

Drone for Dinner

Today was a special day for Kelly and Nick. It was the first anniversary of their marriage, but they'd known each other for years before that. No secrets between them at all. That is why Kelly got something special for both of them today...

The heavy front door closed and keys laid in the bowl. "Hon! I'm home! ...Babe?" Nick arrived and now looked for his wife, getting rid of his tie on the way.

"I am in the bedroom~!" Kelly smiled and directed him with her sweet voice, while glossy black hands managed with the last zipper on the sexiest suit either of them had ever seen. Nick quickly reached the bedroom door, smelling some of wife's delicious cooking from the kitchen.

"Mmm! Whatever you cooked smells good... Holy shit..." the man froze when he saw Kelly.

From neck to heels, her body was locked in a tight, shiny black latex suit. It encased her beautiful, thick hips and cupped her plump, teardrop breasts. The outline of her nipples tented the material as she smiled at her husband. The brunette spun around, showing him more, especially her toned, flexible back, and her pert, full ass. Nick's eyes went wide as he saw that the area around her nethers were quite exposed, and was immediately hard. They'd confessed in the past to each other about different fetishes, but Nick didn't expect that his wife would take a little fantasy so serious... not that he'd complain, however.

"Do you like it?"

Hiding his drooling, Nick eagerly nodded, his fingers forgetting how to unbutton this damn white shirt.

"I know you are a fan of latex, so I decided to surprise you with something special". She gave another charming smile, especially after seeing his hard bulge that was ready to burst through tight office slacks.

"Y-yeah..." Nick stepped forward and wanted to say more before they kissed passionately.

"Good! Cause I got one more for you." Kelly pulled away, leaving her husband a bit puzzled.

"For me, huh?" It wasn't that he didn't like the idea, it was just strange and not a part of this fantasy. "I don't think..."

"You *will* wear it." Kelly said with sudden authority Nick didn't recall before, it cut all protests all the sudden. "For me, little *drone*."

Those words boomed inside his confused mind. Yes, he... will wear it. He *wanted* to wear it.

"I will wear it for you..."

"Mistress?" Kelly corrected with a mischievous grin.

"I will wear it for you... Mistress" Nick repeated obediently and started to take off all his clothes, revealing the toned, runner's body of the short-haired man.

"Good!" Kelly nodded in approval. "Here. You'll need some help to get it on..."

SQUEAK... SNAP! SQUEAK

His naked feet were quickly wrapped in latex parts of the suit as the future drone-husband lifted one leg after the other to help his wife- feeling a strange thrill, pumped by his natural emotions towards Kelly. Everything felt so right. He wanted it! Like a good little drone... Then latex pulled up and parts were locked around his body with snaps and zippers.

ZIIIIIIIIIIIIIP

"Oh! It's a bit loose..." Nick noticed how certain areas of the suit hung from his body and lifted the rest of the suit up towards the waist and felt it loosely hang from his chest.

"Let me help you... fill it out a bit." Kelly gave him another mischievous, but warm smile.

He didn't know it yet, but he was now trapped. Nick's body from the neck down was fully covered like his wife, but unlike her, his genitals were locked tight with smooth latex, which puzzled the man's hypnotized mind.

"Mmhhhm... what is happening..?" The man felt a strange pressure around hips and butt, like the latex was tightening around them, heating to a sauna-like temperature and then...

CREEAK... CREEEEEEEEAK

"I'd say your hips are spreading." concluded Kelly, watching over the beginnings of his transformation with hungry glowing eyes. "Mmm... they are gonna make your ass just... pop," she said, rubbing her own body all over with latex hands.

CREAAAAAAAAAAAAAAK

Nick placed black hands on top of his shiny, expanding ass. It was getting so round, the sensitive new flesh tingled beneath the new suit as it swelled into a big, glossy bubble-butt. All the while, his hips grew so wide and his thighs became so plump, that they squeezed his male assets as it quietly squeaked within the latex prison.

But something else turned his attention from now womanly curves. The same burning pressure overwhelmed his crotch.

CREEAK... CREEEEEE...

"Uhm... Mistress..."

SCHLORP!

"My cock is..." the pleasure wouldn't allow Kelly's drone to properly protest or resist with such mental condition. "A... ahhhh..." more sounds of liquid latex filled the room during reforming between Nick's sexy legs.

SCHLORP! SCHLORP!

"-Currently being molded into a wet, little pussy." His or now rather *her* wife moved the hand to touch the latex-covered pussy. Her bulge had sunk into black, puffy outer lips that were outlined so deliciously by the second-skin, it looked like his new genitals were actually made of latex!

"Oh gosh, I almost forgot your mask!"

While Kelly ran over towards the bed, Nick tried to overcome the emptiness between her legs. And aching need to be... filled.

SQUEAK

Now each movement was quite noticeable. The latex was loudly squirming across every inch of her body as Kelly returned and showed the mask. It had no features except a pair of puffy black lips. No nostrils, ear or eye holes. Kelly's husband's eyes opened wide, the last glimpse of resistance built up...

"Wait..." but Kelly already pressed the mask atop of her hair.

SQUEAK

"Please..."

SQUEEEEEAK

"I don't..."

SQUEAK! CREAK! SNAP!

"Auhhh... mmmm..." her voice was muffled as her original lips became one with the masks. She felt a whole new level of sensitivity growing as the inside of Nick's mouth was covered with wet black latex- leaving only her tongue as a proper instrument for use.

"Mmhhmm! Mmmgghhh... Mmmmmmmmm..." Nick tried to say something, but could no longer produce anything but moans.

Her hands rubbed her smooth head, trying to find the zipper or any way to remove the hood, but this only caused more squeaks.

"The mask will give you nice full lips..." Kelly's voice came from nowhere and was muffled. "And get rid of your will."

"Mmmhhh... mmmmmhhhh..." Nick quickly adapted to new deprived senses, somehow actually knowing where her Mistress was, as well as the furniture nearby. The mask shrouded his world in inky darkness, but a new kind of sight took over and illuminated his Mistress like a lighthouse in a storm. Her mind dulled, questions and anxiety washing away into warm obedience.

"Mhhmm... mmm..." the moans turned calm and the drone yearned to be commanded.

"Heh... now just an empty headed set of holes." a new drone could do nothing, but agree with her Mistress.

Satisfied, Kelly pressed her hands against ex-husband's chest.

"Let's see... your tits should be..."

CREEEEEEEAK

"...There they are!" The brunette enjoyed each second of growth, watching with delight how big and round her drone's mounds formed, capped with large, puffy black nipples that ached for her Mistress's touch.

CREEEEEEEEEEEAK... CREEEEEEEEEEEAK!

"Ahhnnn..." the drone moaned in a new, higher pitch.

"Oh and so big!" Kelly squeezed these bouncy hills, watching over a bit taller female drone. "You naughty little *slut!*" she cooed.

"Mmmhhh... mmmhhmmmm..." the drone nodded, greeting all attention from her beloved Mistress.

"Sounds like you're done, my little drone." Kelly bit her lip, enjoying the results. To finish her handiwork, a thick collar with a metal ring formed around the drone's neck, perfect for a leash...

"Mmmhhh... mmmmm!" The drone moaned with delight as her breasts were played and her own hands reached out to touch Mistress' ass.

"I'm going to have dinner now. You can begin by servicing me under the table." Kelly walked to the kitchen and sat down with a grin, her drone following close behind her. Spreading her legs, she felt her drone crawl between her knees and dutifully begin her work.

"Mm... Mhm." The drone lapped and nibbled gently at first, loving the intoxicating taste and scent of her Mistress. The latex tongue entered Kelly's moist pussy, eagerly and skillfully pleasing it.

"Mha..." Kelly got a grip on the top of its bald shiny head. "Mmm... bon appetit..." she whispered, loving how her now drone-husband was diligently pleasuring her Mistress.

Brunette's back arched, mind already filled with lewd images.

Hours of messy deep passion kissing.

They lick each other in the 69 position with Kelly on top, frequently switching to sitting on drone's face and letting it tongue-fuck her ass.

Kelly reveals her stash of toys and then stuffs her drone's stretchy wet holes with as many as she can.

She moves to some strap-on play.

Then perhaps double dildo, if her drone does a good job.

Kelly planned to release Nick... someday.

But for tonight, she wanted to have her drone for dinner.

And perhaps dessert.

All night long...