in front a still mostly-human woman ground against a male sheep, dropping her pants to reveal a small rubber cock that she ground against his. As they frothed he watched it grow, gaining in length and girth as her body fluffed up, becoming rounder and squeakier until he lost track of which of the two identical rams had started as which.

In the center of the floor a man with rubberized limbs was on his hands and knees, surrounded by sheepdrones further along. The Synthesizer Sheep watched as they folded his arms and legs in on themselves, gently rubbing the fresh, soft rubber with their clumsy hooves until the folded over limbs were each one puffy, featureless stub. His nudge throbbed in jealousy as he watched the drone's body turned into its own permanent bitchesuit, the various ram and ewe models jerking themselves off onto it's torso, covering it in their rubber cum to finish it's conversion into a communal toy for the flock.

We have many models, but all are welcome, all have a place in the flock

A strange squeak drew his attention back to the bar area, where in place of the pair of drones in the booth now stood a single sheeptaur drone, running its hoof-gloves over the wool behind its front legs, smoothing out the gap that had formerly existed between the two drones into a perfectly smooth, shiny surface. As soon as the seam was gone the smooth, nubbed dildo that was now between the taur's rear legs let out a jet of liquid rubber, leaving a puddle on the floor of the bar before resuming it's stiff, needy, rhythmic throbbing.

The new drone wasn't alone for long as the ewe from the bar made her way over, her ram struggling to adjust to the udder between his legs as he was tugged along by an air hose running from his sealed muzzle to his mistress' needy bulge. She grabbed the bridle-like loop of hose hanging from the new sheeptaur's muzzle, leading her two new toys off to a booth to continue their fun.

As the trio disappeared from sight the Synthesizer Sheep stopped the track abruptly, waited a moment for the frustrated huff from the needy drones below as the teasing abruptly stopped, then started up a low, slow loop to start the gradual buildup all over again. He could thank the ewedrone for the mask later. He had flock to entertain, and an onboard radio transmitter to try out~