

EMILY - DRONE-E0018S

Part 1

Emily took the package from Lascivia out of the young delivery man's hands with feigned indifference. Once the door was closed, she took a deep breath and then ran to her room.

From the next room, she could hear Lara's moans, even though her flatmate had put on classical music, pretending to study. But paying no heed to this, she grabbed her box cutter and sliced through the seals on the box.

She took a moment just to look at the contents and breathe in the scent of the pre-lubricated Magic-Latex Suit. It was intoxicating. Her expression of joyful surprise began to turn into satisfaction, and then into that of a bad girl with some wicked ideas.

So she didn't hesitate to take it out of the box to marvel even more at the complete, and somewhat claustrophobic suit. The one-piece suit, which would make her look like a Drone from her most submissive fetish stories and fantasies, had no seams or zippers.

Made from a single sheet of latex, it had only one opening in the back. Which would later close thanks to the magic of the suit's nanobots. The suit was pitch-black on the hood, sleeves and boots (up to mid-thigh) and electric purple on the torso. With a serial number embossed on the chest that made it unique among all the suits of the same model.

"FINALLY, YOU ARE MINE!" she exclaimed to herself in a barely audible whisper, unconsciously rubbing her thighs together. As her hands explored the suit, searching for the toys nestled in the crotch. "Oh yes... and I can't wait to feel like your prisoner..."

Emily began to feel her heart beating faster. She found herself breathing harder and harder, and feeling that her room was getting hotter and hotter. The crotch of her bodystocking started to feel stickier and stickier, and if it weren't for her skirt, it would have been clear to all that she was very wet.

As was usual for her, Emily neglected to read the user manual and the safety instructions. Therefore she didn't know what her DEMO version of the Drone Suit was capable of. Nor that she should not combine the suit with other Lascivia products.

She took off all her clothes except for her bodystocking to make the experience more intense. Then she slipped her first leg into the leg opening and slid her nylon-covered leg through it until she met the resistance of the suit's shoe.

The Drone Suit was specially designed to make it difficult to take it off, but easy to put on. That's why it didn't take her long to slip her foot into it. She could feel the shoe force a curve on her foot, as the suit had a six-inch heel. A few minutes later, Emily had her other foot in place as well and was pulling the suit up to cover her legs.

"How about... we add a little more kink to the suit," she said, awkwardly reaching, since the suit wasn't fully up yet, into her underwear drawer and pulling out a bottle of Succubus-Scented gel. Also she opened the crotch of her bodystocking. She poured enough gel onto the dildos to cover them completely and then began to insert them, aligning them perfectly with both orifices.

She impaled herself on the one in her ass first, covering her mouth so as not to draw attention from her neighbors by moaning loudly. Because of the delicious pain she felt as she forced her ass with that toy it was hard for her to keep quiet. Although she knew that, once she had the costume fully on, the whole block might find out.

“Damn, I love this part,” she heard herself think, and the words slipped out of her mouth. “It hurts... but at the same time... when I push them in... (mmm)... and feel so full... it’s so... good...”

Emily knew that the gel she was using as lubricant would soon make both her ass and her pussy tighten up. To create a more intense experience, and make it harder to pull those two objects out of her holes.

When she finally managed to insert both objects into their respective holes, she fell to her knees. From the heat of her body, both dildos had come to life within seconds. She sank into a doggy-style position, her eyes lost in their sockets.

Then she rolled over onto one of her shoulders and ended up on her back, clutching her crotch and, unconsciously, trying to push the bases of the two toys even deeper inside her. As she felt that, due to her body heat and sweat, the suit began to tighten a bit more than it already was around her legs.

The pleasure was so painful and so good that her face tensed up, but it showed that Emily was reaching the peak of pleasure. She pushed aside any embarrassment that anybody might hear her and focused on helping the suit make her reach the first of many orgasms.

“I love it, damn it... everything feels so fucking amazing... this outfit is better than the ones I tried on... it makes me want... more...” she said in a broken, whispering voice. “Make me even more addicted... make me never want to take you off... make me so horny that I’m willing to pay for the FULL version...”

With enormous willpower, Emily climbed onto the couch to get more comfortable. Once seated, she clasped her left hand over her most sensitive breast, and even though her breasts hadn’t yet been covered by the Magic-Latex they were more sensitive than ever before. Eagerly and uncontrollably, she began to knead her breast, to pinch her nipple, to stretch it.

Down below it already felt as if the Suit were caressing her special spot. Meanwhile, dirty descriptions of herself came out of her lips. This continued until an unintelligible scream erupted, and a strong spasm shook her entire body and left her completely paralyzed.

Then, she felt the light envelop her body and her soul rise, free from her body, toward that burning light of pure pleasure. Then she fell, after what seemed like an eternity, and plunged into the most depraved darkness.

“I want... more,” escaped from her lips before she fainted...

When Emily woke up much later... she felt strange. Something had happened to her while she was unconscious.

Above all, there was something in her mouth that prevented her from speaking. At the same time, she realized something was blocking her nasal passages, so she had to breathe through the object filling her mouth. She had to cough hard at first. Her saliva was overflowing and seeped out between her breaths.



Part 2

Instinctively, Emily brought her hands to her face, only to find that it was completely covered, as was her head. Her hands were too. And then she realized it... she must be covered from head to toe by the suit. Her whole body was feeling the pressure of the suit.

The heat she felt was suffocating, and she was almost completely drowning in her own sweat inside the suit. And the hotter she felt and the wetter she got, the tighter the suit squeezed around her. Little by little, like a mold, constantly shaping a semi molten mass. And it made her feel as if she were vacuum-sealed.

"How? When?" she asked herself, confused, groping in the dark. Deprived of sight and sound, feeling only the latex covering her, her hands tracing her silhouette against a smooth surface. As the taste of rubber imbued with magic reminded her, she had to keep breathing through her mouth. "Oh fuck..."

"Symbiotic connection with the user fully established," Emily heard, seemingly from inside her head. "Initiating final assimilation protocol. Preparing the user for conversion from Temporary Independent Drone to Permanent Slave Drone (Demo Version)."

Suddenly something inside her began to vibrate slowly again. She first felt it in her ass, then in her pussy. And then the vibrations spread through the taut Magic-Latex covering her buttocks, moving up her back. Then she also felt it rising up her belly. Soon the suit was caressing her whole body. Even the thing in her mouth started to pulse, forcing her to suck on it.

Suddenly, something bit her nipples from inside the suit. Her back contorted, her hands tried to pull at the slippery, tight suit.

"I have to hurry," she told herself, clasping her hands over her hood, trying to get a grip. "Before I lose control again."

"Detecting panic levels in the user," she heard inside her head. "Prioritizing changes in her personality."

Emily began frantically searching for the suit's opening at the base of her neck. But she found nothing. She felt around and slid her fingers in search of the opening. And that's when she noticed something strange, it was like a slight vibration coming from her lower left wrist.

Since she was close to panicking and in the dark, Emily had to rely on her sense of feeling to locate the thing on her wrist. And it was there that the suit's control over her caused her, instinctively, to make the appropriate gesture by tapping twice, like a double-click, on her wrist.

"But what...?" she said, puzzled, but suddenly the darkness began to fade and she could see.

Emily could see everything around her, and she realized she wasn't in the real world, but as if she were in a video game that hadn't finished rendering. Everything around her had become hollow, its shapes outlined only by contours that gave form to the objects.

But when she looked at herself, she saw that instead of looking hollow like all the objects around her, she looked like an oily shape with a silhouette far more attractive than she should have had.

That felt wrong, but the suit had already taken control of her emotions. It was something she'd always been terrified about, fearing it could happen, but now that she saw it, she loved it.

Her body no longer felt like something solid, but like a thick substance, enclosed within a container that gave it shape. Without it, she would have spilled out onto the floor, becoming a formless puddle.

Emily felt a moment of terror upon discovering this, but the suit immediately intervened, and with every passing second, she began to enjoy it more. Touching herself, caressing herself, massaging herself, pinching herself, and spanking herself.

Suddenly she felt the vibration in her wrist again, and this time, yes, Emily tapped it of her own accord, twice, and a floating message popped up in front of her, displaying her user ID, her current status, and the time remaining that she was going to be trapped inside the suit.

A pop-up text also appeared, welcoming her to the Demo and providing instructions on how she could now access the menu, where she could configure herself within this new universe. Curious Emily tried closing and opening that menu a couple of times, and on what was to be the last attempt, something new appeared before her. A new message.

"Do you want to undo mental and physical changes?" it asked her. "Yes / No."

Emily hesitated as she wasn't sure what that really meant, but with a trembling hand, she tapped "No." She immediately regretted it and quickly checked her status menu, hoping something would happen, that her status would change, but nothing did.

A strange, warm sensation spread through her body. It was impulsive and mischievous, and it had no consequences. However, she noticed that in the virtual menu floating from her wrist, there was an option labeled "Morphological Settings and Sensitivity." Unable to resist, Emily tapped that option.

"I shouldn't..." Emily said, looking at the possible choices. "But I have to try them."

Influenced by the emotional changes the suit had brought about, Emily explored the menu and began configuring her Drone form, first hypersensitizing her sense of pleasure and then trying to change her appearance even further. She based it on an appearance she had always publicly rejected, but it was a fantasy she had to try.

"Being a Drone," she began to tell herself as she explored the settings she could modify, "is going to be better than I expected."

Meanwhile, in the real world, Emily's body, encased in the suit, lay almost motionless on her sofa. Her physical appearance was beginning to change. Little by little. The suit tightened slightly in certain areas, reshaping her form and altering her appearance as its host changed her virtual appearance.

But Emily was unaware of this, her mind was trapped within a false recreation of her world generated by the suit.



Part 3

The time for the use of the Demo Version was running away, and Emily had never in her life felt such pleasure, nor had she ever exploded into an endless chain of orgasms, each one bigger and better than the last.

This caused her to keep changing her Drone form. She became increasingly sensitive and sexualized. She could even change the parameters of her fantasies, making things happen that would have disgusted or repulsed her before putting on the suit, were now giving her pleasure.

Her suit was capable of creating entire virtual environments so she could explore new forms of pleasure. She explored every last option on the settings dial and menu of her suit. From vanilla, through BDSM, all the way to pure sadism.

She first tried walking down the street with her new look and liked the attention she drew, especially when she programmed it so that the more attention she got, the more intensely the shafts of her suit vibrated and dynamically moved.

Then she discovered she could add punishments. She started with frustration-based ones, then moved on to pain-based ones. To force her to hide the pleasure she was feeling.

Emily went so far as to hypersexualize her body more and more, eventually coming to resemble a Bimbo Drone. An impossible wasp waist, a huge ass, enormous breasts... that bounced with every movement, releasing a pleasure that almost made her come.

And then she punished herself if that happened. Something that made her come even harder and better. Losing control and suffering punishments turned her on as nothing had before. It revealed a submissive side of her she never knew she had hidden inside her.

And then she discovered what turned her on the most. The settings she configured could only be increased or changed to higher levels, so until she took off the suit, when the demo ran out, she couldn't undo or lower any of the settings.

As she continued to explore the possibilities of that virtual world, more possibilities and options unlocked.

She found that she could locate and see others like her. She discovered that this virtual world wasn't isolated, that there were people who could actually see her. She could communicate with them and interact through her menus and floating messages.

Introducing herself on that network of Humanoid Drone Enthusiasts as DRONE-E0018S. Emily didn't seem appropriate to her, because it was a human name.

From that moment on, when she opened the chat to everyone, the most exciting part began for DRONE-E0018S. Some could even give her orders, with delightful rewards if she obeyed, such as credits for that virtual world, just like real money.

It was then that she discovered she could force herself to obey any order, thereby increasing the pleasure the suit gave her. DRONE-E0018S, ignoring a severe warning from the system, deactivated

the security and morality protocols to truly become a Drone at the service of whoever gave her an order.

From the moment DRONE-E0018S deactivated its safety and morality protocols, no matter how perverse the order, she had to obey, or the suit would force her to comply. DRONE-E0018S could not bypass or ignore them, not even those she didn't want to carry out, whether out of conviction or because she found them repulsive. But paradoxically, this meant that everything she did aroused her even more.

With the credits she earned, she bought greater visibility for her avatar. She advertised herself as a virtual prostitute.

Emily had an impeccable social reputation in the real world. She was the image of professionalism and integrity. Something that made her feel empowered and very proud of herself.

But DRONE-E0018S was going to have a different kind of professionalism. DRONE-E0018S advertised herself as the complete opposite, and doing so made her feel something better than empowerment and pride. She felt fulfilled, and eager for more.

From that moment on, the only thing that frustrated her was that... she couldn't have real contact with the other users around her. And that frustration began to turn into a longing that tortured her. She no longer just wanted to masturbate or experience the pleasure the suit gave her in that way; she wanted someone from that world to use her.

She wanted more... Yes, the suit's three appendages made her feel like she was really being fucked, but it wasn't the same. They didn't truly satisfy her, no matter how good the virtual sex was. But that fed the emptiness that drove her to fuck herself more and more.

The climax of her experience coincided with a system notification. DRONE-E0018S had only one hour left before her time for the Demo Version ran out. Once that moment passed, she would cease to be DRONE-E0018S.

The seal would be broken, freeing her to remove the suit. Which meant returning to the real world... becoming Emily again... the pretty girl... but without the perverse body of a sex drone that was DRONE-E0018S... Emily would have to swallow her desires for a week, until the system reactivated the Demo Cycle.

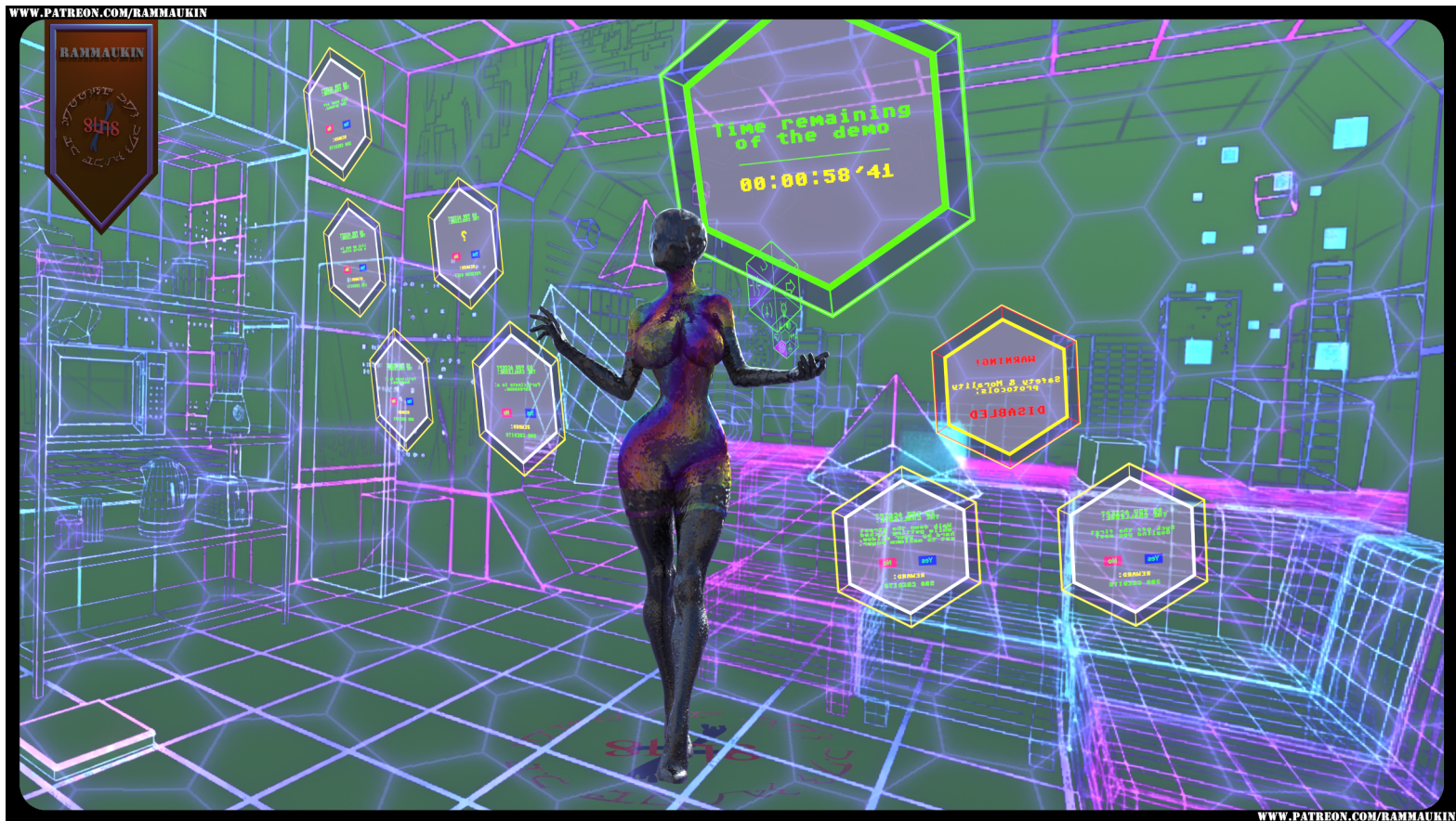
She cursed herself for not being able to afford to fully upgrade the suit. To be able to use the suit without the restrictions of Demo Mode active. Those versions of her suit cost more than two years' worth of her salary.

But DRONE-E0018S accepted it, since she could be that DRONE-E0018S again whenever she wanted...

She even discovered she could make the virtual rewards into real financial benefits... she'd have to figure out how to advertise enticing offers so enough people would send her orders. But these orders couldn't be complicated, or else she might make very little money. The more perverse the task given to her, the more money she would make.

Working as a prostitute in the virtual world to earn money in the real one, towards a fully functional suit, really intrigued her.

But before she stopped being DRONE-E0018S, she wanted one last orgasm, a challenge that would make her even more addicted to being what she was now.



Part 4

“Hey guys!” DRONE-E0018S posted her request in the chat, open to everyone. “Would someone please give this drone the most twisted command. I’ll be logging off soon because my demo time is running out.”

The response wasn’t long in coming.¹

“I’ve been watching you, and I think I have what you want. Do you want to willingly obey the perverse and forbidden command that will give you the best orgasm of your life, one you can only experience once?”

The message popped up from a user calling herself Mistress Esclavizadora.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” DRONE-E0018S replied, eager to hear what the order would be. “Like any good drone, the suit will force me to obey. I shouldn’t tell you this, but... hehe... I’ve disabled the security protocols to ensure I follow any order.”

“Great! I’ve always wanted a drone like you under my command... DRONE-E0018S, I’m going to give you some guidelines that you’ll have to accept and obey...” Mistress Esclavizadora. began typing, pausing dramatically. “...But first, from now on, call me ‘My Mistress and Lady’.”

“Next you’ll have to ‘walk’ to the address on my profile, letting everyone see you while you touch yourself and while your helmet repeats the recording ‘I will obey and be faithful to my Enslaver Mistress’. ”

“Hmm, there’s a problem...” replied DRONE-E0018S upon seeing the Enslaver’s address. “I won’t make it in time... your location is over an hour’s ‘walk’ away, and I don’t have enough credit to pay for the Non-Demo Version.”

“Don’t worry, DRONE-E0018S, I can take care of the payment,” replied the Enslaver Mistress cheerfully. “What matters is that you agree to be My Drone, and acknowledge me as Your Mistress... to be mine and only mine! So that I can fulfill the fantasy that until now you’ve only been able to experience as a demo.”

“Really?” DRONE-E0018S replied cheerfully in the chat. “You’re going to do that for me? You’re going to pay the fortune it costs?”

"I just did! Soon your suit will be fully functional. Enjoy it DRONE-E0018S."

Then, suddenly, a request popped up on her communicator. When she opened it, she received an official document with several clauses. It stated that the payment of Mistress Esclavizadora had been transferred into debt owed by Emily. Soon after that, another Document popped up, Form A-2030. It said:

Document A-2030:

An official document recognized by the United Nations, waiving certain personal rights. For resilient and obedient individuals who wish for a third party to assume responsibility and ownership over them. In exchange for substantial payments and/or the repayment of excessive debt.

“Just accept,” wrote the Enslaving Mistress in her chat. “And officially, your debt will be paid off, and DRONE-E0018S will be mine, to let you enjoy everything you’ve asked for and so much more.”

DRONE-E0018S’s heart began to race. It was too good to be true, and she started reading the contract, wondering if to accept. But when she saw that it was over 150 pages long... she hesitated for a moment. She should have read it, but she thought she wouldn’t have time. She was also very worked up, and that didn’t help either.

“I ACCEPT! My Mistress and Lady,” she said, pressing the virtual button, feeling very naughty as she did so.

The document disappeared, and after a few moments for the system to process the acceptance, a public message appeared:

“CONGRATULATIONS, DRONE-E0018S! The Demo Limitations have been removed, and the Permanent Seal has been activated. In a few moments, confirmation will arrive from the United Nations that you have lost your rights as a free person...”

“Damn it, you’re a bitch,” came another message from MASterOFDrones, followed by many others like it. “I didn’t know you could use contracts to turn someone into a permanent slave!”

“WHAT?” wrote DRONE-E0018S, surprised and panicking as she read this. “Can you really do that?”

“I don’t know,” MASterOFDrones replied. “That’s why I’m asking.”

“Please... No, I didn’t want to become a slave, I... Please! Someone help me!” DRONE-E0018S began to write. She was beginning to realise that she had been tricked into becoming a real slave.

“@MASterOFDrones, honestly, with the safety and morality settings enabled, it’s not possible,” Mistress Esclavizadora began her reply to MASterOFDrones.

“But there is a solution: if a user disables these settings and voluntarily agrees to recognize you as ‘My Lord and Master’ and is willing to accept the A-2030 document in exchange for a hefty payment or...”

“Hehehe... I’ve been waiting a long time for someone foolish enough to do this.”



Part 5

"And now back to you, My New Slave, DRONE-E0018S, I promised you the best orgasm of your life. That's why I want you to go to the orgasm-based mind-control settings and run them. You'll enjoy yourself like the whore you fantasized about being, while becoming her," Mistress Esclavizadora said.

"With every passing second, you'll become more submissive, faithful, and loyal to me. You'll worship me. You'll want to obey all my orders and please all the clients I send you to fuck. You can try to resist. In fact, I want you to, because that way the orgasms will be more powerful, and the brainwashing more irreversible..."

DRONE-E0018S had no choice but to activate the program as her new owner had ordered her to. Immediately the suit started to stimulate her body while it began to wipe her mind, replacing it with that of an obedient horny whore.

Like Mistress Esclavizadora had predicted she first tried to resist, but soon was overwhelmed by feelings of pleasure and submission. She could feel the first of the promised orgasms building up.

"I now command you as your new Mistress and Lady, and during and after finishing your mind control sessions, you will only be able to communicate with me and only respond with 'As you command, my Master and Lord' or 'It will be my pleasure to obey you, My Mistress,' unless I command you otherwise."

"From now on and forever, you will give up any attempt to get out of the suit or contact anyone other than your 'Mistress'. Understood, DRONE-E0018S?" Mistress Esclavizadora went on.

"As you command, My Master and Lady," replied DRONE-E0018S as she tried to resist one last time. But she was getting more and more turned on and was starting to love what her Mistress was doing to her.

"Good girl," said the Enslaver via the chat, which was now empty of all other messages. "I plan to put you to work carrying out orders for me and fulfilling my clients' desires, and thus recoup the cost of upgrading your suit."

"It will be my pleasure to obey you, My Mistress." DRONE-E0018S was now so aroused that she almost went crazy. Somehow she knew she would only find relief when she reached her assigned destination and started working as a whore for her new Mistress.

Meanwhile, in the real world, the human body of DRONE-E0018S sat up and left the house. It began to move toward the coordinates it was programmed to reach. What little that was left of the original Emily still tried to resist. Emily's heart began to race... fear overwhelmed her despite the changes the suit had made to her mind.

Emily tried to break free. But the suit wouldn't let her. DRONE-E0018S had to obey. With every attempt to break free came a punishment, and with every time Emily tried, the punishment grew more intense.

Punishments that simultaneously made her even hornier than she already was, since her body had learned to love the punishments. Something that made Emily even more aware of the consequences that the orders she had to obey now would have.

Now Emily belonged to Mistress Esclavizadora both in the virtual and the real world. Making her a slave and whore in both of them.

END-ENDE-FINE-FIN

