Spreading the Shine

Xavier found himself scratching his head as he suddenly found himself in the midst of a sea of people, the fox wondering how he had gotten there as the sounds of cars whizzing by filled his ear. He remembered something about a game; some sort of creature in a rubber body suit, or no, made of rubber? Either way he had been captured or something and was supposed to play some sort of game, and though he remembered that it was an extremely pleasurable experience he couldn’t quite remember if he won or lost.

One thing he did know was that as he scanned the area around him Xavier realized that he was actually fairly close to his house. As he walked down the street to where he lived he found his stomach grumbling as well and bought himself some food, and while he waited for it to cook he continued to try and think about the events that got him to this place. Had he been kidnapped? As he looked down at himself and stroked his hands through his red and white fur he didn’t seem to be any worse for wear, though as he adjusted himself he did feel something on his thigh that wasn’t there before.

It would be impossible for him to see without pulling down his pants or otherwise exposing himself but from the feel of it there seemed to be some sort of rubber icon imprinting onto his body there. Part of Xavier wondered if perhaps he had gotten a tattoo of some sort, but that didn’t make any sense either. He would have to check it out more when he got home but for the moment just let it be, grabbing his meal when it was ready and eating it straight from the bag. He found himself rather ravenous and it wasn’t long before he had completely devoured what he had ordered and tossed the bag aside while walking down the sidewalk.

When Xavier finally got home he let out a soft sigh as he turned the lights on and looked around. Everything was where he remembered it to be, and even though the lack of memory on how he had suddenly found himself in the middle of the street was quickly fading from his mind there was still something that bothered him slightly. It was like a tugging sensation that pulled at the back of his neck, one that continued to persist as he tried to watch television to busy his mind. As he scrolled through the various streaming movies that he could watch he came across one that caused him to stop; it was one of those cheesy werewolf movies with a super low budget and often had terrible-looking monsters, but as he looked at the partially changed ocelot that was snarling on the thumbnail it caused something to stir within the fox.

A werewolf…

A rubber werewolf…

Xavier let out a slight huff as he found his arousal spiking at the image and without knowing it he had begun to rub himself through his pants at the thought of it. Someone running around in a rubber werewolf suit, trying to bite and infect people into becoming more creatures ran through the fox’s mind even though it wasn’t even close to what the description of the movie was. After a few seconds though he realized what he was doing and was about to shift over to continue looking when the automatic preview system showed up, showing a full moon that suddenly got his attention as he leaned forward. It started with some generic characters giving poorly-written lines of dialogue and then focused on the ocelot, and as the movie went on they kept splicing scenes of the creature transforming along with the poorly produced rubber prosthetics… but there was something about seeing them that seemed to turn the fox on even more as he licked his lips.

By the time the preview was over Xavier had found himself starting to pant slightly as images started to come to his mind unbidden, creatures much sexier and shiner than what he had seen in that preview rubbing and groping against him. He felt his body slid slightly against his couch as he imagined one of them coming up to him, the rubber werewolf letting out a growl as he went down to nuzzle his own member. His own fingers unzipped his pants as though to let the imaginary creature press against him, and as he plunged his hand into his pants his entire body shivered as it felt like he was actually touching rubber. As he squeezed himself however it felt like he was still rubbing his cock through something even though he had already undid his pants, and when he looked down at himself he let out a gasp of shock that snapped him out of his lustful thoughts.

A second zipper was nestled against the one that he had just pulled down, the rubber tines attached to a shiny bulge that was between his legs as he pulled his hands away. It was like he was wearing some sort of strange latex jockstrap, except that the rubber wasn’t attached to anything but his own groin as he looked at it. After nearly tripping on his half-pulled down pants he slid them off the rest of the way and as he kicked the offending garment aside he finally saw what he had felt while in the restaurant. It looked like he had gotten a tattoo or something of a rubber wolf head on his thigh, something he definitely didn’t remember getting as he stood up to try and get a better idea of this mysterious garment that’s covering him.

Just as Xavier stood however he felt something shift inside of him, his hand going to his stomach as it felt like his stomach muscles flexed without him doing so. It was a bizarre sensation… yet strangely he wasn’t frightened by it, like it was something to be expected even as he felt the fur of his stomach shift underneath his fingers. Confusing thoughts continued to circulate in his mind as well and he found himself shutting off the television completely before heading towards his bedroom. Seeing that werewolf and the full moon on his screen continued to persist however and by the time he made it to the doorframe he had to lean on it while he started to pant.

One thing that the fox knew for sure was that this was the horniest he had ever been in his entire life, and as he continued to paw at the bulge between his legs he found himself actually starting to drool. In his mind he knew all he had to do was pull down that zipper and he could release himself, but at the same time he felt like that would also release something else. He began to see images of his own body transforming filling his mind, getting completely covered in rubber while his muscles grew until it switched to him having sex with some sort of strange and equally shiny creature that had a pair of saber teeth and plunging his cock into their tailhole which caused them to start to transform. That was what he needed, Xavier’s inner voice told him as he heard a growl in his mind, all he had to do was let himself be free and he could find others and grow the pack that he wanted.

Wait, Xavier suddenly thought to himself, grow a pack? He wasn’t some sort of werewolf, but even as he found himself practically wagging his tail at the idea of those muscular rubber creatures surrounding him he knew that it shouldn’t be possible and even if it was would he really want to do that? Find others and turn them into strangely gimpy rubber werewolves so that he could have an entire pack of them?

…yes, that was what he wanted. Once more Xavier let out a moan as his insides rippled and shifted from the thought, feeling it in his muscles as he found himself still drooling to the point it was dripping down his chin. When he used a hand to wipe his face his eyes widened when he pulled his palm back and found that his saliva was actually shiny and black, coating his fur and melting with it as he let out a gasp. The beast within was straining to get free, and as Xavier staggered towards his bed from the pleasure of it he found that the latex-coated hand was drifting further down towards where that tantalizing zipper was as his heart began to pound.

Just let it out.

Embrace the changes.

Find your pack.

Become the vulcanthrope.

Vulcanthrope… suddenly Xavier remembered the game that he had played in the midst of the sabredrone overload and the monster he had become. He also remembered distinctly enjoying it as well and as more of the black rubber began to leak from his eyes and ears a smile began to creep up over his muzzle. He wanted to be a vulcanthrope, the thought echoed in the mind of the fox as his fingers pressed against the throbbing bulge that he knew contained his transforming cock. Already the shiny white pouch was being stretched and he could see the outline of it straining just like the creature within, ready to be released as his slightly clawed digits started to tug down on it.

Xavier managed to get it started before the rest of the zipper was pushed open by his cock flopping out, the shiny red shaft quickly and immediately growing hard as the fox let out a loud moan. The strands of rubber that had been leaking out of his head quickly coalesced around his face, his look of shock quickly being covered by the rubber wolf mask that stretched around his own muzzle. When he opened his mouth once more he found the rubber that had been coating the inside of his mouth and throat reach up and connect with it, fusing the new larger muzzle to the vulpine one beneath it as his eyes rolled back into his head. Without even realizing it his hand had started to stroke the impressive shiny cock between his legs with both hands, which caused the still gooey rubber to attach to them and spread upwards.

His arms and legs trembled as his body was corrupted once more, his hands swelling with new growth as the rubber completely covered them while a set of thick, heavy claws grew out. He may be a creature of lust but he was still a beast, and as the grunts and groans that came out of the growing fox were becoming deeper as his head was completely covered. With Xavier giving into his corruption the rubber seemed to flow out of him as he felt his ears get coated and the transformation run down his neck to his shoulders and back that immediately started grow thick with muscle. Anyone that would have looked at his head would have not guessed that the man that had fallen on his back against the bed stroking himself was not a fox, they would have seen the glistening head of a rubber wolf as his quivering form bloated with new muscle.

Yes, more, Xavier found himself egging his own body on as the rubber that cascaded down his legs and caused the muscles to bloat to finally reach his feet. A snarl escaped his lips as he felt them quickly turn to paws, the toes merging together as it grew thick and strong while being covered. Like his hands he grew a set of heavy rubber claws that twitched in the air as his body pushed itself more onto the bed from the growth of his spine stretching to support his new frame. Strength, power, muscle, it was also growing into him as the vulcanthrope took shape and the lenses his eyes had become started to glow.

Just as Xavier was about to get himself to orgasm he stopped, the transforming creature knowing in his corrupted mind that it would be a waste to spread his latex here. Already he could sense others and knew that this body was made to spread, that he needed more as his shiny lips curled up into a snarl. As the huge beast let his arms flop to his sides the rubber inside of him continued to fluctuate, bringing with it more pleasure as his body smoothed itself out after the massive growth of muscle that turned the fox into a huge shiny beast. His body was not the bloated mass that was on some bodybuilders, he was an apex predator and as he slowly got to his feet his heavily muscled form was also streamlined and balanced as he watched them shift underneath his gleaming red and white skin.

The awakened vulcanthrope’s mind immediately set itself to one thing, to go on the hunt and find more to grow his pack. Though he had the body of a beast Xavier’s mind was just as keen and sharp as ever, though with it being heavily influenced by his new instincts and needs as he opened the window and squeezed himself through. Despite being much bigger than the frame his rubber form was able to push through it and allowed himself outside, landing almost silently on his feet in his backyard before turning and closing the window behind him. His ears twitched as he could feel the wind against his new skin and sniffed the air before jumping over the tall fence while sniffing the air for his first new packmate…

Meanwhile Vritrax was walking home late that night, taking his coat and holding it against him as a strong breeze blew down the street. The sidewalks were mostly empty during this time as it was a residential neighborhood and by this point he would be in his house as well except that work had him stay late. As the Greywolf-dragon hybrid turned the corner onto his street however he started to feel like he was being watched, enough so to prompt him more than once to turn around and see what was going on. When he saw nothing after a few seconds he shrugged his shoulders and put his hood up, threading his horns through the slits in the fabric before continuing his way back.

When he reached the front door without incident and got inside Vritrax merely assumed that he was letting his own vigilance trick him as he hung up his coat and walked into his kitchen. He had eaten before he got home and with how tired he was he decided that he would just go to bed for the night. Before he could get there though he heard something creak as he took off his shirt and it was enough of a noise to make the hybrid go back and check his door. Everything looked like it should but as he went to the knob just to make sure it was locked he found that it wasn’t. It was strange to him because he always locked it when he came inside and as he pulled his fingers away they felt sticky like he had just touched some sort of glue or resin.

That was definitely not there before and the Greywolf-dragon looked around his dark house wearily. “Hello?” he asked, going to his kitchen and looking around before moving to the next room. “Listen, if this is some sort of prank I’m not in the mood, and if you’re breaking in I’m definitely not in the mood.”

But a cursory search of the house revealed nothing and he found himself standing in the bedroom scratching his head. With nothing around to show that there was an intruder and nothing attacking him all he could guess was that he had spilled something on the door before and was just hearing thing. He finished stripping down to his boxers and began to crawl into bed, but as he did he heard something once more that caused his ears to twitch. It was the sound of a low growl, but before he had a chance to react he suddenly found himself pressed down on his stomach while something pinned against the bed.

How had this intruder evaded him was the first thought that entered into Vritrax’s head as he tried to slide out from underneath the creature, but even though it felt like they were covered head to toe in some sort of rubber he couldn’t get out. As Xavier looked down at his prey a grin spread over his shiny muzzle; this one was a fighter for sure, and he would make for an excellent hunter to aid him. The vulcanthrope was able to bring the furry hands of the other man up to his headboard and pinned them to it with his palms, which turned gooey and completely coated them before he pulled away. When the strength that was holding him down was suddenly gone Vritrax attempted to pull back only to find that he was stuck to his own headboard like glue that stretched slightly.

With the initial pounce over, Vritrax feeling a clawed hand slide under his chin that caused him to look up and see the huge shiny paw prints on his ceiling, he could feel the creature sliding over his body as though to assess him. While he wasn’t sure what it was he knew he had left his closet door open and saw the reflection of both himself and the other creature in it. He was almost shocked by the wolf-like being behind him, a humanoid body but with an almost bestial nature to it as he continued to get caressed and stroked by it. This was not some sort of intruder or a monster that wished to kill him, but if that was the case than what was it?

Vritrax’s eyes suddenly widened as Xavier took his tongue and gave a few sloppy licks to his ears, letting the vulcanthrope rubber start to spread inside of his skull. This one was already starting to get aroused as the initial adrenaline passed and as he began to see it already start to take effect he could see the lust starting to build. This man enjoyed the touch of rubber against his skin, Xavier’s instincts drawing him to this creature to become part of the pack even though he was blocks away. As the liquid rubber on the hybrid’s body began to spread it was clear the corruption was starting to take root and this one was succumbing to it, which meant that it was time to convert this creature into the fold.

As the hunter took his thick rubber cock and began to press it up against the restrained hybrid’s tailhole Vritrax was lost in the haze of lust and need that was starting to grow within him. Images of hunky creatures like the one behind him began to take form and as he watched them starting to have sex with one another he found a growing yearning to be a part of them. He knew in his head that this is wrong and that he should be fighting it but the feel of rubber against his body was admittedly one of his weaknesses, while he didn’t do it often he enjoyed being covered in the stuff and from he could see this creature knew it. The more he continued to feel his lithe body get caressed the more he found himself wanting it, to the point where he found himself wiggling his hips to try and get this creature to mount him as he felt his boxers suddenly get taken away.

Xavier could see the hybrid becoming more needy by the second and decided this was the time to enact his plan. He wanted a pack mate that would be strong and dominant but still serve him, but the path they were on would create a submissive creature that would be extremely sexy but not the right fit. This new vulcanthrope needed to take charge and as such dissolved the rubber that was around Vritrax’s hands while continuing to tease him. As soon as he did Xavier let out a growl and he could see the hybrid brace himself for the coming penetration, only to be surprised when the muscular monster lied back.

Even though Xavier was going crazy with need and wanted nothing more than to rut this creature right into the mattress his instincts were pushing him to cultivate his pack carefully, and as the Greywolf-dragon turned to face him there was already rubber starting to drip from his nostrils. The vulcanthropy had thoroughly infected this creature and as Vritrax looked at the monster that had let him loose all his blue eyes could stare at was the thick rubber cock that was jutted straight up into the air. With his own body exposed his was also fully erect and even though he sensed that he could run away if he wanted to the only thing he could think of was becoming like this creature. His mental image of the creatures that were running around in the hybrid’s mind had started to include himself and the idea of being one of these sexy rubber beasts was starting to cause him to drool as he let out an uncharacteristic growl while moving forward.

As soon as Vritrax had gotten close to the werewolf he could feel those large clawed hands press against his hips, but once more this monster was forcing him to push forward and continue to infect himself. It was almost anger-inducing, this creature had the means to bend him over and breed him into a beast but it was making him do all the work! The Greywolf-dragon growled once more and licked his chops, unknowingly spreading the shiny liquid that had started to drip out of his mouth before he leaned in and pushed the vulcanthrope’s cock into his muzzle. Almost immediately his corrupted mind was given a surge of pleasure as he could feel the rubber start to slide down into his throat, which allowed the thick, throbbing shaft to do the same while the last hold-outs of his mind succumbed to the surge.

As Xavier watched the transforming Greywolf-dragon deep-throat his cock in order to transform he could already see his face shifting, the rubber starting to coat it was his features were warping underneath it. The beast was growing inside this one and he could see Vritrax bear teeth before they were completely coated with the dripping shiny liquid that came out of him. When merely sucking off the vulcanthope wasn’t enough for him to get what he needed he pulled out and crawled up onto the body of the bigger man, shifting himself so that he could be straddling it as his own began to warp and change. With the seed of a vulcanthope already inside him his transformation into another rubber wolf was inevitable, but he wanted to speed things up and as his limbs began to stretch and grow he pushed his tailhole down onto the rubber tip.

Both creatures let out a loud snarl of pure pleasure as Vritrax gave himself to the corruption, feeling his flat stomach bulge out as his already converted tailhole stretched open with nothing but pleasure and allowed him to quickly slide down. His flat stomach bulged as his back arched; at first it was from the thick cock he had taken in but as the hybrid’s body got down to the hilt of the other creature’s shaft it became thick new muscle that stretched him out. Rubber began to flow from his groin and start to completely coat him, covering his cock and causing it the become enveloped in a heavy rubber pouch before spreading over his quivering thighs that bloated with new growth. As the body of the hybrid began to squeeze down on the cock inside of him and slide up just from his legs growing bigger Xavier reached forward and undid the zipper that had formed and allowed the pent-up member to quickly slide free.

Vritax growled once more as he brought his hands to his face, which the draconic snout had become more lupine with the rubber that covered it. He still had his whiskers though and as his features became slightly more angular he felt them thickening and growing longer in his grasp. In short order he found himself holding onto two long rubber tubes that slithered in the air before they stretched around and attached to his back. His groans and snarls became muffled as his head became that of a gas mask, anyone that might look at him might think that he was actually wearing one as the pleasure and corruption continued to infest his corrupted mind. The effect of his cock being released from its restraints immediately had also allowed him to assume his vulcanthrope form more immediately, the new scout and hunter being molded right before Xavier’s eyes as Vritrax started to lower himself back down onto his cock and cause both their shiny bodies to shiver.

It didn’t take long before Vritrax no longer thought of himself as his Greywolf-dragon self, all the new vulcanthrope could think of was spreading the shine of his incredible muscular rubber body to others. While he wasn’t as big as the one whose cock he was riding he was definitely close as his rubber paws rubbed against the thick pectorals of the one who had changed him. The rubber on his body had also remained black but as his body shook and swayed with bouncing up and down on the throbbing tool that slid in and out of his synthetic insides he could feel a gold mane of latex hair that ran from his head all the way down to his still mostly draconic tail. The biggest changes though were still the mental ones as he huffed into the gas mask that covered his head, feeling the need to find and dominate others into the pack as he felt the tubes that were draped along the back of his shoulders continue to lengthen while an additional rubber x-harness formed along his new muscular chest.

Though Xavier knew that Vritrax would love nothing more than to be bound down and bred by the alpha vulcanthrope that created him he knew that there was more work to do, wanting to find at least a few more members of the pack. He had also already orgasmed into the other rubber wolf to seal his form, seeing a wolf head emblazoned on his thigh that marked him as a vulcanthrope as the two separated. The former hybrid let out a growl as he had not climaxed yet, but that was because Xavier wanted the new hunter to remain potent as they made their way for the door. With it getting later in the night the two monsters didn’t need to be as sneaky as before as they both sniffed the air before running off into the shadows.

A few hours later two scaly men ran between the trees as fast as they could, panting as they went. The two had just been in the park goofing around with one another after having started a small bonfire when they suddenly saw two creatures jump out of nowhere and attempt to attack them. At first they thought it was a gang of some sort but as they scrambled to their feet to get away they both saw in shiny skin of the two naked men that attempted to grab at them. With some quick thinking the tiger-snake hybrid had rushed over and kicked the bonfire as hard as he could as the two and then ran with the lizardman as far away as they could while the two were stunned. From that point they had continued to run but as they got to a small pond in the park that was surrounded by tall grass they finally stopped and caught their breath as they tried to hear if they were being followed.

“What do you think Kosjir?” the tiger-snake whispered as they tried to peer over the tall grass as best they could. “Did we lose them?”

“I don’t know Darey,” the lizardman replied in a similar hushed tone, the two remaining as still as possible in order to see if there was any noises out of the ordinary. They continued like that until the moon above them started to drift along the water of the pond and eventually both scaled creatures let out a sigh of relief when the only thing that they heard was the sounds of night that surrounded them. “Looks like we managed to get away, good idea with the fire.”

“Mostly just a reaction,” Darey replied as he gave the lizard a sheepish grin before suddenly getting a look of concern. “Hey, are you okay? Your shirt’s got a big rip in it.”

Kosjir looked to where the tiger-snake was pointing at and saw that he did have a few holes where his shoulder was and remembered vaguely that the red and white rubber wolf had attempted to chomp down on him. When he looked past the holes though he saw nothing but green scales and there was no pain in the area either. “Huh, must have just caught my clothes,” Kosjir said as he poked his finger through one of them. “Guess that was a lucky miss, huh?”

“Yeah, real lucky,” Darey replied. “C’mon, let’s get out of here and go back to my place, if those wierdos are still around I don’t want them to find us here.” The lizard nodded in agreement and the two carefully made their way through the tall grass once more and back to the other side of the park. The snake-tiger’s place was only about two blocks away from where they had been and though they kept a wary eye out they didn’t see the two anymore and hoped that after their fiery encounter that they gave up on any sort of chase.

They had brought a cooler with them but decided to abandon it for the moment and just get back to Darey’s place, which as soon as they did the tenseness that had been in both their bodies was alleviated. Once they had gotten closer to the house the two had tried to figure out what had attacked them but in the sudden flurry of the fight they weren’t sure who, or what, had decided to try and get them. It was stranger still that both seemed to be dressed in rubber, but that subject wasn’t broached by either man as they went downstairs into the hybrid’s den. With the threat passed and the two calming down Darey asked Kosjir if he wanted to stay the night just in case, and when the lizard nodded he watched the other man hop up and go back upstairs to get some blankets.

Once Darey had left Kosjir found himself unusually anxious still, flexing the shoulder on the side of his body where the creature had almost bit him. The strange thing was that he could have sworn that he actually did feel something press against his scales, but as he took off his shirt just to make sure he once more didn’t see anything there that would cause him concern. As he continued to rotate his arm back and forth however something did feel strange, like his back muscles were tensing up far more than they should be before he would put his arm back down. Since he could see that the green scales were raised up slightly more there he just assumed it was from the running as he got up and waited for his friend to return.

As he walked around the room Kosjir suddenly stopped and found himself sniffing the air, finding a scent enter into his nose that took over all his faculties. It was something that had immediately caught his attention and his mind was suddenly no longer on the attack or the creatures that had facilitated it as he looked around the rec room. He followed the scent to a bookshelf and the lizard found himself smelling the books themselves, inhaling the smell before shaking his head and putting them to the side. There was something here that he couldn’t quite put his finger on and he found the need to figure out what it was driving him further as he took several books out and examined them all at once.

When nothing came of that Kosjir was about to put them back when he noticed something that caused him pause. It was a stream of light that came in through a small hole in the bookshelf and from the angle it had to be coming from the back of the shelf. As he continued to examine the actual piece of furniture he found that there were tracks hidden in the carpet and after putting the books back he grabbed onto the edge and began to push it along them. There was a few moments of resistance before it started to move, sliding to the wall and revealing a room that was beyond.

Kosjir’s eyes widened in surprise by what he found on the other side; the entire room seemed to be dedicated to bondage and rubber in particular as he stepped inside. He didn’t even know that the snake-tiger had this room in his house in all the years he had come here and as he looked around he saw all manner of hoods, toys, and a few pieces of interesting looking equipment that were scattered around as well. As the lizard continued to stare around the room he couldn’t believe how kinky his friend was, and that it was actually starting to turn him on as he felt his left arm twitch and flex slightly, or that he had started to come down the stairs. He did hear the sound of something dropping against the stairs and Kosjir turned just in time to see Darey standing there with a stunned look on his face.

“How… how did you find that?” Darey said as he walked down the rest of the way.

“I’m not sure actually,” Kosjir replied as he turned back towards the bondage room. “I was just walking around and I happened to look at this bookshelf, and then got curious enough to find it.”

“Well, I suppose now you’ve found out way more about me then I had intended on,” Darey said as he sighed and rubbed the back of his head. “If you want to just leave that’s fine, I’ll even call you a rideshare.”

There was a moment of silence between the two men before Kosjir finally spoke up. “Actually, I do have a question if you don’t mind,” Kosjir asked, which prompted Darey to look up at him. “Do you mind if I… try some stuff out?”

The brown eyes of the snake-tiger widened as he saw his friend biting his lip but also giving him bedroom eyes as he took a step inside. Darey was quick to grab Kosjir by the coat and pull him back before he could fully enter into the room, and as the lizard looked at him in concern that he had done something wrong he found a smile on his serpentine snout. “If you’re going to go in there then you’re going to have to follow the rules,” Darey said as his grin widened, deciding to go for broke since it seemed his friend was very eager to go in from the tent in his sweats. “That first rule is that we don’t have clothes on when we go in there, the only thing that adorns our bodies is the rubber that we find.”

Kosjir found himself nodding eagerly and stripping down, finding that the clothes he was wearing were becoming increasingly uncomfortable anyway as he pulled off his shirt and pants before doing the same with his underwear. He hadn’t even realized up until that point that he had an erection but it stood there as hard as ever and he could see Darey looking down at it himself. But the lizard was feeling particularly coy today and just turned away, watching him look at his nude form as he walked inside before reminding the snake-tiger of his own rules. As soon as he did he watched the other scaly creature out of the corner of his eye practically pull off the clothes from his athletic form before walking in as well and giving the iguana the grand tour.

“I can’t believe I hadn’t ask if you were into this before,” Darey said as the two naked men walked around the rather large room as the hybrid continued to be bold and place a hand against the firm butt of the other male. “Have you been long into this sort of thing before? I’d be kind of surprised if you had since I’ve never seen you around.”

“I admit that I’ve always been interested in it but never really decided to take the next step forward,” Kosjir admitted as he went up to a solid black square of rubber and rubbed his fingers against it. “What’s this thing? It looks fun.”

“That’s a vac-rack,” Darey explained, chuckling softly as he used the hand on the rear of his friend to guide him away. “If this really is your first time I would recommend starting out with something slow, maybe just getting tied up a little and seeing how that feels. We have all day tomorrow if you want to keep progressing from there.”

Darey was surprised when Kosjir leaned forward and gave him a kiss, feeling their scaly muzzles press together. As their forked tongues began to invade one another’s mouths they began to grow more passionate and soon both could feel their erections pressing up against one another. It prompted Darey to look down and see that underneath the red scales of the lizard that he actually had a decent pair of abs on him, almost rivaling his own as he ran a hand down his own cream-colored belly scales. With it being clear that Kosjir was on board for quite a bit the snake-tiger decided to go all the way, starting with backing the lizard up and breaking their kiss so that he could actually fulfill what the other man wanted.

It didn’t take long before Kosjir found himself in a rubber swing, letting out a slight yelp as he found himself practically vertical as Darey wasted little time in getting the other man secured into it. The snake-tiger told the lizard that if there was any discomfort to tell him immediately as he walked around and put a set of cuffs on Kosjir’s ankles and wrists that would help to keep his limbs suspended upwards. With the other man securely in place Darey went back over to one of his walls and decided to dress the part himself, picking up a pair of rubber stocking feet and gloves and sliding him over his brown striped scales before grabbing one for his tail and doing the same. As he picked out a rubber harness for himself and could hear his friend starting to moan, which put an even bigger smile on his face as he grabbed a set of straps and put them over his pectorals before finally finishing off with a simple rubber hood.

Once he had finished dressing up he could see Kosjir wiggling around in his restraints while his hands were trying to get down towards his groin. Darey couldn’t believe how riled up he was getting and went over to tease the bare chest and face of the other guy. “I have to admit that this has been a bit of a fantasy of mine,” Darey said as he reached down and stroked the cock of the other male, watching him squirm even more. “All bound up and nowhere to go, isn’t that right?”

“Please…” Kosjir said as he let out a grunt, feeling his back tighten slightly against the swing before it began to swell underneath him and press against the rubber. “I need you in me! It’s like my hole is aching to be filled, it feels so empty.”

“Man, you really are a kinky one,” Darey said as he went over and pressed a finger against the exposed tailhole of the other man and causing him to shudder. “There’s still some prep that needs to be done, I don’t want you to… hurt yourself…” As Darey pushed in he was surprised to find that it slid in easily, feeling almost like rubber sliding against rubber as he added a second one and stretched out the hole even further. “Kosjir, are you sure you didn’t prep for this beforehand?”

Kosjir just let out a loud grunt and tried to swing himself to get the fingers in deeper, and Darey just shrugged to himself and decided to go for it. Perhaps his friend knew all along and decided that it was time for them to take the next step, either way the snake-tiger knew that the lizard had the safeword to stop everything and began to push the head of his cock against the exposed hole. As he began to ease his way inside he let out a gasp as it almost seemed to swallow him up and pull him in, to the point where he was taken by surprise as he moaned softly. He was so tight, yet strangely yielding as he pushed further in and saw the one in the swing moan and shake in his restraints.

“Ohhh yessss…” Kosjir let out a hiss as Darey continued to push deeper inside of him. “Don’t be shy, hilt me, get as deep as you can!” As Kosjir tried to slake the lust that had been growing in him ever since he kissed Darey he felt his body shifting, strange at first but as the hybrid continued to stretch him open the feeling inside of him was growing more pleasurable by the second. “Yess… fill me… make me swell…”

As Darey began to use the swing to get momentum along with thrusting his hips forward he could see the lizard flexing and stretching in the swing, his words falling away as his scaly body seemed to ripple and flex. Though the snake-tiger felt his own intense pleasure from his cock being enveloped in the warm hole of the other man he still had a nagging concern in the back of his mind of going too far. Every flex, every tenseness in Kosjir’s body he watched to make sure it wasn’t anything back, and as he did he got the strange sensation that his muscles were starting to grow bigger while he was in the swing. It had to be a trick of his imagination though, Darey thought to himself as he reached down and rubbed the rubber jock that the lizard was wearing, they were simply two guys having fun and really getting into their first time… except…

Darey hadn’t put a jock on the lizard…

When the snake-tiger looked down he let out a slight hiss of surprise when he saw just above the hole being stretched by his throbbing shaft that where the lizard’s cock was there was now a smooth bulge of shiny red rubber instead. When he reached down and squeezed it he could feel the Kosjir’s cock within and it caused the other man to practically jump in his restraints, but as he felt around it he couldn’t seem to find the seam where the rubber ended and the scales began. In fact it seemed to be spreading as he looked back up at the lizard and saw that he was doing more than just squirming around, his entire body seemed to be convulsing with the muscles underneath his increasingly shiny skin growing bigger by the second.

“Kosjir!” Darey said as he leaned forward, his cock still deep inside the other man, and looked at the lizard’s face that appeared to be frozen in shock. “What’s wrong Kosjir, what’s happening to you?” When there was no response other then the inner walls of the lizard squeezing down on his shaft Darey went to remove the bindings on their wrists, only to see that the hands of the other man looked almost swollen and as he watched the digits looked like they were shrinking as the hand itself became even more swollen until his eyes widened as the scaly skin melted away to reveal a thick green rubber mitten.

Darey was at a loss for words as the rubbery scales continued to pull away and reveal green rubber underneath along with the fact that Kosjir’s arms had become twice the size that they used to be and there was a red rubber wolf head on his shoulder. It suddenly reminded the snake-tiger of the creatures that had attempted to assault them in the park and it caused him to have a lightbulb moment; that the lizard was infected by whatever those creatures were and was quickly becoming one of them! He also looked down as the chest of the transforming man started to expand even more that he was hilt-deep in this creature and grabbed onto the quivering inner thighs of the lizard to pull out when he heard a growl come from Kosjir that sounded strangely muffled.

When Darey looked back up the shocked expression on Kosjir’s face had remained, but his reptilian muzzle looked increasingly deformed and more muffled grunts and growls came from it. The tiger-snake found himself frozen with wide eyes as he saw something glinting in the lizard’s snout, which as the lips pulled back revealed a zipper attached to rubber that was being more exposed by the second. The sounds coming from the restrained male grew deeper as a lupine muzzle was exposed as the lizard’s melted and pulled away from it while a pair of points appeared to stretch out the head of the lizard. Darey found himself taking a step back and that caused the creature to thrash in pleasure, and when it did the lizard head flopped around the neck of the creature like a hood and exposed the green and red rubber wolf hood underneath with the maw still zippered and with lenses for eyes.

As the creature suddenly leaned up with its increasingly muscular body and Darey saw the rubbery head of Kosjir melting into the shiny scaled shoulders, which were pulling back to reveal more of the new creature, the hybrid had enough and finally pulled out completely. Even though his own cock was completely covered in gooey black rubber he ignored it and made a run for the upstairs where his phone was. Before he could get out of his den though he suddenly felt his legs lock together and caused him to take a tumble against the carpet and land on his chest. When he looked down to see what had caused it he let out a gasp as he not only saw that the rubber of his stockings had fused together but his feet were starting to stretch and grow into huge lupine paws!

Darey attempted to pull himself back up in order to at least try to get on his feet but before he could his arms felt like they were being pulled backwards by an invisible hand, though he couldn’t see it his gloves had sprouted several tentacles and were actively pulling them back there as the hybrid continued to feel the goo on his cock shifting around. With his arms being bound behind his back and the rubber of his legs almost completely merged together there was nothing else he could do but roll off of his side and see what was going on. He let out a hiss of pleasure as the sensations around his maleness increased and he felt something pressing up against his rear. At first he thought that maybe Kosjir had broken free from his bindings and was behind him, but as he began to feel his hole get stretched open he looked back and saw that it was something else entirely.

It was his own tail, and as Darey realized he could no longer control it he began to feel it spread him open with its rubber-covered tip. His arms were completely bound by this point and he could feel the shiny latex starting to spread over his scales, assimilating them as he saw the muscle underneath it growing and thickening. While he always had a toned, athletic build whatever was happening to him was causing him to gain like crazy while his fingers grew claws and stretched out. It was getting harder to see with the rubber starting to creep over his eyes but as he continued to get stimulated around his groin he saw that the black rubber had already crept over his waist and was starting to crawl up his twitching abs.

Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the pleasure around his cock had stopped. Even in his restrained state that caused him the most concern and when he looked down to his groin he saw that instead of his throbbing shaft there was a smooth rubber bulge like the lizard in the next room. Unlike Kosjir’s however his had a golden lock on it and with the sudden withdrawing of lust he found himself incredibly needy. This no longer became about escape, he needed to orgasm as his own tail had continued to slither into his vulcanized insides to the point it was stretching out his stomach even with the thicker abs where a gold wolf head appeared emblazoned on the rubber.

As Darey continued to wiggle around in his bindings and began to try and rub his crotch against the floor he felt himself drooling, but when he tried to move his tongue around he found that there was something forming inside of his jaw. As the liquid rubber began to spread over his muzzle and completely coat it he felt a cock gag form inside his maw, growing until it slid down into his throat and caused him even more pleasure. By this point he was completely blind and deaf too as the rubber covered his head, even stretched over his lips which he was only able to stretch slightly while the rest of his body grew more muscular by the second. As gold stripes began to appear on his swelling body a zipper formed around his neck and rubber pushed up underneath it, forming into a wolf hood that pushed itself over the snake-tiger’s head with the zipper mouth sliding around until it lined up where Darey’s mouth used to be…

When Xavier woke up the next morning he immediately knew that he wasn’t alone, mostly due to the fact that he had someone else’s arms wrapped around him. When he turned around he saw a Greywolf-dragon snoozing there as well and what looked to be about two or three dozen various rubber implements around them. Even though it was a slight surprise to see the other man in the bed he found himself not worried at all, especially as the memories of the night filtered back into his mind while he got up. As he did he pulled the covers slightly from Vritrax’s body and saw that even though he had turned back to normal he could see a familiar looking wolf head rubber mark on his thigh.

The movement had also caused the hybrid to awaken and Vritrax let out a loud yawn as he stirred, then opened his eyes and looked around. “Huh, this is not where I was expecting to wake up,” Vritrax said as he continued to shift his body around, and as he crawled out of it he looked down and gave his half-hard cock a squeeze. “Here I thought that it’d be rubber.”

“I’m not sure it works like that,” Xavier said as he saw that his own was also still fleshy, with the rubber mark still on his side. “I’m not sure though, this is honestly the first time that I’ve become a vulcanthrope.”

“A vulcanthrope you say,” Vritrax said with a slight huff as he got up from the bed, stretching out as Xavier watched him. “I suppose there are worse things to be, and you don’t know if this happens like once every full moon or something? Although I suppose that since yesterday wasn’t a full moon that wouldn’t count.”

Xavier found himself nodding as he realized that he didn’t know much about his affliction and he had just spread it to someone else, and not only that but he felt a certain sense of pride in doing so as well. He also felt like he may have others out there as well but he couldn’t be sure of it as he continued to watch the other man take stock of his surroundings. The hybrid didn’t seem to keen on putting on his clothing and as the fox followed him out to the living room he realized that he didn’t either. There was just something so natural about being naked, especially when it was in front of the other man as the two sat down on his couch.

“So what do we do now?” Vritrax asked, to wish Xavier shrugged slightly. “I assume that we’re going to be creating more like us.”

“Wait, what?” Xavier asked. “You do remember what happened to you, right?”

“Mmmm, that I do,” Vritrax replied with a grin on his muzzle. “Are you telling me that you regret what you did, and what we did afterwards?”

“Well of course I don’t,” Xavier found himself saying, finding a smile spreading on his own face too. “That felt amazing, even when we tried to get those two guys and we ended up struggling to hunt them down and then just came down here to wreck your bed instead. Plus I’ve always been a fan of rubber and when you turned me into that beast it was like you freed me into what I truly should be.”

“I’m glad to hear that because it’s probably going to be happening again,” Xavier said as he stood up. “It seems that whatever has happened to me and now you is going to rear it’s rubbery head very soon, I can already feel it lurking about. I know that we had a lot of fun but even as I hear myself saying that I wonder if this vulcanthropy isn’t affecting us mentally in some way, and perhaps we need to find a way to, I guess, restrain ourselves from acting out on these impulses and possibly spreading this thing even further.”

“You do make a good point,” Vritrax replied with a nod. “Why don’t we reluctantly get dressed and go see if we can maybe find a way to keep our new baser instincts in check, plus get something to eat. Since I am your hunter it seems perhaps I can sniff out what it is my new alpha wants.”

Though the Greywolf-dragon seemed to be saying it out of jest being called the alpha sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine. Even though they were both back to their normal states he could almost feel the rubber werewolf that lurked beneath the skin of the cocky hybrid. The shiny black rubber and gold mane on the lupine creature, those powerful muscles and thick member, all of that could be felt even though he saw a perfectly normal man putting on his clothes. As the fox got dressed himself he realized that he also felt the same way about himself, feeling that wonderful rubber creature just underneath his skin as he placed a hand against his groin.

About an hour later the two made their way down the sidewalk in the city and as they started to look for something that could help them control themselves they also took the time to get to know one another. Up until that point the only thing the two knew about one another was that they were really into rubber and were growing increasingly compliant in their fates as monsters. Even though they were essentially strangers Xavier felt a deep connection that was hard to find with even close friends and some family, a bond that was made through their affliction. As the two walked they also found themselves finding a connection in a different way, kissing each other more than once and even sneaking in a quick grope despite their promise to try and refrain from being too amorous.

As the two made their way through the street both of them suddenly perked up and their noses sniffed the air despite themselves. It was a scent that was both familiar and unusual, something that they instantly recognized but wasn’t like when they were in their vulcanthrope forms looking for prey to rubberize. The two looked at each other before they began to follow the trail and eventually found themselves going into a nearby sporting goods store. Once they entered they could tell that whatever had piqued their interest was nearby and began to carefully make their way towards it as they found that the smell was not that of their prey…

…it was that of another predator.

Eventually the two spied upon two men that they had never seen before, the tiger-snake and lizard men looking through compression gear, but as Xavier watched them rub their muzzles against it the fox started to remember that he had actually met them. Images of storming their campsite came to mind and the two creatures running, but before they had done that his hunter counterpart who had found them in the first place had managed to infect the lizardman. It seemed that the vulcanthropy had taken root in both of the rubber lovers and as he and Vritrax approached them he could see them perk up. The two quickly spun around and as the four gazed upon one another they could almost sense the rubber wolf within as they gave each other a smirk.

“I thought that maybe we had failed with you,” Xavier said as they approached one another, hugging as though meeting an old friend even though he had never actually spoken to them. “I’m sure your transformations were quite glorious, it’s a shame that I wasn’t there.”

“The feeling is mutual,” Darey replied as he looked around before he pulled down the hem of his sweatpants, Xavier’s eyes widening slightly when he saw that it looked like the tiger-snake was wearing a pair of rubber briefs with a closed gold lock along the front. The fox remembered when he had converted Vritrax and had something similar on his groin, which he had unzipped while in his bestial form and allowed the contents within to be freed. “It appears that we need the permission of the alpha in order to be released, and not just those forms you gave us.”

When Xavier looked over to the one that introduced himself as Kosjir he saw the lizardman shift his pants down as well and show him, though as the two continued to show off their shiny bulges both let out a shiver as the rubber shifted. The two lock patterns on the creatures suddenly disappeared and were replaced with zippers, and when Vritrax took a second to look at himself as well they saw that his groin was fashioned much in the same way. They could only be unlocked in the presence of the alpha vulcanthrope, Xavier realized as he found himself licking his lips, and when they weren’t around him they wouldn’t even have the opportunity. This raised many more questions than answers but at the moment the fox was finding it slightly hard to think with three gorgeous men showing off what was essentially their rubber jocks to him.

The three quickly covered themselves up once more as they heard movement around them and Xavier motioned for all of them to follow him. His corrupted mind would love nothing more than to let these creatures loose but even the vulcanthrope inside of him knew that it would be a bad idea, not to mention that their powers were strongest during the night… though he wasn’t quite sure how he knew that. Regardless the fox wanted a place where they could talk without their lusts being distracting and eventually they found a restaurant where the four could sit down. As soon as they got seated Xavier breathed a sigh as the waiter went to get them their drinks, only to jump slightly as he felt a foot press against the crotch of his pants.

“Can we get focused here?” Xavier asked, which prompted the paw to slide back down as both Darey and Kosjir gave him a sheepish grin while Vritrax bit his lip in pleasure from receiving similar treatment. “We have to talk about the fact that we’re all monsters here.”

“To be fair, we’re incredibly sexy monsters,” Darey clarified with a grin.

“Well, yes,” Xavier replied, the other three chuckling slightly as the fox blushed not only from the description but the feeling of pride that came with it. “But that doesn’t change the fact that in a matter of a day our little pack here went from just me to four people, and it seems like we’re all itching to go out there and do it again tonight. I know we all enjoy ourselves but we can’t go around just converting innocent people.”

“Actually… I may have a theory about all this,” Vritrax spoke up as he looked over to the two scaly creatures that sat across from him. “Did either of you two happen to have an enjoyment of rubber and maybe bondage as well?”

Both men grinned sheepishly and it was the tiger-snake that spoke up first. “Yeah, Kosjir actually found the hidden room that I use for my play and that’s when both of us turned,” Darey explained. “I’ve been into that sort of stuff for as long as I can remember and I was actually shocked when he wanted to try it out himself. That was before I knew that he was infected with this vulcanthropy that you two are talking about.”

“I see,” Vritrax said before looking specifically at Kosjir. “Out of curiosity how did you find this hidden room?”

“I just… sort of sensed it was there,” Kosjir replied as he shrugged his shoulders.

“So it looks like not only do our vulcanthrope selves seem to be attracted to rubber lovers but we can almost sniff them out,” Vritrax postulated. “It doesn’t seem like coincidence that Xavier picked me out of any creature to turn, not when there is easier prey that was out there I’m sure. It stands to reason that vulcanthropes only turn people with a rubber fetish into other vulcanthropes, possibly with bondage implications too since I can sort of sense that both of you might be a little more submissive.”

As Darey spoke up and said that he was a switch the four stopped when the waiter came back with their drinks, and as Xavier looked him over he tried to see if the theory that the Greywolf-dragon had proposed might be true. The rubber werewolf within could be felt inside of him but when he tried to project those feelings of desire and conversion to the other man he didn’t really feel anything there. This was not prey… and when he thought that he knew that it was true, that they only went after people that had a profound love of the shiny material that would cover them. While that in itself was a relief the fox could feel the beast stir within and as they sat there getting to know one another he could feel it growing more restless the closer it got to night time.

The hours passed and the four eventually had empty plates in front of them as the sun began to set behind the horizon. Xavier had been trying to think of a plan the entire time as he sat back in the booth, feeling his body twitch slightly as the hybrid that sat next to him had a hand completely down his pants and was stroking him. In the time that they sat there the fox found his cock had become rubbery once more and unlike the other three was completely free, straining against his pants as it grew in length and girth as well. It was also becoming clear that the other two were fondling one another under the booth too and soon they were going to start attracting attention if they couldn’t get it together.

Finally the fox told the other three that they would just go back to his place and ride this out for the night, and though he could tell that the other three were disappointed that they wouldn’t be adding to their numbers they still did what their alpha told as they got up from the booth. While Xavier had to tuck himself to make sure he wasn’t walking around with a tent in his pants the other three were still contained by the rubber around them, though as he thought about it he could feel the desire to release his pack growing stronger by the second. It took all his willpower not to reach down and unzip them, which in turn would release the three vulcanthropes to the hunt as his own inner beast was starting to manifest from the shiny skin that poked up from his waistband.

When the four got outside the cold air helped calm them down as they made their way back towards the parking area where Xavier and Vritrax had left the car they had taken. The streetlamps had already flickered to life overhead in order to banish the night and more than once the fox found himself sniffing the air while the three accompanied him with growing smiles on their muzzles. He knew that they wanted nothing more than for their alpha to lose control, to change and transform while hoping he would do the same for them. While this was probably going to happen Xavier wanted to at least try to get away from the city where it was more likely they would encounter someone that would be an ideal candidate to become their prey.

Just as they got to the last block before the parking lot however Xavier stumbled as they passed by an alley, both Darey and Vritrax grabbing onto him to keep him from falling as the fox quivered from head to toe. His pupils dilated as the intoxicating aroma of potential rubber creatures had rolled over him like a wave and even as he got to his feet he could feel them starting to grow within the confines of his shoes. This was more than a mere person that was interested in rubber and as he found himself stepping forward he could hear the tiger-snake mention that there was a fetish club that had an entrance in the alley. A congregation of rubber creatures… it was like a starving man finding a buffet as Xavier found himself staggering forward, his hand reaching up and pressing against the wall as claws grew from his fingertips that left furrows in the brick.

The other three immediately went into protective mode and ushered their changing alpha around the corner and away from view from the public on the street. By this point it looked like Xavier had a massive nosebleed but what came from his nostrils and mouth was shiny red liquid rubber that had started to coat his growing muzzle. He let out a loud snarl as the three quickly undressed his expanding frame as patches of rubber had started to appear, his fur melting into it as his hands and feet expanded. Though he knew that they were about to cause some serious trouble Xavier found himself embracing the instincts that were forming in his mind, his rubber lips curling up into a smile as he noticed that the others around him had started to grow bigger as well.

While Xavier hadn’t unzipped them the three saw their alpha transforming and were starting to follow suit, though it wasn’t with the same speed or intensity. Once they had gotten done stripping the fox and leaving him naked while rubber continued to spread over his thickening muscles they began to disrobe themselves as well. Even though they hadn’t been released yet they were already starting to show the spreading of their own rubber, the shifting fox looking up to see the black rubber and gold striping appear on the scales of the tiger-snake as he let out a grunt. That gold zipper was practically up against Xavier’s changing face but as the increasingly rubber lupine creature grew in size and stature he merely reached up with a thickly clawed hand and groped the bulge which caused Darey to let out a growl.

Their situation hadn’t gone completely unnoticed however and as the vulcanthrope that had been a fox only a few moments ago got to his feet the door to the club opened and someone poked their head out and yelled to not have sex in their alley. By this point Xavier had gotten to his huge latex wolf feet and looked over to see a woman standing there, her fur patterned in blues and white that had a mix of orca and blue jay features to it. She was also wearing a rubber corset and pair of bottoms that were only slightly more covering than a pair of panties and of a similar coloration. The vulcanthrope huffed as the smell of intense desire for rubber filled his nostrils and as the others did the same a toothy smile filled Xavier’s maw as he grabbed the zipper on Kosjir’s crotch and unzipped it.

The effect was nearly instantaneous as the lizardman let out a howl, his back arching as his rubber cock flopped out from the opening while the shiny substance spread over his scales like wildfire. His entire body trembled with new growth as the vulcanthrope emerged, his muscles ballooning out as his reptilian features became more lupine by the second. As his hands became mitts and his eyes became lenses the transformation had caused the onlooker to look on in sheer shock, stepping out from the door in sheer disbelief as she asked what was going on. With the door open the others could see that there was another that was beyond it, which no doubt was where the euphoric aroma was coming from as Vritrax and Darey continued to slowly change while Kosjir reached completion and pounced forward with his gimp-suited werewolf body.

The orcajay let out a gasp of surprise from her muzzle as she suddenly saw the muscular rubber creature pounce at her, trying to get inside and close the door as the monstrous male quickly closed the distance between them. A yelp escaped from her throat when the metal quickly was pulled away from her fingers and slammed against the outside part of the wall and left her exposed to the creature that stood in the door frame. When she tried to back away more however she tripped up against the chair she had been using to sit on while waiting for club members to arrive but before she fell back against the wall the huge paw of the creature darted forward and caught her. She remained hovering there for a few seconds in the grasp of the rubber werewolf before she was brought to her feet once more, then guided back towards one of the walls of the room by the rather muscular body of the creature that pressed against her.

The spontaneous act of concern and gentle means of helping her had defused a lot of the terror in the situation and as the orcajay looked the man over she found that the shiny creature was incredibly hot. The vulcanthrope had started to become more primal in his actions though and before the hybrid knew it she was turned around and up against the wall with one large hand palming her breasts while the other slid down and had her rubber pants hit the ground. While this was against all club rules she found herself getting more into it by the second as she felt the cock of the bigger man start to press against her thigh. She huffed that her name was Dobrica but no response came from the zippered mouth of the rubber lupine as the tip of his member pressed up against the folds of her pussy before starting to slide in. Her eyes widened as she was spread open and as the thick rod continued to push into her the more she began to squirm in pure pleasure, especially as she was lifted up to the point where her feet no longer touched the floor as they began to grow while a shiny blue liquid began to drip from stretched snatch...

Meanwhile Xavier walked past the distracted bouncer that was becoming less orcajay and more rubber werewolf by the second and moved into the club itself. Even before he had opened the second door with his two vulcanthrope companions, who had almost completely transformed but were still contained, they could hear the bass of the music vibrating it. The rubber of their ears morphed into plugs and the lenses that covered their eyes tinted slightly, making them even more efficient predators as they made their way inside. As expected the inside was more like a typical nightclub; there was a dance floor where people dressed in rubber garb grinded against one another while others at the bar looked on while sipping their drinks. Much to Xavier’s surprise these creatures held little interest for him and as he looked at the other vulcanthropes he could sense that they had the same sentiment.

But that didn’t mean there wasn’t prey in this place, and as Xavier sniffed the air to find it he took a hand on either side of him and unzipped the two rubber werewolves that immediately started to salivate upon being released.

As the door to the club closed it left Kosjir and Dobrica still out in the main entrance area, the increasingly rubbery orcajay being pushed into the wall as her body began to warp and reshape. The corset that she wore merged with the blue and white rubber that was flowing over her body as her breasts grew bigger but remained firm, the globes shining in the overhead light as the rest of her body became bigger by the second. Her gasps and panting became growls and snarls as the muscle thickened through her body like a wave with every pump of the rubber cock inside of her while her skin smoothed out and became shiny. Even as her tail morphed into something lupine like the one plowing into her and her back swelled with muscle she still retained her fins, giving her werewolf body an aquatic theme that matched the blue and white patterning as rubber flowed out of her maw and covered her face.

Dobrica’s grunts became muffled as the wolf mask formed around and melded onto her own face, a deep huff pushing out as a respirator formed in front of her muzzle. The lenses that her eyes became merged together as well and as the blue and white rubber swept over her head and continued to make her into a vulcanthrope it molded more and more until it looked a lot like a scuba mask. The transforming hybrid grew silent as she was turned around while still impaled on the cock of the werewolf, the two creatures pressing their muscular bodies against one another as Kosjir let out another muffled snarl before going quite as well. With their new pack mate brought into the fold the two began to get more carnal with their rutting as Dobrica was able to touch the ground once more with her webbed latex wolf paws.

The sound of squeaking filled the air as the two muscular creatures continued to fuck even after Dobrica’s transformation was complete, the blue and white vulcanthrope wrapping her legs around the waist of Kosjir as her rubber boobs rubbed against his pectorals. Anyone that would have looked in at that moment might have just thought that it was two people in gimp suits going at it, though anyone that would have seen the shiny cock plunge in and out of the depths of the female’s slit would have seen that their internal anatomy was changed as well. The mitted hands of the male grabbed onto Dobrica’s thighs as hers wrapped around the bulging biceps of the other’s arms, and as she did several straps that had formed on her forearms slithered out and pinned them to his sides. Even though Kosjir had transformed the other vulcanthrope Dobrica was more than willing to take charge as she bound the other male up, leaving him only with the ability to thrust into her while she made sure that no one else would disrupt the others with their fun.

Back in the club the crowd continued to remain oblivious to the monsters that stalked around it, the dark lights and clouds of fog that came off of the stage helping to obfuscate the prowling latex predators that roamed around it. Even when the vulcanthropes were out in the open those that did see them mistook the creatures as people in elaborate rubber gear, especially when they saw the masked faces, harnesses, and other gear that adorned their bodies. For the vulcanthropes they didn’t pay those curious onlookers any mind either, they were looking for their prey as they sniffed the air. It was hard with all the low-level interest in rubber, those that were around them enjoying the feel of the material against their bodies and wearing it out in public but not to the level that interested them, until they finally caught the trail of someone that piqued their attention…

Meanwhile Night made his way through the dance floor and bar towards the back room, holding the key that he had gotten earlier in the night in his hands. It was for the ability to go into the back area of the club, the special pass that he clutched showing that he had already passed through the necessary medical screenings and signed legal paperwork. It was a daunting task for the husky-wolf but he finally got it all done and was able to finally enjoy the fruits of his labor. When he got to the door in the back he was surprised to see that it didn’t seem to have the usual bouncer that stood in front, nevertheless when he took the key and used it on the door it opened for him without any trouble.

When he walked inside the hybrid found that the back area was merely a single hallway with several doors that lined the walls. It was also very quiet, which caused Night to frown slightly as he scratched the dark grey fur underneath the rubber harness that adorned his pectoral muscles. He had heard that the back area of the club wasn’t used very often but had hoped that there would at least be someone around that he could have some rubbery fun with, but as he walked along the hallway he didn’t hear anything. When he got to the end he sighed and realized that unless he wanted to wait he would have to probably go back and just enjoy the club for the night, only to hear a loud bang behind him that caused him to jump slightly.

Night looked around to see that one of the doors nearest to the entrance was no longer marked as vacant, seeing the green light that indicated someone was inside waiting for fun. The hybrid’s hopes began to rise up as he went over and put his hand on the doorknob only to hesitate before he turned it. The person that had gone inside clearly would have seen him, especially since his white and grey fur was almost completely exposed save for the harness on his chest and the pair of latex briefs that were there as a minimum to the main club. Perhaps that meant that two overly amorous individuals had gone inside for a bit of fun and forgot to turn the room to occupied… or maybe whoever was inside just hadn’t seen him?

As Night slowly began to pull his hand away from the doorknob as his anxiety began to get the better of him the door suddenly swung open, the husky-wolf’s eyes widening slightly as he saw the absolute rubber-covered beefcake of a wolf in full bondage gear standing there. It had been the first time he ever saw anyone as invested in full coverage before and he felt his heart skip a beat as a small smile formed on his muzzle. “Oh, hey there,” Night said as he had to crane his neck up slightly in order to look into the lenses of the gas mask that this wolf wore. “I don’t suppose you could use one moraahhhh!”

The hybrid was practically yanked off of his feet as the huge wolf man grabbed him by the harness and pulled him into the room, once more slamming the door behind him. As Night was spun around and grabbed once more he saw that there was another guy that was dressed in similar attire, save that the rubber was a bright red and had on less gear, and when the creature turned he was surprised to see that the shiny material was molded to his face like a skintight mask. In fact his entire suit looked like it was a second skin as he was ushered over towards a bench that sat in one area of the rather small room. Before Night could say anything the rubber werewolf behind him had swept him up off of his feet and brought him over towards the piece of furniture before setting him down on his furry stomach.

“Damn… you guys are really hot,” Night commented as the one that brought him to the bench began to strap his feet down to the floor while the other one came over and did the same to his arms. “I think this isn’t exactly following the rules but for you two I’m willing to go. Where did you get those rubber suits by the way, I would love to have one of my own…”

There was a deep, throaty chuckle that came out of the red vulcanthrope as Xavier knew that soon this hybrid would be getting his wish while he used the rubber of his own body to augment the straps that were around the wolf-husky’s wrists. They had morphed into a pair of cuffs that wrapped around the dark grey fur, the shiny material turning a similar color as blue and yellow lines similar to what highlighted the toned body of the canine creature that appeared on the cuffs as well. If Night could see them he would have been impressed but most of his view was taken up by the latex body of the male in front of him. The way the muscles moved under that red rubber and didn’t have a seam shift looked almost unnatural, like someone had dipped this muscular werewolf in rubber and it coated him like a second skin as he felt his body get stretched into place with more restraints around his biceps and thighs pressing him to the bench.

Xavier slowly stood up once he had made sure that their prey had been sufficiently captured, though with the lustful look that the hybrid gave the two of them it seemed he was enjoying his fate. The red vulcanthrope was ready to take it one step further, but as he ran a clawed hand down the back of the restrained creature he moved to switch places with Vritrax. It wasn’t long before Night found himself staring down the barrel of a large black rubber member in front of his muzzle, and as the vulcanthrope moved forward the hoses on the snout of the mask detached and hung down around his thighs. As soon as Night stuck out his tongue and licked against the shiny shaft the rubber transferred onto his tongue and immediately started to spread.

When Night felt something coating his mouth he attempted to say something, only to have the vulcanthope grab him by the head and push himself forward. With the corruption already starting to manifest in his muzzle it was able to take much more than before as rubber began to coat the husky-wolf’s lips and spread outward. As it continued to spread outwards the hoses that had been dangling on the body of Vritrax darted forward like snakes and latched onto the latex-covered nose of the surprised man, and as the cock that had started to slide in and out of his increasingly shiny maw pulled out a cloud of bluish-purple gas could be seen before it was plugged back in. As the orange eyes began to grow half-lidded the rubber that was sweeping over his white and blue hair dripped down into his eyes and completely sealed them along with his ears as his squirming became increasingly pleasurable.

As the vulcanthrope in front of the trapped wolf-husky began to shift his hips back and forth Xavier could see that the rubber was already starting to have an effect on the creature, though it wasn’t in the way that even he thought could happen. As more of the thick cock pushed into Night’s maw the heavy rubber that was flowing over his head had fused to the similar material of the bench, sticking him to it as his face and head became less distinctive by the second. With the tubes in the nostrils of the still-squirming male still feeding him pure pleasure via gas even before he was penetrated the vulcanthrope realized this one was going to be a little different then the others, especially as the shiny material continued to cascade over his fit form and suctioned against his body. As the vulcanthrope infection made its way down Night’s body his shoulders and chest looked almost swollen compared to the still furry waist and legs, though Xavier was more than ready to solve that as he stepped forward.

The second that the tip of his rubber cock pushed into the tight ring of muscle he could feel his corruption spread inside and out, allowing him to push inside and feed more of the transformative rubber into this creature’s system. As Xavier slid inch after inch of his thick, throbbing member inside h could feel Night’s body buck and squirm, but with the rubber starting to spread over his hips and down his legs it was becoming harder for him to move. It started to look like the wolf-husky was stuck in some sort of bizarre vac-rack as Vritrax pumped harder into the restrained head of the creature while the other vulcanthrope did the same to the man’s tailhole. Eventually it became hard to tell where the hybrid ended and the bench began as the two continued to thrust into the rubber creature, watching his body start to swell and bloat underneath the shiny skin that he was trapped under…

Eventually the night started to wind down to a close and people started to leave the club, one of them in particular an otter-rabbit hybrid that waited patiently for the bartender to be freed up so that he could pay the tab. He was one of the few that wasn’t wearing any sort of rubber on him; it had been the first time that he was at such a club and his friends had brought him so that he could check out the scene, and though he found himself curious he wasn’t sure if he would come back. Everyone there was super nice to him, he thought to himself as he waited at the bar, but it didn’t seem like his thing and it seemed like a hassle to get everything on and off over his fur.

A voice snapped Andy out of his thoughts and he looked over to see that the bartender was asking him if he had a tab, which the hybrid nodded and gave his name so he could get his credit card back. By this point most of the people had left the bar as the house lights came up and by the time he had signed the paper he was the last one that stood there. Even the bartenders were pretty much ready to go as he went over towards the door and got his coat out of the locker that he had been assigned when he first came in. Once he had gotten everything out he put the key back into the automated return bin and made his way out into the cold night air.

Just like with the bar it appeared that he was the last one to leave the alley as well, and as Andy looked around he couldn’t help but notice that there was no one at the door anymore either. Did the orcajay already leave for the night? While it didn’t matter much to him it was a little eerie to be going down the dark alley with no one else around, even if the corner to turn to the street was only about twenty meters away. As he stepped outside however he began to feel a little strange, like someone was watching him even as he looked around to see that there was no one around as the light from the full moon illuminated everything.

Andy took a deep breath and barreled forward as fast as he could so that he could rejoin the street, but before he could turn that corner something dropped down and stopped him dead in his tracks. The otter-rabbit let out a gasp of horror as he saw the creature that stood before him, the huge aquatic werewolf’s muscular body covered head to toe in shiny blue and white rubber in a pattern that was somewhat familiar to him. All he could think of though was that this creature had started to advance towards him with a fanged smile on her muzzle, which started to curl up into a snarl as he continued to retreat. As she continued to approach him there was nowhere that Andy could go to escape, especially as he saw another rubber werewolf jump down as well right behind her.

The only thing the otter-rabbit could do was double back, and as the two vulcanthropes let out a snarl he turned tail and ran as fast as he could towards the door of the club. Though the two creatures were extremely quick the ground had started to become icy and even with the huge claws on their latex feet both of them stumbled just enough for the hybrid to get back into the club’s entrance. When he went to grab the door his immediate fear was that they had already locked up the club but to his surprise and relief it swung open easily to him, the otter-rabbit pushing inside before jamming the door closed and locking it behind him. Only a few seconds later the heavy metal rattled loudly as the creatures made impact with it and it was enough for Andy to turn back and run inside the club proper once more.

As Andy ran into the bar looking for another exit the lights suddenly went out, which prompted him to freeze into place. With only the security lighting on to guide him the hybrid saw that the bartenders were both gone but that there was definitely something inside the place with him, causing him to swallow hard as he tried to find where the exit sign was. He carefully made his way towards the dance floor where things were more open and as he did he could hear sounds of someone moving around him. More than once he snapped his head around at the sound of heavy footsteps only for his eyes to squint in the low light and see nothing but the shadows.

Eventually the hybrid did find a door and he hoped that it was a way out as the vision of the monsters that he had seen outside continued to haunt him. It was clear to him that they were not normal club-goers, not with the way the rubber glistened off their bodies and how it moved with them, and the way the two creatures moved remind him of monsters that he would see on movies. Though his rational mind tried to tell him that there was no such thing he couldn’t help but think of werewolves as the ones that chased him in as he tried this door and found it unlocked as well. At the moment though the only thing he could think of was escape as he adjusted the short shorts he wore and walked into the hallway on the other side.

When Andy got to the end of this hallway he found that it was a dead-end, and though there were a number of doors on either side it looked as though they were all just rooms as he checked them. They all had various pieces of bondage and rubber gear inside of it as well and it caused the hybrid to pause slightly each time. This was certainly something he didn’t see before, the otter-rabbit thought to himself before he shook his head and reminded himself that he was trapped in a club with strange and potentially hostile creatures. Despite each one being just a room he checked all of them, but when he got to the last one and looked inside he stopped as one of the pieces of rubber equipment seemed to be squirming with someone trapped inside.

“Hello?” Andy called out, hearing nothing in response as he tried to find a light switch on the wall. “Is someone in there? Do you need help?” When he failed to find anything the otter-rabbit continued to keep his eyes glued to the strange bench and whoever was contained inside of it. Whoever they are they must be huge, the rabbit-otter thought to himself as he decided to go over and make sure they weren’t trapped.

Just as he was a few steps away however the wiggling rubber sack stopped and started to glow from a blue and yellow light within. At first Andy thought that someone had finally heard him approached and had some sort of light, but as the glowing got slightly brighter he saw that whatever was moving in the rubber had started to shift its position. As the rabbit-otter watched he suddenly stepped back as a clawed hand pushed its way out from the rubber, stretching it way out into the air before it split open to reveal the creature within. Andy felt his jaw dropped as a muscular rubber werewolf, though not as big as the two that were outside, emerged from the pod that contained it as the thickly clawed feet dug into the rubber covered bench beneath it. All the hybrid could do was stand there frozen in terror as black and white latex creature emerged, its glowing orange eyes looking right at him as the yellow and blue lines that adorned his body, along with the cuffs and harness it wore, pulsated just like the neon blue pawpads and tips of his synthetic mane.

As glowing electric blue rubber drool dripped from Night’s jaws the snarl that came from the glowing vulcanthrope’s lips snapped Andy out of his entranced state and once more made a run for it. With the creature still emerging from its cocooned state he was able to get out of the room and shut the door behind him, then ran out through the VIP door and back into the main club. Before he could take another step forward though he saw a red rubber werewolf standing there at the stairs, his arms crossed as several others milled about in the club behind him. The two that had chased him into the place were there as well and as he stood there in shock he suddenly heard the music kick on once more.

With nowhere to run the hybrid continued to stand there waiting to be pounced, only to see the thickly muscled rubber creature continue to stand there. “Wh-why aren’t you pouncing on me?” Andy said as he looked into the shiny eyes of the creature. “What are you creatures? What’s going on around here?”

Xavier continued to stand there at the stairs, his body ready to make a move but not doing anything but standing there as he saw the look of panic increase on his face. As the vulcanthrope alpha watched the otter-rabbit tried to take a few steps down, only to stop on the first one as he started to move forward. When Andy backed away Xavier did the same, and the two continued to do that for a while before the look of horror on the hybrid’s face turned to frustration. When he considered jumping over the banister to the sides of the stage he saw that there were already other vulcanthropes that were down there waiting for him, keeping him contained on the stair platform.

“What do you want from me?” Andy asked the monsters once more. “I don’t understand what is- glk!” The vulcanthropes that were in the main club all turned their heads as they watched the otter-rabbit as the look on his face turned from confusion to pure shock, his mouth hanging open as he stood there on the platform. His entire body had gone completely rigid and as he stood there his body bounced up slightly, then again before he was lifted off of his feet entirely.

The winter coat that Andy wore was pulled away to show that his stomach was starting to get stretched out, the otter-rabbit looking down at it in pure shock as several droplets of shiny blue rubber began to drip from the side of his mouth from the corruption that had already started to take hold. Though the hybrid couldn’t see it the bulge in the light tan fur of his stomach fur that was growing larger by the second was caused by the thick rubber werewolf cock that had slipped inside of him, though he had felt it as soon as it went inside of him when Night slipped up behind him and took him by surprise. It didn’t take much to impale the much smaller male on his cock and as he was stretched open the shorts that had been pulled down from behind started to tear by the growing muscles on the hybrid’s thighs.

With pure pleasure rushing through Andy’s body all he could do was squirm on the thick shaft sliding through his hole as his cock pushed its way out from his shorts, dripping with bright neon pink liquid rubber as more of the neon blue dripped out of his mouth. The thin hips of the rabbit-otter bloated with growth as his cock quickly followed suit, gaining several inches almost immediately as the sensitive flesh was converted while the vulcanthrope behind him began to pump even deeper into his mutating body. With the way the stairs were it was as if Night was giving his new pack mates a show as the strained shorts popped off of the growing body of the transforming creature with a loud rip, his shoes quickly following suit as large bright purple claws pushed through the stitches out into the open air. The head of the transforming creature morphed into a blue rubber hood with purple zippers on the eyes, ears, and the new lupine snout as Andy’s stomach continued to stretch and become distended even as he grew a set of abs and his chest filled out with new muscle.

Xavier turned from their latest packmate to the others and with no other creatures in the area the vulcanthropes had taken to satiating their lusts on one another; Darey went up the stairs with his unzipped muzzle and started to suck on the rubber cock of the smaller vulcanthrope while his arms remained bound behind his back while Vritrax and Kosjir had found a spot to suck each other off. That had just left Dobrica and as Xavier went over he took the blue and white vulcanthrope and pressed her down against one of the couches, spreading her legs and sliding up into her pussy while her finned wolf tail thrashed about in the air. Eventually Night and Andy joined in the fun as well being the two newest members of the pack and the entire night became a blur for the creatures, though at once point the alpha remembered taking his place with all the other members groping and fondling his shiny rubber body. The feel of their synthetic skin pressing against one another was almost as euphoric as converting others to the pack and eventually the only thing the red rubber vulcanthrope knew was the touch of the others against his own body…

The next morning Xavier awoke once more, his body practically upside down as he found himself naked and hanging from the couch of some nightclub that he vaguely remembered. What was clear to him however was the events that happened to him during the night and as he woke up he could already hear the sound of others doing the same. It didn’t take long for everyone that had been a part of the vulcanthrope orgy to wake up and get their bearings. When the seven managed to gather back together from where they had dropped during the night they saw that they all bore the mark of a rubber wolf head somewhere on their naked bodies, or at least mostly naked.

“Well this is something new,” Night said as he reached down and groped the white and rubber that surrounded his groin, squeezing the bulge and causing himself to shiver before he attempted to unzip the bright blue zipper on it and finding himself unable too.

“Looks like you’re not the only one,” Dobrica stated as she rubbed the smooth latex between her own legs and found a similar zipper there as well. As everyone looked down even those that had been vulcanthropes before had something similar in nature, all except for Xavier himself whose red rubber cock hung freely between his legs. “I guess we know which one is the alpha around here.”

“Yeah, I was the one that was initially infected,” Xavier admitted sheepishly before he blushed and looked down at the floor. “I’m really sorry guys, I tried to get myself and the others back to my place before the changes happened and with all the interest in rubber here it drew me like a moth to the flame. Then after I lost control I released the others as well and now you’re all vulcanthropes.”

“So I’m going to turn into that creature from last night again?” Night asked, Xavier nodding his head stoically before being slightly surprised by the toothy grin he got in response from the wolf-husky. “That’s sweet! Did you see the way my body glowed like that? I wonder how that’s even possible.”

“I think it stands to reason that no one is going to be disappointed with their fates,” Vritrax said as he put a hand on the shoulder of the fox, the greywolf-dragon giving the fox a wink. “You may be able to put your fears at ease of causing some sort of rubber werewolf outbreak, we were surrounded by all manner of latex-loving creatures and somehow we only picked those that were clearly interested in the subject. It appears that you can put your mind at ease.”

“Not really,” Xavier stated with a sigh before quickly changing his tone when he saw the others look at him. “I mean, it seems that this is going to be more than just a full moon thing and we can’t spend every night hunting down others to join the pack, and if it starts to spill into the daytime how are we going to live like that? I’m sure that we have jobs and such that we want to keep and we can’t just keep avoiding everyone to prevent the spread of vulcanthropy.”

The others looked at one another and some scratched their head, though as Xavier sighed once more he suddenly saw a hand go up from the otter-rabbit that had been sitting at one of the tables. “What about the internet?” Andy asked. “Has anyone tried looking on there yet?”

“I’ve already looked to see if there was some sort of cure or something,” Xavier answered. “There’s nothing about vulcanthropy on there.”

“What? Oh, heck no, why would we want to cure it?” Andy asked as a grin spread on his muzzle. “I’m talking about the problem that you brought up with how we can make money and still be vulcanthropes. Why don’t we just make a bunch of videos and load them to porn sites? Unless someone really looks into it we would just be a group of people that are super into rubber and have the gear to match, plus who believes anything they see on the internet as actually being real?”

There were several nods of approval and even a few remarks on sites that could be used as Xavier pressed his hands against his face. “Guys, I was just trying to make a point about what embracing this curse is going to do to our lives,” Xavier said, the others turning and looking at him. “Do you really just want to spend the rest of our days as rubber werecreatures having sex all day and adding new people into our pack whenever they happen to cross our field of influence?”

For a few seconds the others stayed silent, some of them running a finger along the mark on their bodies while the others looked down and scratched their heads. It didn’t take long though before Dobrica once more lifted her head as though in realization. “You know,” the orcajay said. “I wonder if being in suits like this means we could have sex underwater?”

“Ohhh, I like that,” Darey stated as Xavier put his hand against his head. “Maybe we can integrate rubber gear into our bodies when we change too.” Once more the conversation turned to what they could do with their newfound forms and at that point the fox realized that there was no real point in fighting what he had originally believed to be some sort of rubber curse. Part of him was almost relieved about it though and he found himself soon joining in on the conversation on their future plans… he was the alpha after all.

After that day the pack of vulcanthropes decided to move in on the club that they had previously woken up in; the idea of hiding in plain sight that Andy had suggested turned out to be a great idea and they were not only able to blend in with the crowd while transformed but were able to sniff out new recruits more easily as the nightclub started to gain a reputation for being more hardcore rubber lovers. In a matter of weeks the pack had grown to nearly double its size and the group had pooled the resources it had as well as what it made from the videos they released in order to not only buy the entirety of the club but the building it resided in as well so the pack could live together. It didn’t take much for the term vulcanthrope to be what the group was called and they leaned into it, indulging in the pure primal instincts that came with their transformation without having to worry about who saw them while they were in the werewolf forms.

It was starting to get to the point where the time that they spent not as their rubber werewolf selves grew less and less, though as the alpha Xavier found that his control over himself and the others was much more stable. As they became more comfortable in their forms their libidos continued to rise up and just like with the internet videos they started to welcome more people to enjoy their company, all the fox had to do was unzip one of his packmates and they would become the beast that those who had picked them wanted. It turned into a rather lucrative endeavor and several vulcanthropes that were more than happy to join them after a night’s encounter… though usually that resulted in them being transformed anyway. After about a month both the club and their endeavors as a pack of rubber monsters were proving to be quite fruitful as Xavier looked over the finances, only to be interrupted by a phone call.

“Hello, is this Xavier?” the voice on the other end of the line asked.

“This is,” Xavier replied. “What can I do for you?”

“Actually, I was calling to ask that for you,” the voice replied. “I know that I’m a little late in calling but you were involved in a game that I was partially involved with, and I’m afraid that it might have left you a bit more changed then originally intended. Have you heard of the term sabredrone or vulcanthrope before?”

Xavier nearly dropped the phone at the mention of the sabredrone, then quickly picked it back up. He had long since remembered when he had initially contracted the vulcanthropy as part of some strange game, but when he had looked for the strange creatures that had attempted to pacify him after becoming a rubber werewolf he couldn’t find anything on the subject. “What do you know about vulcanthropy?” Xavier asked. “Who are you?”

“My name is Serathin,” the voice on the other end replied. “I suppose that you could call me the progenitor of the disease, though it seems with you certain aspects of it have been tweaked. I want to say that I apologize if it’s impacted your life in any sort of negative fashion and if you would like I could come over there and cure it.”

Xavier found himself sitting there in stunned silence at the mention of potentially being cured, his jaw hanging open as he heard the one on the other side of the line mention what it would take in order to rid him of the transformative disease. The fox quickly asked if there was a number that he could use in order to call him back, and once he had gotten it he hung up his phone and immediately called for a meeting with the pack. They all met in the second floor of the building that used to be some sort of rec area, which was more than big enough for the nearly two dozen vulcanthropes that now made up their entire pack. As the fox looked at them all he while he stood up on the small platform they had made for their alpha Xavier informed them that they had a tough decision to make…

About three days later the club had closed down for the night, not allowing anyone in except for one that Xavier had bene waiting for. “Oh, thank goodness that you’re finally here,” Xavier said as he allowed the draconic sabrewolf that had been on the other side to step in. “The pack has been in a bit of dissention ever since they heard that you could help cure us of this disease.”

“I imagine that the allure of such a powerful and corruptive creature probably has convinced a few to stay that way,” Serathin replied as he made his way into the club. “I’m not sure if I could convince them to go back to their old lives but I can certainly try, but if we start with you then perhaps losing their alpha will destabilize the rest and convince them to turn back as well.”

Xavier just nodded and brought Serathin to the back rooms, which had been expanded upon ever since the vulcanthropes had taken over so that they had more space for kinky activities, and led him to one in particular that had a number of tables that were covered in rubber along with several cubes that had similar shiny sides. “Alright, why don’t you go ahead and hop on one of the tables,” Serathin said as he went over to the counter and pulled off his satchel. “We can get started right away and purge the corrupted rubber in your system before anyone realizing what happens.”

“Actually, that’s not the reason that I called you in here,” Xavier said as he allowed the devilish smile that he had been hiding back spread across his muzzle as one of the vulcanthropes popped up from behind the bar that the draconic sabrewolf was at and grabbed him. “Since you are the one that can cure all this we decided unanimously to bring you into the pack so you wouldn’t think about doing it. Since you couldn’t sense my packmate there it also seems like you aren’t a vulcanthrope yourself, which means that we get to have the pleasure of changing you.”

By this point the rubber creature had managed to get Serathin on his knees and secured with an arm binder, keeping the draconic sabrewolf’s hands behind his back and off balance before leading him over to one of the cubes. The hybrid continued to try and say that they were making a mistake but by this point the red rubber of the fox’s body had already started to subsume his fur, spreading over his growing muscle as he assumed his vulcanthrope form. Together the two managed to get the restrained man into the vac-cube that they had prepared for him and turned on the suction, causing the rubber sides to completely envelop the creature within. Soon the only thing that stuck out from the holes was the draconic sabrewolf’s head and tailhole, which they secured the rubber against with a collar that was placed around the purple and black fur of Serathin’s neck.

With his body restrained to a kneeling position from the placement of the vac-cube Xavier moved to the tailhole side while stroking his rubber cock with his clawed hand. He had been looking forward to this moment ever since he had remembered that this creature had infected him in the first place, even though Serathin said something about not actually being the one that had ran the games. At this point it didn’t matter much to the red rubber werewolf as he watched Vritrax put a gas mask similar to his own over the head of the kneeling creature and secured it to the color. He could sense the hybrid tense up as he got closer but with his entire body trapped in the cube all he could do was wiggle around before the shiny tip of the thick cock was pushed inside of him.

The second that he had gotten more than an inch inside of the draconic sabrewolf and felt the muscle clamp down on him Xavier released a torrent of corruptive rubber seed. The vac-cube creaked as the creature within let out a muffled moan as his rear end immediately began to swell with muscle along with the base of his tail. All the vulcanthrope did was stand there and watched his throbbing member continue to pump into the other man to the point where he could see the stomach of the creature start to distend, which was partially helped by the cock of the hybrid starting to grow as well. Already he could see the muscle developing in the sides and thighs as it began to stretch out the latex walls that contained him, seeing Serathin’s body quiver from the growth as he pushed his cock in even deeper.

Unlike most of the others the growth of this new vulcanthrope appeared to be somewhat asymmetrical, Xavier watching as one of the feet of the draconic sabrewolf bulged and stretched before the other one did as well. In the front of the cube the muffled moans that could be heard from behind the gas masks turned to gurgles, then nothing as black liquid rubber started to drip from the unattached hoses. Vritrax was quick to take them and press them against the transforming creature’s body, which caused the ends to merge with the vac cube and pump it directly into him. The result was Serathin growing even bigger than before as Xavier began to thrust harder into the growing rear of the new vulcanthrope.

Once he believed he had corrupted the other creature enough Xavier pulled out and grabbed a nearby dildo plug, pushing it into the leaking tailhole and securing it against the vac-cube. Snarls and growls could be heard starting to come from the vac-cube as the muscles of the draconic sabrewolf continued to grow, Xavier able to see the stripes that had been silver start to glow with a green light. The alpha decided to let the new vulcanthrope percolate for a while in his own corruption and opened the door to allow one of the creatures that they allowed to remain in the employ of the nightclub clean up. The two were fully intending on opening the club along with the rest of the pack, Xavier unzipping Vritrax and hearing him let out a loud roar as his cock pushed out.

As the two left the sergal that was left behind grabbed a mop and started to clean up the black liquid latex that dripped from the cube, pausing as he saw the creature within warping into something more bestial and monstrous by the second. It hadn’t been the first time that he had seen such a thing happen before though, which was one of the reasons the pack kept him in their employ, and knew to just ignore it unless the latex began to leak out. As he walked by however one of the hoses that had been pumping the same goo that Xavier had filled the draconic sabrewolf with popped off the cube, splashing the sergal before dripping on the floor. He let out a groan of disgust as he used a nearby towel to try and get the shiny substance off his overalls only to see that it had immediately set.

The man sighed and knew that he was probably going to have to get a new pair, but as he went for his mop everything started to feel extremely tingly. As he held onto the mop and pressed his hand against his head he failed to see the shiny black claws that grew from his fingernails, or the fact that the puddle of liquid latex was growing smaller on his clothes with every second. What he did immediately notice however was the tent forming in his overalls, pushing out like something living was inside as his rubber cock grew within. His panicked gasps quickly turned to growls as his angular muzzle started to become more lupine in nature, except that instead of the other vulcanthropes a pair of rubber saber teeth began to push past his lips as he started to stroke himself…

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