

A Rubbery Reunion

A sheep gal catches up on her friend's recent dronification over coffee. A post-TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

Elsie took another sip from the coffee that sat in front of her, savoring the flavor for a moment before returning to surveying the half-empty cafe before her. Returning the cup to the saucer, the fluffy, snow-white sheep-anthro leaned back and let out a cross between a relaxed sigh and a bleat, appreciating the tranquility of the moment. Things had been a bit hectic for her recently, so when Mary had reached out to her earlier in the week wanting to catch up over coffee, it sounded like an excellent excuse to unwind.

Raising the cup to her muzzle again, Elsie closed her eyes and took a deep whiff of the coffee, savoring the scent of the expensive roast. She opened her mouth to take a sip, before pausing as she heard a muffled clip-clopping approaching. Setting the cup back down she opened her eyes, cocking an eyebrow at what she saw.

Standing before her was a figure that resembled a sheep in a heavy rubber suit of some sort, totally enclosing their body. A flawless, smooth white rubber covered nearly their entire body, giving a convincing appearance of poofy wool. What wasn't covered by the poofy white rubber was covered in a much tighter looking, slick, glossy black rubber, giving the appearance of heavy, cloven-hoofed rubber boots, nearly elbow-length gloves ending in cloven hooves, and a muzzled gas mask with pink inlays inside the rubber ears. As she stared at the mask she could see what looked like two thick crescents of sky-blue light behind the lenses that made their heavy, expressionless appearance look... almost cheery?

"Oh, um, I'm actually waiting on a friend," Elsie interjected nervously as the figure started to pull out the chair across from her, not wanting to sound like she had something against synthetic creatures, but just was not interested in whatever its deal was right now. "There's plenty of other tables though, if you wouldn't mind..."

The rubber sheep continued to sit down, chuckling and huffing as it settled into the seat with a squeak.

"It's only been a month, Elsie. Don't recognize me?" asked a familiar voice with a slightly tinny, computerized undertone to it, which seemed to come from somewhere other than the shallow, sealed indentation on the muzzle of the sheep's mask that implied a mouth. "Although to be fair, I am doing something new with my wool."

"M- Mary?!" She stammered, her eyes going wide and her mouth dropping open in shock as she stared at the figure seated before her. "What's up with the new look?"

"It's not just a new look, darling. It's a new body!" Mary exclaimed, the lights behind her lenses shifting into beaming crescents. "Squeaky new *everything*, outside *and* in!"

"So it's not just a suit...?" she asked, uneasy.

"Nope!" Mary exclaimed with excitement. "Total synthetic conversion, all the way through!"

"Oh gosh..." Elsie sat back in her chair, trying to process what her friend had just said. "So you're not really a sheep anymore? You're more like one of those anthro robot things?"

"I'm not just *like* one, that's exactly what I am now! Sheep-based rubber industrial automaton, serial number 4D617279." She paused for a moment, seemingly... *beaming*? "Sheepdrone has a better ring to it, and of course you can still call me Mary."

"So does being an automaton thingie instead of a person mean that you're... like... property now?" Elsie asked, tilting her head inquisitively before suddenly putting both of her hoof-hands over her mouth, feeling like she just said something potentially rude.

"Oh, you're fine," the drone across from her replied, huffing from her mask in a way that sounded like a chuckle as she waved a hoof dismissively. "I actually am legally considered property, but in practice I'm still effectively a person, just with some extra steps as a workaround. I'm titled to a little holding company set up to manage me, where all the company decisions and finances are entrusted to a machine... which is me. So not being a person doesn't actually change much"

"Huh." Elsie remarked, taking a sip of the coffee that she'd momentarily forgotten about as she listened. "That seems kinda circular, but I guess if that's what works for you now..."

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed, her rubber ears perking up in a show of excitement while the rest of her face maintained the same expression it had been since she walked up. Elsie couldn't help but stare, marveling at how the mask limited her expressiveness... yet her enthusiasm still came through without issue.

"Speaking of work, as soon as they heard I'd been converted and couldn't be an employee any longer, they offered to lease me!" She squealed, clapping her rubber hoof-hands together in excitement. "I got a better position in the mutagen plant, where they added me to the engineering department's equipment."

"So what do you do there?" Elsie inquired, taking another sip.

"Oh, anything too hazardous for a person to do," the sheepdrone replied, the calmness of her synthesized voice a bit jarring given the seriousness of the statement she'd just made. "Make repairs on the mutagen processing machines, patch up leaks, clean up toxic spills, repair and train their fleet of non-sentient production drones..."

“That doesn’t really sound better than what you were doing in reception,” Elsie commented as the drone trailed off, lowering her coffee cup and raising an eyebrow. “How is being on your feet in a hot, toxic factory all day, doing the most dangerous tasks an improvement?”

Touching a heavy rubber hoof-hand to her muzzle, Mary tilted her head as if in thought for a moment.

“It’s kinda nice to not be bothered? I’m just another drone going about her tasks, left to her thoughts. And as for the environment, it’s not really hot... or, well, it’s hot, but I don’t really feel heat anymore. I mean... I do have sensors that register heat, but it doesn’t really bother me. And I don’t breathe anymore, or have any organs, so it’s not really toxic to me.” She paused her stammering for a moment, before making a series of short, shallow huffs that resembled chuckles. “Certainly not as toxic as some of the personalities we had to deal with in reception. I’m kinda surprised a Karen hasn’t forced her way into the plant and had her DNA melted because she *insisted* on talking to me about some issue from before my conversion.”

Elsie simultaneously chuckled and snorted in the middle of her sip of coffee, not expecting her rubberized friend’s deadpan joke.

“Also... it’s kinda hard to explain, but it just feels right? I’ve got no reflex to try and protect my wool or anything, and in fact something about having thick rubber skin makes being spattered with goo actually feel kinda nice? And the warm decontamination wash followed by polishing me back to shiny and presentable feels *amazing*.” Her lenses flashed to display the cheery, crescent-shaped lights again as she continued. “Plus, I make more as an equipment rental than I did as a receptionist, and convertee drones only have to be in service sixty to eighty hours a week.”

“*Only* sixty hour weeks?!” Elsie exclaimed, nearly spitting out her coffee.

“Yeah. I know it sounds like a lot, but it’s not really comparable?” Mary replied, with a shrug of her shoulders and a squeak. “I’ve gotta spend some time recharging and being refilled, but it’s a lot less per day than people spend sleeping, so I’ve got more time available. And since they have us top off on the communal charging stations when we’re not in use, sometimes I even get my rest and recharge cycle in while working.”

Realizing she had been slowly leaning more and more forward as Mary recounted her new life, Elsie sat back in her chair. She looked the synthetic sheep up and down, as much as she could while sitting at the table, pondering before she asked the next question on her mind, one that had been lingering for a while.

“So what brought on all... this?” The fluffy sheep asked her synthetic friend, tilting her hoof up and down to gesture at Mary’s rubberized body.

“Have you seen any of those newish U-Drone booths scattered about?”

Elsie nodded, recalling the sleek, brushed aluminum structures she was referring to. They were about twice the length and width of a phone booth, maybe a bit more, and a little taller. A collection of tanks and gas cylinders was always tucked off to the side or back, which was connected to an intricate system of elegantly bent pipes and electrical conduits that ran about the outside of the structure.

“Well I was running an errand on my way home from work one evening, and they happened to have a U-Drone outside. I’d been curious about them for a while, so I decided I’d get a perma-dronification done while I was there.”

“You just decided you’d get turned into a masked, rubbery, robot-thingy *while you were there*?” Elsie inquired, disbelieving.

“Yep!” Mary nodded with a rubbery squeak. “That’s the benefit of the U-Drone booths! They’re open around the clock, they’re totally self-service, and they’re fairly quick too. It matched me to the base chassis that corresponded with my species. I stuck with that and just added a few extras I wanted to my design, and about a minute later I was slipping my face into the new, custom-molded mask that dropped down from the ceiling for me.”

“I thought you said it wasn’t a mask?” Elsie asked, pointing.

“It starts out as one to facilitate the process. I just slipped my muzzle in and the edges of it fused into place right away, no straps needed, and it started mixing drone gas into my air supply. Only needed a couple dozen breaths before I was breathing a heavy fog of pure drone cocktail instead of oxygen. It’s a lot more dense and humid than air, but it’s really crisp and refreshing, and simultaneously energizing and calming. You should try some of it sometime!” She paused for a moment, before seeing her friend’s concern. “Oh, the gas in the booth had special conversion additives in it. The stuff I carry around is safe to share.”

“Um... maybe later?” She replied nervously, a faint blush visible under her fur at the thought of herself wearing a mask like Mary’s.

“Anyway, while it was doing that it gently tipped me back onto a padded, inclined frame, and slid a pair of thick, hoof-shaped boots and gloves with a thick sort of gel-padding layer onto my limbs. Going on they felt soft and cool and squishy, and as soon as they were all the way in place they just felt like an extension of myself? Like, having two stiff, cloven fingers felt perfectly natural, and once it tipped me back onto my hooves I couldn’t feel my hoof inside the boot, but I could feel the metal floor through the rubber and the padding, but in a sort of muted way?”

Elsie made a curious hum to herself, pondering the sensation the drone had described, as she carried on recounting her conversion.

“Once those were on and all my short fur was covered, the U-drone moved on to encasing and converting my wool. A couple of arms with sprayers dropped down from the top and a couple rose from the floor, and sprayed on a thick, liquid polymer? It feels kinda heavy on the outer surface of your wool at first, then after a moment you feel it sink in and it’s nice and warm and relaxing on your skin, then it keeps sinking in even deeper...” Mary let out a huff with a distinctly relaxed sigh to it as she trailed off momentarily, before continuing on. “Kinda wish they were slower, but they started right above the boots and gloves and at the edges of the mask and worked their way inwards, and had me fully encased and rubberizing from the outside inwards in only a minute or two.”

“Oh gosh, that *is* fast...” Elsie remarked, still amazed at how quick and how *casual* Mary’s changes had been.

“Yep! Just had to sort out my accessories and finishing touches at that point. Got my collar and bell welded on, which has my distribution block and the bracket for my tanks too. Didn’t realize until after it was done that I’d already been adjusted mentally to know I was safe that close to a weld! Although I was also a bit distracted by my genital mods being installed. Had a big, warm metal dildo come and stretch the rubber into my sealed-over pussy so that I wouldn’t be a drone who was rubbered shut. After it had me properly stretched it heated up and melted some fun texturing in, before pressurizing me with warm air that stretched the tip of the passage out so my womb could be a reservoir. Once that was done it added a zip to my outer lips to keep my toy-hole from being drippy and exposed when not in use.” The ewe across from her turned crimson as she carried on, seemingly oblivious. “Had a zipper put on the extra bulge of material in front of it, and had a dildo installed in that. Nice, large, tapered cervine model; I always liked the shape they had. After that-”

“You- you’ve got a cock now?” The blushing ewe stammered, her face flushed.

“Dildo is more of an appropriate term. It’s solid silicone rubber, so it’s always ‘erect’, but it’s got enough give I can stuff it back into my nudge for storage. And I technically sorta have a second one too. There’s a hose coming out the bottom of my bulge that ends in a big, tapered plug, and that’s actually just as much a part of me as the rubber shaft in my bulge! Normally that’s stored in my own rump so I’m a rubbery sealed system, but it does come out so that other things can go in there, or I can penetrate others with it. You’re welcome to try out either shaft any time you like! Or both at once!” She paused for a moment as Elsie turned as crimson as possible for someone covered in wool, before resuming where she left off. “After that, all that was left was to place a set of tanks onto my brackets, which carry the weight like it’s hardly even there, and swap the hoses connecting me to the U-drone’s systems over to my own tanks.”

Fidgeting awkwardly in her seat, Elsie could feel a rising warmth between her legs as she considered the offer her rubbery friend had so casually made.

“So gosh... that, um... that certainly is an interesting process.” She stammered, stalling as she pondered how to phrase the next part. “And I didn’t think we were that kind of friends. Not that I’m against it! Just sorta surprised by...”

“Oh. Sorry about that.” Mary replied, her ears flipping up in surprise with a squeak. “One of the popular options for drones is some mild mental adjustments to speed the process of feeling comfortable and confident in a new body. One of the side effects of being made for kinky, casual sex it that is that I can be a bit forward these days. And I do still remember being organic enough to know that girls have needs, so I just thought I’d offer to help.”

“I- I appreciate it.” Elsie said with a nod, her blush starting to fade as she finally finished off the cup of coffee she’d been nursing. “Maybe I’ll take you up on that later?”

“Give me a call anytime, darling!” Mary said, the lights behind her lenses taking on a cheery crescent shape.

“Until then, can I walk you out?” She asked, standing up from the table and stretching out a hand to her synthetic friend.

“Lead the way!” She replied, standing up in a cacophony of tiny squeaks and stretching out a ‘gloved’ rubber hoof.

Elsie gave her friend’s heavy, rubber-skinned body another good look as she stood up, subtly surveying the area between her legs that had been hidden below the table earlier, and that she hadn’t thought to check on the way in. She smirked to herself as she saw the size of the round, zippered bulge between her friend’s legs, before blushing deeply as she saw a pink parakeet gal who was waiting in line turn to look at them as they walked by. Elsie turned even redder as Mary simply waved and gave a friendly nod as they passed, instinctively embarrassed... but also a bit jealous of how her friend was perfectly comfortable and even seemingly *enjoying* the way her smooth, glossy body and massive, rubber bulge was on full display. Elsie couldn’t wait to get her home and see what was inside that zip~

As they stepped out onto the sidewalk Elsie heard what sounded like a phone ringing, although not her own. Hastily looking around, she saw one of Mary’s ears perk up, and she seemed to mumble and nod to herself before it fell into a more relaxed position.

“Apparently there’s a vixen about to finish up her dronification at a nearby U-Drone location, so if you aren’t interested in a rubbery roll in the hay right now, I’m going to go check on her. Wee li’l lass did get quite the conversion, so the system sent out a request for a drone to make sure she’s all set up okay, escort her home, help get her charging and refilling station set up, and all that.”

Tilting her head, Elsie thought for a moment.

“Mind if I tag along and watch?”

“Not at all!” Mary squeaked, turning to lead the way. “More than happy to show off the process!”

After a short walk to the other side of the shopping center, Elsie found herself standing off to the side while her friend waited directly in front of one of the sleek, aluminum U-drone booths. As the door slid open, her jaw dropped.

Instead of the vulpine she’d been expecting, what stepped out the door a rubbery anthro... bull?

They were easily seven feet tall, covered in splotchy black and white rubber. Blunt, rubbery horns sat atop their head, which like Mary’s took the shape of a gas mask with dark lenses and a sealed muzzle with a port on either side piped into a tank on their back. Unlike Mary though, their body seemed to be made of a much firmer rubber that had been molded into a toned, muscular shape. Also unlike Mary, instead of a zippered bulge the figure sported a *massive* equine phallus, which easily hung to their knees while still appearing flaccid, in front of... even more massive pink balls? She shook her head and did a double take. No, the masculine drone had an *udder*, and appeared to be wearing milking cups with hoses that ran off... somewhere.

“Veronica?” Mary asked, holding out a hoof. “I’m here on behalf of U-Drone to help get you home and get you set up... and maybe test out some of your new equipment. Whenever you’re ready!”

The rubber bull huffed, taking a moment to steady itself before taking her hand. The two walked to the end of the adjacent building, Mary pausing to wave to her wooly friend before turning the corner, their squeaking slowly fading into the distance.

Elsie stood by herself and stared at the machine, still thinking about the dramatic changes she’d apparently just seen today, and everything Mary had told her about.

She didn’t have anywhere to be for a little while, she told herself as she stepped towards the empty U-Drone. She wasn’t planning on going home with a conversion... but it could be neat to just check out what the options were.