

Rubber Mary

A man tests a much kinkier urban legend. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

The young man stood in front of the mirror, staring at the dark haired, fairly unremarkable looking, twenty-something-year-old figure clad in a bathrobe that stood before him. He hummed to himself inquisitively before running a hand through an unruly patch of dark hair, before returning his hand to his side. His appearance wasn't why he stood before the mirror tonight, though.

"Rubber Mary"

He stifled a chuckle as the words left his lips. There was an urban legend among the local transhumanist community of a sheep anthro who'd modded herself into something that was more of a rubber automaton, a rubber drone as they called them. Full-body rubber conversion all the way through, hooved boots in place of feet, heavy hoof-gloves in place of hands... and an expressionless gas mask in place of a face, with hoses piped into a tank on her back to turn her into some self-contained rubber machine. Legend had it that if you said her name three times in the mirror, she would appear. Unlike the original Bloody Mary though, her modern counterpart wouldn't attempt to attack you or whatever horror movie jump-scare she supposedly did.

No, this new synthetic Mary apparition would supposedly try to sell you stuff.

"Rubber Mary"

She wasn't trying to sell just anything, though. Supposedly, she would appear to make a really convincing sales pitch for getting drone mods, along with a whole other range of rubber body mods she could bundle with it so you could embrace your deepest, kinkiest desires... the kind of things you'd never bring up in polite company, much less ask about in an augment clinic. The things you might not have even known you wanted, or things you didn't even know *existed* until she whispered them into your ear.

He hesitated before saying her name the final time.

This was just a dumb, horny, modern spin on a classic ghost story... *So why was he so worried?*

All she was going to do was try and sell him stuff, which the internet did practically all the time already, *IF* she was even real at all. He took a deep breath.

"Rubber Mary"

He held his breath for a moment, staring into the mirror before him. A moment passed in still silence as he waited for something to happen.

...but nothing did.

Releasing a breath he didn't even realize he was holding, he sighed at the bland looking figure in the mirror as he took a half step closer to the counter and towards the side. Opening the medicine cabinet that was on the wall perpendicular to the mirror, he started to rummage for his melatonin supplements.

"Hiya!" A cheery, feminine voice squeaked, somewhere off to his side.

"Heya- aaaaaaaaAAAAAAA!" He started into a friendly reply on autopilot, before very suddenly remembering that he was supposed to be home alone and trailing off into a scream. He literally jumped backwards, throwing the cabinet door closed as his head flailed around wildly, searching for the source of the voice.

As he landed he spun in place, first to one side, then the other. Quickly he surveyed the shower and tub combo, the linen closet, the toilet, then finally the closed door to the hallway, finding nothing amiss from the last time he used them before spinning back to his starting position. Looking at the counter before him he went to check his phone, when the edge of his vision caught something in the mirror.

Freezing for a moment, he slowly raised his head.

Instead of his own reflection staring back at him, the mirror showed the visage of a rubber sheep-morph, two silver-blue metallic hoses running from ports on the side of her muzzle over her shoulder. Her face was largely expressionless, except for the black lenses where her eyes should have been that contained an upwards crescent of sky-blue light inside them, which gave the drone a strangely cheerful look. As he stared into them, she raised a cloven hoof-mitt and waved at him.

All he could do was stare back at her, dumbstruck. Rubber Mary was real, and she was in his bathroom mirror.

"You called?" she asked, leaning forward and placing a rubber hoof on the inside of the mirror to brace herself as she looked around the room before turning her gaze to him specifically, the lights in her lenses changing to straight bars as she looked him up and down, giving the impression of a sort of neutral expression. Standing back upright she raised a hoof to her chin as she tilted her head, apparently thinking.

"I- I- Um..." He stammered, not sure what to say. "...Yes?"

Mary did something that sounded like a mix of a chuckle and a huff, the light in her lenses changing back to the cheerful crescents as she did.

"You're not the first client of mine who didn't know what to say when I showed up," she remarked, letting out another huff that implied a chuckle, before her lenses once again returned to their default expression. "If you're not going to introduce yourself or anything, I guess I'll cut to the chase. Have you ever considered getting a dronification?"

"No..." He shook his head nervously, trailing off. "I mean... not seriously."

"Not seriously?" Mary inquired, tilting her head inquisitively. "But that implies you have thought at least a little bit about getting a dronification, darling."

"I mean... Maybe a little, but-" He mumbled, before the sheep in the mirror cut him off.

"Any reason you didn't give it more serious consideration?"

"Um- I..." He stammered, attempting to think of a good way to phrase things that wouldn't sound offensive to someone who was the thing he'd said no to. "It's just like... It's such a big change. It's not some sort of small augment that mostly blends in or something, you're fully altering all your *everything*, turning into something that's so *different* and losing so much of your identity. It's just not for everyone."

"But you don't like the identity you have that much," She said, leaning back from the mirror a bit, as if to take him in in his entirety. "Would losing it really be that much of a loss?"

His face went as white as if he'd seen Bloody Mary appear instead. *How did she know?* He didn't really think of himself as having any particular body dysmorphia or anything, but when he looked in the mirror he certainly didn't experience body euphoria either. His body was just sorta "fine" as far as he could care, but it was what other people generally expected from someone like him, and sticking with it was the path of least resistance.

"If you got a drone mod you'd have the chance to mold a new identity for yourself, you know?~" Mary continued, her sweet, synthesized voice trailing off in a sort of tease as she paused for just a moment. "Pick out exactly what appeals to you, leave out all the things you don't want... all the things you don't *need*. Create a new body that's simple and squeaky and exactly the way you want it to be~"

"Mmmm..." He hummed to himself as he momentarily closed his eyes in thought, trying to imagine the possibilities she was pitching.

"And it's not just your skin and face and general appearance and all that I'm talking about. You can leave out all those organs if you want, all those bodily functions you have to keep up with..." She lowered her voice as she leaned in towards the mirror, placing a hoof on the inside of the

glass to brace herself. "Think about all the exotic, kinky mods you'd have room for without all the constraints and restrictions of being organic~"

Blushing deeply, he reached down and preemptively tightened his bathrobe to ensure it would stay closed as he felt his cock twitch with the beginnings of an erection.

"Gosh... T-That *does* sound good..." He said shakily, trying not to reveal the full extent of his excitement.

"I can assure you it *feels* good too~" Mary cooed, stepping back to show off her shiny artificial body. "Every inch of my body is smooth, glossy rubber, and the way it moves and the sensation of touch is *divine*. It's an absolute delight just to *be* now that I'm like this."

Looking the rubber sheep over in her entirety, his eyes drifted downwards to her crotch for the first time... and the large bulge between her legs with a zipper made of the same silver-blue metal as her hoses running down the front of it. He stared at it mesmerized for a moment, before attempting to avert his gaze.

"No need to be shy, darling!" She squeaked cheerily, his attempts to avert his gaze apparently unsuccessful. "I've got a cock in there, if you're wondering, although it might be more appropriate to call it a dildo given it's solid silicone. I can assure you it feels amazing though, even when it's straining against it's squishy, padded rubber pouch rather than actively being used~"

Blushing even deeper than before, he attempted to discreetly adjust his robe so that the shape of his now fully erect cock wouldn't show to the sheep in the mirror as he stood in speechless silence.

"That's another perk of being a drone, you know..." She said with a chuckle and a huff, easily seeing through what he was doing. "There's no shame in embracing your delightful, horny, kinky, squeaky new body. A lot of drones are made to be sexy toys."

"So now that you've heard all about how great it is first-hoof," Mary continued, "Would you like to get a dronification?~"

"Oh gosh.... Y- Yes!" He blurted out, his mind racing with the possibilities.

"Let's get started then!~" A voice said from behind him.

Whipping his head around he saw Mary standing behind him, no longer in the mirror but now standing in the room with him. He quickly spun back to the mirror, seeing that instead of showing Rubber Mary it was now reflecting the room as it was, with the sheep drone standing behind him, before he slowly turned back to face her.

“Wait, what? How did...?” He stammered, staggering backwards in surprise for a step before quickly bumping up against the bathroom counter.

“You said you wanted to get a dronification~” She replied, taking a step closer to keep the distance between them fairly tight. “And I can’t help you with that from inside the mirror.”

“But that doesn’t...?” He spun around to inspect the mirror again as he trailed off. *How was that possible? How was any of this possible?!*

As he pondered that thought he felt a pair of slick, smooth, synthetic hooves graze the back of his neck, lifting his bathrobe off of his shoulders. Standing stunned, he simply watched his reflection as Mary gently lifted the collar of the robe off of his shoulders before letting it slip free of her cloven hoof-hand and glide silently to the floor.

“Now I can see what I’m working with~” She cooed, running a cool, rubbery hoof down the side of his torso. He shuddered at the sensation and closed his eyes for a moment, before something caught his attention. Her hooves felt... wet?

Reopening his eyes he quickly saw an explanation in the mirror, before hastily looking down at his belly to confirm. There was some kind of lotion on his sides, something cool and slightly thick. He watched as Mary worked her hooves in circles, spreading it around... but instead of the goo getting thinner as it was stretched out over more skin it actually seemed to do the opposite, instead getting thicker and heavier the more she worked it. His mouth hung open silently as she worked her way up his torso, exhaling as the rubber seemed to gently but persistently squeeze around his ribs. Breathing back in he expected his chest to feel constrained inside of this layer of... whatever it was she was applying, but instead his chest seemed to simply... not expand, holding its molded shape, but without affecting his ability to breathe?

“Don’t worry, darling, you’re coming along great!” Mary reassured him, seemingly detecting his concern as she moved around to his backside.

With her hooves out of the way he slowly, cautiously moved his hands to his abdomen, poking at the rubbery coating. It was smooth and glossy, and felt somehow both thick and squishy, yet at the same time thin and form-fitting enough that it didn’t feel like there was much between his skin and his hand... almost like he was still naked? Before he could question the contradiction too much his mind was pulled away by a strange sensation behind him. It had felt like Mary had been making quick progress in covering his entire back and not really stopping anywhere in particular to thicken up the coating, but now she seemed to be dwelling on something right at the base of his spine. Looking up he peered in the mirror, trying to see what she was doing without success, before attempting to look over his shoulder. He still couldn’t get a good view of what she was doing, but as she continued to knead at the goo he could feel her hooves drawing out a shape from the malleable rubber surface. She held it in her hooves, seeming to sculpt it into a soft, poofy tuft of some sort, which sent a strange shiver up his spine as she did.

“Oohhp!” He let out a little exclamation of surprise as Mary suddenly moved her hands to his upper chest, stepping a little closer as she did and squeezing his *tail* between their two bodies. That... that was what he was kind of expecting from what she seemed to be doing and where she was working, but he couldn't help but blush at the confirmation. At feeling the poofy new part of him pressed between his back and her smooth, squishy rubber belly.

As he thought about his new tail Mary started to knead at his pectorals, the goo once again seeming to thicken and expand as she did so. He stared down at her hooves as they grew, becoming softer and squishier... and more *sensitive*. He let out a ragged huff as she continued her motions, the orbs swelling larger.

“You're giving me... buh- breasts?” He stammered, as jolts of pleasure from newly-formed synthetic nerves threatened to overwhelm him.

“Just giving you what *you* wanted, and you always wanted a pair of your own, didn't you?” Mary cooed, her massage continuing without waiting on a response as his new breasts swelled out to the size of small melons. “Mmmm. And not just a petite pair either. Someone wants to be a big gal, doesn't shi?~”

“Uuunnh...” He moaned as she slowly pulled her hands away, leaving behind a pair of flawless, gravity-defying, orbs made of the same white-rubber “wool” that covered everything between his neck and his crotch... which he now realized how much it was positively aching with need.

Mary seemed to realize this as well, as her hoof-hands glided down his sides, before moving inwards to rest just above his erect cock. He quivered as she slowly rubbed the goo onto his shaft, the touch of her rubber hoof-mitts feeling strange compared to a flesh-and-blood hand. Her “hand” felt like it was little more than a cloven hoof, with her two “fingers” having no joints and the stiffer rubber they were made of only having enough dexterity to bend the two halves together slightly to better wrap his cock, while her “palm” made up for it with an incredibly soft, squishy rubber pad for him to thrust against. It was so unusual and felt so much... better?

As he continued to moan, Mary continued to work her hoof-hands up and down his shaft, each stroke getting slightly longer as she sculpted the rubbery goo into shape. The sensations were too intense to open his eyes and look, but he could certainly feel what was happening. Feel how the base of his cock was getting thicker. Feel how the head of his cock had disappeared beneath the rubber coating. Feel how smooth his shaft was, with every vein and irregularity sculpted away, replaced by a perfectly molded taper. Feel how inhuman and *wonderful* it was.

Unable to keep his own hands off of it any longer and with more than enough length to share, he reached in to help. Grabbing his tip he started to stroke with one hand, before finding the tapered girth necessitated the use of his second hand as well. As he worked his way down Mary continued her stroking, simply passing her hands over his on the way up, smearing them with rubber as she passed. The two of them weren't in sync with their motions, but somehow that

only made it more overwhelming. Sometimes they were both working in the same direction, sometimes in opposite directions, sometimes at the same end, sometimes at opposite ends... the sensations were constantly changing, and his mind simply couldn't keep up with where each of the four hooves were going to be next. ...*Four hooves?!*

Pausing his strokes and opening his half-closed, lust hazed eyes he looked down at where his hands should have been on his cock, only to see two identical pairs of hoof mitts, one still stroking at his nearly knee-length cervine shaft, while the other sat stationary. Tentatively, he tried to move one of his pointer fingers, only to see the corresponding half of one of the stationary hooves twitch stiffly instead, confirming they were his.

"You liked the feeling of hooves better, didn't you? Only fitting that you should have a pair of your own~" The sheep whispered into his ear as she leaned over him, not breaking the rhythm of her stroking. "Certainly a bold call to decide you don't need dexterity anymore, but one that I can appreciate. It does make getting off a bit more difficult, but I promise it does make the results so much more satisfying~"

He shuddered at her words, trying to think about the implications of losing his dexterity but not being able to think of anything but how *hot* it was to struggle with his own need before he could feel his rubber-covered balls tense. He held his giant rubber cock as best he could with his clumsy new hooves, pressing it into the squishy white surface of his rubber-smeared thighs as he came, his eyes rolling back as he shot the biggest and most forceful rope of cum he'd ever experienced onto the bathroom floor. Moaning, he kneaded his shaft slightly as another jet quickly followed, although this one felt... *different*. Thicker? He didn't have much time to think before another one was on the way, followed by another. The thought crossed his mind that it shouldn't be possible for him to cum this much, or for this long, but it just felt too amazing to do anything about.

When the flow finally started to taper off he slowly opened his eyes again and looked down to see what kind of mess he had made, only to be suddenly shocked out of the post-orgasm glow. Instead of a giant puddle of milky white cum, he stood in a puddle of thick, liquid rubber that hit the tile with such force as to have splattered back up his calves, now mixing with the rubber oozing down from his now fully coated and puffy thighs. Staring for a moment, he watched as the last few drops of shiny blackness oozed from the tip of his altered shaft, as if just to erase any doubt as to whether that had come from him. Not sure what to even say, he simply turned to look at Mary.

"Awww... don't worry, my little lamb," she reassured him, kneeling down to spread around the spatter, molding it into a pair of hoof-shaped rubber boots. "Perfectly normal for a new drone's first cum to be on the small side. Gotta purge that organic stuff out of your system and give your organs time to adapt to their new functions."

He shuddered as she patted at his boot-hooves, forming them into shape. *On the small side? That wasn't the thing he was concerned...*

Oh my.

As the implications of her remark ran through his mind he blushed a deep red. She'd told him how great it would feel to be a drone, but he... he didn't fully realize that meant she'd be changing his insides too. Repurposing his organs in service of greater pleasure. Redefining what it meant to cum into something so much more intense and messy; something that wasn't rooted in reproduction, something that his new body did purely for kink reasons...

His stiff, synthetic shaft throbbed excitedly at the thoughts, not softening the slightest in the aftermath of his first rubber cum.

"Feels good to embrace it, doesn't it?" He heard Mary ask from behind him, feeling her hooves working their way back up his legs, massaging them into a vaguely unguligrade shape.

"Oh gosh..." he huffed, leaning forward to brace himself on the counter with the new hoof-hands of his own. "Y-Yes!"

"Gooooooooood~" She said, trailing off as she stood up. "But my little lamb is still missing something, isn't shi?"

"A mask?" He asked, looking up at the unremarkable and still-human face in the mirror, which now looked a bit out of place on top of such a smooth, glossy, feminine body.

"Mmmm... There's something else though, isn't there?" Her synthetic voice set to full sultry as she pressed up against his back, her rubbery breasts squishing and squeaking against his own synthetic skin. As one of her hoof-hands wrapped around to caress his own smooth new breasts, he barely registered the faint sound of a zipper being opened.

...until he suddenly felt something slick and tapered sliding between his legs, poking out from underneath his cock.

"I- I..." He stammered in protest, but couldn't find the words. He'd maybe been curious what it was like, but he'd never really been into men in that way, but Mary was... not a man. And the feeling of another cock rubbing against his own was... *fuck*.

Were cocks always this amazing? Had he been missing out this whole time?

*If it was this good on the outside... he needed it **in** him*

"Pleaseeeeeeee~" He whined, before blurting out what he assumed Mary was looking for. "Stop teasing and just stick it in me!"

Mary let out a mixture of a giggle and a huff before responding as she continued to rub and squeak her body against his.

“Well, if you insist~”

He squirmed in her hooves as she slowly pulled backwards, her shaft rubbing against a sensitive spot just behind his own equipment. She paused for a moment, resting her pointed tip against the sensitive patch of rubber before suddenly thrusting forward, creating her own hole in the thick rubber wool as she did.

“W-What are- oh! -Ohhhhh!~” His questions trailed off into moans as she thrust into the newly formed hole. With each thrust he could feel the tapered shape of her shaft gently spreading the new passage slightly wider, as it gradually got deeper and deeper to accommodate the length of her shaft.

As the shock of what was happening slowly started to pass he began to push back against her, squirming and squeaking in an effort to try and get her cock inside of him faster. He could feel her slick rubber shaft throbbing inside of him, seemingly pressing against every inch of the passage at once, as if it was a negative of her cock that was just slightly too small. Squirming in her supportive hooves, his breathing got ragged as he felt new hydraulics starting to squeeze his padded rubber insides against the intruder. He could feel the slick rubber walls of his new hole throbbing with need, their rhythmic contractions doing nothing to slow the motion of the ever-deeper thrusts into him.

“B-baaaaaaaah!~” He bleated as he felt his tail touch the cool rubber belly of the ewe behind him, not sure where that twist to his moan had come from in the heat of the moment.

Through his tail he could feel the vibrations from some sort of pump kick on inside of Mary’s synthetic body as she bottomed out inside of him, before her cock started to throb in rhythm with it. He braced himself against the counter as the intensity increased, realizing what was about to happen.

Realizing what was about to happen, however, did little to prepare him for what came next.

As Mary let out a satisfied bleat of her own, her cock let loose a torrent of something warm and thick inside of him. He could feel the space around her tip quickly fill, the pressure building rapidly inside of him as the stretch fit of his hole around her shaft was too tight to allow the viscous goo to escape. And yet she continued to cum. Through the haze of pleasure he worried for a moment if what he was made of could burst, before he felt it start to gently stretch under the pressure, ballooning out to hold the ever increasing amount of fluid. Moving one of the hooves he had been using to brace himself with to his abdomen, he could feel the new chamber growing, sloshing with Mary’s rubbery, synthetic spunk.

Through the waves of pleasure, something suddenly felt **wrong**. *He- He had a womb! And a pussy! And big, squishy rubber breasts... They felt so good, but- but he was a man, he wasn't supposed to have those things! ...was he?*

The rational part of his brain struggled to answer what had initially seemed like a simple question. *They felt so right... but if men weren't supposed to be curvy rubber sheep with a tight pussy and generous tits, then maybe... shi wasn't a man?*

With that revelation the new sheep suddenly came from hir cock as well, thick ropes of liquid latex shooting down onto hir chunky cloven boot-hooves, before rolling off the slick surface into the existing puddle the two of them were both standing in. Shi wasn't really male anymore, but wasn't female either... Sheep drones didn't need to follow standards like that. Shi was free to just be squeaky and sexy. And that felt **amazing**.

"Mmmmmmmph~" Mary let out a contented mix of a hum and the huff of a respirator as she slowly pulled out with a wet squeak. "Now I think my little lamb is ready for hir mask."

Mary placed a hoof on hir shoulder, gently spinning hir around so that they faced each other. The senior sheepdrone stared at hir for a moment, one of the bars of light behind her thick, dark lenses shifting to an upwards crescent to give her a look of being deep in thought, before she produced a mask identical to her own from seemingly out of nowhere.

"Can't go wrong with a classic" She quipped, holding it up for hir.

Shi stared at the inside of the mask for a moment, contemplating. This was the final step in hir conversion, did shi really want-

*Yes. Shi didn't just want this, shi **needed** it.*

Without further hesitation shi plunged hir face into the sheep-shaped gasmask. Shi reflexively closed hir eyes for a moment as the two of them worked together to maneuver it into position with their stiff, hooved mitts, before reopening them to find hir vision slightly tinted and distorted, hir field of view altered... but still perfect for watching Mary work. Shi stared at Mary as she massaged at the wool on hir head and neck, softening it up and molding it over the edges of the mask, sealing it seamlessly into place.

With hir gaze transfixed on Mary's lenses shi wasn't paying attention to where the ewe had gotten the hose she was now holding, but as she helped guide it into place shi could feel her hoof-mitts caressing hir muzzle as if it was hir own flesh. Hir own... rubber? Certain expressions and ways of thinking about himself felt odd as they entered hir head, like they didn't quite seem to fit anymore but shi was still figuring out what felt better.

What did definitely feel better, though, was the rush of cool, refreshing gas that suddenly filled hir muzzle. The drop in pressure from the tank to the lines made it pleasantly brisk, but not too

cold. Despite hir lack of a functional nose, hir nostrils simply a detail molded onto hir rubber muzzle, shi could somehow smell that what was being pumped into hir was a delightful mix of fresh linen with a touch of florals... mixed with the now inescapable scent of rubber. It flowed into hir... lungs? Shi noticed again that her chest didn't really rise the way it used to, but whatever hir body was doing, it felt invigorating!

Mary beamed at her with two happy upward crescents in her lenses, an expression that shi somehow knew was the drone's way of smiling with pride, before kneeling down to pick up the tank of whatever-it-was-they-breathed that was sitting on the ground. As Mary stood up shi turned around, giving her access to her back, as well as taking a chance to look at herself in the mirror.

Shi watched as Mary clicked the tank into some type of hidden mounting system, feeling the extra weight in a way where shi was aware the aluminum cylinder had some heft to it... but with hir synthetic muscles and the way hir body distributed the weight across her built-in mounting points, it simply wasn't a concern.

Now that the tank was in place, shi looked almost identical to Mary! Shi was still slightly taller, and Mary's hoses and tanks had been anodized in blue while hir own were a plain silver, but they had the same hoof-mitts, the same cloven rubber boots, the same poofy rubber wool... the same face.

They could have come off the same production line. Hir cock throbbed excitedly at the thought of being just like her.

"Seems you're pretty satisfied with the results, so suppose I should be going..."

The new ewedrone protested with a string of muffled grunts and moans, unable to speak now that hir "mouth" was sealed, nor able to figure out how to operate the speaker that Mary had been using.

"Awww..." Mary cooed, petting the wool on the side of hir head. "I can't stay and play, but since you seem sweet I can certainly set you up for your own fun before I go~"

With a gentle push she guided the new drone over to the closed toilet, sitting hir down on the front edge of the lid. Kneeling down between the new ewedrone's legs she reached behind her back, producing a black silicone horsecock. Hir eyes flashed a glyph of wide-eyed surprise as Mary tipped hir back into a slumped position, before pushing the head of it into hir now-exposed anus.

Shi could feel the flat head of the huge equine dildo rubbing against hir... *Oh gosh, shi was ribbed for pleasure inside!*

Before shi knew it the toy had bottomed out and shi sat up slightly, rubbing the flared base against the seat in an attempt at even more pleasure. Distracted by the dildo already inside hir, shi didn't notice Mary had produced a second, until she felt the vibrating head of it rubbing against hir artificial pussy. Huffing deeply from hir mask, shi grabbed Mary's hoof with a quivering mitt of hir own, helping guide the second toy inside of hir, hir head rolling back in pleasure to stare at the ceiling and hir cock letting out another spurt of rubber cum as the second toy bottomed out.

Mary let out a recorded giggle, looking over her handiwork. "Good drone. I'm sure someone will find you eventually, but your first order is to enjoy yourself until then, my little lamb. No thoughts, just non-stop squeaky sexual bliss as you break in that new body."

Staring at the ceiling, lost in the incredible pleasure of hir new body being so stuffed and overstimulated, the new ewedrone didn't notice as Mary disappeared, leaving hir alone in the locked bathroom, stuck in an indefinite loop of self pleasure.

The blonde haired woman stood at the bathroom door, her bright green eyes surveying the scene where the drone had been recovered. There was a large puddle of something shiny and dark and thick on the floor in front of the sink with several boot prints in it, along with smaller puddles and spatters on the wall near the toilet and shower. Likely some form of liquid latex, knowing what had happened.

"Detective Gwendolyn?" A man in a blue uniform asked, approaching.

She nodded to him, before returning her gaze to the scene before her.

"So... we're not really sure what happened." He said, standing next to her and staring into the bathroom as well. "The guy who rents the house hadn't been seen in a few days, so we were asked to check on him. The officer they sent out let himself in with the spare key when no one answered the door, he heard something upstairs, and found... um..."

"Found a horny rubber sheepdrone going at herself?" She asked, flatly.

"Uh... Yeah...." He replied, blushing deeply and nervously scratching at the back of his head.

"We assume she used to be our missing guy, but it seems she hasn't figured out her voice chip yet, so she's not super helpful."

"But something doesn't add up?" Gwendolyn asked, trying to stare through him in the hope that would somehow get her to the answers faster.

"Well, we didn't find any records of a dronification kit purchased in his name, or any other mods at all purchased by him, actually. And you'll notice there aren't any discarded components or

packaging or anything from a kit around, so it doesn't seem like this was a do-it-yourself change that was planned out? But that just raises a whole bunch more questions about who else was here, and why they just left him when it was done."

"Mmmm." The woman of few words replied, nodding.

"There's no forced entry, it doesn't appear like anything was taken, and it doesn't seem like he really made enough waves to have enemies who'd do something like this as some sort of humiliation. Not even any evidence of a crime, which I suppose is why they hired a private detective." The officer remarked with a shrug. "Few of the guys thought it sounded like the work of Rubber Mary."

Gwendolyn rolled her eyes.

"The urban legend? Say her name three times in the mirror and she comes and does kinky rubber drone stuff to you, Rubber Mary?"

"Not like we've got a lot of theories!" He argued, getting defensive. "Me and the other officers are gonna clear out and leave you to do your private eye shit, if you think you can come up with some better explanations. Just remember to lock up when you're done."

She watched as he rounded the corner, before hearing him proceed down the stairs with a heavy thump-thump-thump. Some brief words were exchanged, which she thought included a comment about her being smug, before she heard a door open and close followed by the turning of a lock.

Lifting up the warning tape, she stepped under it and into the room. There were fresh, human-shaped bootprints leading from the door to where the drone was found, then exiting again together with a pair of bootprints that resembled a cloven hoof with treads. That was clearly from where the emergency technician service helped the drone out of her loop and took her to go get properly set up in her new body. An older pair of prints that had set into the rubber puddle, however, appeared to start in front of the mirror before making it's way over to the toilet, suggesting that's where things started and probably where most of the conversion happened.

Wait... no. Two pairs of the same size and tread. She thought to herself, examining the way the prints seemed to be positioned facing each other in front of the mirror, before both moving away side-by-side with no return prints. The only way that made sense was if he wasn't alone... but instead if it being another person, there was another drone present when it happened.

Her face went flushed as the officer's words came back to her.

*It- It actually **was** a lot like the urban legend.*

Avoiding the puddle, she made her way to stand in front of the mirror.

There was a really easy way to prove that she wasn't real though, and the officers had cleared out so there was no one in the building that could overhear her and laugh at what she was about to try.

"Rubber Mary. Rubber Mary. Rubber Mary."