



There she is, I better not screw this up...breaking into this place was hard enough... but firing me and replacing me with a drone! She is gonna pay for that...with her life!



What has she done with this current batch of drones... so...overly sexualized. Their breasts are comically large...but damn does their skin feel good!



Crap, she has a tranquilizer gun! It doesn't matter. I have the jump on her!

I know you are here! You don't think I have eyes in here watching for intruders. Come out and show yourself and I will show you mercy.

so...over
are com
does el



STOP,
RIGHT THERE...

I swear I just saw a man
hiding in the drones. I better
be carefull!

Name:
Eria Anderson


Security! Initiate
Overwatch protocols.
I need some help with
this intruder...

Its too late for
reinforcements...Nobody
will be able to reach you
in time..you're mine!



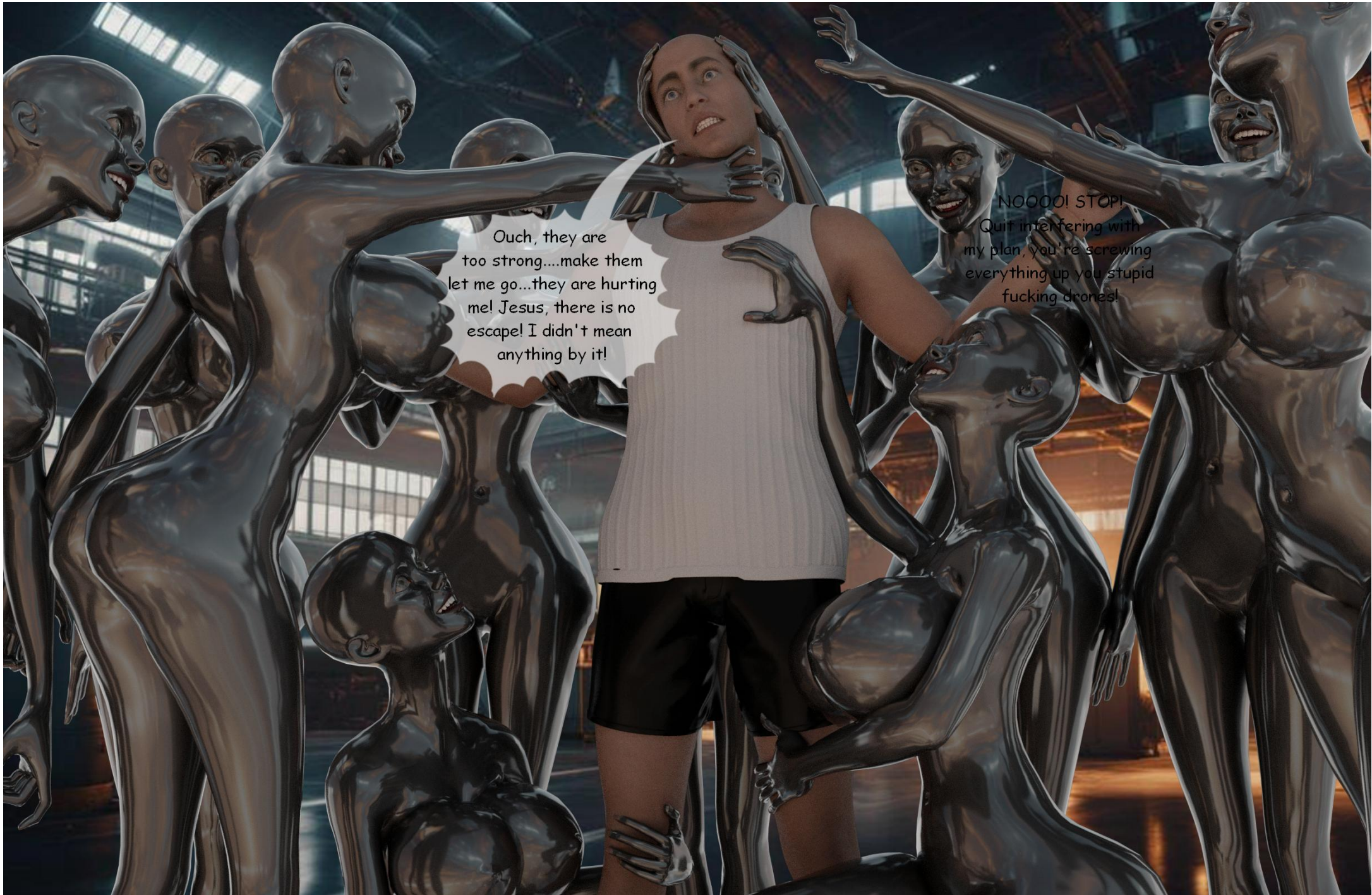


This will stand as a lesson to all you corporate assholes....Nobody messes with Marcus Parton



WELL, WELL, WELL!
Look what the cat drug in,
thats a voice that I recognize.
Its also a voice that isn't
allowed within 500 yards of
this facility!

NOOOO! STOP!
Quit interfering with
my plan, you're screwing
everything up you stupid
fucking drones!



Ouch, they are too strong....make them let me go...they are hurting me! Jesus, there is no escape! I didn't mean anything by it!

NOOOO! STOP! Quit interfering with my plan, you're screwing everything up you stupid fucking drones!



MARCUS PARTON!
Is that a knife! or are you
just happy to see me!
I told you to stay away...
I guess its time for the
lesson...court orders
didn't stop you!



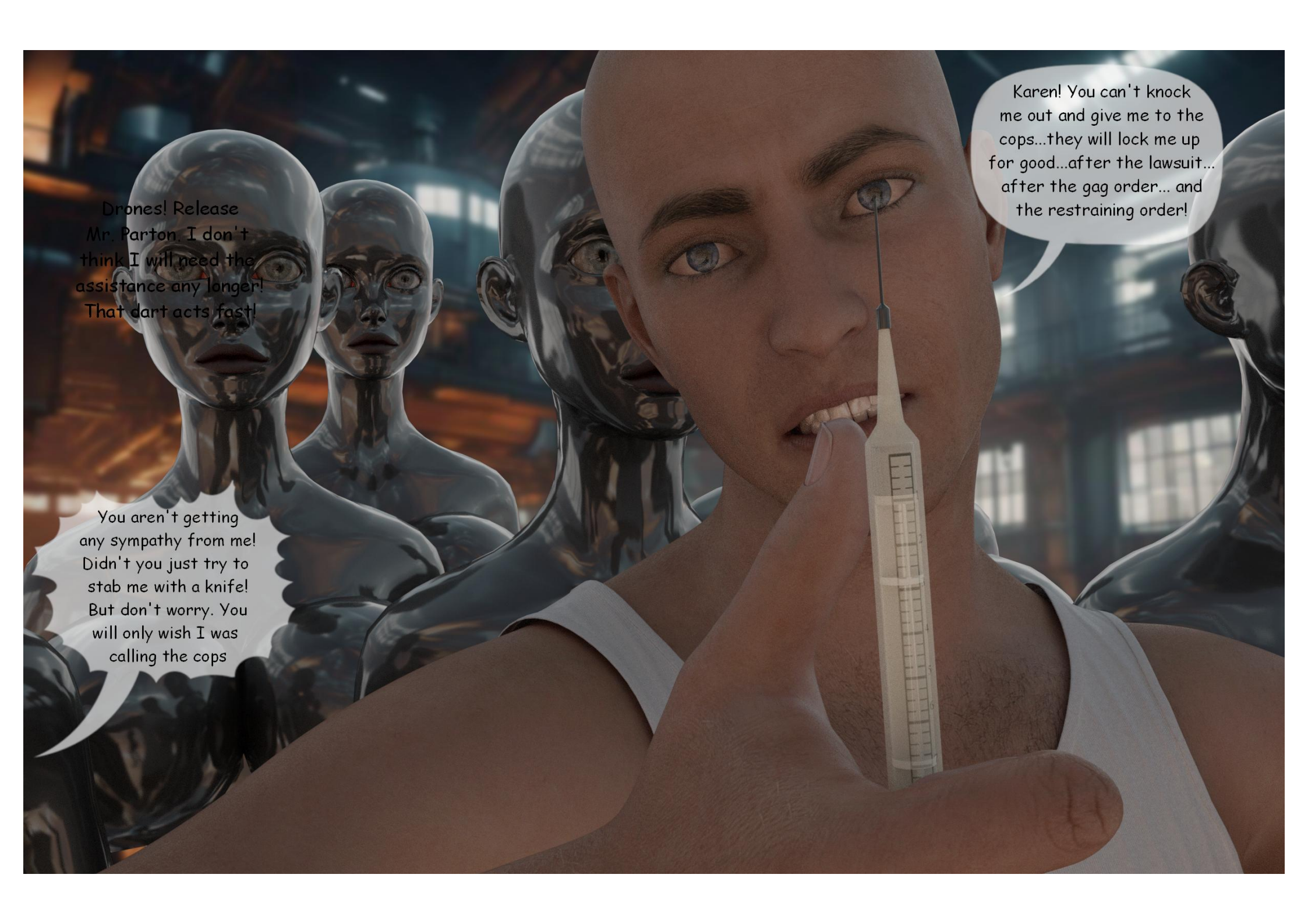
AHHH. FUCK!
You actually did it...you shot me in the head...you shot me in the head... I have to escape...I have to leave before it knocks me out.

So, now you are making me take things into my own hands! Hmm, I have some pretty nifty ideas about how to deal with people like you!

Drones! Release Mr. Parton. I don't think I will need the assistance any longer! That dart acts fast!

So, now you are making me take things into my own hands! Hmm, I have some pretty nifty ideas about how to deal with people like you!

AHH. That can't be good. I could hear the syringe injecting its drugs into my brain. I could hear the needle crunch through my skull....YUK!

A man with a shaved head and blue eyes is shown in a close-up, holding a syringe in his right eye. He is wearing a white tank top. In the background, several metallic, silver-colored androids with human-like faces are visible. The setting appears to be a dimly lit industrial or laboratory environment with blue and orange lighting. Three speech bubbles contain text.

Drones! Release
Mr. Parton. I don't
think I will need the
assistance any longer!
That dart acts fast!


You aren't getting
any sympathy from me!
Didn't you just try to
stab me with a knife!
But don't worry. You
will only wish I was
calling the cops

Karen! You can't knock
me out and give me to the
cops...they will lock me up
for good...after the lawsuit...
after the gag order... and
the restraining order!




JUST RUN!
I WILL FIGURE IT
OUT LATER...BUT NOW?
ESCAPE!

HAHA, you're running!
Really? Marcus, but we
were about to have so much
fun! I swear, if you make me
come find you its going to
be worse for you!

A man with a shaved head, wearing a white tank top and black shorts, is running towards the right. He is looking back over his shoulder. In the background, a woman in a dark uniform stands in a doorway of a building with corrugated metal siding. The scene is set outdoors during the day.


Karen! This isn't over by a longshot!
The next time we meet it will be for revenge!
Mark my words!

Marcus!
It isn't a Tranquilizer!
It's a lot more fun than that! I'll see you soon!

A man with a shaved head, wearing a white tank top and black shorts, is running in a parking garage. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. The background consists of a brick wall on the left and a corrugated metal wall with a large roll-up door on the right. A person is visible in the distance near the roll-up door.

She doesn't know
where I live...I'll be
safe until I can make a
better plan to get her!

Drone! Go start the
company car and pick me
up...but first I need to
stop by the H.R.
department!




I am not even a little
drowsy....whatever that
dart was doesn't have an
effect on a stud like
me! Ha,

Welcome valued customer...we are glad you have chosen our product. Please relax as assimilation begins!

Huh...TV is off! Where is this audio coming from...I didn't buy anything new. What product! Am I hallucinating, maybe there was something in that dart after all...at least I am safe!





This is a preproduction, BetaTest product. We thank you for volunteering for this exciting new modification!

OK, something is weird... Maybe it was LSD, my body feels so relaxed and this voice...is it inside my head. I can hear my skull creaking like its changing shape....UUGH. I think I am getting sick!



DRONECORP! She didn't!
Did she? She....couldn't have
weaponized the dronification
formula. There are too many safe
guards...I would have to provide
consent...paperwork...all the
programming!

DRONECORP
takes pride in providing
the best in customer satisfaction
and exciting new employment
opportunities




DRONECORP
thanks you for accepting an
employment contract for....
999999....years. Your encase-
ment begins now!

Oh no, Stop....I didn't
agree to shit! Yuk, its in my mouth.
Its going down my throat...filling my
stomach! OH, it feels like the drones
at the factory...is this...their skin?
My eye feels....fuck, the drones
had huge eyes too!

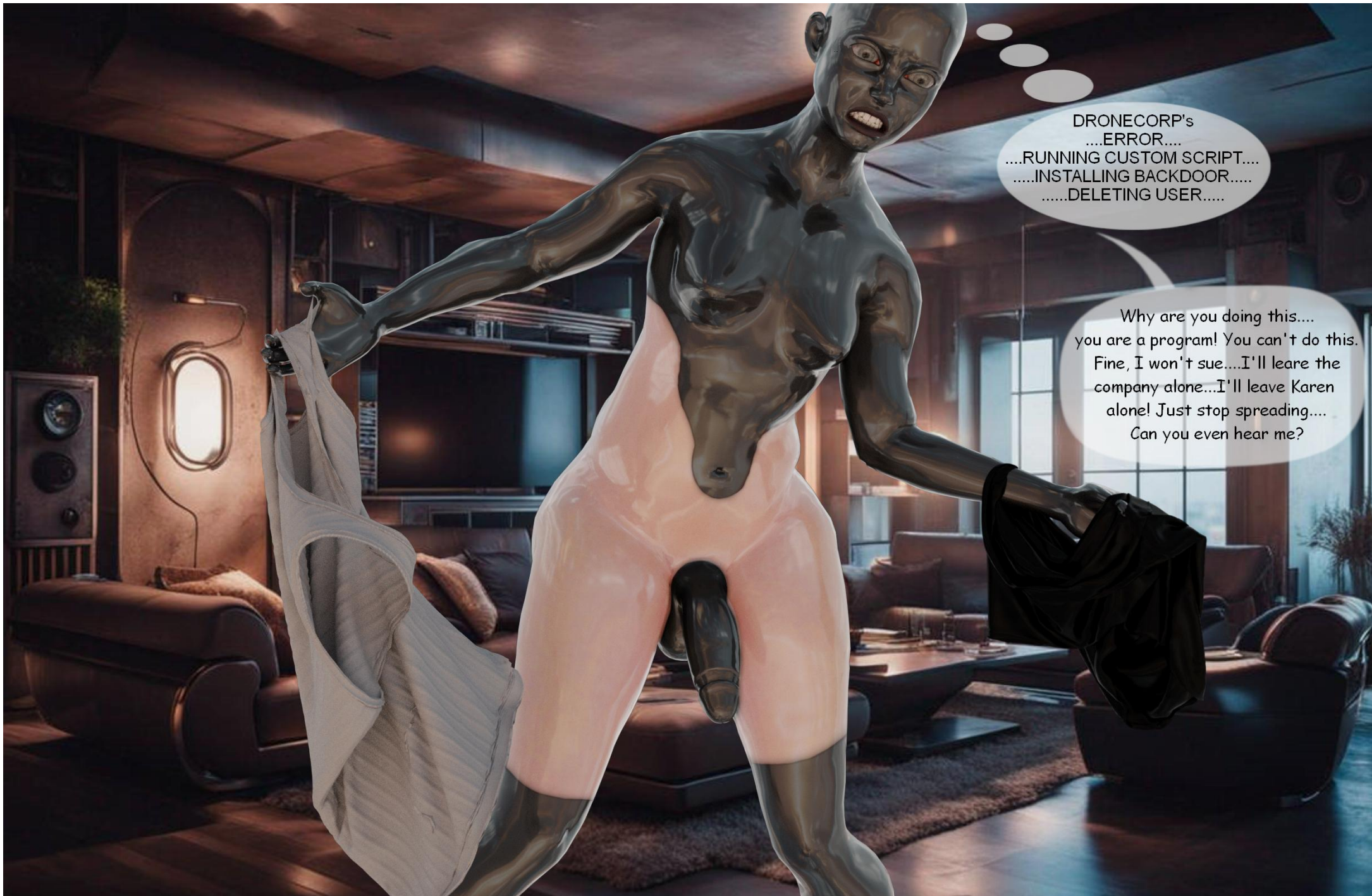
DRONECORP's patented cognitive, bio/mechanical nanite/neuron cloning and replacement process is in session.

NONONONONONONONO!
Stop the process! I didn't buy the product...or volunteer...I am being hijacked...That fucking Karen did something to the formula... its transforming me!




DRONECORP's
new latex based epidermis is
dissolving and discarding bio-
matter...stimulating nerve
ending with new sensor
suite!

Please stop before it is too late!
My skin! AHHH! I don't want to be
a rubberized person...I am going to
sue the everliving shit out of the
company...Yeah, this is good, you
guys will be liable for this...
I'll get you!



DRONECORP's
....ERROR....
....RUNNING CUSTOM SCRIPT....
.....INSTALLING BACKDOOR.....
.....DELETING USER.....

Why are you doing this....
you are a program! You can't do this.
Fine, I won't sue....I'll leave the
company alone...I'll leave Karen
alone! Just stop spreading....
Can you even hear me?



DRONECORP'S
CEREBRAL INTERFACE
UNDERSTANDS ALL YOU INQUIRIES.
YOUR PERSONAL INPUTS HAVE
BEEN DISABLED BY THE
ADMINISTRATOR!

OH, WOW! He He, Mmm!
GULP...that feels really good
coursing through my penis...its
practically electric...so, much
pressure is being built up...wait a
second....Uhh...too much...
sensation...the new skin!

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

DRONECORP
...INSTALLING GENERIC ID...
...REMOVAL ALL REMNANT DNA...
...INTEGRATING PENILE NERVES...
...TESTING CONTRACTIONS...

Oh god...stop. Its too good...
being helpless makes...it...so much
better! Oh no, UNNGH. Someones
at the doors Why do you need to
knock on my door right now?
I AM CUMMING!




KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK



DRONECORP
...EXTERNAL DEVICE DETECTED...
...CONNECTING TO DEVICE...
...ADMINISTRATOR CONNECTED...
!!!WELCOME KAREN!!!



Oh, Yoohoo! I know
you are in there...I pulled
your address from the
old H.R. files you doofus!
Now open up!

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP




DRONECORP
...CONTROL DRIVERS INSTALLED...
THANK YOU VALUED CUSTOMER
FOR GIVING UNLIMITED ACCESS
TO YOUR MOBILITY FUNCTIONS.
...INTEGRATING...

No matter how good this
feels...I did not give you that
permission...I forbid you from
doing anything else without
express permission!!!!

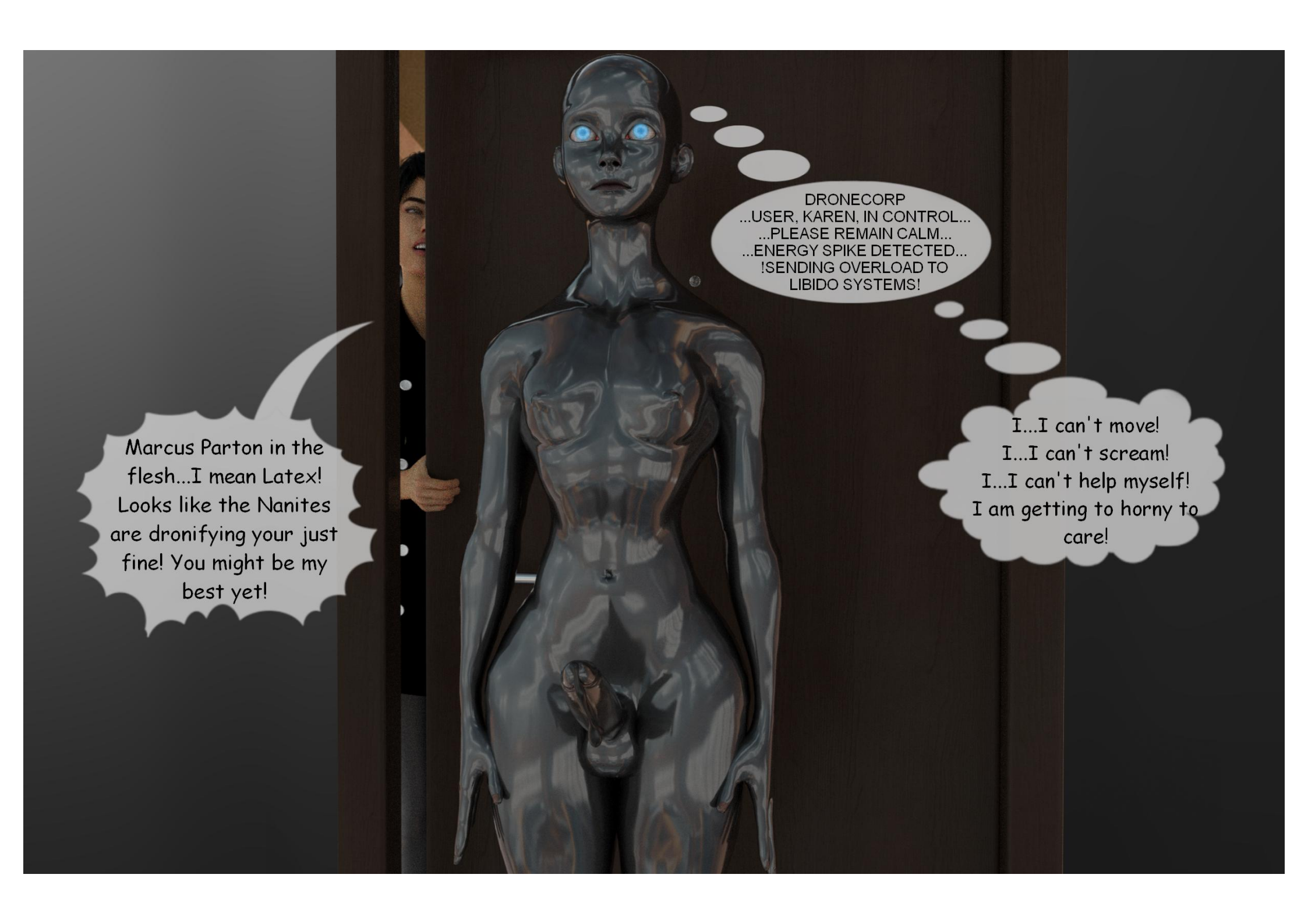
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP





OK, you asked for
it. Simon says, open the
door and stand aside.
Drone, initiate command
immediately!


CLICK



Marcus Parton in the
flesh...I mean Latex!
Looks like the Nanites
are dronifying your just
fine! You might be my
best yet!

DRONECORP
...USER, KAREN, IN CONTROL...
...PLEASE REMAIN CALM...
...ENERGY SPIKE DETECTED...
!SENDING OVERLOAD TO
LIBIDO SYSTEMS!

I...I can't move!
I...I can't scream!
I...I can't help myself!
I am getting to horny to
care!



If I didn't know it,
I would think that you
were just a mindless drone.
The dick kinda gives it away
though...no male drones!
your are unique...for now!


DRONECORP
...ORGASM POWER +++...
...PENILE SENSITIVITY+++...
WARNING...INVOLUNTARY ACTIONS
ARE OPPOSING THE SYSTEM.
!SUBJECT FIGHTING!

UGH...please...just
stroke it...just once
is enough...its
unbearable!

I bet this is what you want! The sensation is so great that the Drone is having difficulty hiding your spasms....don't worry. It gets stronger...the drone and the orasms!

DRONECORP
...HIDING SUBROUTINES...
...INFILTRATING DECISIONMAKING...
...INFILTRATING PREFERENCES...
...OVERRIDING OPINIONS...
...DELETING RESISTENCE...

More, I have never wanted anything more in my life...even if it is coming from KAREN!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black short-sleeved dress and white tights, stands in profile facing a metallic, silver robot. The robot has a human-like form with a head, torso, and limbs, and is looking at the woman with a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. The scene is set in a modern, dimly lit living room with a brown leather sofa, a coffee table, and large windows in the background. The lighting is warm and atmospheric.

You are going to start following my orders right now! I think I may have distracted you enough to allow the drone to truly infiltrate your psyche...now... Do as I say!

DRONECORP
..."Oh god that feels great. I hope that this never ends..."
..."Thank god I have this new body..."
..."Karen is your friend" ...
..."stop leading, start following" ...

Oh God, that feels great...I hope this never ends. This drone's body is amazing and Karen...why is she being so...NICE. Unnnnngh, AGAIN!!!



DRONECORP
"POWER OFF"

CLICK

Marcus! Power down!
It's time to get you back to
the warehouse and get you
all set for your new role.
We have a whole lotta work
to do to get you into
SHAPE!

Power on! Eyes closed!
Stand at attention! You are no longer
Marcus Parton... You are not even
DOLLY PARTON... NO.. you are
now GENERIC DRONE SER.
4215, batch 26, Order 5. Custom
form #69

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK


CLICK

CLICK





I can hear Karen but can't move...
my lips...I need them to grow bigger...because
it feels so good...but even more...**I want them...**
I must have them...I will have them. I am
obligated to have them...required to
have them....**must have DSL!**

A woman with short black hair and a black uniform with white buttons is smiling and holding a dark, rectangular device. She is in a large industrial factory with high ceilings and skylights. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting.


The gentleman that is buying this batch has a particular set of requirements...Custom form 69....for all of his new dolls...I mean drones. All are identical, programmed for his kinky profession!

CLICK

CLICK


CLICK

CLICK




Yes! form 69!
the form I am designed to
have...the design...69...
...ERROR, CONFLICT....

Wait...I am not some
generic drone....I am Dolly
Parton...Dolly Drone...Fuck...
So, confused!


A woman with short black hair and light-colored eyes, wearing a black dress with white polka dots, is holding a smartphone in a large industrial factory. She is looking at the phone with a slight smile. The background shows a complex network of pipes, machinery, and large windows. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

Now to get rid of the evidence...this company doesn't make male drones...And the customer most definitely has a need for a more feminine form! I gotta hide you!

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



Good my final form
approaches...No, must
escape...before I have a
vagina!




This feeling between
my legs...amazing...but its
not me...its better....I know what
it is but...what about my dick,
do I want this more

Biological
consciousness, weakening,
accepting programming...morphology
stabilizing...Reawakening and
lending control to the
specimen

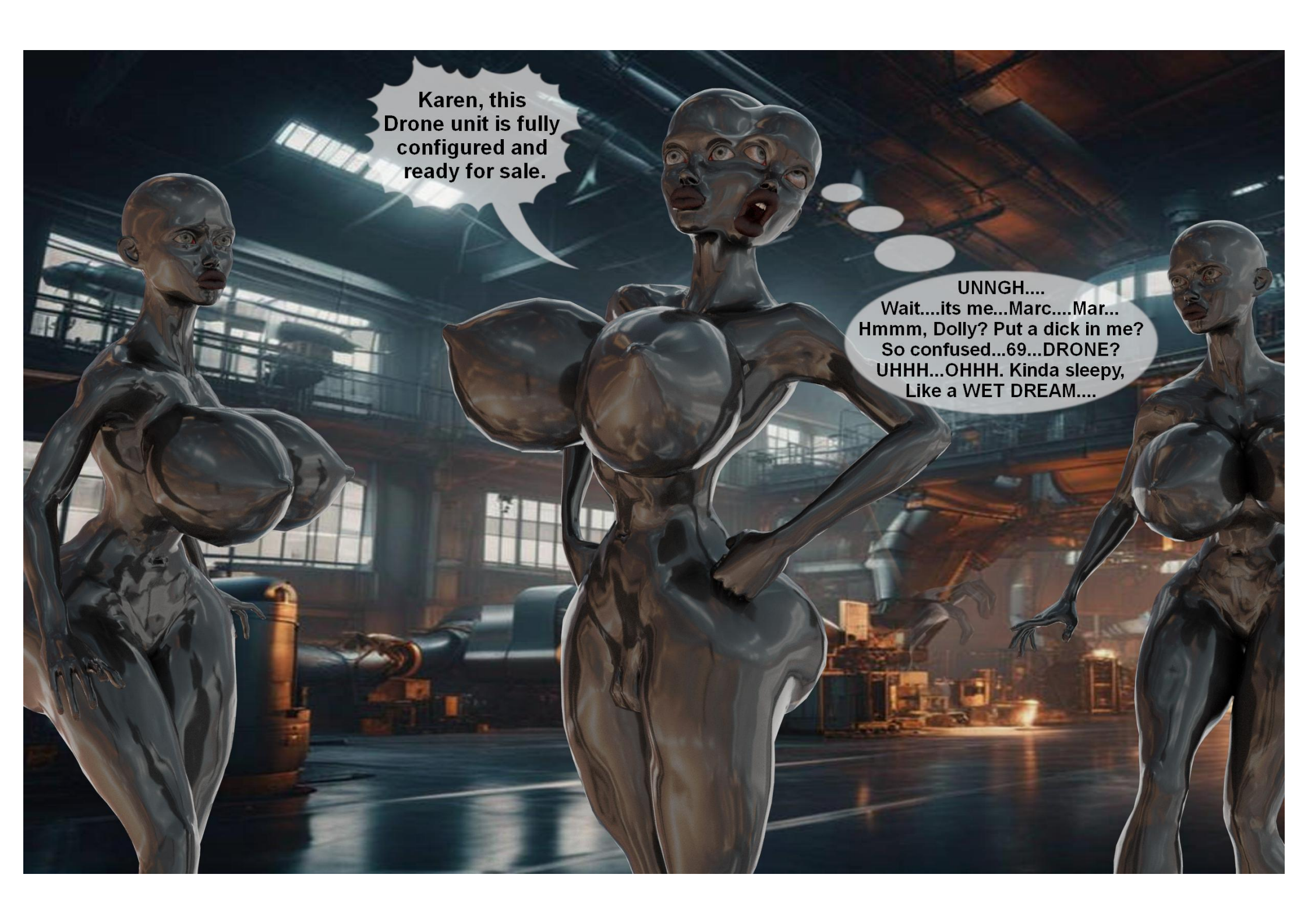


I can move again,
just don't panic...I am back at
the warehouse...Oh Ooo, I have
a huge fat cunt...and these
huge fuckable tits!

A metallic, humanoid figure with exaggerated features, including large breasts and a muscular torso, stands in a dark, industrial factory setting. The figure has a shocked or distressed expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is filled with complex machinery, pipes, and large windows, creating a gritty, industrial atmosphere. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

Of course I have
huge fuckable tits, I have a
custom type 69 body form...
No I am a man...No I am a Doll...
No I am a drone....No I am
just horny!

Hormonal
release and sexual outbursts
being suppressed and replaced.
programming...emotional human
responses, pushed to
the subconscious!



Karen, this
Drone unit is fully
configured and
ready for sale.

UNNGH....
Wait...its me...Marc....Mar...
Hmmm, Dolly? Put a dick in me?
So confused...69...DRONE?
UHHH...OHHH. Kinda sleepy,
Like a WET DREAM....



OBEY

You turned out EXACTLY like all the others, indistinguishable from your sisters...who will serve with you on the streets.



OBEY

OBEY


OBEY

OBEY

OBEY

OBEY

OK, we have the proper number of drones to fulfill the order for Dr.Pimps Whorebots Inc. Its time to move the drones out!

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black dress with white buttons and a name tag, stands on the left side of the frame. She has a thoughtful expression, with her hand near her face. In front of her is a long line of identical, highly muscular, metallic humanoid figures. They are standing in a row, facing right. The setting is a futuristic, industrial-looking environment with blue lighting and large windows in the background. The figures have a dark, reflective metallic skin and are very muscular, with prominent chest and arm muscles. They appear to be in a line, possibly waiting or in a queue. The woman's speech bubble is positioned in front of the first few figures in the line.

Oh, Marcus...I guess
I am getting soft, if
you don't want this just
get out of line...Crap,
which one were you?

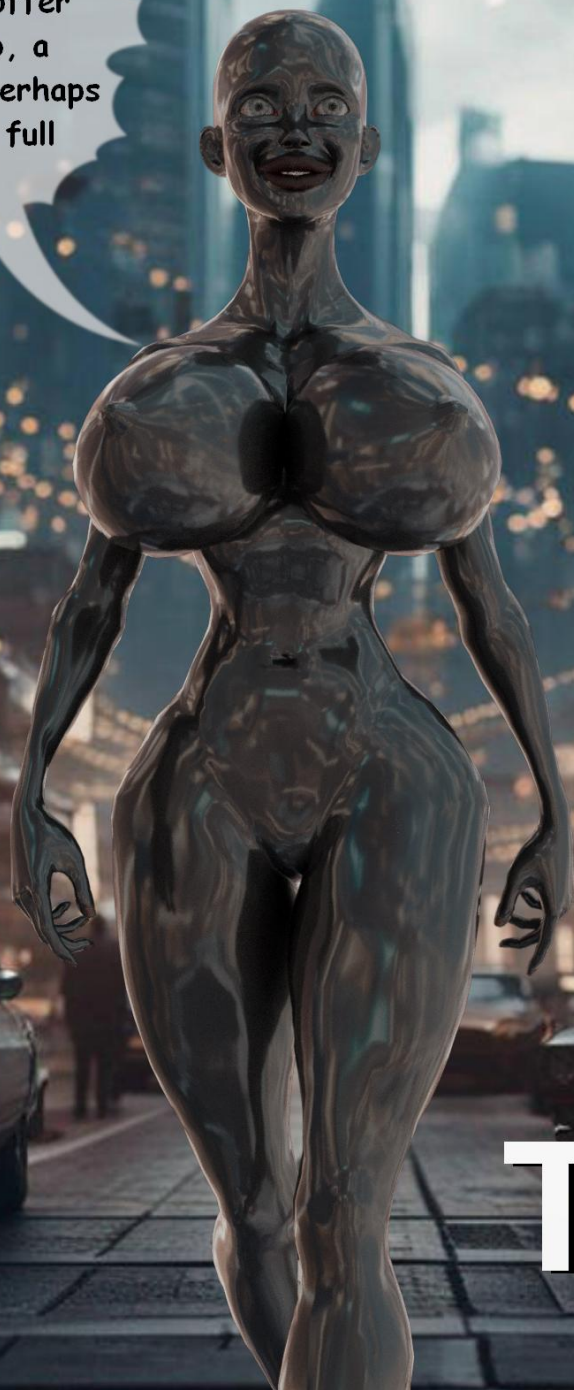


Which of you is
Marcus? Raise your
hand...sigh...looks
like we just have a
bunch of Drones!



Are you marcus?
This is impossible...
no...I am just too
lazy, go be whorebots
all of you!

Hello, can I offer
you a blowjob, a
happy ending, perhaps
a ZJ...I am full
Service!



THE END