

Maid to be Sister Units: Paired Up

Nara awoke from her slumber, stretching out, “Morning Jennifer. I hope you slept well,” she groaned. The anthropomorphic blue scaled, black stripped female Utahraptor, her sickle claws twitching. She pops her head out of the tent, “Jennifer?” she calls out, feeling a pit form in her stomach, “Jennifer?!” she yells. “Shit where did she go?!” she growls, scrambling to slip onto her hiking gear and protective bug netting. The countless instincts clinging to the protective net, a clear reminder of what she doesn’t want crawling along her scales.

“Where did that frisky feline go? She better have not gotten up early and went off without me... or worse yet after I went to sleep. If she got herself killed, I’m going to bring her back and then kill her myself!” she growls, for just a moment before sighing, “Just be alright, okay?”

She sniffs the air, sifting through the exotic aromas the jungle has to offer, finding a faint scent in one direction, “It smells like she left last night... damn it, this isn’t good. She’d never stay out all night.” She gathers some of her things, leaving the rest at the campsite and heads off. It doesn’t take her long to find a fluorescent glowing marker, slapped on the side of the tree, “*A trail. Good. Hopefully she didn’t go too far,*” she thinks, hopping from marker to marker, her concern growing with each one.

After a bit over half an hour, she comes across plants that stand out to her, “Strange. We’re in a deep growth jungle and these plants seem to be lacking nutrients... just in this area. Like there’s something happening here that limits their growth. How odd...” she remarks, drawing herself out of her head space, back to the more pressing need, “Jennifer!” she yells yet there was nothing. Yet her scent did grow stronger, she followed it and the marking still she suddenly comes across a hole in the ground, “A sinkhole?” she gets as close as she feels comfortable with, “Jennifer?! Are you doing there?”

Her voice echoes down into the tunnel. In the light she sees that something is off, unnatural about the hole, “Did she get... No, no. Let’s not jump to conclusions, but I can catch a whiff of her scent from here. Quickly she sets up some rigging, using a rope to secure around a tree and carefully makes her way down the hole, discovering the same alien, advanced tunnel, “Okay... maybe she got lost in here.”

She makes it only a couple of yards down the tunnel lights flicker on, with a gentle hum of energy surging through the corridor, “Holy fuck!” she exclaims, backing herself up against the wall. Her heart races, “This is not possible. How is advanced technology all the way out here and better yet working? What could be powering this?”

She takes a moment to regain her senses, collecting herself, “Maybe Jennifer lost track of time with something like this. Yeah, that could be it. But this is way out of her league. We’ll need to bring a massive team with us to uncover just what we’ve found... Now I feel like I’m going to be paranoid about big government wanting to cover this up,” she says with a sigh, “Why brain, why do you make me worry about such things?”

“Nara? Is that you?”

The raptor's heart skips a beat, "Jennifer? Is that you? Where are you?!" She calls out, looking around, unable to figure an origin.

"You won't believe all that I have found. Come this way!"

"Where is this way? And I am starting to think I will believe whatever story you have!"

"Further down the tunnel, just follow the sound of my voice!"

"Why can't you just come to me and then show me?" she exclaims, heading deeper into the ship, taking the twists and turns, as caution is thrown into the wind.

"This is just too important for me to leave. You're almost here. Just a bit more."

Nara stumbles, but manages to pick herself up before she falls, catching a light coming out of a room that doesn't appear to have a door.

"In here!"

"I'm coming," she exclaims, entering the room with a heavy pant. Silver tubes line the walls of the circular with computer console lit with an alien language she can.

'T hope to even understand, but the one thing that catches her attention is the room is clean, spotless, shiny like it hasn't spent eons in the ground, "Jennifer? Where are you? What is this?" She steps deeper into the room, the door silently closing behind her unnoticed.

"My lovely work. Isn't it great?"

"What?" she asks, looking around, the smell of latex and metal hits her senses, washing over the faint aroma of her friend.

"I've spent **all night cleaning this room. It looks brand new, and now you are here to help me,**" says Jennifer as her voice transforms from her soft feline feminine tone to a monotone synthetic feminine tone.

Nara looks around, unsure where her friend spoke from, "Jennifer. What's going on, what happened to your voice?" she asks, feeling her blood pumping through her veins, breathing growing heavy. Her nostrils flare trying to figure where her friend is but the aroma of latex and metal is overwhelming.

"This unit don't go by that silly old name anymore Nara, it is now 205-26-6744. And you are an intruder on Masters' ship. It's so happy you could come. Now you can join drone."

"Come on Jennifer, this isn't funny anymore. This is not like you," she says, turning to the exit, but stops when she notices the door is closed. Suddenly she's swept off her feet landing on her back with a heavy thud that knocks the air out of her. She gasps for air, as a black and pink blur tears through her clothes revealing her naked female form. The cool air across her scales feels nice but given the situation she's hardly in the mood.

"Sorry, it didn't want to hurt you. But fear not, this will be a blissful experience for the both of us," says a sleek short stack of a rubber kobold. The person's smooth near featureless muzzle and body, breasts exposed, hot pink nipples, gloves and leggings to match their big glowing eyes. She smiles down at Nara as she sits on her chest with surprising weight and force. A purple dress adorns her form, that is semi translucent, but what catches her most of all is a draconic ribbed tapered cock that is throbbing and twitching between her legs. The warm

smooth balls press on her chest, the cock resting between her cleavage. The size is about twice two big for someone so small.

“Who... what are you?! Get off of me!” she growls, reaching up to knock the kobold off of her, but her hand is grabbed and pulled down, and then the other, pinning her hands to the floor. Tendrils come from a nearby metal tube and help pin the raptor’s arms down, allowing the kobold to reach and caress her head with her smooth hot pink rubber gloves.

She tries to jerk her head away but is quickly overpowered, **“Relax. Enjoy yourself. This unit is about to show you a new world. A better world. One of clarity, purpose. It arouses this unit so much to be able to show you. To be of service,”** she says, her eyes giving a pulsating pink glow.

Nara can’t look away. She groans as the cock grinds against her breasts, pre-cum dribbling down onto her chest. The pink latex turning black as it clings her scales, slowly spreading outward with each glob that hits her, absorbed into the latex, continuing its spread. The raptor can swear she hears a voice in her head as she looks into the welcoming glow.

“Listen.”

“Relax.”

“Obey.”

“Embrace pink.”

“No more blue.”

“Only obedience in black and pink.”

“Good KBLD-Drone.”

The machinery nearby scans the raptor’s mind, building a new data archive of the foreign lesser species that dared to walk onto a dragon Master ship. The ship knows exactly what to do, while the kobold drone is blissfully grinding herself against her friend. Her cock aches with joy as she is fulfilling her programming. Obeying her commands. The arousal through obedience and conversion, over the actual sexual act. It's all a means to an end to be of service.

Nara finds her strength sapped from her body. That devilish glow is too much for her to ignore. She doesn’t even notice that the drone let go of her head. The kobold’s pink clad claws trace along her scales making her shudder, sex clench in an arousal that she can’t explain. Her nipples are hard and perked. The kobold doesn’t look away, keeping eye contact with her as she caresses the raptor’s sides, running the claw tips over the nipples.

“The more aroused you become. The better the conversion process will be,” she explains, wanting her friend to find the process enjoyable, loving, perfect to become just like her. Her cock aches with delight, the idea of being such a service to the dragons, doubling the number of KBLD-Drones there to be ready to serve their every whim and need. She shudders in delight, squirting more pre-cum onto the raptor.

“Jen... if that’s you...” she mutters, too drawn into the pulsating pink glow to say anything more. She moans, arching her back as the kobold grabs her breasts, gently caressing her nipples, squeezing them together while the kobold unit pound sinto the makeshift fuck hole around her breasts.

The drone shudders in delight, the sensation of being of service, driving it forward into new aroused heights. It shudders as it unleashes a load of its hot pink rubber cum splashing Nara in the face. The rubber spreading and clinging around her muzzle, knocking the raptor out of her hypnotic trance.

The raptor's body burns with arousal, she blinks and shakes her head, noticing a set of silver tentacles around her head, exploring around her cranium. She tries to pull away but her friend holds her head there, releasing her breasts that are now sleek and black, with a hint of pink around the nipples. The rubber glides around her belly, sliding along her back, making her shudder, her arousal burning hotter than it ever has before. *"It feels like the more it covers me the better it feels. I need to fight it, break free before its..."*

"Relax sister unit. Everything will be better soon. Let it help your mind sink into its new life. Let it help convert your body into something far superior, ready to serve our dragon Masters," she yips, holding Nara's head, slipping her thumbs into her maw, forcing it open.

"Jennifer..." she moans, her words becoming muffled by her. She tries to not look at the tantalizing glow but the moment she feels something hard and throbbing on her lips. A shudder runs through her, the kobold's tail runs across her latex breast and breasts with a loud squeak. Her body burns with pleasure, the rubber crawling down her sides, and up her neck, spreading across her lips. Her gaze locked on the throbbing draconic member aching before her.

"Drink up sister unit. And feel the gifts of our dragon Masters." The drone shudders in delight, every mention of *service* and *obedience* to whom she serves, sends a surge of delight through her. Her balls churn with draconic essence, a fraction of the power of the dragons, but so pleased to have a single bit of it. She lets out a soft yip as her length slips into Nara's warm inviting maw.

The raptor's nostrils flare. Her strength is nothing compared to this small kobold, which makes her feel small, yet her body is craving. She finds her tongue coiling around the length, feeling the tapered end, the rubbery sweet and salty taste of the pre-cum before she swallows a bit of it, feeling it warm her throat and the way down. Her tongue ecoming hot pink in the process, transforming within her maw, before she manages to pull herself back from the brink, but there is little she can do as the cock makes its way down to the back of her throat, slipping down as the heavy balls kiss her lips.

She steadily swallows more pre-cum that fills her maw, coating the entire inside of her mouth, teeth, down her throat. The squeaks and aroma of latex grow stronger as she feels the tantalizing crawl of latex across her body. She watches as her blue scales are covered in black, that is until her gaze is thrust back up into the kobold's giant glowing eyes.

"Look into my eyes Nara. And you'll know everything is fine. This is for the better. Your mind and body will be perfected," 205-26-6744 says with a soft yip, pumping into her friend's lovely mouth with a loud squeak. Each thrust causes both of their breasts to jiggle as the kobold's tail grinds between the raptor's plump breasts.

Nara's moans are muffled, she swallows another gulp of warming delicious latex, her body growing ever more eager to have more of it. Each drop she gets her sex burns ever hotter, her clit aching, throbbing in a way she's never felt before. It distracts her just enough to not avoid looking into the kobold's eyes. The warm inviting pulsating pink eyes.

"Relax."

"Listen."

"Obey."

"Obedience is bliss."

"You are a KBLD-Drone unit."

"You desire to serve your dragon Masters."

"You exist to serve your dragon Masters."

There's a prick and a shudder. Nara groans, arching her back, swallowing more of the kobold's essence with a loud squeak. Her body tenses and squirms, body tensing, the latex slides across her sex, tripling the heated pleasure, sliding down her legs, squeezing her body. Slowly the pain fades, as she finds an ever-growing desire to look up into the kobold's gaze. Her suckling grows stronger, *"This tastes good... this feels good... ah... but... this..."* she tries to resist but with it the resistance seems to slip away and her suckling grows stronger.

205-26-6744 watches the tentacle bursting into countless tendrils spidering webbing around the raptor's head, slipping into her mind, pushing in. Her excitement grows, *"This unit is making a wonderful, good kobold for the Masters. Unit is a good KBLD-Drone. It will make sister unit an obedient sister unit."* Pleasure surges through her, sending her over the edge, flooding the raptor's maw, who is now nearly completely covered in latex.

The rubber flowing down Nara's throat, up into her mind. The warm heated sensation spreads throughout her. She tenses, her sex clenching, body squeaking loudly, *"Feels so good. So good. So good. I need more... I need,"* she shudders, each tingle in her mind feels better and better. The wires snaking through her rubberized mind with ever greater efficiency, finding the key points of her thoughts, building the base of what she'll become. Her mind is flooded with mood altering chemicals, soothing and relaxing her, opening her up further as she stares into the kobold's eyes.

The drone yips and yaps in delight, rubbing the back of Nara's head, avoiding the tentacles and tendrils as she does, caressing her as much as she can. Her arousal grows to even newer heights. Her arousal forced on what she is doing, her service, *"Unit is a good asexual kobold unit. And soon sister unit you will be too."*

She looks down at the raptor's body. Seeing how she's nearly completely slick and covered in the black rubber. Her folds are a hot pink. She slides down the raptor's body, caressing her sides, **"Don't you understand? Can you feel how good it is? It'll feel even better when you are complete."**

Words bounce in Nara's mind. Obedience, pleasure, service. Flashes of sex in her mind, females. Her powerful lesbian desires coming forth, yet that dick... in her mouth, tasted so good, feeling so wonderful. The cum that flowed down... She makes an attempt to fight

back, “Ah... Jen... why... please,” She groans, the last bits of her fighting. Her sex tensing, aching, “This is not you... not us,” she pants, feeling no aggression toward the kobold. Only empathy, love, desire, lust.

“Fear not sister unit. There is no more blue and you will be made more like it soon. You can feel its embrace, can’t you? The false body you inhabit will be perfected soon. Molded into a shape of service. You will be an asexual unit, and only this unit’s body will arouse you. You want to serve, obey and be a sister unit just like this one.”

“Jen...” she cries out, feeling the kobold’s claws run along her sleek black sides, the rubber spreading across her feet, completing her encasement into a smooth rubber dipped looking raptor drone. Her face smoothed out, latex covering her eyes to hide them, but she can see just fine. She knows she shouldn’t look down, but that throbbing length, the ridges grinding against her sex. “I...” she tries to close her legs but the tentacles wrap around her ankles pulling them apart, keeping her exposed, feeling all the smaller under her kobold lover. A sense that she wants to be *equal* to her growing, yet part of her holds on to a false hope, but that is on the verge of crumbling away into the sea of bliss that is raging through her like a hurricane.

“It has told you. It no longer goes by the name Jennifer. It is 205-26-6744, and you’ll forgo that lesser name of yours and become a sister unit soon. You are doing so well. And it will help you along the way.” She presses her cock head against the raptor’s wanting hot pink rubber folds, **“Once it fills you...”** it slips its cock head within the wanting to squeeze folds, spurting some pre-cum coating some of the raptor’s last bits of remaining soft pink flesh, turning them hot pink, **“You’ll body will be perfected and it will guide you to a new level of bliss in service. A good asexual KBLD-Drone unit.”**

Her sex quivers, clenching hard on the invader, a spark of pleasure that causes another flash memory of sex, and lust. Her sexual desires brought to the forefront of her mind. Each inch the kobold pushes into her the more she loves it. Clenching hard on the throbbing length, embracing it fully as it hilts in so deep, the balls smacking against her sex. Steadily pumping her with more of the corruptive rubber essence, “Ahh... fuck...” she groans, looking into the kobold’s eyes, pulled back into the lovely pink void.

She tugs less at the constraints, arching her back with each thrust, breasts jiggling, loud squeaks fill the air, providing a white noise as she hears the words she sees in the kobold’s tantalizing visage. Her will break down further with each hump, each pulsate of the kobold’s length within her, each beat of her heart.

“Relax.”

“Listen.”

“Obey.”

“Good KBLD-Drone.”

“Good kobold unit.”

“Arousal through obedience.”

“Arousal through service.”

“Sex is meaningless.”

“Only service.”

“A good asexual unit.”

Her mind flashes, the intense feeling of arousal when seeing a female, fades ever so slightly, when seeing a male, leveling back down. Her body burns brightly in aching need. The latex squeezes all around her, molding her, shrinking her down with each aching thrust. Making the dick within her feel even tighter. The sensitivity of her black rubber form grows as her body shifts and turns. Thighs thickening out, breasts still as luscious but on an ever-shrinking base. Her tail shortening and thickening out as she loses the famous raptor sickle claws, for black rubber kobold feet and hands. Muzzle shrinking down as her voice cracks and adjusts becoming less unique with each panting moan.

“That’s it sister unit. You’re become perfect. Exactly like this unit. Let go of your former life. Embrace being a KBLD-Drone,” she yips with a soft yet firm thrust, tensing as she holds onto her hips, angling herself to get in nice and deep. Each gush of seed makes the hole tighter, and over several minutes any details of the raptor is melted away, remodeled into a half-completed version of herself. The body was there, the shape was there, but missing the clothes, eyes, and a useful tool between her legs.

Nara moans, unable to find a climax, her body becoming so stimulated but not aroused enough to get off. Her clit aches and throbs hard, her hole feeling so warm, burning hotter than a thousand suns. Never before ash she felt so much yet couldn’t get off. More images of sex flood her mind, little sparks within her thoughts shift and turn with each fantasy.

“You are an asexual kobold unit.”

“You do not get aroused by males.”

“You do not get aroused by females.”

“Gender is meaningless. No arousal.”

“Arousal comes from obedience.”

“Arousal comes from service.”

“Arousal comes from the act of being a good KBLD-Drone.”

Nara’s moans are ceaseless, as she breathes deeply, trying to keep up with the feelings. Knowing in the depths of her mind that perhaps this is her new truth. Her body twitches and aches. Images of sex becoming... neutral. Not great, but not terrible either. It is a strange feeling her mind is desperate to wrap itself around, knowing it is the *key* to her ability to find the bliss of climax again.

It’s a climax that the kobold drone just hit. Unleashing a torrent of warm rubber cum deep into the raptor’s folds. She milks the length, feeling herself grow tighter and tighter. The warmth floods deep within her body up into her uterus. That pleasure shifting changes as her clit aches, throbs. A growing warmth at the base of her sex as a new pair of black balls begins to form. Bumping into the kobold drone’s own set, which sends a burst of pleasure through her.

“Ahhh!” she exclaims, the kobold’s length popping out of her, the gush of rubber hot pink essence shooting out, as hot on the kobold’s trail, is Nara’s new cock. A hot pink tapered

ridged length, pushing out of her sex, sucking out all the aching warmth and need from her folds and concentrating it into a single pleasure pillar that feels as natural as anything she's had before.

It draws her attention away from the drone's wonderful eyes, her new aching dick, matching the kobold before her. Another part of her old self drained away. It aroused her so, *"It feels good to be ready to serve the Masters..."* she thought. Too weak to even try to push the thought away. Her cock ached, twitching, dribbling pre-cum as her new cum factories came online. Her member is a missing piece to a puzzle of her life she didn't even know was missing, but now can't fathom how she could have ever existed without it.

205-26-6744 smiles, reaching up to caress the new sensitive rubber. Pressing her own length against it, **"That's it sister unit. You are nearing completion. Can you feel it? All you need to do is embrace it. Accept it. A good asexual kobold drone. Arousal from obedience. Arousal from service. Obeying our dragon Masters. Like the good KBLD-Drones that we are."**

"Ahh..." she bucks up against her sister unit. Her words felt so right. So true. How could she deny them. Her hands clenched; toes curled. Her body is so sensitive, so receptive to all of it. Flashes of sexual fantasies come to mind, and they feel hollow. Empty. She needs to find that spark, that passion, what completes it? She wants it, but not in the way she's thinking. Yet her body is throbbing, *"Is it true... Y-yes... it is. It feels too good not to accept it. I need this. I want this. I must have it."*

"W-what must **I do...**" she quivers, her voice shifting, becoming monotone, synthetic, yet clearly female. Matching exactly like the kobold drone before her.

"Look into this unit's eyes and don't look away till your mental reconfiguration is complete. You want to be a good sister unit, don't you 205-26-4467?"

That name... no wait, designation. It feels so good, something about it makes her balls feel so heavy, churning away with new seed, her cock throbbing hard, aching against the kobold's length, **"Y-yes. I want to be a good sister unit,"** she stammers. Another surge of pleasure, a reward bursting in her mind, it was the right though. The right sensation. She grew excited at the prospect of fitting into her role.

"Good sister unit," says 6744, grinding her cock against the other kobold drone. She watches her squirm and tense against the bondage, the wires wiggling their way into her head, reconfiguring each thought. The smooth faceless kobold soon to be made perfect, **"Just look into its eyes till you are complete."**

She moans and pants, feeling an urge... an urge to obey, to listen, to relax, **"Yes sister unit. I understand,"** she cries out in need. She looks into the glowing eyes. Feeling their draw, sinking into them, as she exposes herself to her lover... her sister unit. It feels good to let her help her show her true self. The kobold drone over her pulls back and slips into her last remaining hole. Pushing up into her rear with a moan while the pink rubber gloved hands caress the former raptor's length.

With each inch pushed into her rear, new pleasures, sensations. A prostate teased by the draconic length running across it, while her rock-hard member, throbs in growing need. Words sink into her mind as she feels herself become written.

“You are no longer Nara.”

“You are no longer a raptor.”

“You desire to be a KBLD-Drone.”

“You are a KBLD-Drone.”

“Delete your sexuality.”

“Sex is meaningless for a KBLD-Drone.”

“Arousal comes from obedience to your dragon Masters.”

“Arousal comes from service to your dragon Masters.”

“Your designation is 205-26-4467.”

The becoming kobold drone, squeezes on her sister unit’s length. Milking it hard. The images of passionate love making floods her mind. Images of herself as a KBLD-Drone... it feels better, more right than ever before. Her throbbing cock feels so good as it stiffens in the air. Loving the touch of her sister’s unit. Stripping her mind of any desire to go back to the *lesser* raptor that she was. But she wasn’t there yet... not there.

In her mind’s eye that blue raptor fades more, becoming pink, becoming a kobold. She sculpts her self-image. A lovely female kobold drone, with a throbbing length. Eager to be of *service*. Her cock twitches. The pleasure builds, the pressure behind her cock, deep within her balls grows. That was it, in the depths of her mind she knew it. It wasn’t who she was with... it is what she is doing.

“Asexual KBLD-Drone.”

She clenches harder. She keeps staring into her sister unit’s eyes. Feeling a growing bond between her. And the images of sex, lust, pleasuring others. It becomes clear. It’s the act of what she is doing. And more importantly *why* she is doing it.

Like right now, she is *becoming* a good KBLD-Drone. That is arousing. She is being perfect. The image of capturing someone and turning them into a KBLD-Drone. That is arousing. Service to the dragons. Suckling a dragon’s dick, it wasn’t the dick suckling. It was the command to service. To be fucked by a dragon Master. It was pleasing him to the extent her body was designed for. Licking and serving a dragon Mistress. It was the same. She is designed for their pleasure. For them. She exists for their needs. Obeying them. It arouses her so much. Sex was meaningless, when one had purpose in service to the dragon Masters. Only her one and currently only sister unit. She brought her to this moment of bliss. She brought her to this moment of understanding. She opened her eyes, body, mind, soul to this new life. How could she ever thank you? Except to service her. Obey her. Be aroused by her, and only her as the exception to the rule.

“Sister unit... yes... help this unit obey. Help this unit become a perfect drone for the Masters,” she moans, arching her back.

205-26-6744 grins, pumping her sister drone's length faster, faster, harder and harder, **"Yes, Sister unit. Accept your programing. Obey, serve. The sooner you do. The faster we can get to work serving our Masters."**

The logic was so clear. She clenched down hard, her mind accepting it, she was no longer nara, but 205-26-4467, a perfect, good KBLD-Drone, ready to accept her fate and be made perfect for the role of service to her betters, **"Yes sister unit. This unit obeys!"** She cries out in ecstasy. She found her spark, unleashing her hot pink latex load, removing any last doubts. Any last bits of resistance. Any bits of sexuality that might have lingered within her mind. Gone, wiped away, leaving a perfect black rubber faced drone, ready to be completed. Her rear flooded by her sister unit, making sure all the changes are complete and final. Milking her sister unit's length of all its worth, wanting to reward her sister unit with pleasure for having done such a good job on making her a perfect sister unit.

The original kobold drone milks its sister unit clean, emptying out the length, letting it slowly slink back into her sheath. Caressing and rubbing the pink cum across the drone's body, fondling the breasts, while her own cock slips back into her sheath. It was no longer needed, **"Good sister unit. Enter the pod there and get completed. It will be in the hallway cleaning, waiting for you eagerly to clean and fix the ship."**

The new drone moans, enjoying her sister unit's touch, looking into those lovely pink glowing eyes, **"Affirmative."** She stands up, the tentacle attached to her head long detached, her limbs free. She walks to one of the silver pods that open up for her. She steps inside, whisked down below to have her final attachments put into place.

"KBLD-Drone 205-26-4467 registered. Finalizing connection to KBLD-Drone network and obedience chips." The front of the drone's head is cut open, and the metal sphere is put in place. The metal wires underneath connect. Latching onto the chip with a wanting desire to be completed. The head is then smoothed over, cleaned. The drone gasps, her body tingling with delight. The giant pink eyes are pushed into her head, melting into place, becoming her new vision, the HUD display coming online. Another step toward the perfection she desires. Her cock twitches within her sheath.

"Applying uniform," says the ship.

"Acknowledged," 4467 replies. The hot pink latex gloves and leggings placed around her, form fitting her black latex skin. She blinks with her big glowing hot pink eyes, as the maid outfit, purple, white semi translucent with exposed breasts. Pink ribbons along the arm bands, waist, and head gear. The new kobold drone feels an aching delight, being completed. The tube brings her back up and as she does she feels her connection to the KBLD-Drone network being established.

"This unit feels its sister unit. It is a good kobold drone. It obeys the ship. It must help prepare the ship, restore the ship. It obeys," she thinks, feeling arousal as she steps out of the tube. The door opens, as her sister unit glows in the dark hallway. The ship saves power as it doesn't need the extra light to see. **"Unit 205-26-4467, reporting for cleaning duties."**

205-26-6744 smiles at its sister unit, feeling the arousal of having completed the first of what is sure to be many more kobold drones, **“Acknowledged. Help this unit. We have a lot of work to do before more guests arrive. After all. Lesser species will look for us once they’ve detected our old selves have gone missing.”**

Her tail wags with delight, **“Acknowledged sister unit. We must be ready for future sister units to join us,”** she responds, getting to work. Another KBLD-Drone maid, ready to be of service and ready to expand their numbers. For eventually the dragon Masters will come, and like any good KBLD-Drone. They must have their living place nice and clean for their arrival.