

PARTY DRONE

by Paul Watson

The note reads ‘Starlight ballroom. Saturday, 4pm.’ and that’s it. No information, not even a request, just a location and time as if he’s just expected to drop everything and show up. I mean, he *did*, but that’s not the point. He looks at his watch, a few minutes early, and walks in.

”Hello, Marcus.” Steve looks around. There are some tables out, scattered around the ballroom but leaving a lot of mingling space around them. He brushes his light brown hair back from his face.

”Steve, so glad you could make it.” Marcus replies, waving with one hand as he holds up a decent-sized cardboard box with the other, making it sound like this is a choice and not a demand that’s impossible to refuse. His dark hair is cut short today, beard in thick curls as if to make up for it.

”You’re just in time.”

”In time for what? There’s no one else here.”

”Someone has to help me set up.” Marcus replies as he sets the box down. “You can help unpack these for starters.” He pulls the flaps of the box back, revealing an array of cubes in a variety of pinks and browns.

Steve walks over and picks one up, turning it around, each face smooth and slightly warm, the edges rounded. “And what are these, exactly?” he asks as Marcus starts arranging others in a line on the floor.

Marcus smiles, like he always does when he is about to do something to upset what passes for normal reality. “Unpack.” he says. The cubes tremble and begin to do just that, folding out, expanding until instead of a row of cubes, a row of silent, headless, naked women stand before him, their skin the same variety of shades as the cubes were.

Steve stares, the cube tumbling from his hand to bounce on the floor up to one of the figures, who pays it no attention whatsoever. “Marcus! Who? What?! Where? How?!!”

”Don’t worry, they’re just drones.”

”But they...”

”It’s not like they’re real people. They’re more like meat robots.”

”But where...”

”Oh, I had them in storage. Haven’t needed them. My maid cleans up the place pretty nicely, after all.”

Steve flushes, “Storage? But...”

”I told you, they’re not people. What kind of monster do you think I am?” he turns his attention to the Drones, “Ok. Get this place set up.” They make no acknowledgement but immediately start to obey, taking cloths from boxes and laying them across the tables.

Marcus resumes unpacking more cubes.

”Sarah isn’t...”

”Of course not. Her sister’s in town and she doesn’t want me anywhere near her. Which is a little insulting. As if I’d corrupt her just by being there.”

”Uh-huh. Sure. That’s not like you at all.” Steve agrees sarcastically. ”So you asked me here, on a Saturday, just to help you unpack?”

”Well, not just that...”

Steve feels a tickle of warmth flowing across his skin. “Marcus...”

Marcus shrugs as Steve’s clothes and skin melt, running off the smooth dark skin ‘beneath’ them. His body reshapes like it’s made of soft clay, hips widening, legs becoming more slender and toned, instinctively posing. Her waist pulls in, her chest swelling to give her the outrageous curves Stevie always has these days. Her arms just melt away, sinking into her sides without a trace, her head, her brain, flowing similarly away as Marcus sets the other Drones up, all similarly armless and headless.

Stevie tries to be mad at this treatment, really, she does. She fails within the first five seconds, as her new sex flowers on her hips, but she really does try...kinda. “Go and get your serving trays, then report to the station.” They all turn as one, Stevie joining in without any sign of protest. Its not

that she *wants* to be a drone, following her owner's commands without question, it's just *easier* not to think, to just go along with it.

At the station, drones with arms efficiently fit the trays to them. Loops of fabric reach over their shoulders to the front of the tray like a cinema usher from the 1950s. The trays are cool, sliding in around the drones' breasts, clips clamping hard onto their nipples to provide stability. The Drone that was Stevie barely starts at the twin bites of pleasure and pain, but inside what passes for its mind, there's a surprised yelp and moan of desire.

They move on, standing at the next long table as the armed Drones move the next load of Drones into place along the table. These are limbless, balancing on their more than generous rears, their nipples replaced by taps. Drone-Stevie wonders why it wasn't chosen for that humiliatingly low duty and its pussy quivers at the thought.

Once ready, the drones wait. There's no reason to move. Marcus leaves the room and the Drones wait silently, those with orders carrying them out, decorating and rearranging the room to prepare for the... Drone Stevie didn't ask what the purpose of all this was. And it doesn't matter now.

Marcus returns almost an hour later, dressed up in a black tuxedo. At his command, flutes of sparkling wine are poured from the living taps, placed on the trays, while others are loaded with canapés and sweets, waiting silently for the guests to arrive.

Once they do, all the men and women dressed in their finery, clearly here for an extravagant party, the Drones circulate, offering their wares to the guests. Some make a point of accidentally bumping into the Drones chests as they reach for the food or drink, talking as if the Drones aren't even there, which, for all the attention the Drones pay to the words, they might as well not be. Drone-Stevie just flows around the party, serving the guests as it's supposed to, just one Drone of many.

As the evening wears on, the 'accidental' brushes, touches, squeezes become much more deliberate. They still walk around offering drinks or treats, but more than a few get taken aside, their trays removed and their bodies becoming the wares on offer to entertain the guests. Their permission is never sought, their compliance assumed, and their bodies freely used. After all, it's not as if they're really people, is it?

The party continues, more and more raucous, the Drones being used to their full capacity, men and women taking advantage of them, until the last guest leaves, the room only slightly more shevelled than it's headless occupants.

Marcus looks around. "Clean this up." he instructs before leaving the room.

With no orders or outside stimulation, Drone-Stevie starts to become...not exactly conscious, but aware that it's not just a Drone. She watches as the armed Drones sweep through the chaos, tidying away what can be tidied, cleaning up what can't. Stevie feels the wet cloth over her skin, wiping the cum from her chest and legs. She would purr with pleasure, assuming Mast... Marcus wasn't around to hear. She's still pretend mad at him, after all. Her body is stiff, aching with expended pleasure, but she still just stands there with the other Drones, because what else is she supposed to do?

Marcus returns, back to casual dress. The Drones not clearing up are lined up and he walks along the line, the Drones folding up into their cubic forms in his wake. A pair of Drones follow, one carrying the cardboard box, the other plucking each cube from the floor and putting it away. Stevie wonders how they'll react when she's turned back to being a person rather than put away for storage. Marcus stops in front of her. It's been a good day, tiring, fun to lose herself in the mindless pleasure, but it's obviously time to... "Storage."

Wait, what was that? He didn't...he wouldn't...he couldn't... Marcus continues on as Stevie feels her body obeying the command, shrinking into itself, folding and compacting until a small dark cube rests on the floor. *Very funny, Marcus. Very...* The drone's deft fingers pluck her up, placing her into the box, her skin rubbing against the other Drone-cubes. *Wait, what? Ok, no, this is a prank, which is typical Mast...Marcus, to be fair, but he's obviously not going to keep me like this. He knows I'm a person and not a...* It gets more difficult to believe that as more cubes are added, surrounding it, burying it under the other flesh-toned Drone cubes, *It's just a prank. It must be just a prank. Right? ...Right*