Always Kennel Your Pets

It was another typical morning in the sabrewolf household; Serathin had just gone into his office in order to start his work for the day and Newlyn found himself standing in front of the stove preparing breakfast for the two of them. Ever since that fateful day in the factory where the former snow leopard had been turned into a rubber dragon toy by the hybrid in the other room he has enjoyed the benefits both of his form and his new lot in life. Not only does his master treat him very well but being a product from the Factory his body had all manner of customizable components to it that they could bring out at any time. For the moment though he was back down to his factory standard form, his rubber body glinting in the morning light of the sun as he grinned to himself while preparing the eggs just the way his master likes them.

Once he was finished he made up two plates and brought them into the home office where Serathin worked, Newlyn eager to take up his position underneath the desk and between the legs of the hybrid once they were done. As he placed the breakfast in front of the draconic sabrewolf however he didn’t even seem to notice it, his eyes glued to the screen that was showing his e-mail browser. “Is there something wrong Master?” Newlyn asked, causing the sabrewolf to finally look up and see that he was standing there.

“Well… yes and no,” Serathin replied as he clicked on the mail itself, expanding it so the rubber creature could see what was on the screen. “As you can see I have just gotten nominated for a rather prestigious award for my writing, and naturally due to the nature of it I’m going to have to travel across the country and wade through the pomp and circumstance that such thing requires.”

“Well that’s wonderful!” Newlyn exclaimed. “I know that you’re not one for ceremony but you certainly deserve an award like that. When do we leave?”

“That’s where the no comes in,” Serathin said with a sigh. “They know of my living situation with you and have asked me in no subtle way that I should not come with my rubber dragon pet for the sake of not causing a scandal. That means leaving you behind unfortunately, and it doesn’t sit very well with me.”

“You can’t just give up an award like that because of me,” Newlyn replied quickly. “I’m here to make your life more enjoyable, not less. Plus it’s only, what, a week? I’m sure I can keep myself occupied around here until then.”

At that moment the corners of the sabrewolf’s mouth turned up into a grin. “Actually…” Serathin said as he clicked on a different window that had been hidden by the e-mail browser, showing a more colorful website beneath it. “I have been looking into alternative options for my pet in order to keep him occupied while I’m gone...”

The next day the two hopped into the car and began to drive and about two hours they had gotten into the big city, standing in front of a building that looked like an old theater, the two of them staring up at the marquee that had been altered to be a large flashing sign. “Dragon Heaven?” Newlyn asked, his blue eyes glancing over to the doors just in time to see a man in a rubber dragon suit enter into the building. “Is this a fetish club, or is it something more like the Factory?”

“The latter, if my e-mails to the owners were correct,” Serathin explained as they ended up turning and heading towards a restaurant that was next to it called the Dragon Heaven Pub. “When I explained the situation they seemed to be all too aware of the ability for creatures to become rubbery versions of themselves, and when I said that you were already draconic in nature they were more than happy to offer their services to us. They also said that we can’t enter the main club, or at least I can’t without getting into a suit, so we’ll be meeting in the restaurant they own next door.”

The two walked in and found the place to be rather busy with customers sitting and enjoying their food while rubber dragons went around serving them. Since they already knew what was going on, especially Newlyn having gone through the process himself, they could see that while some were just wearing a latex suit, others were actually rubber creatures. Even though they had gotten used to the idea it was still strange to encounter others like Newlyn as they went up to the hostess, who was a lovely green-scaled dragoness, and Serathin introduced himself and his pet. As the hybrid explained why they were there Newlyn looked around and saw several of those creatures glancing back at him, giving him wry and lustful grins before his attention was brought back to his master.

The hostess dragoness brought them to a nearby booth, telling them once they were seated that the one they were meeting with would be down shortly and if they wanted to order anything off the menu to just flag down a server. Both Serathin and Newlyn thanked her and ended up looking at the food options they had, though before either of them had a chance to make up their minds they were suddenly greeted by another rubber dragon, this one with scales that seemed to absorb light rather than reflect it as he introduced himself as Riven. “So I’m guessing this is the one that you want to stay with us?” Riven asked as he looked over Newlyn, whose mouth opened in slight shock as Serathin nodded. “He’s quite handsome, no doubt will fit it just fine with the others.”

“Wait a second,” Newlyn said as Serathin turned and grinned sheepishly to him. “Are you… are you kenneling me?”

“I wouldn’t want you to be bored in my house all alone when there are services like this,” Serathin replied, Newlyn sticking out his tongue at the hybrid. “Plus they offer a few other things as well as boarding, such as additional training and educational experiences that will help you learn new skills. I certainly only want what’s best for my pet, the thought of you just wandering around aimlessly without your master makes me want to cry on the inside.”

Before Newlyn could say anything he was squeezed by Serathin, causing the rubber dragon to shiver slightly in pleasure as Riven grinned at the two of them. “As your master said we do offer a wide range of activities and training courses,” the black dragon explained. “Ever since we expanded into this space we’re able to hold all manner of classes to help increase your capacity as a pet or if you want to expand into new roles. We have quite a few who consider themselves to be dragon slaves that are more than willing to teach you their ways and a few other courses as well, I for one happen to be an avid pool toy junkie that can show you how to maneuver your way around an inflatable suit.”

“I have to say I’m almost jealous,” Serathin stated with a bigger grin. “Maybe I should have you go and collect my award and I can stay here with them.”

Newlyn found himself being the one grinning sheepishly at that point and he found himself nodding, eagerly accepting his master’s offer to stay here while he was away. Riven nodded and congratulated the two of them and proceeded to pull out a small mountain of paperwork, both men on the other side of the table staring at it with wide eyes as Riven went through the contract with them. For everything they had to sign it was a pretty straightforward agreement; essentially Serathin gave control of his rubber dragon pet over to Dragon Heaven for the duration of his stay and a layout of amenities that will be given. After both Serathin and Newlyn signed the forms the black rubber dragon put the forms back into his bag and said that they were all set and he was ready to guide Serathin’s pet to where he would be staying for the next week.

Since Serathin’s plane had to leave that night and the draconic sabrewolf had to still get back and pack he had to give a short goodbye, embracing his pet and telling him to be good while he was gone before heading out the door. For the first time since he had been delivered to the draconic sabrewolf’s door he wasn’t by his side, and strangely he felt very lonely despite being in a room full of people. Perhaps this whole boarding thing was a better idea than what he had previously believed, Newlyn thought to himself as he turned to Riven and asked what to do next. The other rubber dragon motioned for him to follow up several sets of stairs and through a large room before they arrived in what appeared to be a series of small apartments that were on the top floor.

“Your room has already been prepared for you,” Riven said as he opened one of the doors with a keycard before handing it to Newlyn. “Your master has already given us the bondage gear you typically wear and we would like you to wear it before heading anywhere else, along with the provided collar and tag. As of this moment you are a slave to Dragon Heaven and we would like to make sure the others know that. Once you are finished getting ready I’ll give you the tour of the rest of the facility, you’ll find that it’s quite expansive and caters to a variety of tastes.”

Newlyn nodded and thanked Riven for everything then walked inside and closed the door behind him. As he looked around he found that it was set up like a small studio complete with a kitchen off to the side. The living room and bedroom were functionally one room and had his bed, a couch, a large television set with a game system and a few other appliances. Several he found were of a very lewd nature and he decided to leave them be for the moment, opting instead to open the cardboard box that was sitting on the table. Inside the rubber dragon found similarly shiny cuffs, harness, and a collar that he promptly began to put on, playing with the tag on the end of it that had Owned by Dragon Heaven instead of Serathin’s name engraved on it.

Just as he finished getting everything on his body, easily slipping the smooth gear onto his rubbery form, he was just about to look at the tablet computer that was there when he heard a knock on the door. He quickly went up to it and opened it expecting to see Riven standing there, but what he saw instead were two other rubber dragons that surprised him. “Hey there,” the one on the left said as he pressed a hand against the black scales of his chest and Newlyn saw an iridescent orange and yellow shine to them. “My name is Pyre, the quiet one next to me is Tundra, and we’re handlers for Dragon Heaven.”

“Handlers?” Newlyn asked, the initial moment of surprise quickly passing as he looked up and down the two dragon’s forms.

“Essentially were the dominant ones that make sure nice dragon slaves like you are happy and content,” Pyre explained, flashing a fanged grin at Newlyn. “That being said I know that Riven has yet to give you the tour, but we were wondering if perhaps you would like to join us in a little bondage play session? From your file it says that you have had some training in it but would like more, so we would be remiss if we didn’t invite you to join us.”

Newlyn was caught a little off-guard by the offer, but when he heard what the two dragons were inviting him to do he couldn’t help but lick his lips while nodding. They were right that he had some experience in the subject, partially from his training at the Factory along with a few times that his master decided to put those cuffs to good use and strapped him down to the bed, but from the sound of it these dragons enjoyed something a little more… intense. As they led him down through a hallway to another section of Dragon Heaven he found himself walking through what felt like the storage area for a theatre, and as they walked through the huge, dark space he realized while he might have been right on the store part it wasn’t props they were keeping up there. Loud grunts and moans could be heard in various cages as Newlyn saw a number of rubber dragons completely immobilized, some of them even suctioned up in a sleep sack that left them wiggling while a hood had been secured to their neck by a locked collar.

Pyre looked back and could see the stunned look on Newlyn’s face, chuckling and reassuring him that this would not be his fate unless he asked for it as they continued towards a freight elevator. Once they were loaded in they left the space, which the two called The Aviary, and went down past the main backstage area of the former theatre and down to the space below. Unlike The Aviary the basement was sectioned off and was a maze of concrete tunnels, the two handlers guiding Newlyn around until they eventually got to one of the steel doors and opened them. The two stepped back and allowed Newlyn to step through first, and when he did he gasped at what awaited him on the other side.

There were already three dragons that were chained up against the wall, their arms hanging above them with their entire heads covered by thick latex hoods that were one solid piece. “As you can see we had several that we started the party with already,” Pyre said as he pointed to the red and blue rubber dragon on the far left. “That one there is Shawn, the bronze boy next to him is Mitch and the purple eastern is Conrad. They’ll introduce themselves later as I’m sure you can see they’re a bit preoccupied at the moment.”

Newlyn just found himself nodding as he noticed that each of the restrained rubber dragons had some sort of rubber dildo or tentacle pushed up into their tailholes and that the throbbing rubber bulges that contained their cocks appeared to be vibrating. For a brief moment he wondered if he would be joining them, but it appeared the two had other ideas for him as they led him to a series of straps that hung from the ceiling. “So I know that it should be obvious from look alone,” Pyre said as he moved Newlyn towards the multitude of straps and began to connect two of them to the cuffs on his wrists. “But you’re all rubber, right?”

“Oh, yeah,” Newlyn replied, stretching open his maw to show off his latex throat while he also pulled his tongue to inhuman lengths briefly before letting it revert back. “Full conversion, why?”

“Our training methods differ between those wearing the suit and those being the suit,” Pyre explained. “Since Dragon Heaven caters to both we have to make sure that a rubber creature is actually fully rubber, especially since it allows for increased flexibility in areas that count. While we still take precautions to make sure you’re not uncomfortable or hurting you I don’t have to worry about throwing your spine out of alignment since you probably don’t really have one, which means we can do things like this.”

Newlyn let out a sudden yelp as he felt his feet leave the ground, the other rubber dragon pulling him up into the air as his legs kicked out instinctively. They both chuckled before Tundra lowered him back to the ground so they could finish with his preparations, putting more straps around his forearms and also connecting them to the purple rubber cuffs around his biceps. At the same time Tundra had moved in and put a few of the latex bindings on his shoulders and connected several to the collar around his neck. Once they were done with that Pyre surprised the other dragon by pulling his arms around to his back and wrapping his wrists and arms in several bindings that kept them together. The iridescent fire dragon explained that it would help his stability, especially when they took one of the largest rubber bands and wrapped it around his waist and his arms to keep them together as well.

As soon as they had finished making the black and purple dragon unable to move anything from the waist up they once more lifted him up into the air, causing him to squirm slightly when he was unable to brace himself against anything. “Now while Tundra is finishing up with your legs,” Pyre explained, feeling the other synthetic creature attaching something to his ankle cuffs and feeling his legs get spread apart by them. “I will be putting the finishing touches on your head, and then we’re going to have ourselves some fun.”

Newlyn saw what the finishing touches entailed as Pyre held up a muzzle made of rubber straps and a hood that would cover everything on his head but his snout, the handler applying the former onto him first. As it was secured onto him and latched to the back of his head he found that with great effort he could open his mouth, but only a few inches before it was snapped back into place. Once it had been secured over him the hood came next, his vision going black and everything going silent as the thick rubber pressed against him like it was practically suctioning to his skin. Though he could still slightly hear the two rubber dragons talking he wasn’t sure what they were saying as he hung there completely suspended and restrained by the straps that covered most of his body at that point.

For a few seconds the black and purple rubber dragon hung there waiting to see what would happen, his body swaying slightly from side to side before he felt himself get stopped. He turned his head slightly to try and figure out what was going on but then he began to get the sensation of something pressing against his lips. It didn’t take much to figure out what it was being pushed into his maw, feeling the ridges of the dragon’s rubber member spreading open his muzzle. With the straps against his mouth it kept him from opening wide, which meant it was the cock that spread him open as he began to feel a similar sensation happening at his tailhole.

The only thing Newlyn could do was hang there as the two muscular rubber dragon’s penetrated him from both ends, his body still swaying slightly despite feeling those strong hands on his head and hips. The last time he had been restrained this intensely was at the Raven’s Factory and those were tentacles training him to be able to take such insertions with ease. As his head was leaned up he felt something attach to the bondage keeping his draconic snout shut and realized that Pyre had made it so his head was permanently angled to be horizontal with the rest of his body while it slid further inside of him. For the restrained dragon it turned out to be rather pleasant to not have to hold up his head himself, instead allowing his body to relax as he felt Tundra’s thicker maleness stretch open his hole and spread his synthetic insides.

Both Tundra and Pyre watched the rubber dragon between them shuddering and quivering in pleasure, locked in the euphoria of their cocks inside him as he was unable to do anything but hang there. “Definitely got ourselves a winner here,” Pyre said as he pushed forward, watching the hood-covered throat of the male between them bulge and stretch with the outline of his maleness. “How long did Riven say we had him for?”

“A week,” Tundra replied as he pushed his own smooth length into Newlyn’s tailhole, using the momentum from Pyre’s thrust to get even deeper inside of him. “And before you ask there is no way that we’re going to be able to keep him, this is a temporary boarding situation and his real master will be back in that week to claim him.”

“A shame,” Pyre stated, rubbing his hands on the head of the dragon he was thrusting into to spur Newlyn on even more to suck and lick. “After this we should take him to the bar, that way he could properly meet the rest of our little clan when they actually have the ability to speak.”

The two continued to spit-roast the suspended rubber dragon slave until all three of them had gotten their fun, Tundra leaning in and stroking the latex cock of the one between them before they released Newlyn from his bondage. Once they were done with that they cleaned him up and also went over to get the other three out, the dragon known as Shawn immediately scurrying away once he was told the time while the other two hung around. They properly introduced themselves as Mitch and Conrad and asked Newlyn about himself while they walked back up towards Dragon Heaven proper. They were slightly surprised that he was already claimed by a master, stating that such a thing was rare in their group and that they usually hung out together.

It was definitely strange for Newlyn as he continued to hang around the two handlers and their friends for a while, getting food in the process from the bar as he watched other rubber dragons get set up on the stage. He saw that they were the ones from the Aviary, the restrained creatures on display for all to see and cheer at as he watched them squirm and growl. One in particular that came on a little later then the others he recognized as Shawn, the dark blue and red dragon seemingly the most active as he heard his friends cheer him on as well. While it was certainly a sight to see he suddenly felt a pang of need in his chest and he told the others that he was going to turn in for the night and thanking them for their hospitality.

Though they were sad to see him go they all gave him a nod of understanding and Newlyn attempted to trace his way back to the apartment he was staying at for the week. After a few wrong turns, which exposed him to some very interesting themes that Dragon Heaven catered too, he finally found himself back in the hallway of doors. He had clipped the key card to his harness and used it to open his door, stepping inside and breathing of sigh of contentment. While he had gotten a lot of fun times from the rubber dragons that were partying below it had started to become a little overwhelming, plus there was something else on his mind as he went over to the tablet and brought up the communications screen.

Newlyn connected the screen to the television and waited until the bright blue was replaced with the head of a draconic sabrewolf with a background of a hotel room behind him. “Well hello there pet,” Serathin said as he looked into the screen. “I wasn’t quite expecting to hear from you so soon, is everything alright there?”

“Everything is great master,” Newlyn replied quickly. “You definitely picked a place where I can feel at home, though not quite like yours. How was the trip?”

“Ugh, long, boring,” Serathin said as he moved his position, laying down on the bed instead. “Wish you were here to massage the tension out of my muscles, going to be hard to sleep tonight. That and the fact I realized that I’ll be sleeping alone for the first time.”

Newlyn nodded and laid back as well, not only to relax but to allow his master to see his shiny body which brought a smile to both their muzzles. “Perhaps next time you can smuggle me in your luggage,” the rubber dragon joked. “But seriously I am having a good time here, I can’t wait to show you the things that I think I’m going to pick up at this place.”

“It does seem that you’re fitting in quite nicely,” Serathin said as he held up his phone, which had a picture of Newlyn on it along with some text that he couldn’t read. “Just got the first day report and says that you are acclimating and that you play very well with others. Sent me a video too.”

As the rubber dragon saw the thumbnail on the phone he began to blush, which caused the draconic-sabrewolf to chuckle. “I hope you don’t mind,” Newlyn said as he curled his legs around, taking his fingers and playing with his rubber shaft. “If anything it only makes me more horny for you master.”

“I wouldn’t have left you there otherwise,” Serathin replied with a wink, lowering the camera to show that one hand was also on his throbbing erection. “I have to say that I definitely enjoyed the performance and will have to look into that as an investment for future sessions. Speaking of such things I’ve also scheduled you for a special training session tomorrow, something that I think you’re going to really like.”

“Oh?” Newlyn said, still stroking himself as he watched his master do the same. “What is it?”

“Patience pet,” Serathin stated with a chuckle. “You’ll see tomorrow. Now as much fun as it is playing with myself while watching you do the same I have a press meeting early tomorrow and need to sleep, you keep enjoying yourself and look forward to your surprise!”

Part 2:

Though Newlyn fell asleep rather quickly he found it fitful, not only from being away from the draconic-sabrewolf but also because he was curious on what he had planned for him the next day. Eventually he woke up completely and made himself breakfast from the kitchen he found was fully cook, stopping himself from making two portions since he was by himself. He used the tablet to browse the web while he ate and was looking over any new modifications that came from Raven’s Factory when there was a knock at the door. Newlyn looked up at it in question before going over and opening it, this time finding Riven standing there.

“Good morning Newlyn,” Riven said with a wide grin. “I’m very happy to see that you are awake already, we have something prepared for you that’s going to take the entire day and we wanted to get as early a start as possible. I see that you’re having breakfast so I’ll wait until your finished, then we can get going.”

Riven walked into the apartment and sat with Newlyn as he finished, the two talking about various things from Dragon Heaven to Newlyn’s encounter in the factory and his eventual ownership going to his master. Once the rubber dragon had finished the last of his toast he put the dishes in the sink and followed the black dragon down through Dragon Heaven and into a back area of the second floor just above the pub. While the front part looked like some sort of zoo display the entire back half off the floor had been sectioned off and appeared to be a laboratory. Though Newlyn looked around in fascination he continued to follow Riven until they were in front of a white rubber dragon wearing a lab coat.

“Newlyn, I want you to meet Jiro,” Riven introduced, Newlyn reaching out and shaking the other dragon’s hand. “Jiro, this is Newlyn, he’s your primary appointment for today.”

“Ahhh, I see,” Jiro stated with a grin. “I was wondering when I was going to meet you today, your master has something quite fun lined up for you if I do say so myself. Now part of this process is going to require you to not have any types of rubber on you except for your own skin, so if you could just take those off and put them in the nearby box we’ll take care of them for you.”

Though Newlyn had no idea what was going on he dutifully went ahead and took off his cuffs, harness, and even the collar that marked him. Once he had gotten everything in the box Jiro led him over to another area of the lab, a table with fitted restraints leaning at a forty-five-degree angle with a helmet hanging overhead waiting for him. “Per your master’s request we aren’t going to tell you the result of the process,” Jiro explained as he helped Newlyn onto the table. “But I will say that there is a strong mental manipulation that will happen, and though you are already malleable given your first transformation the best thing I can tell you is to ease into the thoughts that are being fed to you and the transition will go much smoother.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Newlyn said as he laid back against the table, the padded material feeling surprisingly warm against his back as he felt his arms get put into the restraints. “Um… are these really necessary for the process?”

“It’s to prevent you from accidently moving around,” Jiro replied. “Trust me when I say that you’ll thank me for it when you don’t try to walk forward during the process and end up face-planting into the floor. When I turned myself into a feral dragon I did it without realizing how powerful the sensations were and when you combine that with growing forelimbs it was a lot of stumbling around.”

Newlyn felt a tingle of excitement run up his back when he heard Jiro say that. “Is that what the process is?” the rubber dragon asked. “I’m going to become a feral dragon?”

“Oh, no, that was just an example,” Jiro stated. “As I said before you will see what it is once you are done, until then just remember to stay relaxed.”

Newlyn nodded and once his limbs and midsection were secured into place Jiro lowered the helmet down towards his face. As it got closer he found that it was less of a helmet and more like a gasmask, looking like his own draconic visage but with a pair of hoses coming out of the muzzle and with lenses over the eyes. The rest was smooth, featureless black rubber that would cover his own, feeling his body shudder as the material slid over his synthetic skin with ease. There was a moment where Newlyn could feel the fingers of the other dragon sliding up inside the seam in order to make sure that it fitted well before it was pressed completely against his neck, the rubber stretching slightly around Newlyn’s head as it settled around him.

“Now that is a good fit,” Jiro exclaimed with a grin, still smoothing over some areas until he was sure everything was right. “Of course this is only a temporary mask, but it should contour with you throughout the entire process. Now I want you to just relax and breath in, and then breath out…”

Newlyn felt something press up against his shoulder but before he could see what it was he began to hear a hissing fill his ears and his vision began to grow clouded. He could feel something get pumped into the mask itself and suddenly there was a sweet smell in his nostrils. Within seconds his entire body began to feel a pleasant tinge that went through his entire body, starting at his face and quickly cascading all the way through his body. Despite the pleasant sensations he was experiencing there wasn’t much else that he could feel and he began to wonder if perhaps something had gone wrong.

That was when the lenses that were in front of his eyes began to light up, and suddenly that tingling he felt began to turn to actual tactile sensation. He hadn’t realized it until that point but the hissing that he was hearing up to that point had turned into the sound of actual wind as a scene appeared before his eyes. When he looked around he found himself standing in the middle of a cabana that was right on the edge of the large cliff that went down to the beach, an idyllic scene for sure. What surprised him more was who was standing there next to him as he saw the familiar visage of a draconic sabrewolf sitting at one of the seats in the cabana itself.

“Wait… how are you here?” Newlyn asked, looking at the grinning man with a questioning look.

“I’m in your subconscious right now,” Serathin replied, standing up and winking. “Right now you are getting pumped full of all sorts of pre-recorded things that are being funneled into your mind at the moment. I have to admit that it took most of the night to do all this, I half-thought that at one point you might have heard me while I was doing this. Fortunately I only had to do this message and a few more, they said that the rest of your memories are going to fill in the gaps for me.”

Newlyn still couldn’t believe what he was seeing, and when he put his hand against the fur of the hybrid’s chest it felt real as well. “So this is the surprise?” The rubber dragon asked as he looked around. “A chance for me to be with you even when you’re away?”

“Yes and no,” Serathin replied cryptically. “When I looked over the services of Dragon Heaven I saw something that particularly interested me and talked to Jiro about it, and he assured me that they could do what I had in mind.”

When Newlyn tried to ask something else he felt a blue-scaled finger press against his muzzle, and as it did the tingling sensation returned on his lips. It confused the rubber dragon when he began to feel something shifting on his mouth. When he brought his fingers to it he could feel something pushing their way out of his lips, gasping slightly when he could feel his teeth growing out. More surprisingly he could see the shiny dragon skin that he had gotten used to in his vision turn black before morphing into something more flesh-like. A cursory examination pressing against the new lupine nose on his face revealed that it did still feel unnatural like rubber, but was far more lifelike as blue scales began to spread from it.

Newlyn gasped slightly as he quickly gathered what was happening to him, feeling the new saber teeth continue to extend while fur sprouted on his cheeks. He pulled his hands away from his face in surprise and when he looked at his fingers he saw that he had also started to grow blue scales on his hands as well. Anyone else that might have looked at them might have thought they were actual scales, but the transforming male knew while gliding his hands over the digits that they were rubber still. When he looked back to Serathin he was suddenly met with a kiss, suddenly feeling their bodies press together as more synthetic fur was sprouting over his chest and arms. It was a transformation that he hadn’t expected to come from the draconic sabrewolf as he began to feel wings starting to grow out of his back.

It wasn’t just the physical changes that he was noticing either, Newlyn feeling his thoughts starting to change the more his body did. At first it was all stuff he already knew, but the more his body morphed to look more like the draconic sabrewolf in front of him the harder it was to differentiate his own thoughts from the memories and facts that he knew about Serathin. His eyes began to glow slightly with a green light as he watched the hybrid smirk, then hold up something in front of him. They were two identical purple collars with a green gem set in the middle of it, though as Newlyn continued to look hazily at the rubber he saw that on the inside it had Newlyn’s name on it for one and Serathin once more in the other.

“Just in case you haven’t guessed it yet,” Serathin said as he took the collar with Serathin’s name on the inside and secured it around the changing rubber creature’s neck. “Thanks to Jiro at Dragon Heaven they are able to turn you into a version of myself that is so similar that I’m told we won’t even be able to tell the difference. Now while this is only taking place in this dream space I have been assured that you will be receiving one similar to this once you wake up.”

“Wake up…” Newlyn managed to say, though his thoughts were growing increasingly hazy… at least ones concerning what he looked like as a rubber dragon or his identity. “As Serathin?”

“Of course,” Serathin replied, seeing the grin on the hybrid’s face and feeling one slowly start to form on his own. “After all, you are Serathin right?” Even though he was acutely aware that the thoughts he were thinking were actually those of the draconic sabrewolf they felt very… natural, and as more knowledge flowed into him the easier it was to start feeling the mannerisms and movements come easier to him.

Newlyn had become so engrossed in his own transformation that he hadn’t realized that Serathin had also been changing right in front of him. He felt a pair of rubber hands press against his face and when he looked back over he saw that Serathin had put on his own collar as well and that rubber was spreading up from it. “What’s going on?” Newlyn asked. “Are you changing into me?”

“I’ve always been your rubber dragon Serathin,” the increasingly rubbery creature stated as he ran his hands up and down the thick purple fur of Newlyn’s chest. “All I’ve been is a mental representation of you, and now that you’re taking your proper form you need a place for all those submissive thoughts to go. Now is my master going assume control, or do you need some more convincing?”

Newlyn found himself shaking his head, knowing that getting such a gift invitation like that shouldn’t go to waste, especially when he had a pet as delicious as the one wagging his synthetic tail in front of him. The fact that this body had belonged to him a short while ago was a fading memory, the treatment Jiro giving him in the real world altering him so that everything that made the rubber dragon who he was getting encapsulated and pushed away from his central processes. New memories were taking their place, a combination of information being uploaded filling in the gaps of the knowledge that he already had about the draconic sabrewolf as he licked his lips. It was like the creature that he was pressing his hands against was the actual Newlyn as it was compartmentalized while he pushed his cock inside.

He heard a familiar moan coming from the squeaky creature in front of him as the hybrid watched his rubbery dragon continue to shift and morph, turning more and more into the purple and black creature that he recognized as Newlyn. Seeing the shiny, lithe body squirming on his ridged cock make it all the more real that he was in fact Serathin and that any nagging thoughts he might have had otherwise were being pushed out of the way. The grin on his muzzle turned into a smile of pure pleasure as he continued to push deeper into the rubber dragon, feeling more and more like the draconic sabrewolf he looked like as the last of the smooth features on his own body turned to fur and scale.

“Ohhh… Master Serathin,” the rubber dragon called out, causing Serathin to huff slightly as he heard his name. “You feel so good inside of me, can we spend all day like this?”

At first Serathin wasn’t sure what to say but as the question bounced around in his skull he suddenly found the answer he was looking for connecting. “I have a lot to do today,” the sabrewolf said, leaning forward and pressing his hands against the smooth, shiny pectorals of the other male while thrusting into him just like the real sabrewolf would do. “I’m sure we can find more time for this, but I’m also going to need to get some work done. Fortunately I have a position for you right underneath my desk…”

Meanwhile Jiro watched with a grin on his face as he saw the wavelengths that were coming from the restrained creature match up with the template that was underneath it. Unbeknownst to Newlyn the current simulation he was in was actually the hundredth that they had ran with him so far, all of them running through his headspace in order to simulate what it would be like to be his master. At the same time the physical modifications to his body were going just as smoothly; most of the shiny rubber had turned to the same synthetic fur and scale that Newlyn had experienced while in the latest mental landscape he was in. With his psyche sufficiently altered and the body modifications complete Jiro began the process of bringing the synthetic sabrewolf back to the land of reality.

“How did it go Jiro?” a voice behind the white rubber dragon asked, turning to see Riven standing there behind him.

“He took to the process quite swimmingly,” Jiro replied as he handed the tablet over to the other rubber dragon. “While there was a bit of a problem getting him to overwrite his functions as a pet of the owner once he had grasped the concept I found quite a bit of a dominant streak to latch onto. I also managed to compartmentalize the two personalities with very little overflow, the names are the key to switching back and forth.”

“That’s great to hear,” Riven said as he patted Jiro on the shoulder. “Why don’t you go ahead and enjoy yourself at the club, I can finish up here.” Jiro thanked the black rubber dragon and watched him leave, then turned back to the twitching creature who was starting to become more active. Riven went up and carefully pulled off the mask from the other male, revealing the face of the draconic sabrewolf underneath who let out a slight gasp.

“Whoa… where am I?” the hybrid asked as he started to look around, tugging on the restraints that kept his body immobile. “What’s all this?”

“It’s alright there,” Riven quickly said as he placed a hand on Newlyn’s purple-furred chest. “You’ll soon remember exactly how you got here… Newlyn.”

Newlyn gasped slightly as all the thoughts and feelings that were becoming familiar to him were suddenly pushed aside and replaced, the sensation of being Serathin faded away and his own memories came rushing back to him. “I… whoa…” Newlyn said as everything leading up to that point, including his time in the virtual world, came rushing back to him as he looked down at his body that was familiar yet alien to him at the same time. “Now that was a ride.”

“I imagine that things are feeling a bit strange for you at the moment so I advise that you take it easy,” Riven explained as he undid the restraints on the table so that Newlyn could move his new body around. “You have the mind of the pet but the body of the master, and while I could switch you back out with his mindset it’s you that I need to talk to. After doing it a few times you’ll be able to more seamlessly integrate your current memories to the other side so that I’m not speaking with a confused sabrewolf, but for the moment I need Newlyn here in order for you to get used to things.”

Newlyn just nodded and continued to examine himself, rubbing his scaly blue fingers against one another before continuing up to the fur on his arms. It had been so long since he had his own snow leopard fur that he had forgotten what it felt like to be on his own body, and even as he stroked up and down his arms he could tell that it wasn’t real. He had touched his master’s fur enough to know that this was something else, like a rubbery version of the silken strands as he was helped up onto his feet. When he looked in the nearby mirror that Riven pointed him to however he jumped slightly when he thought that it was Serathin standing there instead of him.

“This is… amazing…” Newlyn said as he slowly moved forward, looking with those green eyes as he examined every detail. “How did you manage to do all this?”

“While I’m sure Jiro would have loved to bore you with the scientific process on how he has managed to accomplish such a task I’m just going to say that Serathin provided us with a brain scan and DNA and we converted it to what you see here,” Riven said as he came up behind Newlyn and put his hands on the black-furred shoulders. “Your master had mentioned that he could use more than one of him in order to do things and since he trusts you he decided to give you his identity… plus I think he may be a bit of a narcissist. Of course he also doesn’t want you to look like him at all times, so if you stand still I’ll show you how to get completely… out of character, as it were.”

Though Newlyn felt fingers pressing up against the sabrewolf snout he remained motionless just like he was told, even when they seemed to push up inside of his face. As Riven continued to slide them in Newlyn began to feel something separating and as he watched in the reflection something began to push out from his mouth. It had a familiar shine to it and all he could do was watch in rapt fascination as the blue scales of the draconic-sabrewolf’s muzzle were pushed completely back, wrinkling like some sort of suit as a rubber dragon snout was revealed underneath! When Newlyn’s jaw dropped it was the rubber muzzle that did so as Riven pulled Serathin’s head the rest of the way back to reveal his old synthetic draconic self underneath it.

Riven wasn’t done with him yet and continued to push the furry skin down until it completely revealed the black and purple rubber dragon, Newlyn huffing slightly as the black dragon played with the black sabrewolf cock that was completely erect before sliding it off and revealing the purple rubber one underneath. When he had finally pulled his legs out of it and was able to pick up the suit it looked just like his master but completely hollow. He had a chance to examine it for a while before Riven tapped him on the shoulder and motioned that he could take it off of his hands. The black and purple rubber dragon nodded and handed it over to Riven who folded it up and put it aside on the table next to them.

“I think you’re going to have a lot of fun with that with your master,” Riven said with a grin. “But for the moment we have something special that we would like to share with you, a tradition in Dragon Heaven that we have for all those who join our little club. Now I know that you’re just here temporarily with us but Serathin said that he wanted to be sure that you got the full experience of being with us, which requires us to go to the bar.”

As they walked out of the research laboratory and into the main club area of Dragon Heaven they talked about his new skin and the personality that went with it. Newlyn couldn’t believe that it was already night when they had come out but Riven explained the process and how he had undergone dozens, if not hundreds of scenarios which essentially trained him to think like his master whenever he had the suit on and was called by name. The only one he remembered most distinctly was the one where he and Serathin had swapped places, a tremor of pleasure going through his shiny body as he could vividly recall all the sensations that took place there. When he told the other dragon about it he said that it would make sense since that was the moment that he allowed the draconic sabrewolf personality to take root.

When they got to the bar itself Riven promptly turned matters towards the initiation ritual at hand, though he quickly motioned over to the two handlers that Newlyn had met earlier to take over for him. As the black and purple rubber dragon looked between the two bigger males he suddenly heard the music stop, the grins on both Pyre and Tundra’s faces growing wider as the DJ came on the microphone. “We have ourselves a special guest here at Dragon Heaven!” The loud voice announced. “Though he is only here with us temporarily when the master’s away the pets will play, and we want to make sure that we give him as rousing of a welcome as anyone that goes through those doors!”

There was a loud cheer as Newlyn suddenly felt himself being corralled towards the center stage where other rubber dragons were bound and wiggling on display, though as they continued to walk he saw that the center stage was notably vacant. Being flanked by two muscular males made the rubber dragon shudder slightly in lust as they brought him right to that stage where there were was a pole that stuck up from the floor. At first he thought that perhaps he was going to be asked to do some sort of dance, at least before he saw the cuffs and chains that were attached to it. Under the guidance of Pyre he was brought to the poll and his hands were put up into the air where Tundra cuffed them so that they remained suspended.

Once the two made sure that Newlyn was in a comfortable position with his arms above him they did the same thing to his ankles, spreading his legs apart before securing them into place. There were loud hoots and hollers that came from the audience that caused Newlyn to feel his cheeks burn, especially when he felt his own rubber straps being placed on his body to continue to accentuate his form as well as keep him secured. When they had gotten to his collar there was a loud cheer, especially when they took his tail and put one more loop around the tip before bringing it up and attaching it to the strap of rubber around his neck.

“Welcome to Dragon Heaven,” Pyre said with a grin once they had finally finished putting Newlyn on display, feeling a pair of hands press against his rubber rear to the enjoyment of those around him. “You’re going to have a very fun week here.”

When Newlyn was about to respond he suddenly found something wrapped around his snout, and though he couldn’t see it he knew that it was some sort of muzzle or strap that Pyre had put on him. The DJ announced something else but the black and purple rubber dragon couldn’t quite hear it over the cheering of the crowd as he found himself only having a few inches of wiggle room. As Pyre and Tundra left the stage and left Newlyn standing up there he found himself not being alone for long, looking over to see the red and blue rubber dragon coming up towards him with as sultry look in his eyes. Shawn began to slide up and down his body, causing the cheers of the crowd to steadily increase as the erotic display between the two males grew more intense by the second.

Newlyn found himself panting as their shiny forms pressed against one another, this latex creature clearly knowledgeable on how to pleasure another male as he dragged his tongue from his neck all the way down towards his groin. His shiny purple cock had already been throbbing hard ever since he was put in the restraints and the other dragon wasted little time putting it into his maw, his tongue coiling around the shaft as he began to bob his head in order to stimulate him further. Though the crowd was going wild it only caused a strange thrill to go through Newlyn’s body, especially since there was nothing he could do about it except thrust his hips forward to get even deeper into the maw of the male in front of him. It was definitely an experience that he wouldn’t have gotten with Serathin, and though in the back of his mind he realized that he hadn’t called him that night there was literally nothing he could do about it as another rubber dragon guy came up behind him with a smirk on his face.

Meanwhile in hotel room quite the distance away Serathin watched as the particularly muscular rubber dragon man came up behind his restrained pet and began to push his shiny cock into him, watching as Newlyn got practically pushed upwards from the thick member stretching his synthetic hole. “Good thing I sprung for the extra training,” Serathin mused to himself as he watched Newlyn’s eyes widen and his cuffed hands grabbing onto the pole as the other male pushed so deep it began to bulge out his stomach, which also caused him to slide completely into the throat of the red and blue rubber dragon between his legs. “We might have to hit the clubs more often.”

Serathin continued to watch the live feed from the club until he got a phone call, the draconic sabrewolf switching over the screen to see a white rubber dragon looking at him. “Good evening Mr. Sabertooth,” Jiro said. “I trust that you’ve been looking over the footage that we’ve been sending you and have been satisfied with the results?”

“Oh yes,” Serathin replied with a smirk. “I have to say when you made me send you all that stuff beforehand I didn’t think it was going to work the way you said it would, but to watch my pet walking around thinking that he was me… it’s definitely going to save me some time in the long run. So whenever he wears that suit and refer to him by my name he’s going to think that he’s me?”

“That is the plan,” Jiro explained. “I’ve also included a special collar with it like you wanted to prevent from any accidental personality switches, but as I said as long as you refer to him as Newlyn or your pet you will get your pet even if he’s wearing your suit. Of course if you don’t believe me we can give you a little demonstration, once he’s done on stage of course…”

A few hours later Newlyn arrived back at his room completely exhausted, flopping down on the bed. After his time up on the stage he had been brought over to the bar where he had been given a number of drinks, causing the room to spin slightly when he had arrived back at it. When he heard his tablet buzzing however and looked at it to see his master’s face he quickly answered the call, sitting up on the bed to see Serathin staring down at him from the television screen. The two went over the usual pleasantries with the draconic sabrewolf, asking about his time getting his award while also relaying his day at Dragon Heaven, before Serathin asked him to put the suit back on.

At first Newlyn wasn’t sure what that meant until he suddenly remembered, looking around until he found it neatly folded up on top of the dresser. As he looked over it he found that there were no real openings for him to slide into except for the one that Riven had shown him when he took it off, taking off his cuffs and stretching open the muzzle in order to get his legs inside. With rubber sliding against rubber it was easy to get on and for a brief second it caused the rubber dragon to chuckle when he got it up to his waist and it looked like the suit was eating him. After about a minute though Newlyn finally got it completely up and over his head, the lips of the suit pressing against his own before a quick adjustment hid the black and purple dragon completely.

“Looks like I fit you like a glove,” Serathin commented with a smirk on his face.

“Yeah,” Newlyn replied with a nod, once more looking over himself. “You don’t know how strange it is to look in a mirror with this on and realize that I’m looking at myself.”

“Why would that be?” Serathin replied. “It’s a very natural look for you… Serathin.”

The eyes of the disguised creature widened for a few seconds before they stared off into the distance, then the draconic sabrewolf blinked a few times before looking around. “Well this is certainly interesting…” the slightly confused creature said as he turned his head before finally seeing the familiar face on the screen. “Oh! Am I on camera or something?”

The real Serathin laughed at that and shook his head, confusing his doppelganger even more. “Jiro said there would be a bit of disorientation at first,” he said. “But I have to say that I do look good like that… of course I think it would be better if I had those cuffs on, don’t you?”

The synthetic sabrewolf looked down and saw the cuffs that the one on the screen was referring too. “Wait, those are Newlyn’s cuffs,” he said, the real Serathin leaning forward to see if him saying his own name would possibly trigger a shift in personality. “Where is he anyway? Last thing I remember I dropped him off in Dragon Heaven.”

“I’m sure he won’t mind if you put them on yourself,” the real Serathin stated, watching as his other self just shrugged and began to put them on. The other thing that he had realized might have been a problem with this particular arrangement was that there might have been a contestation of power while in that form, but it appeared that their arrangement of master and pet was still intact… even if his other self didn’t realize it while sliding the rubber bands along his synthetic fur. He was going to have a lot of fun with this one when he got home, Serathin thought to himself as he instructed his clone on what to do next for him…

Part 3:

The next morning Newlyn awoke to find himself back in his rubber dragon body, though the time he spent looking and acting like his master was still fresh in his mind. While he could still feel that he had access to use that ability once more there was no reason to as he slowly stretched out on the latex sheets of his bed. He was sure that Dragon Heaven would probably want him to stay a dragon for whatever they had next, though he had no idea what it was going to be. There was still quite a few days left of his boarding here before he was picked up once again and from what Riven had told him earlier his master was spoiling him with quite a few amenities.

When he slid off the bed finally he grabbed the menu that was provided for him and ordered something for breakfast, then flipped through the television channels while he waited to eat. He found that most of them were the normal programming but some were definitely not what would usually be seen on most screens. There was even one that was dedicated solely with a spiral that slowly swirled around while it fed in hypnotic commands that he guessed were for the dragon slaves that stayed on full-time at the club. Though it was tempting to try it out himself he didn’t want to ruin any surprises that were in store for him as he flipped over to a more contemporary movie.

Only a few minutes into it Newlyn heard a knock at the door and went over to open it so he could receive his breakfast, only to be surprised at the one that was delivering it to him. “Riven?” Newlyn asked as the black latex dragon came in with a platter. “So you do room service now too?”

“I just happened to be coming up at the same time and decided to kill two birds with one stone,” Riven replied as he set the plates down at a nearby table. “We have something planned for you that’s quite the attraction here at Dragon Heaven; usually there is a bit of a waiting list and you have to be a club dragon before you can participate, but your master has pulled a few strings so that you can experience it while you’re here with us. We also happen to have someone that is a bit of an expert in the subject that will be joining you on this little adventure, which will be even more of a treat for you.”

“That’s quite a bit of hype,” Newlyn said as he ate. “I don’t suppose you’re going to tell me what this thing is?”

“Not quite yet,” Riven replied with a slight smirk on his muzzle. “No need to rush on eating though, they’re still setting things up. Once you’re ready we’ll walk over to the area and get you ready to go.”

Though Newlyn felt himself becoming excited almost to the point of vibrating in his seat he tried to contain himself as he continued his breakfast, though his mind raced with what this grand surprise could possibly be. From what he had seen so far he knew that anything was possible, especially since he had already gotten tied up by other dragons as well as taken the form of his master. With that as his prior experience this thing could be anything and the other dragon continued to remain tight-lipped on what it could be. All he could do was finish up his breakfast and then follow the other rubber creature out of his room and back into the club proper.

As they made their way through the Aviary Newlyn thought it might have something to do with that, but they quickly made their way passed the bound dragons enjoying their stay in the various cages that contained them and moved on to the next section of the building. He realized at that point that they were heading into the pub area next door. The only time he had really spent in the restaurant was when he and Serathin had been hashing out the details of his boarding with Riven, so he wasn’t sure what else the area offered. Once they had gotten to the other building however they stopped at the second floor just above the pub instead where a large room was cut in half with one side being full of tables and chairs along with a small bar while the other side had an almost zoo-like setting behind a thick pane of glass.

“Here we are,” Riven said suddenly, causing Newlyn to look at him in question. “This is our Feral Dragon Display, where club dragons that have undergone a special mutation care of Dr. Jiro can stretch their paws and be admired by the general public. Then we also have a back room for those who want to get more up close and personal to be at the beck and call of those that have been transformed for a little more… personal experience.”

Newlyn nodded and the two of them went through the door that was on the wall of the display glass, going into a hallway that led to the holding area for the feral dragons. “This club definitely never ceases to amaze me,” Newlyn commented as Riven opened a heavy steel door for him that opened into a room filled with mountains of fake gold coins. “Am I going to be one of those that will be serving the ferals?”

“Nope,” Riven said with a small grin as another dragon, this one with red and blue rubber scales, walked out from one of the caves on the opposite side. “You’re going to be one of the ferals. Also I would like to introduce you to Shawn, one of our best dragon slaves here in Dragon Heaven.”

“You flatter me Riven,” Shawn replied as he went over and shook Newlyn’s hand, which produced a slight squeak. “I’m just happy to be able to participate in this, anytime I hear they’re firing up the display I always put my name in the ring.”

“Well you were the first,” Riven said with a grin. “Unfortunately Dr. Jiro couldn’t be here himself in order to administer the treatments so he left them with me, luckily they’re pretty straightforward autopens so anyone can do it. Why don’t we go ahead and let our more experienced feral dragon go first and then we’ll get Newlyn, sound good?”

The other two dragons agreed and both had a seat at a nearby table where a small black briefcase sat. As Riven opened the case and began to prepare the treatment he looked over at Newlyn and said that he should probably remove the rubber cuffs that were on his body, only for him to reply that they were made of a special material that would stretch with him. Though the black dragon was intrigued by that piece of information he turned his focus back to the task at hand. After pulling out what looked like a silver metal cylinder that was similar in shape to a normal pen that Riven pressed against the shoulder of the other rubber creature for a few seconds before tossing it aside.

It appeared the process was as simple as Riven had described, Newlyn thought to himself as he watched the other two talk for about a minute as the black dragon went back over to the case and pull out a second pin. As he watched Shawn it didn’t really look like he was changing yet, though the area where the injection had been administered did look slightly swollen. His attention was suddenly turned to Riven though when he felt a hand on his own shoulder and looked over to see that he was standing right next to him. After a brief explanation of what was about to happen Newlyn watched as the pen was lowered to his arm with the tip pressing against his bicep.

There was an audible click and Newlyn felt a slight pressure against his rubber skin, but that was it. A few seconds later Riven tossed the pen with the other one and asked a few questions such as if he was feeling any numbness or pain and things of that nature. Though he did feel warm sensation start to flow out it was a pleasant tingle, and when he relayed that to Riven the other rubber dragon gave him a smile and a nod. That appeared to be it for the treatment, and as he looked down at the bicep where he had gotten the injection he began to feel it start to grow and swell.

“That should be it for me,” Riven said as he gathered up the two pens and put them back in the case before closing it. “I’ll just be on my way, you two have fun and if you need anything don’t hesitate to call. Oh, and Newlyn, the instincts can be a little intense the first go through so the recommendation is to just ride them out without worrying.”

Newlyn nodded and waved to the black dragon as he went through the door, but his attention was suddenly turned back towards Shawn when he heard a loud growl coming from where he had sat. His eyes widened as he saw the red and blue dragon fall to his hands and knees, his arm twice the size that it had been before with the thicker muscle quickly spreading through his chest. “Mmmm, this is the fun part,” Shawn said, his words slightly slurred from his skull reshaping slightly as he rose up the mutated arm and shook it to cause the swollen hand to shift into a new configuration. “All that power coursing through your veins… waiting to be unleashed…”

As Shawn’s body continued to stretch and contort Newlyn found himself letting out a grunt as well, feeling his bicep where the injection had gone flex involuntarily. When he looked down at it he could see why Riven had made the suggestion to not wear the cuff that was on there as he watched his rubber skin stretch and swell. It almost looked bloated in comparison to the rest of his arm but as he watched he could see that the growth was quickly cascading down his arm and creeping up his shoulder. As it reached his elbow he suddenly felt the join shift, and when he attempted to move it the normal way he found himself unable to do so.

The scale patterning on his arm and chest became more pronounced as he felt his fingers wiggling, and almost tickling sensation as he watched two of them merge together and the rest bulge out with new growth. It was definitely the paw of a dragon, Newlyn thought to himself, and it was growing increasingly heavy since the rest of his body hadn’t followed suit quite yet. He also felt his spine pop and his back grow longer as his top-heavy form brought him to the ground, catching himself as he felt his non-transformed arm bend the same way as the other one. It was so intense, the changing dragon thought to himself as he felt his neck growing, wiggling his head back and forth as the new synthetic muscle stretched and grew while also feeling a powerful surge of lust.

His body had only transformed to the shoulders and already Newlyn was feeling different, a growl escaping from his throat as his muzzle shifted and stretched to grow even longer as sharper rubber teeth filled the growing space. He had been so used to being the subby pet of someone else that this newfound need to dominate and control was almost foreign to him. It felt… nice, almost a refreshing change of pace as his skull continued to reform as his horns grew out even longer. But just as the new instincts were being fed into his mind Newlyn suddenly heard a low, deep growl that had flipped the switch back the other way as he looked over to where Shawn had been changing.

“Looks like I’m already done,” Shawn said with a deep, throaty chuckle as he arched his back, showing off his new feral rubber dragon physique as his tail finished lengthening behind him while his muscle was still bulging and shifting slightly under his thick scales. “Don’t worry, I just have more experience than you. But since we don’t have any slaves at the moment and I have all these new instincts you are going to need to scratch my itch, but I’ll make sure to return the favor.”

Newlyn was caught by surprise as Shawn suddenly pounced towards him, knocking the still changing dragon down against one of the piles of gold that littered the area. As Newlyn’s muzzle felt like it was starting to grow it was quickly pressed against by the one belonging to the other creature. The embrace was extremely lustful as their synthetic tongues slid around one another, though he could feel that the other feral dragon was also attempting to mount him. This triggered a new need, one where he needed to be the one on top as he used his new body to try and turn the tables.

Shawn had already gotten the advantage however and before Newlyn knew it he was on his belly, his new forelimbs sinking into the pile of coins and making it even harder to find purchase. He could feel his growing rubber cock throbbing hard as he tried to flip himself back over in order to face the other dragon. With Shawn being bigger than him and his body still morphing from the syringe though he found himself effectively pinned to the gold. There was a deep, dark chuckle that came from the red and blue creature and Newlyn knew that despite his best efforts this round had gone to the thick creature on top of him.

Despite all the new sensations of sheer majesty that Newlyn felt the other dragon seemed to be even more dominant, feeling him sliding on top of him as his rubber scales continued to grow. Newlyn continued to feel his spine stretching as he felt his chest barrel out, growing with new latex sinew to accommodate his increasingly feral form. His already draconic body swelled with the new growth as his muzzle and tail lengthened, and with the bondage on his body stretching it only seemed to accentuate his features even more. As his skull continued to morph into something more feral in nature Newlyn began to feel his focus grow less on his transformation and more on the male on top of him.

From the growl he heard above Shawn had completely embraced his new mentality, and as it affected Newlyn for the first time he could feel his mind growing… sharper. While complex thoughts evaporated from his mind before they could form he could still think clearly, becoming hyperaware of everything that was happening including the pleasure coming from their synthetic forms rubbing up against one another. Before he even realized it he was growling as well as he felt something pushing around his hind legs. It didn’t take much before Newlyn felt his thicker tail get pushed aside by the throbbing member and start to push up inside of him.

Even though the feel of the head of the cock against his tailhole was extremely pleasurable Newlyn found himself snarling as his body thrashed slightly against the dragon above him. The instincts were strong inside of his mind and the desire to be the dominant male was still there until the second he felt Shawn’s shaft plunge deep inside of him. As his larger jaw hung open in rapturous bliss it was like a switch had flipped inside of his head. Instead of wanting to fight the other feral dragon he found himself submissively spreading his legs and keeping his tail out of the way in order for the victorious dragon on top of him to have better access to the already stretched tailhole.

“Feels good, doesn’t it…” Shawn growled in Newlyn’s ear as he continued to push his hips downwards, hearing gold coins falling around them. “Knowing your place underneath me, feeling my cock inside of you, controlling you. You are mine…”

The tone that was coming from the red and blue dragon was definitely a departure from the anthro that Newlyn had met earlier, but as he felt the first foot of the throbbing rubber member disappear inside of him the sheer authority that came from Shawn caused him to shudder. Since he already had programming that made him naturally submissive it was easily for the feral black rubber dragon to slide into this new role, nodding his head and gasping that he was Shawn’s as he felt that thick, ridged member continue to slide into him. For a moment he thought that it would never end, though the training he had gotten from Raven’s factory made such an insertion easy for him as he enjoyed the entire ride in. Eventually the two dragons felt rubber scale against rubber scale and with his new neck Newlyn was able to look back and see that Shawn’s groin was flushed against his backside.

Even with his new anatomy Newlyn felt very full back there as Shawn took a few moments to enjoy the squeezing of the tailhole against his cock. With so few thoughts running through his mind the black and purple rubber dragon was able to focus only on the pleasure radiating from being rutted by the other dragon against their pile of gold. As Shawn thrusted into him he felt his tongue practically hanging from his muzzle as he let him take charge, groaning and growling with each thrust that seemed to push the head of that thick member even deeper inside of him. It wasn’t long before the two had become so lost in the lusts of one another that everything else seemed to fade away into the background.

After what seemed like ages Shawn’s entire body tensed before orgasming hard, slamming down into the tailhole of the feral dragon beneath him while roaring. Newlyn found himself doing the same thing as he was filled, his latex hindlegs kicking against the floor as he was flooded with the synthetic seed of the other male. As pleasure cascaded through his system the power dynamic that had been between the two of them quickly faded, and even though Shawn remained the bigger dragon the need to pleasure the other male was no longer heavily on his mind. In fact as the two nestled into the rather large divot they had created in the pile of gold the embrace turned from lustful to loving as they rested from their rather intense mating session.

The two remained like that before they heard the door opening to their pen, both their draconic heads lifting up to see Riven coming in along with two others that each pushed a rather large dining cart. “I saw that you two had finished up and figured you could use something to eat,” Riven said as Shawn and Newlyn untangled themselves from one another and went over just in time for their nostrils to be filled with the steam that came from the other two rubber dragons opening the lids to reveal the food inside. “Once you’re done I have something for the two of you that I managed to rustle up while you were finishing up with your transformation and other… extra-curricular activities.”

“Oh?” Newlyn asked after using his tongue to fish out some of the food after realizing his clumsy forepaws wouldn’t be used for his feeding. “What’s that?”

“You’ll see for yourselves,” Riven replied with a grin and a wink. “Take your time eating and then head to the display side of the cave, your dessert will be waiting for you there.”

Even with his feral instincts in control Newlyn had an idea of what was waiting for him, which prompted him to eat slightly faster. With his larger muzzle he was able to put more of the food in his mouth even without utensils to aid him and as he continued to dine in that manner he found himself getting more into the feral style of feeding. From the slurping and chomping he heard a few feet away Shawn was in the same mindset as well with more of his head disappearing into the dining cart with each bite. The two had finished their meals in short order and the second they were done they used their forepaws to push the carts to the closed door before making their way back through the privacy caves into the main display area.

For the first time since he had arrived Newlyn was able to see the large room from the other side of the glass, which happened to be filled with other rubber dragons that were having drinks and seemingly waiting for the two of them to show up. What caught his attention even more however were the four rubber dragon men that were inside the cage with them; all four were clearly from the more seasoned club-goers and as he and Shawn walked in he could see their faces light up. Newlyn felt his head tilt slightly to the side as he felt the feral nature of his mind flare up again, but this time it was with a completely different set of feelings as the two went over to separate piles of gold and laid down on their backs.

Newlyn wiggled his body to get a better position and as he did he noticed out of the corner of his eye that two of the four rubber dragons had wandered over to him while the other two went to Shawn. “You have certainly become quite the majestic creature,” one of the dragons with silver rubber scales and sapphire blue highlights said. “My name is Velo and my friend next to me is Barabus, though you can call him Bara. We’re here for the express purpose of serving you and servicing your powerful form.”

At that moment Newlyn remembered exactly where he had seen the two as the other dragon, whom had opted for the same design as Velo save for reversing the coloration with sapphire blue scales and silver highlights, joined in on starting to rub against his chest. They were slaves from Dragon Heaven that he had passed by in the Aviary, though it had been hard to see considering how dark they kept it he remembered the two stood out due to how similar they looked. He had even asked Riven about it and learned the two were childhood friends that had become lovers after finding out they had joined Dragon Heaven separately. Once they had both become slaves to the club they decided to change up their look and had opted for the nearly identical look so they could perform on stage together.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Newlyn asked, once more finding his voice tinted with a growl as he gestured towards his body with his own forepaws. “This body won’t worship itself.” The amount of swagger that came from his words surprised even him, though as he heard Shawn say something similar to those that had introduced themselves to him it appeared to be another aspect of the feral mentality that he had adopted. As expected the two anthro rubber dragons were more than happy to oblige the command and as one continued to stroke up and down his chest and sides the other hopped towards one side of the display cage and grabbed a bucket before bringing it back with him.

Newlyn found himself practically purring in contentment as one of them began to polish his body, bringing an even greater luster to his black scales while the other did the same. It didn’t take long however before both began to concentrate on one area, the feral dragon arching his back as the two leaned in between his outstretched hind legs and began to lick on his thick cock. Almost immediately it surged back to its full length, jutting out from between his legs while they massaged the base of it. The sound of gold coins clattering to the ground could be heard as they leaned in to lick and nuzzle his shaft, worshiping the thick length with their muzzles while still polishing his legs that twitched in the air.

When they got him to be fully erect Newlyn watched the sapphire dragon slide up onto his stomach while his silver-scaled twin slid up and pressed against his chest, both of them grinning lewdly as their lithe bodies pressed against one another and his own. It was clear what at least one of them wanted to do, though were it not for their vulcanized anatomy it would have been unlikely that either of them would have been able to fit themselves on his cock. That wasn’t going to be the case for Bara however as his partner continued to steady himself, stroking the other dragon’s blue cock while keeping him in position above Newlyn’s throbbing length.

As the tailhole of the suspended male slowly lowered down Newlyn let out a hiss of euphoria when it made contact with the sensitive rubber head of his member. With his initial encounter with Shawn he hadn’t actually gotten off yet, and it was becoming hard to even think straight with his cock throbbing between his legs. The two were very good at stimulating him just enough that his body was buzzing, but not enough for him to begin the build to orgasm. It was clear these two had more plans for him and didn’t want him to get off too early, though it caused the large feral dragon to let out a slight growl at being teased.

The two rubber dragons quickly picked up that Newlyn was wanting more and the sapphire dragon slowly climbed up on him, keeping his legs straddled against his thighs with the large erect cock of the feral creature pressing up against his back. As Bara began to slide up and down his pole to tease him further Velo climbed further up his body and gave him a kiss on his muzzle. It became clear to him the difference in size and just how much he had grown from the feral serum, especially when the silver-scaled rubber dragon leaned forward and half of his snout disappeared inside of him. That wasn’t enough for the much smaller male though and Newlyn’s eyes widened slightly as the other dragon pushed his entire head in!

The sudden insertion caused the feral dragon to gasp slightly in surprise, which only prompted the silver rubber creature to grab onto his teeth and continue to slide himself inside. “What, you didn’t think we were just going to rub that body of yours up and down and call it a day, did you?” Bara said with a smirk as he practically stood up completely, holding his own tail up as he nestled the hidden latex pucker underneath it just on top of the huge spire of rubber dragon shaft. “Trust me, it’s just as much an experience for you as it is for him.”

With his mouth full of dragon all Newlyn could do was nod, causing the silver dragon wiggling in his maw to bounce up and down slightly. With Velo nearly halfway into his maw and the creature’s head practically in his throat he could feel that the other male was extremely aroused by the act as his jaws were stretched slightly. Strangely it was also giving him a little thrill to consume the creature, the ultimate act of dominance over another, and with their unique anatomy he didn’t have to worry about harming Velo either. It was still a surreal sensation however as he felt himself beginning to gulp and swallow as the shoulders pushed down into his throat while the legs and tail of the smaller rubber dragon continued to kick about in pleasure.

As Newlyn suddenly felt Bara start to slide down on his cock and cause an entirely new wave of pleasure to hit his body he glanced over to see what Shawn was doing. The two that had gone over to the red and blue dragon were nowhere to be found… except that his belly was quite distended and occasionally he could see the hand or head of a creature pushing out his latex scales. It appeared that the other feral rubber dragon delved wholeheartedly into the experience and as he took over swallowing down Velo he knew why. Just the feel of the creature squirming as his throat muscles contracted around his muscular form, feeling every inch slide down including the throbbing shaft of the other creature was almost as pleasurable as stretching out the tailhole of the rubber dragon on his lap.

Soon nearly the entire outline of the silver dragon could be seen in Newlyn’s throat just like the shape of his cock was prominent stretching out the sapphire dragon’s stomach. It made him feel exquisitely majestic and with his paws kicking in the air he began to hump up his hips while tilting his head back to ease both dragons in giving him the attention his corrupted mind believed he deserved. Eventually Velo made it down to his destination where he started to pleasure himself, giving Newlyn the unusual but blissful feel of the male rubbing around inside of him while his twin pushed all the way down until he was completely hilted. The sapphire-scaled rubber creature looked almost bloated with the thick feral dragon cock in him, though he wasn’t done yet as he pulled himself back up only to slide back down.

This continued for a while until the stimulation was just too much for Newlyn and he came hard, swelling the stomach and chest of the other dragon even more with his latex cum while his own bulged from the male inside. The cascading euphoria almost knocked him out right there, and as he laid back completely relaxed on the pile of gold with the rubber dragon still impaled on his cock he believed he heard the sound of clapping. He managed to open one eye and saw that the others that had come to watch were on their feet and applauding while some of them had decided to get some action of their own. Either way it was too much for the exhausted feral dragon to comprehend and he slowly sank down into unconsciousness…

Part 4:

When Newlyn awoke once more he immediately noticed two things; the first was that he was back to his normal anthro self and the second was that he was surrounded by the two identical dragon that were cuddled up on either side of him. As he shook the last of the sleep from his mind he remembered that at one point after their initial encounter he had woken up again and Velo had crawled out of him before they had another round with him being the one on top. He didn’t remember the serum wearing off though after they had their fun and he was thankful that the silver dragon had gotten out of his belly before that happened. He could only imagine what it would have been like to have the other male still inside him, filling him out like some sort of living suit or something as he slowly got to his feet.

“Looks like you made the most out of your time as a feral,” the voice of Shawn said, Newlyn turning to see that he had also reverted back to his normal form as he walked over towards him. “Why don’t you let those two sleep and we can go back to your room so you can freshen up? I’m not sure when Riven is coming back and I would rather you be ready for whatever your master has you signed up for instead of just waiting here with me talking, though I wouldn’t mind that in the slightest.”

Newlyn nodded and began to follow Shawn out of the feral dragon display area, realizing that it had been a while since he had checked in with Serathin. In the back of his mind he wished that he could show him what he looked like as a feral, though he suspected that he probably saw everything that happened in this place during and after his transformation. Still, he wanted to definitely keep in touch with his master and as soon as he got back to his room he went over and made the connection. He had been in such a hurry he didn’t realize that Shawn was still there, feeling the bed bounce slightly from the weight of the other male as he waited for the draconic sabrewolf to pick up.

After a few rings Newlyn wondered if perhaps he was out, only to see the main screen flicker to life and reveal the hybrid sitting there with his hotel in the background. “Hey there Newlyn,” Serathin said with a grin. “I saw that you were having quite a bit of fun being a big feral dragon. Looks like you’re also making a few friends while you’re there too.”

“Ah, you did see that,” Newlyn said, blushing slightly and causing the smile on the draconic sabrewolf’s face to grow even wider. “Yes, it was definitely a fun experience that I shared with Shawn here.”

“Nice to meet you Serathin,” Shawn said as he crawled into frame, coming up behind the black and purple dragon and rubbing his latex hands against his chest. “We are definitely taking care of your toy here, we’ve been having a lot of fun together. Don’t suppose you’ll let us borrow him again in the future?”

Though Newlyn felt a little strange having another feel him up while in the presence of his master Serathin just let out a chuckle. “We’ll have to see if another opportunity like this presents itself,” Serathin replied. “Speaking of such things I will be done with this entire thing tomorrow, so as soon as I land I’ll swing by and pick you up. Until then make sure you continue to enjoy yourself, I still have a surprise or two for you.”

The two continued to chat for a while until Newlyn disconnected the call, then turned to face Shawn who had continued to rub up against him and grope his body for the entire duration. “This was very distracting,” Newlyn said, his breath quickening as the sudden attention only caused the other dragon to double his efforts.

“Just putting on a show for your master,” Shawn said as he reached around and squeezed Newlyn’s rear while rubbing their chests together. “Though I wasn’t lying when I said that you’ve been a very good toy, normally I’m the submissive one here and somehow you bring out my wilder side.”

Newlyn tried to reply to that but suddenly found himself with a muzzle full of rubber dragon tongue, Shawn grabbing him by the back of his head and pressing their lips together while also pushing him back on the bed. It appeared the feral serum hadn’t completely left their systems yet as he Newlyn found himself equally charged, pressing his head back up without any prompting while they slid against one another. With their muzzles still connected Shawn shifted his hips and slid his cock down between the legs of the other dragon, causing Newlyn to let out a muffled grunt as he felt the head push in between his cheeks. The second the red and blue latex creature had gotten himself inside he began to push his hips forward, finally breaking the kiss and arching back so he could grab the purple cuffs on the ankles surrounding them and pulling them up for a better angle.

The intensity of Shawn’s thrusting had caused both males to go into a frenzy as Newlyn continued to slide his fingers all over the other dragon’s body. The bed creaked around them and their tails practically curled around one another as Shawn’s shiny cock disappeared inside of him, his own member stimulated by their smooth stomachs that it was trapped between. Even when the two heard the door open they didn’t stop as their focus became solely on their own pleasures and the twitching synthetic forms of one another. The clearing of someone’s throat, however, was enough to cause Shawn to stop as they turned to see who it was, though before he did he made sure to hilt himself so that every inch of him was surrounded by Newlyn’s squeezing inner walls.

“I sort of assumed that you two were here after I didn’t find you at the feral dragon display,” Riven said, a slight smirk on his muzzle as he looked over the two males tangled around one another. “While normally I would have just left and let you two have your fun Newlyn here has an appointment at the spa and we’re booked quite solid for today. You presence is also being missed in the Aviary Shawn, so this is where you two will have to part ways for now.”

“Awww…” Shawn said, sighing loudly before looking back at Newlyn with a grin of his own. “Let’s put a pin in this for now and pick up where we left off later if you’re not back with your master by the time you’re done, okay?”

Newlyn just let out a pleasured huff and agreed, then gasped as Shawn’s cock was pulled out of his hole. The two enjoyed one more kiss before the red and blue dragon slid completely off of him and his bed, giving him a wave and a wink before walking out of the room and leaving him with Riven. “Well then,” Riven stated once they were alone. “Care to follow me for your spa treatment?”

“For sure,” Newlyn said as he hopped off the bed as well. “It sounds rather fancy, but I’m guessing that it’s not just going to be massages and seaweed wraps?”

“You would be correct on that,” Riven replied as they walked to another part of the building. “I would tell you what everything entails but I think that I’m going to leave it a mystery, the one thing I will say is that when you’re done it’s going to be like you’re floating on air. Anyway here you are, I’ll leave you in the capable hands of our spa attendant Sarvino.”

With that the black rubber dragon opened the door and allowed him inside, Newlyn walking through to find what looked like a typical spa setup. There were other rubber dragons in there receiving various treatments, though he didn’t have long to look before an Eastern-style red dragon came up and introduced himself. “Greetings Newlyn, I’m your attendant Sarvino,” Sarvino said as he shook Newlyn’s hand. “If you’ll follow me today we have a few treatments that are guaranteed to bring out your natural luster!”

It wasn’t long until Newlyn found himself on one of the tables getting rubbed down himself, which despite how most of his experiencing in the club had turned out so far was just a normal massage. He was certainly having an enjoyable experience however and it was clear from the first second that the red dragon had started to kneed his fingers into his synthetic flesh that he was a pro. After a few minutes he felt like he was melting right there on the table to the point he had to look back and check that he wasn’t actually doing so. After getting completely rubbed down on both sides he was helped back onto his feet and moved to an area that was like a sauna that he was told to sit in for a while, and then after enjoying the refreshing steam he was taken back out and rubbed down once more.

The entire process took a few hours and by the time the red dragon was done Newlyn had never felt more loose in his entire life. “Looks like the treatment is working just fine,” Sarvino said after their latest round in the sauna. “I think it’s time to move you on to the main event.”

“The main event?” Newlyn repeated as he followed the other rubber creature down a hallway. “You mean this wasn’t it?”

“Oh no, this is just the preparation,” Sarvino said as he led Newlyn into a new room, this one with a number of hot tubs in them as well as a larger swimming pool. “For the next part of your treatment you just need to pick one of the tubs here and have yourself a soak, and once you’re done with that we recommend a swim just to finish off the experience. If you need anything else feel free to let me know by calling my name, otherwise everything else is up to you.”

Newlyn thanked the spa attendant and watched him leave before heading over towards the hot tubs that were set into the ground. As soon as he approached one of them he could see that they were not filled with ordinary water. The first one he came upon looked like it was filled with some sort of thick clear ooze that bubbled occasionally. When he glanced at the others he saw that they were all like that, though as he watched the one directly in front of him something pushed up from the surface briefly that looked like a dragon head before smoothing out onto the surface.

Though it didn’t happen again Newlyn decided not to pick that one, instead opting for one of the others that were closer to the side of the walls. As soon as he stook a step inside he found it to be as thick as it looked, like he was stepping into corn syrup or some other highly viscous liquid. It was also quite warm though and when he pulled his foot back out it seemed to slough off of him easily enough. After watching the thick gel-like substance fall back into the pool he decided to go all in and step down into the hot tub.

As soon as he legs were engulfed in the substance it felt like he was trying to walk through mud, and when it got up to his waist he found it hard to move forward. Eventually he got to the middle where the goo had risen up to his chest, and when he attempted to go any further in he found himself to be completely stuck. Even though he could feel the slow current of the fluid swirling around him, which was an admittedly pleasant experience, he found himself struggling slightly to turn around and get back to the ladder. When he put his arms into the goo to try and propel himself further he realized his mistake as he found himself unable to bring them back up.

While Newlyn tried to get free he suddenly felt something shift against his synthetic skin that wasn’t just the natural movements of the sticky material, feeling something more solid then the goo he was trapped in brush against him. His mind went back to the dragon head he had seen briefly and wondered if that was what he was feeling, the rubber creature stopping his movements to try and see what might have been moving around him. At first there was nothing he could distinguish, but as he felt more and more like something was touching his body he could tell that something was moving around him…

Suddenly Newlyn inhaled sharply as something could be felt pushing inside his tailhole while two more tentacle-like appendages looped around the cuffs of his ankles and pulled them apart. Though it was extremely hard to see since they were similar in nature to the goo he could start to differentiate the tentacles within the hot tub, especially since most of them were starting to coil around his body. With the training he had gotten from Raven’s prior to be shipped to his master he knew how to take a tentacle, his gasp coming more from the surprise of suddenly being penetrated. As he found himself bending forward from the insertion something had suctioned against his own draconic member and had begun to make a sucking sensation that caused him to start panting.

By this point his head was hovering only a few inches above the surface of the gel, and as he watched the surface started to push upwards once more. Instead of a dragon head this time however it was merely a single clear tentacle that rose up and slithered steadily towards him. With his entire body trapped in the goo and one of others already starting to stretch out his stomach from how far it had slithered into him there was little he could do but watch as it approached his head. Surprisingly it didn’t go straight for his mouth like he had thought it would, but instead wrapped around his neck a few times before eventually slithering into his muzzle and gagging him.

Newlyn also felt several coil around his arms and as he began to feel the impossibly slick tentacle start to push into his maw he was also being pulled downwards. It initially took him by surprise and he sank several inches, feeling the goo engulf his shoulders and keep him from moving back up. With the pleasure of the insertions he was finding it hard to resist as his legs became weak from the sensations of being filled. It was also not making it easy on him as a second tentacle slithered up to his already stretched out tailhole and began to push in, causing his hips to thrust forward into the one suctioned to his cock as he faltered forward.

Eventually it was too much for him and he finally let the gooey tentacles completely submerge him, the sounds of the room disappearing as the thick ooze pushed up against his head. It wasn’t just stopping with coating him though as he began to feel them wiggle inside, though as he continued to feel the larger ones squirming inside his body he wondered what they were doing. Surely this wasn’t just for some tentacle fun, the rubber dragon mused, and part of him wondered if he was going to turn to goo. But as he felt his head being stretched and distorted by more of them slithering into his nostrils and maw he was still clear-headed enough to gather that wasn’t the case because he was supposed to go swimming afterwards…

It wasn’t until Newlyn looked down at his hand that he could figure out what was happening to him, not only seeing that there were far more goo tentacles inside of him then he realized but that they were also changing his body in a very unexpected direction. As his fingers stretched and warped slightly due to the appendages inside of them he began to be able to see them coiling around one another. His already rubbery skin was starting to lose some of its opaqueness while his fingers became slightly thicker and lost a little of its definition. As his arm muscles bulged with an incredibly pleasant stretching from the goo within he knew what he was turning into, something that would have caused him to laugh had he not had nearly half a dozen goo tentacles stretching him out.

Though he couldn’t see it because of his thickened neck his chest was starting to follow the same pattern as his arms, his chest retaining its definition while becoming semi-translucent in nature. Newlyn could also feel that he was becoming lighter in those areas, which made it even harder to move his arms since they were becoming nothing more than air-filled tubes that mimicked his limbs. His entire body was starting to expand as he felt several more tentacles push into him, speeding up the process while more wrapped around and squeezed him as though to keep him cocooned underneath the gel. It was becoming hard for the rubber dragon to even focus on what was happening to him as he suddenly started to feel light-headed, both figuratively and literally as the tentacles inside him slithered along his skull and it became just as transparent as the rest of him.

As several of the tentacles wrapped around his sides Newlyn began to feel the actual rubber of his skin starting to shift down there. He was able to shift the mass of tentacles in his muzzle enough to see that the areas on either side of his hips was starting to stretch out, and as it did something began to push its way through the new fold of skin. His body wiggled from the pleasant sensation that was caused as the rubber was molded by the tentacles into a pair of very distinguishable handles, and as he looked at the new additions to his anatomy in awe he could feel another pair being molded behind him. The tendrils that gripped his fingers had also stretched the material between his shiny fingers, forming it into webbing that was as translucent as his actual body.

The entire time he was being reformed by these gooey tendrils there was a pressure that was building up inside of him, and with the gelatinous ooze increasingly bloating out his form he found himself hardly able to move. The tentacle on his cock suddenly began to suck more on his erect member and Newlyn found himself thrashing about from the ecstasy as the holes that were being invaded by the thick appendages suddenly closed off, sealing the goo that was already inside of him as well as the air that it seemed to have pumped into his body. As the tentacles wrapped around the outside of his body began to constrict around him, Newlyn feeling the very surreal sensation of air passing from one part of his body to the other, he found himself orgasming from the intense stimulation and the thicker substance that had been inside of him was sucked out of his body completely and replaced with more air that bubbled up through the gel until it was gone.

As soon as every last drop had been milked out of him Newlyn suddenly found himself popping through the surface of the goo that had held him there once the tentacles had retreated from his body. With his body being more naturally buoyant he had no trouble pulling himself out of the gelatinous substance, though getting used to his new body was a little more difficult then he realized. As he looked down at himself he still was in his black and purple dragon body, but as he gave the handles attached to his hips a tug he realized that body had become some sort of inflatable pooltoy!

Newlyn eyed up the pool next to him after he had managed to pull himself out from the spa, eventually shifting himself over to where there was a metal railing that was attached to the stairs. Though he found he could still move normally everything needed a lighter touch; if he tried to move too fast he would become off-balance from the momentum, though if he fell he found himself slowly drifting down to the floor. One he was out of the spa he found himself able to control himself a little better, eventually getting onto the side of it where he could lay down on his back. As he did he felt the handles that had been put there pushing in slightly, though what had really gotten his attention was the smooth expanse of rubber that was between his legs.

“Oh… uh… that’s new…” Newlyn said as he rubbed the spot where his cock used to be. As he did he shivered in lust as the spot was extremely sensitive even though there was nothing there. After several pokes and watching his finger push in several inches to his new body before bouncing back it appeared he was a pool toy through and through, though a quick examination of his tailhole and maw found that while it was also sealed both went in a few inches and were extremely sensitive.

Before Newlyn could examine himself any further however he suddenly felt himself get picked up by the handles of his back, someone hoisting him up and starting to run towards the pool. “Hey, what the hell?!” Newlyn shouted, which promptly caused whomever had grabbed him to stop as Newlyn’s body trembled from the pleasure that came from being grabbed in that spot.

“Oh, sorry about that!” a deep voice from behind said as he was suddenly put down on his feet once more and turning him around. The dragon that had grabbed him was an incredibly muscular rubber creature that stood head and shoulders above him, his purple and white latex scales glinting in the overhead lights as he smiled down at him. “Normally the pooltoys in this room are free to use, didn’t think that there was anyone new here.”

“It’s alright,” Newlyn replied. “Just surprised is all.”

“I’m sure you were!” the other dragon said with a chuckle. “Can’t imagine just getting done with your change like that and then some guy comes up from behind you and starts to carry you off. Name’s Carson, I take care of the gym that is on the other side of this spa.”

Newlyn introduced himself and found out that like most of those that he had met during his stay he had gotten roped into a job after being a part of the club. “So when you’re not doing things in the other room you just come in and use the people that turn into pool toys?” Newlyn asked, Carson grinning as he nodded his head. “Normally I wouldn’t think that such a thing is even possible, but after the experiences that I’ve had I don’t think anything could surprise me anymore.”

“Except for me,” Carson replied, prompting both of them to chuckle that time. “So why don’t you come in with me for a swim? Test that body of yours out with a real dragon instead of just floating around aimlessly for an hour?”

“I would like that,” Newlyn replied, though his grin quickly turned into a frown as he looked the beefy male up and down and then at himself. “Only problem is I don’t think that I’m going to be very good at floating with you on top of me. Unless you’re secretly full of air yourself we’ll go straight to the bottom the second we try.”

Carson also looked Newlyn up and down before glancing at himself, then grinned sheepishly. “I suppose I didn’t put that into consideration, huh?” As Newlyn shook his head in agreement he suddenly saw a look of realization appear on the other dragon’s face. “Oh, I know! Since you just transformed I think we can make it so that you’ll be more than enough to carry me, we just have to pump you up a little.”

Newlyn tilted his head in question but was suddenly pulled off of his feet by the other dragon, making their way around the side of the pool until they reached a hose that was attached to the wall. “Oh, I get it,” the pool toy dragon said as he watched Carson grab the nozzle and pull it off the rest of the line. “But… I don’t have anywhere to stick it, if you know what I mean. At least I haven’t found any openings yet.”

“Don’t worry about that, your body knows what to do,” Carson said with a grin. “All we have to do is connect this to you… though if you want to have a bit more fun there’s something that I’ve done with another pooltoy before that I think you might like.”

Newlyn was intrigued enough to tell Carson that he was interested, only to be surprised when he took the nozzle and pushed it into his own mouth instead. As he had suspected the purple and white creature was a true dragon, one that had completely converted himself, which meant like him and the others he had come into contact with they had a similar unique anatomy. Once the end of the air hose was firmly planted into his maw Carson motioned for him to get down on his knees in front of him, something that Newlyn did without hesitation as the hefty cock of the other dragon bobbed up and down in front of him. Once he was there it didn’t take much prompting for him to engulf it with his inflated muzzle, his eyes widening when he was able to see the shaft of the other male through his semi-translucent skin.

Carson let out a muffled moan as Newlyn bobbed his head up and down, feeling the head of his latex member bumping against the back of his mouth while a third of his shaft was still exposed. The purple and white dragon wasn’t content with that however and pushed Newlyn forward, causing the rubber to stretch as he was brought to the root. He could feel the latex of his mouth hole stretching until finally it seemed to suction against the thick member, and even without the strong hand pressing against his back he found himself unable to pull back. It was like their rubbery bodies had merged together, which was when he saw Carson lean over and turn the valve on the other end of the hose.

Newlyn’s eyes widened as he immediately saw the throat and chest of the already incredibly muscular creature swell outwards, but only for a second before the air traveled downwards. His white rubber washboard abs also ballooned out slightly, but it was clear where it was all being funneled to as it reached his groin. The black and purple dragon reached forward and grabbed onto the thick thighs of the other creature as his cock suddenly expanded in his maw. With nowhere else for the air to go Newlyn suddenly felt his own throat get stretched briefly before it cascaded through the rest of his body.

At first nothing seemed to happen besides the rush and an increasing pressure in his body, but as the seconds ticked away and the roaring of air continued to be heard in his ears Newlyn began to feel himself growing. His rubbery skin creaked slightly as his arms started to swell, growing larger as they remained wrapped around Carson’s legs. He started to have to angle his neck down as his legs started to follow suit, feeling his butt bubble out as his calves and thighs rippled. Originally he thought that he was going to smooth out and become some sort of actual pooltoy, but instead it looked like a time-lapse photo of someone working out everyday for years as his feet swelled to carry his growing frame.

After about a minute Carson turned the valve once more and pulled the other end out of his muzzle, eventually doing the same for Newlyn as he pulled his hips back. There was a slight pop as the deflated cock was pulled out of him and immediately resealed his mouth hole. When the newly inflated dragon stood up he found himself almost eye to eye with Carson and with a shredded physique to match. Carson grinned as he watched the other dragon examine his new physique, flexing his biceps and squeezing them to find that they were quite firm despite just being air.

“I think that’s more than enough for me to float on you,” Carson said, though as Newlyn turned to look at him he had a smug grin on his face and was twirling the air hose nozzle around. “Or… we could keep inflating you and make sure that I can lounge out. Only reason I had to stop where I did was because you were almost getting too big for the position we were in.”

“I…. don’t think I would mind seeing just how far this can go,” Newlyn admitted as he continued to stroke his webbed hands up and down his perfectly molded physique. “Am I going to have to lay down now or something?”

“Nah, you just stand there and I’ll take care of the rest.” Carson gave Newlyn a wink before putting the nozzle back into his maw, then turning him around. Even with his additional size Newlyn felt even lighter than before, like he could almost float there if he wanted to. As he looked down at his own body he saw Carson come up behind him, wrapping an arm around his chest while the other went down between his legs. In a very short time Newlyn watched as the thick purple cock of the other dragon pushed up into his body, wiggling around in his inflated body before stretching out the rubber inside of him just as he had done previously.

Once the two were secured Newlyn could feel Carson reach over and turn on the air once again, then go back and start stroking up and down his muscular draconic form. With the rubber cock already inserted inside of him he was feeling a strong buzz of pleasure, but as he felt the air start being pumped into him while Carson stroked between his legs it was almost too much to bear. His legs shifted upwards as his legs grew, his chest puffing out while the other dragon stroked it as they stood there together. Eventually the other dragon had to hold Newlyn steady as he began to grow taller, thrusting his hips forward into the increasingly large living pool toy…

Part 5:

Sulvano hummed to himself as he made his way into the pool area of the spa, opening the door in order to collect Newlyn to transform him back into his normal rubber dragon himself. When he looked inside however he was slightly shocked to find a huge purple and black pool toy floating on the water while another he recognized as Carson floated on top of it. “Carson…” Sulvano said, putting his hands on his hips as he got the attention of the lounging creature. “What did I tell you about overfilling our guests?”

“He’s the one that wanted to see how far it went,” Carson replied, grinning as he leaned down and patted the heavily inflated side of the dragon he floated on which caused it to ripple. “Plus we’re both having a good time, aren’t we Newlyn?”

If Newlyn could have he would have nodded his head, but his neck and head were so inflated he couldn’t even speak as he felt the water lapping against his synthetic form. As he had stood there with Carson’s cock inside of him and the air rushing through his body he wanted to see just how muscular he could get, and as his body became bigger it became harder for him to move. Eventually he had to be laid down on the floor with the other dragon on top of him, still thrusting his hips into the air-filled cheeks of the male beneath, so that they could continue to see how far he could go. Eventually Newlyn couldn’t move at all and his muscles were so bulging that he could hardly move, which was when Carson finished up and pushed them off into the water where it could stimulate the pool toy while he was still hilt deep in him.

Eventually Carson paddled over and pulled out, letting out a soft sigh as the rubber anal walls of the other dragon were no longer squeezing around him. With every second air that he had filled Newlyn with his tailhole had gotten tighter while still remaining pliable, which only spurred the purple and white creature to continue. The entire time that they were floating he had kept himself buried deep inside while stroking the sides of the floating toy, keeping them both in a state of near constant stimulation. With Carson finally pulling out of him Newlyn found himself able to think clearly for the first time as he remained floating on the water while Sarvino put something into his mouth.

As soon as his lips pressed against the metal object Newlyn suddenly felt a rush of air flowing out of his body, the valve draining him as he quickly began to shrink. When he was small enough the two pulled him forward and brought him to the edge of the pool. As he deflated his synthetic skin began to darken once more and eventually the other features of his toy body morphed back into his normal form. When all the air had been pulled from him Newlyn was brought to his own two feet and despite only being an inflatable for a few hours it was like his body was much heavier than before.

Sarvino gently took the valve out of Newlyn’s mouth and asked him a few questions to make sure he was fine, then escorted him out of the spa. The deflated dragon thought he was being brought back to his room, but to his surprise they were guiding him down to the pub area instead. When he got down to the restaurant area, which was as busy as usual with regular people and rubber dragons alike, he saw a face that stood out amongst the crowd. A wide smile formed on Newlyn’s muzzle as he raced forward as fast as he good and nearly toppled over the draconic sabrewolf that was standing there.

“You’re back!” Newlyn said as he hugged Serathin tight, causing him to gasp slightly. “How was your trip master?”

“Oh, the usual,” Serathin replied once he was able to get out of the rubber dragon’s grip. “Got my award, stuck around long enough for it not to be rude, and then managed to catch an earlier flight back home. Did you have a good time around here?”

“It was great!” Newlyn stated as he finally let go completely and grabbed onto the luggage that the hybrid had next to him. “All the people here are really nice and I enjoyed the décor they had too, everything being dragon-themed and rubber was a huge plus. But I’m also ready to go too, as fun as his place is I’m starting to get a little homesick.”

“Glad to hear that,” Serathin said, the grin on his face spreading as he patted Newlyn on the back. “Especially the part about liking your surroundings, because there was another reason that I wanted to keep you here for a few days. Even though we’re getting back a little early I think it should be done.”

Newlyn tilted his head in question but the draconic sabrewolf wasn’t mentioning anything else, keeping quiet about what could possibly await them when they got back. After a long drive they finally managed to get home, and as they pulled up to it the rubber dragon tried to see if he could find and indicators on what might have changed. There was nothing different about the outside of the house though and even as they got out an approached he couldn’t find anything out of the ordinary. When they got to the front door however one thing he did spot was that the windows were all blacked out… though they could have been the blackout blinds that Serathin installed a few months ago.

When Serathin pushed the front door open and stepped back the changes that had been made to their living space immediately became apparent. The walls of the house were completely covered with smooth black rubber that pulsated with a glowing light. As Newlyn stepped inside he found that the floors were the exact same material as well, and when he pulled up his foot the draconic imprint remained in the form of a bright glowing paw print that gradually faded away. Along with the rubber coating there were also a number of items that looked like gemstones and coins along with sleek-looking latex furniture that gave the entire area a look that mixed a dragon’s horde with a futuristic aesthetic.

“Oh… wow…” Newlyn said in awe as he ran his hand along the wall, which instead of the heat transfer like the floor it caused circuitry-like patterns to radiate out from his touch. “Did Dragon Heaven do this?”

“I saw it when I was browsing the internet,” Serathin stated as he picked up one of the larger gemstones, which turned out to be a pillow, and tossed it at Newlyn. “Turns out they can deck out your house to be any sort of dragon den you want, and since I’m a fan of technology I decided to go with something that incorporated that. Since I had that award money I figured that we could spurge on a new den, plus there’s a few toys that came with it I think we’re going to both enjoy.”

Just hearing that caused Newlyn’s body to tremble with pleasure as they continued to explore the makeover that had been done in their absence. Everything had been transformed into a rubbery state that wasn’t electronic, and even some of those appliances were changed. When they got through the second floor, including the bedroom, the rubber dragon thought his tour would end there only to get a gentle pull on the leash that was attached to his collar. The hybrid led him down the stairs and to a door they rarely used that led down to the basement, which was where they typically just stored things.

When they went down the stairs however Newlyn found that it had been completely repurposed; not only were there several pieces of furniture made for the express purpose of sex but there were also a number of other things that he couldn’t identify. “Looks like you went all out on this one,” Newlyn stated as he poked one of the rubber slings that began to swing gently back and forth before moving over to a huge rubber orb suspended by two large strands from floor to ceiling. “Knowing Dragon Heaven I can only imagine what some of this stuff does.”

“Well take a second to look around,” Serathin replied as he took something from one of the work benches near the wall and started to go back up the stairs. “I’ll be right back down.”

Newlyn nodded and heard the loud footsteps of the other male eventually get to the door before closing it, leaving the rubber dragon down in their new space. Everything had been changed around and as he felt the latex beneath his feet he continued to feel his lust build while wondering what his master had in store for him next. As he walked around he found something that was different then all the rest of the furniture; it was a simple metal storage cabinet that was put beneath the stairs, something that hadn’t been there before. It opened easily and when he looked inside he found a number of injector pens that as he examined them all had the name of Dr. Jiro on them.

“Dang, we could host an entire orgy down here with this stuff,” Newlyn said to himself as he read over what each particular serum did. As he got to one he recognized the rubber dragon found himself looking around before taking it out and sliding it into his arm cuff, then continuing to look through the stock before finding one more and grabbing that as well. Once he secured that injector under his other arm he closed the door, which was just when he heard the one at the top of the stairs open and a series of footsteps come down.

Newlyn quickly darted out from underneath the stairs and looked to see what Serathin had, his muzzle opening slightly in awe as another rubber dragon stared back at him. “What do you think?” The draconic sabrewolf said as he pushed his fingers against the area where his rubber lips met his saber teeth. “They were able to match my pattern and everything.”

“I think it looks really good on you,” Newlyn replied, placing a finger along the silver stripes that adorned the otherwise black rubber of Serathin’s arms. “Did they manage to get it around your wings as well?”

“Yeah, it actually slipped around them really easily,” Serathin replied as Newlyn slipped around to his back. “Normally I have such a problem with- huh?”

Serathin’s sentence was interrupted as he felt something press up against his shoulder blade, but by the time he turned around Newlyn had slipped the used auto injector back where he had hidden it. The rubber-covered draconic sabrewolf looked around for a few seconds in question before glancing at Newlyn, who merely shrugged his shoulders and asked if there was something wrong. When it wasn’t apparent what he had felt could be seen Serathin merely shrugged his shoulders and began to go on about how easy it was to slip into the suit he had gotten from Dragon Heaven. Had he continued to look back he would have seen the smile on Newlyn’s muzzle as he took the second one and repeated the process.

The second time Serathin had spun around and caught a glimpse of what Newlyn was doing, looking down just as the rubber dragon was putting away the auto-injector. “What was that?” Serathin asked, looping his fingers around one of the rings in the cuffs that Newlyn wore and turning his arms to see the injectors tucked in there. “What are these?”

“Don’t worry yourself about it master,” Newlyn said with a coy grin as he took the two metal cylinders and tossed them aside. “You’ll find out soon enough, I just happen to know that this is something that we talked about before. Now, before that serum kicks in do you have any spare collars and other such gear lying around?”

Serathin continued to look at the rubber dragon in question as he nodded and pointed over to a series of boxes designed to be futuristic rubber treasure chests while trying to figure out what was going to happen. Newlyn could already see it starting though, seeing the rubber back muscles of the hybrid tensing and stretching as they began to swell. It was a process that he was familiar with and as soon he saw that the hybrid was beginning to feel it too. He let out a slight groan as his muscles rippled up over his shoulders, which immediately began to thicken as his arms started to slightly stiff.

“I think I can guess the first one you gave me,” Serathin said, his voice deepening slightly as the vertebrae of his neck popped and stretched while his elbows shifted to start moving in the opposite direction. “Surprised you didn’t give yourself the feral serum.”

“I already had my fun with it,” Newlyn explained as he petted Serathin’s head as it began to grow larger, his skull warping to become even more draconic while his rubber chest swelled with each breath. “And considering all the space from moving out stuff down here we’ll have plenty of room for you to roost, might have to bring some pillows down for me so I can properly lavish my attention on you after being apart for so long.”

Serathin looked like he was going to say something else but the thought had evaporated from his mind, which to Newlyn meant that the second syringe was starting to work. He knew that one of his master’s fantasies was to be a powerful creature that was somewhat lacking in intellect, or a big, dumb, horny monster as he liked to call it. With the serums that he got from Dragon Heaven he was able to make it happen, taking the already instinctual presence of the feral dragon serum and ramping it up to eleven. As the green eyes of the rubbery creature widened the coloration of the iris began to leak into the sclera, which meant that the mental effects were already having a profound effect.

“Looks like my master is enjoying himself,” Newlyn said as the rest of Serathin’s teeth grew longer and sharper while his muzzle stretched, though his main attention was on the rubber cock that was growing not only with arousal but from the transformation as the draconic sabrewolf’s sides expanded significantly. “I can’t wait to show you all the new tricks that I learned, and from the description on the second serum you’ll be able to remember it all in crystal clear detail later. But… if you’re going to be a big beast, you’re going to need some accessories.”

Though Serathin was still changing, his hands exploding with growth while morphing into huge dragon paws that caused him to lean forward, Newlyn wanted to be ready ahead of time. The soft thuds of the rubber sabertooth dragon grew louder as his feet also started to warp into a set of large hind paws while his thighs and hips expanded with muscle into his new flanks. Though feral dragons still had the ability to speak as he had found out during his time his master said nothing, though from the way he was starting to nudge into him it was clear the big creature was becoming increasingly horny by the second. With no complex thoughts to inhibit him Newlyn knew that he was in for quite the ride from the powerful, dominant creature he had created, and though it caused him to lick his lips in anticipation he wanted to get the full effect down before that happened.

Newlyn finally managed to lead Serathin over to the chest just in time before the much bigger dragon fell forward due to the growth of his upper body. The second Serathin fell on all fours the last of the whites of his eyes disappeared and his draconic pupils dilated upon losing the last of his anthro nature. There were still some more changes to go, including his neck and tail stretching out at the same time as the rubber dragon slave put a large collar around his master’s neck, but the already huge creature was pretty much done. As Newlyn added more cuffs and a harness he could only imagine how much intense lust the newly minted feral dragon was feeling as he rode the wave of pure instinct that washed around him.

Though Serathin was going to remain the alpha male, already trying to mount the other rubber dragon when he had crawled underneath to secure the harness underneath his thickly-muscled chest, Newlyn decided to put on one last piece of equipment he knew his bondage-loving master would enjoy. As he picked up the large rubber muzzle straps he suspected that Serathin had intentions on using this on him as a feral dragon, which was something he could look forward to after this moment. When he slid the shiny material over the dragon’s muzzle he snorted at him and shuddered, waving his longer purple mane around as his mouth was restrained. Once he had gotten everything in place Newlyn knew that even if Serathin could talk over the fog of pure lust in his mind it wasn’t going to happen anymore.

As Newlyn once more led Serathin back towards another piece of furniture he grinned as he watched the feral dragon shake his entire body to feel the restraints that had been put on him. “I can only imagine what you’re feeling right now,” Newlyn commented as he went over to a padded bench that would be more than adequate for what was about to happen next. “When I had my feral form it was hard not to look at those two that doted on me as my personal sex toys, and since I’m already that to you and you have been drawn down to base intellect it’s probably ramped up to a thousand. I think I’ve teased my horny beast enough, time for you to really unwind after that long trip of yours without me.”

There was a loud grunt that came from the other creature that Newlyn could have interpreted as a muffled laugh before he was pushed down onto the bench. Though Serathin was very insistent the feral dragon had enough restraint to allow his pet to get into a comfortable position before flopping on top of him. It was at this point he realized just how much he had grown; as the latex belly of the beast rubbed against him Newlyn’s head was practically bumping against the chest of the other male while feeling the throbbing cock of the creature pushing up against his tailhole. As he began to feel the spaded head of the latex tool poking between his cheeks Serathin used his longer neck to look down at the trapped rubber dragon and give him a smirk before Newlyn felt a rumble coming from above him.

Even with his rubber hole the amount of stretch that Newlyn felt as the head of Serathin’s enlarged cock pushed inside of him caused him to nearly jump from the sudden rush of pleasure that came with the insertion. His mind suddenly went to Bara and how he looked as he was sliding down on his maleness while transformed and could only imagine that his groin and belly looked stretched as several more inches sank into him. With the pressure of the much bigger creature on top of him all Newlyn could do was thrash his arms and legs around, starting to feel like a rubber cock sleeve as his own member was trapped between his distended stomach and the bench beneath him. At this rate the head of his master’s cock was going to push out of his mouth, Newlyn thought to himself as his breath caught in his throat from the thick spire of rubber dragon start to slide up into his chest.

It took a few minutes before Serathin had managed to fully insert himself into the other rubber dragon, Newlyn feeling his hips rise up in the air as his rear end pressed against the groin of the other creature. He was so full the only thing his mind could register was the throbbing maleness inside of him as his legs became splayed apart completely, feeling the much larger limbs bracing against him tensing as he was pulled out of slowly only to be nearly thrusted forward off of the bench. He could tell the feral creature was trying to figure out his own strength to maximize the pleasure for both of them, something he was more than grateful for since he had to nearly dig his claws into the rubber beneath him to not fall off. Eventually they fell into a rhythm where Newlyn still had to brace himself as he felt his stomach get stretched repeatedly from the cock inside him while the ridges stimulated his entire body to the point he almost came several times.

Time lost all meaning as the two continued to rut in a truly primal fashion, the only sounds coming from either of them being the squeaking of their rubber bodies or the occasional grunt and snarl. Eventually Newlyn felt Serathin rear up and put his forepaws on his shoulders, pinning him down even harder as he could feel the cock inside him start to throb hard. Had the muzzle not been on the feral dragon’s maw he would have probably let out a roar that would have disturbed the neighbors as he climaxed, causing the rubber dragon beneath him to do the same. Fortunately due to the nature of their suits their orgasm was contained, otherwise Newlyn suspected he would have latex dragon cum dripping from his mouth and nose from the sheer power of the other creature on top of him.

It took several full minutes before the two were able to calm down enough to get off of one another. Every time they attempted to move the sensation of their shiny bodies sliding against each other caused them to shiver and their pleasure to spike once more, Newlyn able to hear Serathin breathing heavily through his nostrils once he managed to no longer be impaled on the ridged member of the feral dragon. “Here, let’s get this off of you…” Newlyn said as he turned and pulled the muzzle off of Serathin’s head, though as he did so he suddenly noticed a smirk on the big dragon’s sabertoothed snout that caused him to pause. “Uh… what are you thinking master?”

Serathin’s response was to open his jaws wide and arch his neck so that his maw slid down over Newlyn’s head and shoulders, causing the much smaller rubber dragon to let out a slight yelp. He had been thinking about asking his master to experience what he had been on the other side of when he was a feral dragon but it appeared that Serathin had seen it and wanted to feel it himself as well. With the rubber lips of the bigger creature already clamping his arms down against his sides there was nothing the black and purple dragon could do but squirm as he felt the thick tongue start to slide around him. Almost immediately he could see why Velo was enjoying himself so much as his body had been tingling with lust before this and having his entire upper body stimulated was putting him back into that euphoric state.

Though it was hard to tell with the smaller rubber dragon in his maw but Newlyn was sure that Serathin was laughing at his plight as he began to feel those strong throat muscles close in around his head. Unlike Velo there was no need for him to crawl inside as the feral dragon took matters into his own hands, or maw in this case as more of his body slid into the muzzle encasing him. When it got to the point of his groin being sucked in he felt the tip of the latex tongue tease around his groin, pushing into his recently stretched tailhole as well as stroking against his cock that had once more become erect. Though he was completely shrouded in darkness he could still feel his tail and legs kicking in the air as Serathin leaned his head back and allowed gravity to do the rest of the work.

With most of Newlyn’s upper body already inside it just became a matter of traveling down the synthetic gullet, Serathin slurping down his legs and tail like spaghetti as the rubber of Newlyn’s body made the traveling down ten times easier. It was like going down some sort of water slide, except that when he got to the bottom instead of a pool he was greeted by a rubber sack. He had wondered what Velo experienced once he had gotten down there and it appeared he would find the same fate as the latex walls started to close in around him. Instinctively he began to squirm around as the rubber tightened around his body, reminding him of a sleep sack or vac-rack as it suctioned in around his form.

It didn’t take long before Newlyn had been rendered completely immobile, unable to do anything except occasionally stretch out the rubber that completely encased him. As he moved he felt a rumble and vibration that went through the material and realized that Serathin was doing some sort of purring, no doubt due to the fullness of his stomach and the rumbling of his belly that he was causing. Fortunately for him there was enough slickness that he was able to move his hand down to his groin, stroking himself as he became erect once more due to all the new stimulation. He wondered how long he would have to stay in this cocooned state, hoping that he would have some time to continue to pleasure himself and his master.

The hours passed by and eventually exhaustion took over for Newlyn from the oversaturation of bliss from all the sensations he was experiencing and he found himself closing his eyes. When he opened them again he found himself being squeezed out of the sack that he had been contained in, the muscles that had pushed him down there going in reverse and pulling him out. When he was able to see light against it was immediately shadowed by a large paw that reached in and grabbed him. There was a loud squelching noise and soon Newlyn found himself completely free and staring into the green eyes of the feral dragon that he had been inside.

“I’m guessing the mind-numbing effect has dissipated by now…” Newlyn said with a sheepish grin.

“That it has,” Serathin replied with a rumbling growl as he stared at his dragon pet. “Though it appears I will remain like this for at least another half a day like this, and though I thoroughly enjoyed myself there is work that needs to be done.”

“I’m sure that you can take a half-day off, right master?” Newlyn replied.

“I can thanks to another new trick that you were taught while you were in the kennel,” Serathin stated, a wry smile on his muzzle that caused Newlyn’s eyes to widen slightly. “So while I’m down here enjoying myself you had better get on the tasks that need to be done… Serathin.”

Serathin’s smirked widened as he addressed Newlyn by his name several times and saw Newlyn’s eyes go glassy as the hypnotic programming took hold, watching as synthetic fur sprouted immediately from the body he was holding. He watched as the rubber dragon sprouted a pair of saber teeth while silver stripes appeared on his arms, turning into the draconic sabrewolf. It wouldn’t be long before his freshly minted clone would set about the tasks at hand and leave him to enjoy this wonderfully majestic body his pet had given him. Perhaps, Serathin thought to himself with a grin, he could let his clone go and receive the next award while he enjoyed the pleasure of being kenneled at Dragon Heaven…