

Ruby Overbird

Birds chirp in the trees, a cool spring breeze blows across Kirisha's green scales. She tugs her leather jacket closed, muttering to herself, "Still a bit chilly." With a suitcase dragged behind her. The anthropomorphic female Utahraptor with an ample bust, pulls out her cell, double checking her text, "Yup, this is the place," she says looking up at a wonderfully large two story home that is big enough for two families, perhaps three, "All this for herself?" she mutters, approaching the door, ringing the bell, "No wonder she wanted me to come visit for the week."

The door swings open revealing a supple anthropomorphic scarlet headed blackbird. Living up to her species namesake she has red feathered head and neck, with a lovely supple domineering feminine look with breasts that compare to Kirisha's own. Her black feathered wings spread out in excitement, tail feathers rising, light blue eyes locked on her friend, "Kirisha! So good to see you! Come in, come in, it's a bit cold today," she says, giving the raptor a big hug, her rubber clad breasts squeak up as they press up against the raptor's fishnet clothing.

Kirisha returns the hug, her claws being gentle against her friend's latex attire, not wanting to scratch or cut it by accident, "Don't mind if I do. It would be strange if I came all this way and you decided to not let me in," she says with a sly smirk, stepping inside, giving a little whistle at the large spacious interior, "Wow, you got a nice place here. Those stocks and new business of yours doing that well?"

"A bit of luck yes, but I think things are going to be really taking off soon," she says, her black beak giving a slight grin, thinking, "*Especially now that you are here,*" she softly chirps, "I've been eager for your arrival."

"A place as big as this, I'm surprised you don't ask some friends to move in with you."

"I am thinking that, perhaps, friends like yourself, maybe?"

Kirisha turns to her, "Here for five seconds and already asking me that? Always a quick one on the draw aren't you Ruby?"

She points to herself, the latex gripping her body from the neck down is so tight and form fitting that you can easily see the outline of her sharp claws when she motions to herself, "Me? What? Never, I'd never do that," she chirps.

Kirisha crosses her arms, "Right, and you know I can only spend so much time. I have my own life to live, you know."

"I know, but I can't drop a line and see if something bites."

"I appreciate the offer Ruby, I really do."

She waves it off, "All fine and dandy. But, that's not my real offer."

She quirks an eyebrow, "Real offer?"

"Why don't I take you to your room so you can drop off your stuff and then I can show you what I mean. It's something I've been working on and I am... I'll hold my tongue, I want you to wonder what it is," she says with a chirp.

She smirks, Kirisha leaning closer, pressing herself up against her friend, “Ruby, are you going to try to seduce me again?”

“I’d never *try* to seduce you, dear.”

Kirisha pulls away, “You never change, and I’m excited to see what you have in store for me. Please milady, show me to my room.”

“You’ll love the room, it’s right next to mine,” she sings, guiding her up stairs to a room that is big enough to be considered the Master bedroom in almost any other home. The furnishings with the bed though seem a bit off. Kirisha can’t put her finger on it, perhaps a bit minimal, but knowing Ruby only recently moved in about a month ago, it wouldn’t be a surprise that every room isn’t furnished to the max.

Kirisha looks over the room, seeing black rubber bed sheets with red rubber pillows, “Latex? You know latex and I don’t agree all that much,” she says, showing off her claws, twitching her sickle claws which are showing through her sandals.

“All part of my plan, my sweet lovely raptor. You see I’ve been working on some advanced latex techniques that are resilient to claw scratching and cutting. And I’d like you to test it out.”

Kirisha tosses her suitcase onto the bed, “So you want me to risk cutting your expensive rubber bed sheets?”

“The bed sheets? No. Go to the closet and you’ll see what I want you to really test on.”

She quirks an eyebrow, “Ruby... what did you do now?”

“Nothing that I wouldn’t want.”

“That’s what I am afraid of.”

“I’m off for the week to enjoy my best friend’s company, and we’re both girls who enjoy the finer curvier things in life. Why not have a little fun,” she says with a grin.

“We’re both doms Ruby and I am a bit in between when it comes to who I enjoy.”

“I’ve seen you enjoy being held up a bit.”

Her tail stiffens, “It was more than I was expecting but...” she trails off looking away, “Look, I’m...”

Ruby comes up, placing a claw on Kirisha’s mouth, “Shh, don’t tell me anything. I want to enjoy this week of just us girls. Can you give me that?” she asks, flashing her eyes, “*Your weakness is upsetting your friends.*”

She tenses, taking a deep breath through her nostrils, slowly letting it out of her mouth, “Alright. Show me what you got, and since I am staying at your place, and I am your guest. What you say goes, how does that work for you?” she asks, with a smirk, “*I can put up being under your claw for a week. I know you’ve been excited for me to come and I hate to ruin your triumphant moment.*”

She lets out a trill of delight, “Perfect! Now go, open the closet door and see what I have in store there for you,” she says, her latex clad hands pushing Kirisha on the butt, while giving a little playful grope.

The raptor lets out a soft raptoric purr, "I'm going, I'm going," she says, reaching out to run a claw under Ruby's chin as she walks away, "Remember, just this week."

"A week is *all* that I need," says Ruby, watching Kirisha's swaying butt, "*I love that ass and tail so much.*"

With one quick motion she slides the mirror closet doors apart revealing a nearly completely empty closet save for three things hanging on hangers. A black rubber with orange highlights and scarlet colored eyes avian head with light blue breathing tubes attached to the beak. She follows the tubes to a small black rubber covered air filtration system hanging on the shield.

"Oh my..." Kirisha mutters, feeling a tingle run down her spine, her curiosity getting to her, noticing a full body latex suit, just her size from the neck down. Orange markings on the shoulders, breast and belly, with a yellow circle and an orange inner circle over the left breast.

Ruby moves in closer, her body creaking from the latex, tail feathers raised, while she grins fiendishly, not wanting to ruin the moment.

Last but certainly not the last piece is a double penetrating dildo chastity device with the straps so thin they could easily be hidden away under the latex but what will certainly be hidden by her is dildo and butt plug designed to fit and fill her holes, "Ruby..."

"You called, my sweet?" she asks with a Chirp.

She looks over her shoulder at her, "Tell me what you are planning to do?"

"You're going to put that on for the week. And during that time you're going to be my sweet bird drone named Yyrashisha."

With an inquisitive purr she replies, "Yyrashisha?"

"It sounds exotic, like it's from another world doesn't it?"

"I suppose so, but how do you even spell it?"

"Don't worry about that. All you need to worry about is getting that number on and start obeying your Mistress Overbird."

She turns to look at the suit, rolling her eyes, "You're really into this, aren't you?"

"I didn't have you come all this way just to play scrabble now, did I?"

She chuckles, "Fair point, but the chastity belt?"

"I want you aroused, Kirisha. To be in need, to desire my touch as we have fun."

She leans back, running her claws along Ruby's rubber clad sides, "You've always been fun and your touch is wonderful, let me just get a bit more comfortable before I slip this on," she says with a wink, tracing her claws gently across her latex, mindful of them, before she dance spins around Ruby, her claws gripping and caressing her hips, thumbs tracing along her butt, gently pressing her breasts against her wings, "Now don't you turn your head and look, I'm such a *shy* girl don't you know."

"I won't look, I promise," replies Ruby, thinking, "*I don't need to, there's a mirror in front of me to see you just fine.*"

"Good birdy," she replies, walking off to the bed, unbuttoning her leather jacket, casually placing it on the bed. Slow, steady stripping down, hiking her butt, showing off her green scales

as each layer of clothing is removed. Kirisha glancing over at her friend, watching Ruby's claws gently trace along her chest, her sex clenching, the camel toe visible through the rubber, "*She'll get this week, but I might stay an extra day or two and get a bit of turntable fun,*" she muses, her breasts bouncing free, down to the scales she was hatched in. She runs the smooth side of her claws along Ruby's face, claws tracing along your beak, "Are you ready?"

Ruby chirps, "Hatched ready."

"We'll see," she teases, grabbing the chastity device first, "Pretty heavy, are there vibrators in them?"

"More than that they can open up and allow penetration if I so desire," she chirps, showing a remote control braceless on her wrist.

"Only way to tame the raptor huh?" she asks with a tease, slipping it on after providing a bit of lubrication. Her sex already showing the early signs of arousal, having grown wet and sensitive. Steadily she pushes it into her folds, letting out a soft growl, sex clenching down at the tip, "Slow and steady wins the race."

Ruby runs her claws along her own rubber clad breasts, "Please, no rush, we have all the time in the world," she says, a moan escaping her lips, seeing her friend tense just a little bit when the plug presses up against her pucker, "Need any help?"

She waves her off, "I got this," she purrs, holding the base of the plug, taking a deep breath, pushing it up, spreading herself wide, while the dildo sinks ever deeper, hitting every pleasurable spot along the way, teasing and toying with her. Nipples starting to perk in cool air, sickle claws twitching, tail becoming a bit stiff, just as she passes the subtle knot in the dildo and the point of no return in the plug, her body sucking up both parts at once, "Fuck... no wonder she likes this," she chuckles.

"You enjoy your subs so much, now you get to be one for me," she trills with excitement.

"Hold your horses... uh birds. I'm not even fully suited up yet."

She licks her beak in anticipation, "I know, the wait is killing me, but it's so fun to watch you dive into it."

The raptor picks the main body suit off the hanger, "Not as heavy as I thought it would be."

"Latex is surprisingly light. Do you think you'll need some help getting this on?" she asks with a hopeful optimism.

Running her claws along the smooth material, Kirisha looks over the entire attire, seeing the back opening, "I think I'll need a bit help with that for sure, and you are certain my claws won't break this?"

"Very certain about it. It's high-grade latex that's very difficult to puncture. One might think they are invincible once inside."

She chuckles, "Always the saleswoman, aren't you?"

"I didn't get this place for nothing."

"True," she says, taking it over to the bed, feeling the soft latex against her butt cheeks and tail, while she figures how to get the suit on, "And if I break it, that will be fine?"

“There is no if, I am certain you won’t be able to, but to be sure, I want you to be wearing it the entire time you’re here.”

“I gotcha. If this is to help you, I am happy to oblige,” she says, her claws twitching, giving the latex a tug, feeling its elasticity, hearing it creak, the aroma of latex hitting her nostrils, making her sneeze.

“Bless you, are you alright?”

“I’m not used to this heavy latex aroma, it’s a bit overwhelming.”

“That’s what the gas mask is for. I know you aren’t as into this delightful aroma as moi,” she chirps, pointing to herself in grand style.

“Really now?”

“Indeed, it is, now, slip in your legs, and we’ll get you right as rain in no time.”

“Smother me in love and latex?”

“It’s the only way to smother someone, the three L’s, Love, Latex, and Lubricant.”

“Will I need any to slip into the suit? I did research on this before and I recall some things about something with that?”

“It’s all been taken care of. Don’t worry about it and let me just help guide you in,” she says, holding the front of the suit, “Just slip in,” she says, unfurling her wings, tail feathers wiggling.

Kirisha smiles, slipping her hands into the front, her legs pushing down while her tail lays along the top of the suit, feeling the smooth rubber run across her scales, her claws finding no purchase to even get caught up on anything, “Uh... my tail?”

Ruby runs her claws along the rubber, helping Kirisha’s claws through, seeing the suit be filled out before her very eyes, making her heart flutter. The breasts filling the front of the suit so perfectly, hiding away her nipples, providing simply smooth rubber that shines and reflects Ruby’s red feathers. She looks over Kirisha’s shoulder, “Ah, don’t worry about that, I have my ways to get your lovely tail into the sleeve,” she chirps, pressing her breasts up against Kirisha’s.

She smirks, reaching around to gently caress Ruby’s sides, careful with her feathers but giving the new latex suit a test, wiggling her claws in the rubber, not feeling any cuts just yet, feet sinking into the rubber, her signature sickle claw showing off, but the suit gives her feet a far more avian design mimicking her friend’s own, “I’m sure you do.”

“Just leave it to me,” she chirps, climbing onto the bed, rubber clad claws caressing Kirisha’s tail, feeling the scales through the latex, “You’ve always had a lovely tail.”

“I’ve been fond of it all my life, that’s for sure.”

“You’ll love it more once it shines in this,” she says, pulling the suit, stretching it, forcing the front of the attire to press up against Kirisha’s body, better fitting to her form, smoothing it out, while she works and slips the tail in. The latex springing forth covers the entire tail from tip to base, leaving only the zipper that starts at the base, “How’s that?”

Kirisha gritted her teeth the entire time, feeling a faint vibration come from the plugs within her, and the curious feeling of smooth latex on smooth scales, slipping into every crevice of her body, smoothing out her shape, “Better,” she makes to squeak out.

“Good,” she says, running her claws along Kirisha’s back, feeling her scales, “*You’ll be wearing this for a very long time my sweet bird,*” she thinks, letting her sharp claws tease the raptor for a moment, tracing over a few of her scales, then gripping the zipper, placing a finger underneath to make sure that no scale gets caught as she pulls up all the way to the top, giving the latex a soft tug before letting it snap against the raptor’s back, “How’s that?”

Kirisha feels the latex slide and grind against her body, air escaping the neck, blowing heavily rubber scented air across the raptor’s face, “Ahh, this is unique and new,” she says, looking over her smooth supple form, her smoothed out crotch, hiding her sex and the toys underneath. The shine of her body has an alluring feel, each move she makes, air escapes, gripping her tighter. The latex smooths and crumples, again and again, constantly teasing her scales, while the gentle vibrations stoke the burning fire in her loins.

“Feels great, doesn’t it?”

“Ah, you could call it that. I need a bit more time to adjust and make up my mind,” she says, stretching within the suit, giving her breast a firm squeaking grope, “But I am certainly not complaining,” she says, letting out a soft raptoric purr, “Ah, could you get the head piece? I want to look this over a bit more while you do.”

“Of course, my sweet, just wait right there and enjoy the new you,” she chirps, grabbing the hood, staring into those lovely red glowing eyes, holding the backpack in the other claw, “*You’ll be my wonderful bird,*” she thinks, handing it to her, “Here you go sweetie.”

“Thanks,” she says looking into the mask, “Why with the red eyes? Makes me look vicious.”

“Would you rather look simple, soft, weak and docile? Or a vicious bird of prey?” she asks with a soothing chirp sitting beside her, placing a claw on her leg, giving it a gentle rub.

Kirisha looks over at her, “I suppose you are right,” she responds, grinning in delight, “I liked birds, but you made them awesome,” she says with a grin, turning the mask around, opening the space, slipping her head in muzzle first. The rubber creaking loudly, sliding against her scales, filling her nostrils with that potent latex aroma, the head sliding down the back of her head. Her green muzzle view is now replaced by black and orange rubber, a red tint, with a hint of blue from the tubes that flow down over her shoulders and toward her back where Ruby is busy placing the air filter onto her back. The black rubber double cylindrical canisters bound in a solid black box with vents at the base that silently take in the air.

“There we go,” says Ruby, checking the pack, making sure it's nice and snug against her back, “How does that feel? Breathing just fine?”

Kirisha takes a deep breath, the tubes feeding her a sweet aroma that makes her entire body tingle with delight, her sex tightly gripping on the dildo deeply lodged into her, the vibrations increasing, noticing Ruby running her claws along the bracelet to amp up the fun, “I can breathe just fine,” she says with a muffled moan, “Can you hear me?”

“Loud though not clear a little muffled but that works for me,” she says, reaching around giving Kirisha’s breasts a firm squeeze, “And how does this feel?” she chirps.

She arches her back, moaning, Ruby's breasts pressing up just above the back filter, a flow of pleasing gas floods into her mask, making it bulge slightly, till it fills her lungs. The glowing light around her eyes feels so soothing, delightful, there was a flash... was there? Hard to read, she swore it said the words "Overbird" Her arousal bubbles up more, in the back of her mind she thinks, "*I never felt that good being touched by her before.*"

"Yyrashisha? Can you hear me? Yyrashisha?" Ruby chirps, claws gently caressing the rubber bird suited raptor's breasts.

Kirisha is snapped out of her moment of pleasure, the buzz in her sex growing more obvious as she presses up against her friend, "Huh, what? Sorry, what was that?"

"Were you lost in the moment already Yyrashisha?"

"Yyrashisha? Oh, right that's the name you want me to respond to while in a suit?"

Ruby nuzzles and preens along Kirisha's neck, "Such a smart bird you are Yyrashisha. I want you to just forget about being Kirisha right now and embrace being my lesbian birdy Yyrashisha, okay?"

Another deep soothing breath. Something in the back of Kirisha's mind felt soothed by Ruby's words. Just something about how they were being said perhaps? They felt so good, trusting, and loving. She nods, "I can do that. I can play Yyrashisha, that's the name, right?"

She nuzzles her rubber bird's beak, "That's it. Now, you've been teasing me all day with that cute butt of yours, those supple breasts, the luscious curves," says Ruby, pressing herself against Kirisha, licking across her muzzle, claws tracing along the raptor's sides, moving down to her butt, giving a gentle squeeze, "Come, let's see how I can feel from those toys in you."

Kirisha tilts her head, "What are you thinking?" she huffs, squeezing both toys in her, feeling the vibrations flow through her body, tingling up her spine, the twin vibrations twirling and mixing, steadily fading just reaching her breasts before dissipating completely, but the pleasure from it travels further up into her mind, leaving her feeling wanting.

"What else? To wrap our legs against one another and grind ourselves to a blissful climax," she sings, sliding into a position, legs spread, finger curling, "Come my sweet precious songbird. Let's make wonderful music together."

"Obey your Overbird."

A flash appeared before Kirisha's eyes but before she could recognize it it was gone. She squeaks against the bed, looking at Ruby, something about her looks even better than before, mind drifting for a second, her lungs filling with the soothing warmth, when the vibrations in her sex increased twofold for just a second, drawing her attention to Ruby, who smiled coyly.

The avian's claws turn down the vibrations, "Sorry, you seemed a bit lost in your new suit. Love it so much you can't give your Mistress a little love?" she chirps.

She huffs, the mask inflating, the mask seems to outline Ruby, drawing her gaze to her, she reaches out to gently caress and rub the avian's leg, "Perhaps, we'll see *Mistress*," she says with a bit of sarcasm, climbing onto Ruby's leg, rubbing her crotch against her thigh, with long wanting squeaks, "How does that feel?"

“I feel the vibrations, come closer, I want to get real close,” she says, lifting herself up, helping Kirisha slip her leg underneath her butt, pressing her sex down on the raptor’s leg, while they move in closer.

“As you wish Ruby,” she says, a faint whisper says into her ears, *“Ruby is your Overbird.”*

Before Kirisha could think on it Ruby says, “Please, call me either Mistress Ruby or Overbird. You are my lovely, sweet rubber bird drone, aren’t you Yyrashisha?”

She breathes in deep, grinding herself against Ruby, bringing their sexes closer together, while she leans back to give their tender vents ample access. Both covered in a layer of latex when they finally meet and kiss their sexes together, “Yes Mistress Ruby,” she replies, saying it with a hint of love and adoration, but more of doing it for her rather than believing the words escaping her lips.

The moment their rubber clad crotches touched, Ruby’s wings spread out further, claws gripping the bed sheets, “That’s it my drone. Grind against me. Please me. Serve me,” she chirps, gyrating her hips against the raptor.

Kirisha thinks, *“A little heavy, a bit quick don’t you think Ruby?”* Though she does feel a delight hearing Ruby moan and chirp. Something about those jiggling breasts when she grinds against her are rather enticing. Her pleasure grows, pressing her sex tight against her lover, the warmth in her loins growing.

“Good bird. Don’t cum, I want to be the one to control your climaxes my sweet song bird so I know exactly when you truly sing,” she chirps, moaning softly, wrapping her legs around Kirisha, pressing her sex tighter against the smooth crotch of her bird drone, feeling the vibrations, that are muffled by the twin layers of latex, but are nonetheless enticing, stoking the flames within her.

Feeling like she’s running a marathon she breathes deeply into her avian rubber mask. The raptor feels the surge of delight, the latex gliding across her scales, the pressure within her loins building up while she grinds back harder, rubbing her sensitive bound and covered folds against her lover, her temporary Mistress, clenching down hard, toes curling when she lets out a trill, her body shuddering as her climax hits her.

Ruby huffs, feathers puffing out, *“Too early for her to accept that, in time,”* she thinks, grinding herself harder, turning up the vibrations to max, “What did I just say about climaxing?” she chirps, getting the extra bit of pleasure out, drawing her toward her own climax.

The surge of vibrations deep within her causes her to jerk and shudder in wanting need. Her claws dig into the bed sheets, the rubber around her body preventing an actual damage while she watches Ruby get drawn to her climax, grinding herself hard against her lover. “Not my fault, you put me in this after teasing me like you did,” she huffs, getting this feeling in the back of her mind, *“I don’t recall climaxing to something like this so quickly before.”*

Ruby huffs, slowly coming down from her climax high, the desire and need still lingering in her mind, building it up a bit, while she calms her subtle annoyance at the first failed gambit to control her sweet drone, “It’s fine my sweet drone. Nobody is perfect, except maybe me,” she chirps.

She shakes her head, "Please, don't give me that," she says, taking in a deep breath the hood keeping her focus on Ruby, "*Overbird is so pretty. Overbird is always right. Overbird is perfect.*" Kirisha shakes her head a bit, sinking into a growing lust now that the vibrations have been lowered to a less squirm inducing level.

She chirps, "What? Shouldn't you agree with me drone? Obeying my every word?" she chirps, rubbing her leg between Kirisha's legs, grinding those toys in her, "Such a lovely smooth teasing crotch you have there," she says, running her claws along her rubber covered sex, "Much like mine."

She tenses, grinding herself against Ruby's leg, feeling a pleasuring haze wash over the back of her mind, building up the pleasing desire and lust once again. Her sex tightly clenching onto the toys, letting out a soft moan, "It is nice, I am enjoying the suiting a bit more than I thought I would," she says, her claws trailing along herself, giving herself a little fondle.

"I thought you would," she chirps, pulling her leg away, watching Kirisha's hand move down to caress her sex, "Come, let's go to my dungeon and have a bit of fun down there drone, what do you say?" she asks with a sweet chirp, leaning close, running her claw along the rubber bird beak.

Pleasure surges through Kirisha, the flow of air into the mask, she reaches up, grasping Ruby's hand, feeling it up against the beak, her raptor muzzle hidden so well, the intensity and focus on her Mistress grows, the soft pulsating red glow of her eyes, funneling a soothing sensation that makes her entire body tingle, making her hold onto Ruby tighter.

"Someone is enjoying themselves, aren't you Yyrashisha?"

"Yeah... feels nice," she purrs, nuzzling into Ruby's hand, "*Obey Ruby. Obey your Overbird. Follow her. Obey her. Serve her. She is so gorgeous, the best bird of all. Good rubber bird drone,*" the voice in the back of her head... or was it whispered into her ears. The pulsating lights draw her into a delightful pleasure that makes her body ache, sex clenching even harder. The next thing she knew she was downstairs in Ruby's basement where it's filled with all sorts of bondage equipment, but it's far more than just a simple BDSM dungeon paradise. There's smaller separate isolation rooms with rubber walls, a water isolation tank with breathing tank, a bondage chair with a TV screen in front for a bit of playful hypnosis, and so much more.

"Here we are my lovely bird drone, my Overbird paradise, where you will serve me in any way I desire," she chirps, holding onto Kirisha's hand rather tightly, "What do you think?"

"Ah... when did we..." Kirisha mutters looking around, taking in all of the delightful sights, "There's a nice bondage chair down there that's set to different kinds of porno, and can be preset if you want to sink in and just enjoy a bit of fun, while bound up, in case you ever wanted to do that," she says, running a claw along Kirisha's beak, "But first, what shall we play with first? No need to rush; we have all the time in the world, but what could be a good ice breaker to work in our new... working relationship?" she asks with a giggle, looking over at Kirisha, "Suggestions Yyrashisha, you are familiar with a lot of the things in here. Anything peek your fancy?"

“Ah...” she says, rubbing her claws along her rubber beak, taking another deep breath, clenching on those tormenting vibrating plugs which sooth and tease her, making it a little harder to think and focus, steadily losing her cool and calm demeanor, “I’d say...” she says, trying her best to buy her mind time, flicking her tail with a loud squeak, the rubber constantly crunching up and smoothing with each movement, “We should go with,” her eyes darting around the room, finally landing on the rope pulley system hanging near the center of the dungeon, “That?” it asks pointing to it.

Ruby sings pleasantly, “What a wonderful idea, and I have some nice soft scarlet velvet rope, be a good drone Yyrashisha and just stand there, wait for your Mistress to get you set up,” she continues, guiding her to stand in the spot, before walking off, hips swaying with each step, “*Each breath you take. Each moment you spend in there, will prepare you for what I want for you. To become my perfect rubber bird.*”

Kirisha huffs, “Sure thing Mistress,” she responds, the words escaping her lips, bouncing in the rubber hood of her’s. “*Mistress, Mistress, Mistress.*” Something about the word sounds so good. Kirisha takes a deep breath, placing her hands on her smooth rubber beak, the mask highlight of Ruby’s body keeps most of her attention on her. Kirisha takes another deep breath, a tingle of pleasure rushing through her, “*Something about this is just so enticing,*” she thinks, squeezing the toys penetrating her, “*Perhaps it's just playing up the role? Or the fact I am finding this latex so delightful and arousing? It's been a while since we were together, perhaps it's nostalgia for my more... experimental days.*”

When Ruby comes back, Kirisha’s attention is fully locked on the avian’s body, “Looking Good Ruby,” she says with a raptoric purr, “*So very sexy. Ruby is your Overbird. Obey your Overbird.*”

Ruby extends the rope, showing off its vibrant red color, “Ready to be tied up and put into your place my sweet drone?”

“I’m ready for a good time,” she winks, not realizing that Ruby can’t see her true face.

“And you’ll get that good time my drone,” she pulls out a riding crop, “And so much more,” she chirps tapping Kirisha’s breast, “You’ll be feeling this if you don’t behave, understand?”

“Yes Mistress,” she says with a nod, feeling the rope glide across her rubber clad skin, squeezing and holding her, sliding against her crotch, further teasing her, along your breasts, outlining, supporting, taking her off her feet, arms bound and held up above her, but the ropes supporting her entire form. Tail pulled back, with a weave that exposed and spread her legs, leaving herself completely vulnerable to the avian’s touch.

“How does that feel, my drone?”

She wiggles, body swaying back and forth, each move she makes moves the latex and the ropes that spread tease her form, “Feels great Mistress,” she says with a soft moan, sinking into a subtle state of pleasure.

“Good birdy, just relax and I’ll help you soar to new heights of pleasure,” she chirps, reaching over for a magic wand vibrator. The pulsating hate pressed against Kirisha’s breasts.

Vibrations move through her body, the perk nibbles pressing against the latex, felt but not seen through. Her lungs are flooded with more of the pleasing air, sex clenching harder on the vibrations. Smack! The riding crop hits her right breast, causing her to tense. The echo of the hit rings out in the room, while she feels the sting of it slowly fade, the sharpness of the hit muted by the protective layer of latex.

Ruby runs the riding crop along Kirisha's breast, up her neck and along the beak, "Drone, did I give you permission to moan loudly? Only soft needy moans are allowed, begging. I don't want you to be moaning too loudly. It interrupts my thinking and what I am going to do to you next, and you don't want to do that now, do you?"

She shakes her head, "No Mistress, I'll be good," she responds, thinking, "*Being a femme myself, it's so easy to know what she wants to hear,*" she thinks, stiffening up as the crop runs along her neck, heart racing, pleasure surging, "*Does feel good though.*"

"It is good to obey your Mistress. Obey your Overbird."

Ruby moves the vibrator from one breast to the next, caressing the raptor's mounds in small teasing circles, "Good Drone. Relax and obey your Overbird. I am to be your one and only," she chirps.

Kirisha softly moans, tensing and relaxing, torn between wanting to pull herself away from the teasing vibrations and push herself toward it. She shudders and gasps loudly in the hood as the wand moves along the center of her belly. SMACK, the kiss of the riding crop hits her again, the stinging sensation that lingers.

The crop runs across Kirisha's beak, "What did I just say, my sweet drone?"

With a deep breath, wiggling within the bondage, eyes locked onto Ruby's, she softly replies, "Not to moan loudly?"

She traces the crop around Kirisha's rubber beak some more, "That's right my drone, and if you do a good job," she says, running the wand along Kirisha's back, "I'll give you a very special wonderful treat. Now, doesn't that sound nice?"

"Y-yes Mistress," she replies, feeling a tingle of pleasure run down her spine, into her loins, while it also sinks into the back of her mind, "*Feels good to...*" She presses up the best she can to Ruby's touch, letting her rubber clad clawed hands guide her head to nuzzle and press up against Ruby's belly.

"That's a good drone. My lovely female drone," she chirps, continuing to tease, running the wand along her sides, leaving it going on the small of her back while she either caresses her drone's head or give those mounds a firm squeeze. Eventually she shifts Kirisha's focus to her lovely sex. She presses and grinds up against the beak, using it to part her lips, pushing some of the suit's rubber into her sensitive avian folds.

Kirisha rubs against her Mistress' crotch. It's a strange sensation, her fierce look, completely focused on that wonderful smooth crotch, her sex clenching on the toys, trying to milk them while she rubs. The vibration of the latex on latex caused a loud creak to fill her ears. The noise is repetitive, soothing, it's like she could hear the latex speaking to her...

"Serve and obey your Overbird. You are a good drone. All should serve Overbird. Overbird knows best. Overbird is sexy. Ruby is your Overbird."

Ruby clenches her thighs, providing a nice tight hole for Kirisha to funnel her beak in. The wand left on the raptor's back, freeing the avian's hands to caress and tease her friend's head, "That's it Kirisha, keep focusing, keep working, just a little bit more and I'll..." she lets out a trill of delight, a hard climax washing over her, wings fluttering behind her.

There's something strange about this moment. Something that Kirisha just can't put her claw on it. She feels the flow of Ruby's juices across her own latex, practically tasting it on the other side, the filter on her back vibrating thanks to the magic wand, *"Ruby's pleasure is your pleasure. Pleasing Ruby is your top priority. Obeying your overbird is your top purpose."*

The pleasure and bliss continued, Ruby giving her new drone no time to really relax, shifting between a few moments of pleasure, climaxes, teases, after care. Ruby gently caresses and rubs her drone, helping her feel safe and content, but even in these moments there comes a time where it must come to an end. The avian gently rubs her drone's butt, grinding her sex against that thick tail, *"Not going to get rid of that, it's too much fun to have you lose it,"* Ruby thinks, gently chirping, "Get some rest my sweet drone. You've earned it."

Kirisha presses up against Ruby, grinding her tail between her rubber clad legs, teasing her some, "Thanks Mistress. A fun first day, even if it's a bit exhausting."

"I'm glad you are getting into the role so easily," she says, gently rubbing and nuzzling along Kirisha's neck, licking across her sweet tangy rubber.

She lets out a raptoric purr, "Once I get into it, it's rather fun, and I want to make you happy Mistress. It's only for a few days."

Ruby gives Kirisha's butt a squeaking squeeze, "Yup, for the time you are here, you're my sweet Yyrashisha. Now get some rest, tomorrow will be a big day, a full day as my drone, and remember, keep the main part of the suit on you. I need to test those claws if they can break the rubber or not."

"Got it Mistress," she says, nuzzling Ruby goodnight, watching the bird walkway before ducking into the bedroom, looking at the black bed sheets with red pillow casing, the latex creaking against her, the very low vibrations giving her a bit of a reprieve from the torment within her loins. She takes one last deep breath, slipping her fingers under the hood, peeling the rubber away letting the cool air wash against her scales.

"Damn that was a hot and sweaty evening," she huffs, the cool air flooding her lungs, causing her to cough, "Oh boy..." she says, hitting her chest, "I guess I got more used to you on me than I thought, eh bird mask?" she says, turning the hood to face her, looking into those deep red eyes, her sex clenching on the toys, "You don't look half bad in it at least," she says, holding the hood in her claws, looking at the full bodied mirror. She looks at her outline, running her rubber clad claws along her hips, feeling the double layer of latex between herself, "Definitely not what I was expecting when I was doing this," she says, letting out a long yawn, "I should get some sleep. Otherwise Mistr...Ruby will not be pleased if I sleep in," she chuckles, flopping on top of the covers, the mask placed on the other pillars, laying down, facing her.

"I'm too tired to disconnect you, do you mind Yyrashisha?"

She picks up the head and shakes it, putting on a sensual sexy voice, "No, I don't. I always want to be ready for Overbird Ruby."

“Yeah, I bet you do,” Kirisha giggles, laying back into bed, drifting off into a nice slumber, dreaming of today’s events, and when she wakes up the next day to a growling stomach, the faint dreams of becoming a rubber bird steadily fade into forgotten thought as the new day overtakes her brain power.

She stretches hearing the latex creak, feeling it slide across her body, reminding her of just what she's in. Her tail glides across the bed, letting out a big mouth yawn, “That was a good sleep,” she mutters, feeling the mask get pulled toward her. She picks it up, feeling it in her claws, staring into that fierce red visage, “I forgot I am still attached to you,” she giggles, running her claws across the hood. Staring into those big reflective glass eyes. Her breathing gets heavier, the smell of the rubber filling her nostrils warming her lungs, arousal starting to bubble up, thumbs slipping underneath the neck into the opening when... her stomach growls.

“Oh, I need to eat something,” she says, holding the hood like a biker’s helmet, *“I’ll put you on later,”* she thinks heading downstairs, straight to the kitchen, looking around when she stops herself, “Strange... I don’t recall she showed me where the kitchen was... and I shouldn’t just go about looking at her things. I’ll wait at the dining table for her and eat then,” she mutters, taking a seat at a nice dining table, placing the hood on the table, taking a moment to look at her rubber clad body.

“I do look good, don’t I? Much better than I was thinking,” continues to ponder when suddenly her vision is blocked by a pair of rubber clad claws.

“Guess who?”

“Ruby?”

“Guess again. Think of the correct title,” she replies, rubbing gently running her thumbs over Kirisha’s ear holes, *“Too much to expect you to not want to take the head off just yet...”*

Kirisha thinks for a moment, *“Mistress Ruby Overbird.”* It comes to her in a flash, “Mistress Ruby Overbird.”

Ruby chirps happily, “That’s right my bird drone, and with that, why do you have your mask off when moving about outside of your bedroom?”

“I was hungry, Mistress, can’t eat with the head on, no mouth.”

Ruby trails her claws along the back of Kirisha’s head, “Silly drone. Then you should have made me breakfast and wore your head while making it.”

“But...”

“No butt’s unless I say,” she says, showing off her bracelet amping up the arousal through the vibrations of the plugs.

She groans, gripping the table, arching her back, “R-ruby...”

“That’s Mistress my drone,” she sings, grabbing the hood, taking her time to pull it over Kirisha’s head, “And don’t forget that.”

She takes a deep breath, hearing the latex schlunk over her head, vision returning to that familiar red tint. The smooth crisp air flowing into the hood, filling her lungs, “I won’t Mistress, but what about food?”

“Go make it for me drone.”

“Obey Mistress Overbird.”

“Yes Mistress,” she responds with a purr, taking a deep breath, “Mind lowering the vibration on my plugs?” she asks, looking over at her.

“Once you are done cooking.”

She huffs, clenching hard on the plugs, “Yes Mistress.”

“And no climaxing, until I allow it.”

“I’ll try Mistress,” she replies, heading toward the kitchen. A subtle pleasant feeling fills her as she gets to work. There’s something about doing a task for her Mistress that just grows within her, bubbling up with enticing pleasure, pulled into a zone of work. “Follow Overbird’s orders. Obeying is pleasure. Obedience is bliss. It feels good to do as you are told.”

The next thing she knows she’s bringing Ruby a full course meal, that is absolutely mouthwatering... to Ruby at least. Through her work, Kirisha found herself less and less hungry. She stood by Ruby, watching her eat, “Is it to your liking, Mistress?” she finally asks.

“This is wonderful,” Ruby chirps, “You did a great job, my drone,” she says, reaching for her wrist, lowering the vibrations.

She visibly sighs in relief, her tight clamping on the plugs within her, “That is good Mistress. It fills me with joy that you enjoy the meal so much,” she responds, tail swishing, her breathing steadily calming till Ruby gently cups her crotch, the avian claws teasing along her crotch.

“Next we’ll have you polish my rubber, and we’ll get you to clean my dungeon. I like it cleaned before I use it again,” she says with a teasing wink.

“Yes Mistress,” she says, stiffening up, legs pulling close together with a loud squeak.

Ruby looks at Kirisha, thinking, “*The suit is replacing her need for food while she wears it. She’s already forgotten all about it,*” she smirks, sipping her tea, “Perfect. It’ll be nice to feel your hands along my body serving me. It reminds me of all the fun we’ve had.”

Kirisha takes a deep breath, a tingle of delight runs through her, “*A rubber bird drone is always honest with their Mistress. Rubber bird can’t lie to Mistress Ruby Overbird.*” She feels a tenseness in the pit of her stomach, and it wasn’t hunger, “Ah, look Ruby there is something I have to tell you.”

“Don’t worry my drone, you’ll do fine polishing my curves, but first clean up this mess and I’ll see you in the living room. The massage and polishing bed is in the closet.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, feeling a compulsion to get to work, “Yes Mistress, as you command.”

“And one more thing Yyrashisha.”

“Yes Mistress?”

“Don’t keep me waiting too long,” she chirps, running a claw along Kirisha’s beak.

She huffs into the mask, the red glow of the visors brightens ever so slightly, “I won’t Mistress,” she responds, doubling her work.

Ruby leans back, listening to the sounds of her drone work, while she kicks up her feet on a stool, her latex creaking against the leather, the polished hardwood floors are already spotless, “*My dear Kirisha, you’ll be Yyrashisha in no time. And your previous self will just melt away under the bliss of the mask and it’s part of you and a core of who you are. I’ll know my rubber bird project is complete. For if I can’t turn you into my right-hand bird. Who could I convert?*”

Kirisha eventually comes with the heavy massage table, with a hole for tail feathers if laying on back and face if lying face down, “Sorry that took so long Mistress, I wanted to do a good job,” she says with a raptoric purr, unfolding the table, “I’m ready.”

“Good drone,” Ruby chirps, slipping on, her rubber creaking.

“Is this the same latex outfit as yesterday’s Mistress?” she asks curiously, getting polish and cloth ready.

“No, I changed out of that one already, why do you think this needs polishing?” she chirps while giving a playful wink, smacking Kirisha on the ass, watching her tense and hike her butt up as she gets onto the table.

“U-understood Mistress,” she responds, taking a deep breath, admiring Ruby’s body for just a moment before getting to work. The smooth cloth caressing the bird’s body, along that supple rump, going under the rubber clad tail feathers. She runs her claws along the latex, gently massaging along Ruby’s back, getting underneath her wings that shift with each tender stroke.

“Ah, so lovely and nice. Keep it up my drone. It reminds me of the time when we first met.”

“Yeah,” she says in a dreamily tone, snapping back to reality, “I had fun back then. I was very curious.”

“Just curious?” she chirps, wiggling her butt, “I’d say you were more than just curious my sweet drone,” she winks at her.

She huffs, clenching on the plugs, “It was a curiosity. It was fun, pleasurable and I care for you dearly, but I just wanted to tell you...” she says, trailing off while continuing to polish Ruby’s body, *“Be honest with Mistress Ruby Overbird. Do not lie to Mistress Ruby Overbird. Good drones don’t lie to their owner.”*

“Yes my sweet drone?”

“I-I... prefer men.”

“Oh? Is that so? And now you are polishing my lovely curves, and then fun we had?”

“The fun we are having is... wonderful. Yes,” she says with a soft huff, “But it let me really think about it, if I want to be with another woman or a guy. And in the end, I really like men and dicks,” she says feeling a blush.

“And?” she asks looking up at her.

“And... uh...” she huffs.

“And what? You came here still, are you questioning that?”

She takes another deep breath, muttering to herself, “I must be truthful to Mistress Ruby Overbird,” taking a moment to focus, not noticing Ruby’s sly smirk, “No, I am actually about to ask this really cute guy to go on a date with me. Well, we’ve been seeing each other for a bit but just as friends. But perhaps he could be the one I am looking for? Then you sent me the email and we got to talking.”

“So you want to come and check with an old fling just be sure?”

“Yeah... and you are my friend. I don’t want to hurt you either. You’ve been doing so well for yourself and I’d hate to take away from your moment.”

She gives a pleasant coo, “That is so sweet of you Kirisha, I mean Yyrashisha, I appreciate your honesty. And I promise that we’ll do what we can to enjoy this time with me and when it’s all said and done, your mind will be clear on what you want.”

“No hard feelings?”

“None, as long as you remain my good rubber bird drone while you are here with me. And give me a good polishing over,” she says, flipping over onto her belly, “Make sure you get my belly and breasts *real* good my drone, there won’t be an issue.”

With a sense of relief coming over her, she nods, “Thank you Mistress, I appreciate your understanding,” she says, soaking the cloth in the polish, gliding it across Ruby’s body, watching the latex shine, reflecting her avian visage in the rubber. She stares at it, continuing to polish, the outline teases her mind, keeping her attention on Ruby with those lovely teasing plugs deep within her. She caresses those curves, along the crevice between her legs, hearing her Mistress moan in delight as she rubs.

“Good drone, keep it up,” she says, taking a deep relaxing sigh, spreading her legs a little bit to give her drone better access. She watches as Kirisha diligently works, the cloth gliding across her rubber, the cooling sensation pushing through her feathers to the rest of her body, a lovely feeling and a curious one to a creature that doesn’t sweat. It tantalizes her senses. Her pleasure continues to rise and bubble up when the raptor polishes her belly.

Kirisha feels each time her Mistress breathes, a soothing, calming pace, that calms herself, matching the pace within just a few minutes. Getting the cloth moist again she works her way up along Ruby’s sides, caressing those sweet mounds, borderline polishing and massaging them with a dash of a fondle. She lifts the sweet mounds getting in the crevice underneath, the latex perfectly forming around the bird almost like it is vacuumed sealed around her, despite knowing just how impossible that is, she can’t help but get that sensation.

With each relaxing moan that escapes Ruby’s beak, Kirisha feels ever greater delight. Her hips sway, her mind drifts into an autonomous mode of doing the task before her. Simplicity in obedience. Worries and concerns she had built up all melted away thanks to being so honest with her. That air of awkwardness that she felt in her mind dissipating while she humbly works, getting every inch of Ruby’s rubber cleaned and shined.

Ruby admires her drone, mind mulling about what she’ll be doing next, what sexual scenes she’ll play with her, working her ever deeper into the state of mind that is needed to perfect her project, but all good moments come to an end and she’s polished, but that only means that she’ll be leading her drone back to the dungeon where they’ll get to cleaning.

Polishing, disinfecting, making sure all the toys are in where they are supposed to be, while being a display of lustful sinful delights that further tease the back of Kirisha’s mind. But when she gets to the bondage chair with a curved screen in front. She takes notice of the automation built into it, a computer off to the side, that she only notices because she has to dust the keyboard clean, “What particular is this one Mistress?” she asks, her curiosity getting the better of her.

“Oh, that is myself bondage hypnosis play chair.”

“Self-bondage?”

“Just means I can play with it by myself. It has safety timers to not last too long. But it's such a lovely time and fun.”

“Does it actually work?”

“Sure does, lock you in nice and tight.”

“I mean the hypnosis?”

“Oh, that. It's something that works if you really want it to. Do you want to try it?”

“Ah, not right now. I need to finish cleaning, and it's your time, your place, I'll go with what you have planned, Mistress.”

Ruby walks over to Kirisha, placing her hands on her hips.

“M-Mistress?” she asks with a soft raptoric purr.

She nuzzles her beak, “That's the answer I like to hear. Good girl. Now get back to cleaning,” she chirps, smacking Kirisha on the butt.

With a soft moan she nods, “Yes Mistress, as you wish,” she replies, sinking back into the zone, but occasionally she looks over at the chair her eyes glowing a bit red, *“Please Mistress Ruby Overbird.”* A faint thought flutters in the back of her mind, disappearing just as fast as it appeared. This day filled with a lot more busy work, while keeping the raptor teased and on edge, leaving her feeling a bit exhausted and sexually frustrated.

“See you tomorrow my sweet drone.”

“Yes Mistress,” Kirisha responds, only taking off her head piece once the doors behind her clothes. She takes that deep breath of unfiltered air and coughs a bit, “Not as nice as I was hoping,” she mutters, holding onto the hood, looking at herself again in the mirror. Staring at the smooth rubber body, running her claws against themselves, to see the rubber is still holding firm, “This suit is doing good, and my figure is wonderful,” she says, looking at her smooth butt, “But I should get some sleep, don't want to keep Mistress waiting for breakfast like I did today,” she mutters, flopping onto bed, holding onto the hood, caressing the beak, steadily drifting off to sleep.

Suddenly Kirisha gets up, gasping, her sex clenching on the plugs out of instinct. She checks the time, *“I've only gotten three hours of sleep?”* she thinks, sighing, stretching and flicking her tail with a loud squeak. She looks down at her hood, the red lenses visible in this low light, “I should try to get some sleep, don't you think?” she asks the hood, bringing it up to face her, beak to muzzle.

“What's that? You want me to test myself on that chair? But I don't want to take up Mistress Ruby's time,” she says, staring straight into those red eyes, feeling herself drawn into them, “True she's asleep right now. Can't hurt to go down there and try it out for a little bit. I do want to get to know myself and if Mistress Ruby Overbird says it only works on the willing and what is truly wanted. It would be a clear indication of it,” she says, taking the hood, slipping it over her head.

She takes a deep breath, feeling a flutter of delight within her. The building hunger within her gut fading away before she could even clock it. The red eyes glow, providing her with dark vision, making it easy for her to make her way downstairs, straight toward the chair. With each step her excitement and curiosity grew, “It’s not going to work... is it? Just a bit of fun and back to bed, no harm no foul,” she says, going to the computer.

The keys appear to highlight, making it easy for her to type in all the commands needed to get the machine up and running. The screen flickers on, the chair looking so inviting to sit on, “Now I just have to sit back and relax,” she says, slipping into the chair looking up at the screen that had a rainbow spiral going.

While she took one slow deep relaxing breath the chair bound her legs and arms to the chair, and with a quick test tug she found herself comfortably restrained by it, “Ah... I see about the automation,” she chuckles, as a curricular device wraps around her forehead looking her head in place to look at the center of the screen. Followed by a curved upside-down T device that runs along the side of her head and along the center of it, pressing down against her rubber hood.

A soft white noise filters through the rubber filling her ears. A gentle hum, the hood helping her focus on the screen with, an automated magic wand comes up between her legs and gently runs across Kirisha’s rubber covered folds, upping her pleasure, while words flash across the screen.

“Relax.”

“Listen.”

“No thoughts.”

“No will.”

“Breath... hold... hold... hold...”

“Release...”

“Good Drone.”

Minutes pass as the start of the session begins, steadily calming Kirisha further, eyes unable to tear away from the rainbow spiral, while a faint image of lesbian sex scenes start to show up in the background. At the moment its images are fading in and out. Some it shows girls scissoring, and when that happens the magic wand runs across Kirisha’s sex.

“It feels good to be touched by a woman.”

“It’s wonderful to be embraced by another woman.”

The scenes change to one girl suckling the teat of another, the magic wand shifting to gently vibrate along Kirisha’s breast, teasing the nipple.

“A woman knows how to please another woman like no man ever could.”

Kirisha clenches on the plugs within her, tugging slightly at the teasing, but just as the pleasure rises the repeating the relaxing mantra comes again, letting Kirisha calm down, slowly sinking back into the mindset.

“Good Drone.”

“Relax and obey.”

“Relax and serve.”

“Relax and accept your sexuality.”

“Embrace your sexuality.”

“You are a closeted lesbian urging to be free.”

The images continued, this time with short animations, playing a few second scenes on repeat, the moan of another woman filtering into the white noise. A surge of gas from the filter system fills the rubber bird hood, flooding Kirisha’s lungs, making a tingle run down her spine. Her eyes locked on the spiral, feeling herself sink in deeper, her arousal building further, a surge of excitement flutters up in her gut, doubling so when she sees the moans, the breasts, the gentle feminine curves, the vibrations arousing her further.

“Good drone.”

“You love women.”

“You are aroused by women.”

“Only women.”

“Only a woman truly knows how to please a woman.”

The animations get longer, more enticing with occasional teasing pin ups of girls wearing latex, showing off their gorgeous bodies. Her teasing grows, the words bouncing in her head, making her feel an ever-growing need within her. Every so often she thinks of a guy and there’s a tingle, a hum, a vibration around her head, and that thought shifts quirky not into just a woman but into Mistress Ruby Overbird.

Kirisha loses track of time, barely struggling within the chair now when suddenly she feels herself suddenly broken out of the hypnotic lust when a pair of lovely avian hands grips on squeeze her breasts and the voice of her Mistress fills her ears overpowering the moaning women.

“So here is where my needy drone went. You couldn’t help yourself and had to sneak off and test your desires, is that it?” she asks the program to be put on pause yet the lovely spirals don’t stop.

“M-mistress! Sorry I didn’t mean to startle you.”

Ruby giggles, “Startle you? Hardly. I went to check on you when I got up and couldn’t find you anywhere. Then I come down here and see you are here. Running my favorite program. You really want to see if you are as straight as you say you are?”

Kirisha curls her toes, tensing up, “I was curious in general, Mistress.”

“And how are you feeling? Are you questioning your sexuality? Or perhaps are you finding your *true* orientation that you’ve kept locked up all this time?” she asks, running her claws along the rubber bird beak.

“You are a closeted lesbian earning to be free.”

“You are a lesbian.”

“You want to love women.”

“You want to fuck women.”

“You want to serve women.”

Kirisha huffs, “I just... I really want to be sure.”

“Still doubting?”

“Well... I...” she takes a deep breath, tugging against the bonds.

“Don’t worry. We can be sure. Let all those doubts fade away from you, leaving you certain of who you are. Would you like that?” she asks, standing beside Kirisha, gently caressing and petting her head.

“I would like that very much, Mistress.”

“Are you scared about what you might find?”

“A little but I am excited. I want to know. I need to know. I must be sure just how much of a closeted lesbian I am.”

She giggles, “If you say so my sweet drone. How about I give you the heavy conditioning. It’ll leave you completely certain just how much of a pussy eater you are. Doesn’t that sound lovely?”

“Trust Mistress Ruby Overbird. Never doubt Mistress Ruby Overbird. Mistress Ruby Overbird is always right. Obey Mistress Ruby Overbird.”

Kirisha breaks away from the hypnotic spiral, watching her type into the machine, “That sounds more than lovely Mistress. It sounds wonderful. I don’t want a doubt in my mind just who I am. What my interests are. Who I am attracted to and love.”

Ruby grins, “That’s my drone,” she says hitting enter, executing the program, “Just pay attention to the screen. And I’ll be back tonight to let you out and then you can tell me just what kind of girl you are.”

“Yes Mistress,” she replies, feeling the flutter of delight within her grow. Without a second thought she turns back to the screen, the spiral drawing her back in. The tingle within her mind growing, the white noise drowning out all thoughts as she leans back into that relaxed state.

Words flash on the screen as the message grows more intense, “You’ve always loved women. Now Mistress Ruby will free you of your societal constraints.”

“Mistress Ruby helps you realize you are a lesbian.”

“You love Mistress Ruby.”

Images of the avian goddess appear in the screen, teasing her, showing off herself, video sex acts, some that include Kirisha herself now playing before her eyes.

“Look how much pleasure you have with her.”

“How could you not be in love with her?”

“That is why you came back.”

“To embrace your sexuality.”

“You are no longer a closeted lesbian.”

“You are a normal lesbian.”

“It is who you are.”

“You love women.”

“You love Mistress Ruby most of all.”

The words sink into Kirisha’s mind, spoken by Ruby herself, the scenes growing more arousing while she’s kept on edge. Her body aching, begging for a climax. She digs her hands into the chair, bucking her hips against the vibrator, drawn between lustful eager hyper aware

state and relaxed needy aroused solace, drifting back into a soothed hypnotic state, while the devices attached to her head continue to make minor adjustments to the connections in her head, redirecting every arousing impulse to women.

“Men never interested you.”

“You were only fearing your love of women, your love of your Mistress.”

Kirisha takes a deep breath, muttering the words back, “I was only fearing my love of Mistress Ruby.”

“That is why you came back. You wanted to embrace your lesbianism.”

She huffs, arching her back, pressing her crotch against the magic wand, “I want to embrace my lesbianism.”

“Only women truly aroused you.”

With a groan she repeats it.

“Only women bring you to any climax.”

Her pleasure on edge, “Only women bring me to climax.”

The scene before her growing more delightful, showing herself and Ruby and her going at it in their college days, expressing their love and delight for each other, “You can only climax with women and by Ruby’s command.”

“I can only climax with women and by Ruby’s command.”

“You are a lesbian.”

“I am a lesbian.”

“When you cum, it's lesbian porn for it turns you on.”

“When I climax it's lesbian porn for it turns me on,” Kirisha responds, her mind thinking of all the time she watched porn in the past. The sparks in her mind change the images. Steadily rewriting them from males to only females. Her sexuality shifting further and further till the needle breaks off completely, locking her deep into the lesbian camp.

When Ruby returns late that evening, she sees Kirisha going strong, completely enthralled by the images. She walks quietly over to the computer, looking at the progress and monitoring. She lets out a soft trill of delight, “According to this you haven’t had a straight thought in your head for the last... four hours. How wonderful,” she chirps, going back to the chair, whispering into her ear, “Cum for me my lesbian Yyrashisha.”

Kirisha screams in utter ecstasy. The binds that held her mind back from feeling the true nirvana of her sexuality broken. She bucks her hips hard against the magic wand, while her sex milks the dildo lodged within her. She huffs deeply, her eyes glazed over behind the red glass visor. Her claws digging into the chair yet not breaking the rubber. Toes curled. Every inch of her body expressing the pureness of her release, all trapped within the rubber that hungrily uses it for what is to come.

Ruby grins, “Good drone Yyrashisha,” she says, petting and caressing Kirisha’s head, letting her regain her breath and just watch the delightful display of lesbian love played out before her. Giving Kirisha a good few minutes to let it all sink in before ending the program, “Do you feel better Kirisha?”

She sits in the chair sinking into it, the binds releasing her, yet she barely moves while she pants heavily.

“Kirisha darling?” she asks getting closer, “Yrashisha?”

Kirisha jumps, “Oh, Mistress, I’m so sorry I lost track of time I should make you breakfast.”

Ruby waves her off, “You’re good my drone. I want to ask you if you come to a conclusion about who you are?”

She takes a deep breath gently feeling up herself, her sensitive body aching, while she stares at Ruby, admiring her gorgeous figure, “Yeah, I think I have Mistress.”

“And what would that be my sweet drone?” she asks, offering her a hand up.

Kirisha takes it, grips it tightly with a squeak of rubber against rubber, “That you are right. That I have been hiding myself for so long and I need someone like you to set this bird free of her cage.”

“How very aptly poetic of you my drone, but that didn’t answer my question. Who do you think you are?”

“I think I am someone who is deeply in love with you... and I will take you up on your offer to stay here once this trial period is over.”

Ruby unfurls her wings, “That so sweet of you to say, are you sure?”

“I haven’t been surer about anything in my life,” she says, leaning in to give her a beak rub.

The rubber clad bird dances her claws along Kirisha’s sides, pressing her breasts up against her’s, “That’s wonderful to hear. But you’ve had a long day. Get some sleep and we’ll see what we’ll do tomorrow morning, okay?”

She nods, “That sounds wonderful Mistress,” she says, following her love up the stairs back into her room, “I can’t wait to see you tomorrow.”

Ruby softly sings, “I know the feeling, rest well.”

“You too Mistress,” she says, feeling the euphoria of the moment lingering, leaving her a little bit of wanting. She grabs her hood, slipping her fingers underneath it. She stops for a moment looking at her full rubber bird self in the mirror, “Not too bad looking,” she says wiggling her butt, pulling the hood off with a hint of reluctance. She caresses it, holding it close to her, taking in that bland first breath. Sending a shudder down her spine, “Eek, oh well,” she says, stretching, sliding into bed, holding the mask against her as she drifts to sleep of sexual dreams of her Mistress.

Kirisha awakens feeling delightful. She takes a deep breath, stretching and spreading her legs, lifting her tail, clenching the toys within her, feeling just... fantastic, “What a wonderful day,” she says with a raptoric purr, reaching to grab the bird hood, noticing its gone, “W-where did it go? Mistress will be so angry at me if I lose it,” she says, looking under the pillows and

the bed sheets, looking around till she catches a good look at herself. The avian hood on her head.

She reaches up to touch the rubber beak, letting out a shiver, “Ohh...” she feels a blush in her cheeks, “I have it on me... I don’t recall putting it on... Did I take it off last night?” she asks herself, thinking back, but finding her mind in a bit of a haze, “Eh, no matter. Time to make Mistress breakfast!” she says with excitement, giving her body one last self-tease, heading downstairs. The red tinted world guides her movements, a sensation of what Mistress would be in the mood for already filtering into her mind, following the subtle instructions without a worry or concern and by the time she finishes placing the food on the kitchen table, enough for one and only one, Ruby comes down in her well-polished rubber attire, “Morning Mistress!” she says with a raptoric trill.

Ruby grins, “Morning pet, glad to see you are getting into step with your new role.”

“It’s a pleasure to serve Mistress Ruby Overbird.”

“It’s a pleasure to serve you Mistress,” she responds, clenching on the plugs, eyes locked on her Mistress’ movement as she sits down.

“I know and I am grateful to have a lovely drone like you Yyrashisha.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Now take the position and wait for my next command.”

She nods, “Yes Mistress,” standing there, not moving, thinking, *“What is the position?”*

Ruby smirks, *“Not even vocally questioning me on what the position is, just wanting to follow. Good Kirisha, you’re coming along nicely, you’ll be Yyrashisha in no time,”* she thinks, pulling out a long riding crop she had attached to her belt, smacking it against Kirisha’s breasts, “That means kneel before me and wait silently for my next command.”

The rubber clad raptor moans, “Yes Mistress.”

Whack, “I said ‘silence’.”

“Sor...” she stops herself kneeling before Ruby, the riding crop coming along her beak, making her flinch yet feel a hint of eagerness.

“Much better drone.”

She nods, arms held behind her back, gaze looking up at Ruby as she takes her time eating her breakfast, savoring every drop, drinking juice and relishing the quiet moment that’s accented by rubber squeaks, “That was a job well done drone.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Whack, “Did I tell you to respond, drone?”

Kirisha flinches and shakes her head.

Whack on Kirisha’s rump, causing her to hike it and moan softly, with a coy grin she says, “I asked you a question drone, I expect you to answer it. I can’t read minds.”

“Sorry Mistress, and to answer your question. You did not tell drone to respond.”

She runs the crop along her chin, watching Kirisha tense in a faint lust, “Good Drone. When I speak to you that requires a verbal response you do it. When I give you a command, you respond to it in a way that respects my position and lets me know you will do it or if there are

any problems with carrying out my command. Otherwise, you are my good *silent* drone unless I say otherwise, do you understand?"

Kirisha feels the aching stings from the whip, her body oddly craving for it yet not wanting to disappoint her Mistress she replies, "Yes Mistress, drone understands."

"That's better. Today I want you to clean the bedrooms yours then mine. Do the rubber sheets, then do the laundry, making sure all my rubber gear is thoroughly clean and polished. But before you do that, do the dishes, clean the kitchen floor and once you are done with all of that. You will come to see me and quietly await my next command; do I make myself clear?"

She nods, her arousal bubbling up, "Yes Mistress. I have one question."

"What is it, drone?" she asks, sliding the crop between Kirisha's breasts, bouncing the flat end between the two mounds.

"Is Mistress done with her meal? If not, shall I begin once you are done?"

She smirks, "A good question drone," she says, reaching over with her other hand petting Kirisha on the head, "Good job Yyrashisha."

Pleasure surges through Kirisha, "*Good drone. Mistress is pleased. It brings you pleasure.*"

She lets out a soft raptoric purr, which results in another playful whack against Kirisha's right breast, quickly calming the raptor down.

"What did I just say about being quiet?"

"Sorry Mistress, drone got excited there."

"It's alright, just don't let it happen again. Only when I allow it. I want to hear you purr, moan and trill. Got it?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good Drone. And I just finished my meal. I'll be in the library enjoying a few good books. Inform me when you are done with your tasks."

"As you wish, Mistress," she says, getting up, her new task laid out before her, she gathers the dishes and heads into the kitchen getting to cleaning. Each task she performs feel better. The liberation within her loins being a constant reminder of the blissful delights she is receiving from her service.

"You are a good drone. You exist to serve Mistress Ruby Overbird."

"You obey Mistress Ruby Overbird."

"No greater pleasure than fulfilling Mistress Ruby Overbird's desires."

"Your Overbird is everything."

"There's no greater pleasure than fulfilling your Overbird's commands."

"Overbird is Mistress Ruby."

These strange thoughts filled the back of Kirisha's mind. The task before her keeping her from focusing on the soft whispers. Occasionally she stops and looks around, wanting to call out "Who's there?" but quickly squashes the desire.

"Overbird desires you to be silent till spoken to."

"Silent drones are good drones."

"You are a good avian drone."

"A good rubber bird."

"Obedience and serving the Overbird is all you need to know."

“A good lesbian rubber bird drone to Mistress Ruby Overbird.”

She moves in step, squeaking, creaking, working nonstop. Her need to take a break and relax seems to melt away as she keeps working at it. The air flowing into her lungs is a soothing delight, washing away her exhaustion, her hunger, keeping her focused on the task. Hours fly by and as she tucks in the bed sheets, the polishing the covers of her bed, having done all the other tasks already she is finally finished, *“Done. That felt good. Now to find Mistress and wait for her next command,”* she thinks, heading toward Mistress’ last known position.

Something swells within her, a sense of accomplishment. To have done all of her tasks and the day is not over. There was a moment where she had to stop and prepare Mistress’ lunch but that was at her behest. Another task to do, another moment of pleasure. She silently enters the library, stacks upon stacks of books, psychology, chemistry, science, robotics, and so much more along with several fantasy novels. She notices the thick book in Ruby’s hands with the title *“Toy Maker: Every Toy has Its Maker.”*

Without comment, making a noise except the faintest of squeaks she kneels beside her Mistress. The moment she gets into position Ruby smacks Kirisha on the other breast, but she holds back her moan, but her tail stiffens, sex clenches.

“I heard you come in and kneel, drone. This is a library, you are to be extra quiet in here.”

She nods, whispering to her, *“Understood Mistress.”*

Ruby runs the crop along Kirisha’s breast, *“Good. An interesting read this book thus far... Not what I was expecting. Imagine a world like this with living toys? How curious and delightful,”* she says with a sigh, continuing to read, pulling the crop back, slowly flipping through the pages.

“Should I respond to that? It was a rhetorical question, wasn’t it?” she thinks, not moving, staring up at her Mistress with a steadily growing lust and need.

Thanks to her rubber covers claws Ruby easily flips the page. She glances at Kirisha, reaching over to her bracelet increasing the power halfway to max. She can hear the vibrations in the quiet room. Seeing her pet squirm, body creaking, *“There we go.”*

Whack.

Kirisha stiffens, tightly clutching onto the toys, taking a deep huff into the mask, hands behind her back, toes curling as she says nothing, doing her best not to move while the toys wreak havoc on her focus and mind.

“Much better drone,” Ruby comments returning to her read and it's not till a full hour has passed she puts a bookmark into the book, closing it, *“I fear I am getting close to the end, and I want to savor it,”* she says, looking over her drone, *“You’ve done well, you may now get to serve me,”* she says, giving Kirisha’s head a soft pet, *“Come, get between my legs.”*

“Yes Mistress,” she replies, crawling to fit between her Mistress’ legs, that lovely outline of her sex seen through the rubber, her gaze locked on it, except when Ruby speaks.

“Service me drone,” she says, rubbing the back of Kirisha’s head.

“Yes Mistress,” she says, holding back a desire to let out a raptoric purr.

“You may quietly moan and chirp for me, my drone.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” she says, bringing her head down, nuzzling and pressing her beak into her Mistress’ crotch, using that crease between her legs to push her beak in, grinding harder, faster with long rubbery creaks.

“Good pet, keep it up. Show how much you love Mistress’ pussy. Work it, want it, make me climax through my suit,” she commands, rubbing the back of her drone’s head with one hand, while running the riding crop along Kirisha’s spine with the other, jumping over the back filter, and landing on the thick rubber hide on other side of the spine.

“With pleasure Mistress,” she softly raptoric purrs, grinding her face in her Mistress’ nether region. Feeling so close to it she could just taste how sweet her nectar is, while tightly clenching on the toys within her. Her hands busily caressing and rubbing her thighs, teasing and creaking the latex, fully cupping her lover’s body.

Ruby’s legs coiled around Kirisha’s body her avian feet gripping the raptor’s butt, giving a firm tight grip fondle, “That’s it, harder, faster, grind more,” she declares, patting the crop along Kirisha’s back before giving an occasional smack, yelling out “More!”

The stings hurt so good and encouraged her to speed up her base. Constantly grinding the latex into her Mistress’ sex before she manages to shove her beak into the vent like a dildo, pushing ever deeper into her lover’s vent. Using each hit to guide her forward, push harder, to caress Mistress’ body for all it’s worth. Her world right now is her Mistress’ sweet sex and she will stop at nothing to fulfill her command and make her Mistress cum.

Quicker, faster, deeper, stronger. Kirisha was working like a good drone, putting in her all, till she could feel that quiver, that loud excited chirp, trilling out, calling out the drone’s name Yrashisha! The quivering sex, the fast hard milking of her beak. That pure instinctual lust and moment shared between them while Ruby gives one last hard smack on Kirisha’s back before she fumbles and drops the crop so she can hold the drone’s head tightly against her body.

The rainbow of bliss reached, and deep-down Ruby knows that each day will get better and better and when the final day comes, she’ll know that Kirisha will be ready to be fully converted over to Yrashisha where she’ll be a raptor no more and only her obedient rubber bird.

The next several days went by in a blissful blur. Working, fucking, servicing, all of it was fantastic. Kirisha lost track when was the last time she even took off the helmet. Thoughts about why she was wearing it or why she originally came in the first place were so hard to recall if they could be retrieved at all. She awoke to the chirping of her Mistress.

“Yrashisha! Please come to my room. I am in need of your services.”

“Coming, Mistress Ruby Overbird!” Kirisha exclaims, hopping out of bed with a vigor and excitement. Going through the doors that connect their rooms she enters with restrained excitement, approaching her Mistress who is still lying in bed, her claws running across the scarlet red rubber bed sheets which accent her black rubber pillows.

Ruby huffs, dressed in a black and red latex bodysuit that lets her black clawed feet remain free. The suit is thick and constricting, creaking louder with each movement. Red stripes

accent the black rubber, sliding down her center across her crotch, around the part where her legs meet her thighs. Her midsection appears to have a corset like design that does squeeze and keep her figure, supporting her breasts that have a matching red vertical stripe like the corset. A thick red collar wraps around her neck with a black rubber gas mask much like Kirisha's own only with breathing filters instead of the long tubes, and a solid black visor outlined with red instead of two piercing red eyes "Morning my drone. How are you feeling today?"

Kirisha kneels before her, "I am doing well, Mistress. What can I do for you?" she asks, taking the position arms behind her back.

Ruby huffs into the gas mask looking over her perfectly trained drone, "Grab me a strap-on that you'd think would be fitting for me to enjoy. They're in my dresser drawer over there. You know the one I had you polish and clean them all just yesterday."

"Yes Mistress," she says, heading over to the drawer, looking over the vast array of dildos of all shapes, sizes and colors. She looks through them, pondering which strap-on would be the best *fit* for her and then it hits her. She finds a medium sized one, a red flashy avian length with several ridges to add to one's pleasure. She picks it up, taking it back to her, kneeling and presenting the object, "Does this choice please you, Mistress?"

With a muffled excited trill, she takes it, "How perfect, this will be just great to use on you," she says, kneeling up on the bed, placing the toy up against her crotch, strapping in the strap on, till it's nice and snug. The bird holds out her hand, "Lubricant."

Kirisha looks at her, wanting to ask "*Use on me?*" the thought of being taken hasn't dawned on her in so long that she's almost forgotten that it is even a thing, but before she could postulate the thought any further the next command became her focus, "Yes, Mistress," she says, getting up, and retrieving it quietly, kneeling and offering it to her, letting her Mistress take it before returning to her waiting position.

"Good drone," she says, taking a moment to pour the lubricant all over the dildo, making it nice and sleek to the point that a good amount of it drips down onto the bed. "You've done so well you deserve plenty of lubricant," she says, laying back on the bed, propping herself up with some pillows. She places her hands behind her claws, "Come drone, get up here and get on my dick," she demands.

Kirisha shivers in delight, clenching on the dildo and plug within her body when there's a click and the vibrations stop, leaving her for the first time in ages no extra stimulation which leaves her... wanting, "Coming, Mistress."

"I almost forgot about that. I don't want any extra teasing, just you and me," she says, looking over her drone as she climbs onto the bed, gripping the dildo, and positioning herself over the avian dick, "Go ahead, get to riding. Nice and slow, I want you to be teased and pleased by my bird dick my drone."

She gulps, taking a deep breath, gently caressing the dildo, pressing it up against her smooth crotch, "Yes Mistress," she says, thinking, "*Do I even have a sex for Mistress? Of course, I do. Mistress says I do with these commands. That means I have a nice warm vent for her to take advantage of,*" she thinks, rubbing against the tip, steadily pressing herself down.

For a moment she thinks the toy will just slide right past her smooth crotch but then it starts to sink in. The latex around her crotch region tightens as the toy pushes up into her, pressing into the toy that is lodged deep within her which expands and accepts the intrusion making her feel even more filled than ever before. Kirisha grunts, toes curling, letting out a whine of pleasure, "Permission to moan out Mistress?" she asks, tensing as she goes down inch by glorious inch.

Ruby chirps, smacking her drone's thighs, "Not till I say you can," she commands.

She huffs, "Y-yes Mistress," she says, taking the length, the lube adding that needed slickness to push the toy in deeper. Her legs spread, making her feel all the more vulnerable. Her gaze locked onto Ruby's mask-covered face. The glow of Ruby's body draws her in, her beauty bringing her the strength to remain in enough control to prevent her body's desire to cry out her Mistress' name in all its glory. Only deep wanting huffs, and a racing heart is all could be heard or felt as she went down.

Ruby occasionally bucked up, forcing a sudden inch into her lover. Her mask hides her smirk when Kirisha quivers on top of her, breasts bouncing, claws bunching into fists, toes curling. Every inch of Kirisha's body is fighting to keep to her command, "*You are so dedicated, my sweet drone. And that is why you are ready to be perfected into my forever drone. The first of many,*" she thinks, giving another buck to make their crotches meet with a wet squeaky squelch. Ruby softly moans feeling the weight of her drone and the dildo press up against her sex. She gives Kirisha just a moment to recover before commanding, "Come on, it's more than just a sit and do nothing. I said ride it and ride it you will."

"Y-yes Mistress," she says, holding her wanting desire to coo and moan. Slowly she pushes off her Mistress, leaning forward to use the bed, hovering over her Mistress for a second.

Ruby shakes her head, "Drone did I say you could be over me like that? Who's in charge here?"

"You are Mistress."

"Lean back and ride me then, I want to see all of you."

Kirisha nods, "Yes Mistress, she pushes herself back, thrusting back down onto the toy, tail stiffening as she muffles her own moan, supporting herself from behind, she arches her back, gyrating and thrusting her hips down against her Mistress, while she on occasion thrusts back.

"Good drone, keep it up," she chirps, watching the raptor's black bouncing rubber breasts, the shifting of latex as it stretches to fill her lover again and again. The quick sudden and random thrusts she marks pushing her lover to the brink of disobeying but each time she just manages to real it back in.

"Like this Mistress?" she asks after several tormenting minutes of thrusting, bucking and teasing.

Ruby was busy gently caressing her breasts, squeezing herself, legs slowly wrapping around Kirisha's, and then suddenly as Kirisha pulls all the way up, leaving just the tip of the dildo within her, she strikes, slamming up hard into her pet, springing off the headrest, pushing

Kirisha over, hands on the raptor's breasts, squeezing them while she tightly pins the raptor to the other end of the bed that creaks and bounces under the quick movements.

"Yes, exactly like that. And now I want you to moan, cry out, give it your all. I want your cries for blissful pleasure to be burned into your mind for this will be the last time you will ever be penetrated, so I want you to *savor* it, my drone."

"Yes Mistress!" Kirisha calls out, gripping the bed sheets, an explosive cry of bliss escaping her muzzle, muffled only by the mask. A massive amount of pent-up arousal allowed to be ever so slightly released with her gasping moan. Her breasts creaking loudly as her Mistress fondles them.

Ruby starts to pound relentlessly into the raptor's hot rubber clad vent, "That's my drone. You've done so well I want to give you this well-earned reward before I complete you into my *perfect* rubber bird," she trills in delight, her hips meeting the raptor's again and again.

Kirisha squirms like a worm underneath her Mistress, "Thank you, Mistress," she cries out, meeting up with her lover's thrusts, their crotches kissing again and again. The power and grace of her Overbird shown to her in all of her glory.

"Obey Overbird."

"Serve Overbird."

"Mistress Ruby Overbird completes you."

The sound of latex on latex on top of latex. The constant grinding pumping pulsating, Ruby moving in closer to press and grind her breasts up against Kirisha, showing her every ounce of her dominance, burning it deep into her head just who the overbird is. Harder, faster, squeakier. Ruby wraps her arms around Kirisha's, locking them in place like some kind of illegal wrestling move. Her hips gyrating, pounding, shoving the toy nice and deep each and every time, the toy within Kirisha expanding to make the pleasure be multiplied beyond measure.

Still Kirisha could not climax, she was on the edge, ready to blow. She couldn't formulate words anymore, the pleasure and bliss is too much. Her gaze is locked on her Mistress unwilling to look away even if she could. Locked directly on her prowess and beauty, every fiber of her being waiting for that one thing that will make it just perfect... her command.

Ruby continued to take her, withholding the command not out of anything malicious but out of the sure joy of the moment. She, like her drone, knew that once that order was given there would be no more times like this. This last single moment she'll get to penetrate her drone in such a fashion, and she'd wanted it to last. To milk it for every blissful second no matter how torturous it was for her drone or how much they *both* wanted to say it. But all good things had to come to an end, and Ruby leans in, nuzzling against her drone whispering the words, "Cum."

The words hit Kirisha harder than anything else she had before. Her body screamed out in bliss, clenching the strap on so hard that Ruby couldn't pull back to milk it and then... darkness.

When Kirisha awoke it was to a panting Ruby still on top of her nuzzling her with the mask still on. She felt her groan ache, muscles sore, body aching so good, “Mistress? Do you need anything?” she asks.

Ruby regains her composure, sitting up, the toy still lodged within her drone’s sex, “Yyrashisha, you’re awake. Good. You blacked out there for the last thirty or so minutes. Could have been longer than that. You were letting out this blissful song of lust when you climaxed that I just lost myself in it,” she says, slowly pulling out.

Kirisha tenses but holds back her moan, clenching on the toy as it pulls out, “Sorry if I worried you Mistress.”

Ruby chirps, petting Kirisha’s head, “This is the one time I don’t mind, drone. Now come, get up, we have to go complete you.”

“Yes Mistress,” she replies, sliding onto her feet with a loud squeak. Almost stumbling over when she realizes just how *weak* her legs are, but she quickly regains herself, using sheer will to regain her composure, the need to obey her Mistress overcomes all obstacles, “I’m ready Mistress.”

Ruby chirps, sliding off the bed, letting the strap on bounce in the air, “Good Yyrashisha,” she says, giving Kirisha’s butt one playful tease, guiding her drone downstairs back into the BDSM dungeon to one room that was off limits to her drone up till this point.

Excitement and curiosity grew within her, inside this room is a massive black rubber egg that has thin red stripes that separate parts of it like it could be opened like a petal and with a reach to the top and heavy squeaking, Ruby does pull down a set of zippers that reveals the sleek black interior of this egg that now she’s next to it about half her height.

Kirisha stares at her Mistress, looking at the lovely egg, heart racing, something feels so right about this moment. She can’t put her claw on it but everything is leading up to this moment, she kneels and waits, silently yet eagerly waiting for her next command.

“Step inside, drone, and we’ll get you set up for your hatching,” she chirps, motioning with her claw to come forward.

“Yes, Mistress,” she says, holding back an eager trill of excitement, sliding into the egg that squeaks loudly all around her. It’s like walking on air, the rubber egg bouncing side to side but firmly bound to the floor, so it doesn’t move. She turns to face her Mistress within the egg, arms held behind her back, “Like this?” she asks, feeling the latex squeeze on all sides except this one petal.

“Perfect, my drone. Stay like that while I get you hooked up,” she says, climbing into the egg with her, the creaking and squeaking of rubber, the shifting of air that presses up against her body, the grinding of their firms, “Need to hook up your backpack to a second set of breathing tubes that will update and improve the filtration system,” she explains, grinding her body against Kirisha and after a hiss and a twist it gets locked into place. “Take a deep breath and tell me how that is?”

She does so, her lungs flooding with a sweet aroma that burns in lustful eagerness, soothing her mind deeper, making her entire form tingle, “Almost as heavenly as you Mistress.”

She smiles, giving Kirisha's head one last final pet, "Perfect pet. You'll be in here filled with rubber and will simply soak till you're completed. Once you come out, you'll forever be my rubber bird Yyrashisha, understand?"

"Crystal clear, Mistress Ruby Overbird."

She nuzzles and chirps, giving her a gas mask to gas mask 'kiss' on the beak, "That's my drone. See you soon enough," she says, crawling her way out of the egg.

Kirisha admires the view, watching as her Mistress seals the egg with a roar of a zipper. A few moments later there's a hum overhead and a sleek drip. Liquid feels warm against her body, and she can feel and somewhat see a shifting in the darkness; the rubber steadily filling the egg further, which only pushes the rubber back down into her, making her feel she's under pressure.

Eventually she's drifting in the rubber, her entire form soaking in the latex, and all she can do now is breath and relax, breath and relax, the hood giving a soft red glow, the only light she can focus on, her eyes unable to look away as they pulsate and draw her deeper into a deep receptive state.

Words flash by Kirisha's eyes and are spoken in Mistress voice into her ears, into her mind, they echo and repeat, lingering and enthralling her with each word uttered, "You are a drone."

Kirisha can't help but repeat it without a second thought, as if it's a command from her Mistress, "I am a drone."

"You are Yyrashisha and always have been."

"I... I have been Yyrashisha and always have been."

"There is no one but Yyrashisha."

"There is no one but Yyrashisha," Kirisha says, taking deep breaths, her old self drifting away more, the life she had becoming ever more hazy, harder to recall, the new name sinking in, replacing her previous name as smooth as a hot knife through butter.

The latex swirls around Yyrashisha while the vibrations within her loins growing all the more sensitive, the clenching around her sex yet somehow relaxing, her rear hole smoothing over, the warmth of latex seeping into her body binding harder with her form, becoming stronger. Her feet steadily shifting, transforming to mimic that of her Overbird, Mistress Ruby.

"You are a smooth crotch drone Yyrashisha."

"I am a smooth crotch drone."

"You have no sex, but you are female."

"I have no sex, but I am female."

"Mistress Ruby Overbird is the only pussy you'll ever need."

"Mistress Ruby Overbird is the only pussy I'll ever need," Kirisha responds with a raptoric purr. Growing ever more lost in the sea of rubber. The head piece and the body suit merging in the warmth. The raptor's throat shifting and changing, her voice remaining the same, yet she is starting to find some of her feral noises are shifting.

"Smooth, sealed subservient."

“Smooth, sealed, subservient.”

“You are a smooth sealed drone.”

“I am a smooth sealed drone.”

“Your name is Yyrashisha.”

Yyrashisha chirps, gasping in delight, her body on edge, feeling as if it's on the verge of climax yet knowing and more importantly not worrying that one is not to come for she knows deep down her purpose and it fills her with no greater pleasure she could ever find.

“You are a rubber bird drone, Yyrashisha.”

“I am a rubber bird drone.”

“Smooth crotch.”

“Smooth crotch.”

“Sealed body.”

“Sealed body.”

“Subservient to your Overbird.”

“I am subservient to my Overbird,” she trills out, floating in that delicious latex, feeling the warmth, the changes, breathing in the gas that helps further rewire her mind to make this part of her very being, soul, the essence of what makes her, her.

Yyrashisha couldn't imagine any other bliss than serving her Mistress. The mantras and red glow, the guidance of her voice, it's the great being above guiding her into perfection. There was no resistance. She'd dare not, nor want to if she even could. She is a perfect rubber bird drone, and a perfect rubber bird drone doesn't question her Overbird. She obeys and serves to the best of her ability.

With no meaning of time, she doesn't know when it's time to hatch but she feels when it is, she'll know. The programing sinking in deep, any possible imperfection is smoothed away. Body sealed and adjusted to better fit her Mistress. Made to be the best and most perfect rubber bird drone there ever could be.

When the latex stops flowing, draining out of the bottom of the egg, the vibrations in her loins are gone. The sensation that she ever had holes down there... gone. Her crotch and rear are sensitive, she can feel it. A tensing of muscles and shifting but the bliss is only skin deep, her rubber smooth crotch. A perfect example of her female bliss, knowing deep down that the only woman that should have a pussy is her Mistress Ruby Overbird.

“Time to hatch, Yyrashisha,” Ruby calls out.

“Yes Mistress,” she calls out from the egg, moving forward, the attachments to her back filter auto disconnecting. The device that fed her gas forever changed to better suit her new physiology. Going on what could be best described as instinct she finds the hidden spot that allows her to pull the zippers down, letting her “peck” her way out of her own egg, what little latex remains drips and falls away, gliding off Yyrashisha's body, and the eggshell. Her red tinted world adjusts so she's not blinded, easily seeing her Mistress standing before her, in her traditional neck down black latex clad gear. She instantly kneels and holds her hands behind her back and looks up at her in silence.

“Hello Yyrashisha, how do you feel?” she asks with a soft chirp, “And you may freely express yourself till I say otherwise.”

“I feel great Mistress Ruby Overbird, and thank you for the permission,” she chirps happily, the rubber bird still having that raptor tail behind her, but her feet are nearly identical to that of Ruby’s except that iconic raptor sickle claw still remains.

“That’s what I like to hear,” she says, giving Yyrashisha a tender pet, “Come, Yyrashisha. It’s time to rest.”

“Yes, Mistress,” she responds with a soft chirp, following Ruby back upstairs. The world feels so familiar, yet on the other claw, so new. She moves elegantly, better fitting her new body. The raptor underneath is still there to some degree, but the world will never see a scale of her again. She obediently follows Ruby back up to her room where everything was as she last saw it except now in the corner is a pod with red latex cushioned on the back with a glass cover.

Ruby points, “That is where you’ll be resting my drone. Get in and get some rest. Tomorrow will be a long day. We have some new future rubber birds to find and convert.”

Yyrashisha trills in excitement, “Yes Mistress. All will serve and obey the Overbird, Mistress Ruby,” she says, feeling a surge of pleasure within her.

“That’s what I like to hear,” Ruby giggles, sliding into bed. Watching the former raptor step toward the pod, which automatically opens and with an instinctual knowledge, the rubber bird turns around and steps backwards inside, becoming nice and snug within it, “Good night, Yyrashisha.”

“Good night, Mistress,” Yyrashisha responds, leaning into the pod, her sleep mode activating, and so does the subtle teasing vibrations within her crotch. A faint reminder of what she once had, which only fills her with bliss. Because the only pussy for her, is Mistress’ and none other. And as she drifts into slumber, the first of many rubber birds. All she can think about is obey her Overbird’s next command.