Rubbed the Right Way

It had been dusk when the heavens opened, the rain coming down in sheets to drench the city that was beneath it. Most had been prepared for it as the clouds had threatened to do so all day and as a bolt of lightning split the night sky it illuminated the sidewalk that had the crowd wearing raincoats and ponchos while others dared to put up an umbrella. With everyone having their hoods up and looking down at the ground to avoid getting splashed from the heavens above it gave everyone a sort of anonymity, something that one within the herd of moving people found to be a blessing. As Intel’s piercing blue eyes looked out from beyond his own hood it almost felt like a bunch of people were attending some sort of ritual, though he had suspected that the image in his brain came from the item that he currently had clutched in his arms underneath the dark green raincoat he wore.

The wolfdragon couldn’t help but feel a sense of paranoia with what he was considering doing as he got closer and closer to his own apartment while the shops around him lit up as the already dark skies above grew pitch black from the disappearance of the sun. What he was doing could be could be considered forbidden, at least by those that still believed in such things, and there was something about that which gave the hybrid even more of a thrill. Normally he would stop at one of the nearby stores in order to get something to eat but he had been preparing for this moment all day and that included the meal for when he got home. Intel wouldn’t have even bothered going into work but it was the last day of a holiday weekend and it also allowed him to pick up the item that he had been sent.

“Repent or be damned!” the voice of the cheetah preacher yelled, causing Intel to jump slightly even though the feline was at the street corner so often that he was considered a fixture of the area. It was merely a block away from where he lived and normally he just breezed past him but this time he found himself stopping briefly and looking up, seeing the fervor in the cheetah’s face as rain dripped down it while he pointed a spotted hand towards his direction. “There are demons that walk this plane of existence, your actions invite them into your very soul!”

Intel quickly put his head back down and continued to walk, and as he pulled the hood slightly tighter over his horns he couldn’t help but have a little smirk form on his muzzle. That was the plan, the wolfdragon thought to himself as he finally got to his apartment and let himself in through the security door. It was an upper floor area and above a bodega, which was just fine for him since that meant he didn’t have to worry too much about being noisy and disturbing those beneath. He just hoped that what he was doing was too obvious as he went to the bathroom and took off his rain coat to drip in the shower, exposing the package that he had been clutching the entire day since it had arrived in his drop box he had rented for this moment.

Even though his clothes underneath had remained relatively dry he quickly shed those as well, making sure the blinds were closed before he gathered the supplies he had put on the table. There was another loud rumble of thunder as the storm intensified outside and Intel wondered if perhaps what he was attempting was the reason as he went to his living room and lit the candles that he had set out before turning out the lights. With the mood set the wolfdragon carefully opened the paper and revealed the contents within; it was a piece of stone that had several runes engraved on it that formed into a circle, which as Intel rubbed them with his fingers it felt like the surface was made out of some sort of rubber. It was about the size of a sheet of paper and quite heavy as he set it down in the middle of a circle he was told to prepare, and a growing part of him wondered if perhaps he had been taken in even though he had gotten it sent to him for free from someone in a chatroom that he had joined to discuss all things demonic in nature.

At least it didn’t involve sacrificing a chicken or pouring blood all over the place, Intel thought to himself as he finished up the relatively simple ritual. Once he was done there was one last thing he had to do, and that was to activate the runes by laying down on the tablet. As he got into position there was another flash of lightning outside and it caused him to jump despite himself. He took a deep breath and laid down, feeling the blue fur on his back brush against the tablet as he adjusted his draconic tail and made sure his ivory horns didn’t scratch against the wood while he settled in.

That had been the last step and as Intel stared up at the flickering shadows Intel sort of felt like he was offering himself up as a sacrifice, though that was just fine with him as he tapped his fingers against the light grey scales of his underbelly. He could feel the rumbles of thunder through the vibrations in the floor and wasn’t sure how long he would have to lay there as he resisted the urge to shift his position. There was nothing else that he was supposed to do but as he laid there naked on his floor waiting for something to happen it felt like he should do something else in order to entice some sort of demonic entity to come to him. As his fingers went lower they bumped up against the head of his blue ridged cock and was surprised to find that it had started to emerge out of his sheath, though he told himself he shouldn’t be too surprised considering the reason he had been in that chat room in the first place as he found himself curling his fingers around the throbbing rod to bring it out of his sheath fully.

Though he tried not to move from his position as he watched light grey fur of his hands glide up and down his throbbing tool his similarly colored feet were sliding against the floor slightly from the pleasure. While he had masturbated before there was an added lust to this that was causing the sensations to be even more intense, like something else was stimulating him rather than just himself as he let out a soft pant while putting an arm under his head to keep it from moving. His hips started to buck up into the air as he thrusted into his own hand, his pants turning to loud huffs as he started to bring himself closer to climax. As Intel began to squirm on the floor he could only imagine seeing himself in the middle of a crudely drawn circle with candles around him, jerking off to the idea of a demon visiting him as he writhed around on top of a rubber tablet that he could still feel beneath him.

It wasn’t until his attention had gone to the object beneath him did he realize that it felt like it was heating up, causing him to stop what he was doing as he gasped slightly. He brought his hands away from his shaft and tried to pull himself up only to find that he was stuck to the floor, the rubber sticking him down like glue as his eyes widened slightly in surprise. What shocked him even more was despite feeling both of his hands pressed against the cool wood of his floor it still felt like he was being stroked, and when he looked down his scaly chest and stomach his eyes widened when he saw a shiny black tentacle had slithered up between his legs and was still stroking it. The sudden realization of the rubbery texture sliding up and down his cock caused Intel to gasp and lay back once more, which when he did he found himself staring up into a pair of glowing yellow eyes.

“I didn’t want you to stop on my account,” the canine creature said with a coy smirk on his face, the red mane of hair falling slightly on his face as he leaned down closer to the stunned hybrid. If the bright red horns and red markings on his shoulder weren’t enough to indicate to Intel that there was a demon standing above him the fact that the creature looked like he had skin made of latex was a dead giveaway. “So I decided to help keep you riled up.”

“You…” Intel said as his jaw dropped, though it was hard to keep focused on what he was trying to think of as he not only had a muscular demonic creature standing over him with his dark grey muscles gleaming in the candle light but also from the stimulation he was still receiving between his legs. “You are…”

“Levael,” the demon replied simply as he smoothed the shiny red hair back while walking around the other man, Intel letting out a groan of pleasure as he took a rubber foot paw tipped with long bright red claws and rubbed it against his chest. “Though I know what you were trying to say. It’s been quite a while since someone had bothered to summon a demon in this world, and I can sense that this wasn’t just to see if you could do it given the state you’re in right now.”

“I… I do…” Intel stammered in reply, trying to form the words even as the cascade of pleasure that came from the tentacle rubbing his cock kept him right on the edge of climax along with the smooth foot paw rubbing up and down his chest. “It’s… hard to talk… like this…”

“Mmmm, but I like to see that handsome body of yours squirm,” Levael replied, the demonic rubber canine licking his chops while he rubbed one of the dark blue stripes of Intel’s fur. “But I suppose you are right, last thing we need is for this to take all night… or do we?” Intel’s eyes snapped open and his breath caught in his throat as the tentacle engulfing his shaft finally brought him to orgasm, causing the wolfdragon to try out in ecstasy as he orgasm. It was the most intense experience in his life and even as it died down and the lust faded enough for him to string a complete sentence together he noticed that not only was the rubber tentacle still wrapped around his softening cock but that the cum he expected to be splattered around him wasn’t there.

Once Intel finished panting he looked over to see Levael lying next to him, his shiny body reflecting the light of the candles as the wolfdragon saw a set of two bright red lines down his right eye. “So you’re really a demon,” Intel said, feeling his heart continue to pound in his chest from the stunning creature next to him as well as the fact that he was still practically glued to the ground. “I have to admit, I didn’t expect you to be so… uh…”

“Dashing? Handsome? Charismatic?” Levael finished, his grin growing bigger as he saw the other man blush while turning slightly away. “Or perhaps it’s the rubber, which admittedly surprised me a little as well. We take on the desires of our summoner to be more enticing, and from your reaction I would say that I did quite well in that regard. But you also didn’t summon me to learn the wily ways of the demon, and though I bet you enjoyed our current time together I don’t sense that you were just bringing me here for a romp in the hay.”

“Why, do you get that request a lot?” Intel asked before he could stop himself.

“You’d be surprised,” Levael replied with a deep chuckle before sliding in even closer, causing Intel to shudder as he could feel the heat coming off of the other creature’s synthetic skin. “Go on now, let’s hear what dark desires you have that required the help of a demon.”

Intel found himself swallowing hard, but as he continued to gaze into the shiny glowing eyes of the demon the words just bubbled up within him until he suddenly felt them coming out of his mouth. “I want a more powerful body like yours,” Intel gushed, seeing the wry grin on Levael’s muzzle grow even bigger. “I want to be bigger, stronger, better in every way. I also would like… ah… I would want a bigger set of genitals as well, something that would be just as virile as the body that it was attached to.”

“So a better body and a bigger dick,” Levael stated, Intel nodding before he shuddered as the tentacle around his semi-erect member squeezed his shaft. “I can see some potential possibilities in this, but what are you going to offer up in exchange? As much as I like you transforming your body is not like snapping my fingers, it requires quite a bit of energy so I’m going to need something substantial return.”

“I… want to give you me,” Intel replied, for the first time seeing the cocky demeanor of the demon fall away to slight surprise. “I’ll give you everything of mine, including my mind and body, and allow you to remain on this plane indefinitely. Surely that’s something that interests you?”

For the first time since their initial meeting the demon’s face took on a more serious look, though Intel couldn’t tell whether it was for good or ill as Levael sat up and looked down at him. “You speak of demonic synthesis,” Levael stated, the wolfdragon once more nodding in response. “Now that is intriguing, there are very few who even know of it much less wish to undertake in it. You do realize that you would be allowing me to merge with you fully, to fully incorporate my essence into you and bringing us together into a singular form of not just mind and body but soul as well. If you agree to this Intel would no longer exist, at least not as you are now.”

“I suppose neither would Levael in that regard,” Intel said back, feeling more confident about his choice. “I know what I want and as soon as I heard of this demonic synthesis that was the goal that I strived for, which included bringing you here tonight. I also know that the demon is giving up themselves in order to remain on the surface, so I can understand if you don’t wish to reciprocate, but my mind has been made up and I know what I want.”

There was another pause, this time punctuated by a rumble of thunder, before Intel once more saw a jovial look on Levael’s face as he let out a laugh. “So you don’t want just any powerful body, you want my body in particular,” Levael said as he rubbed his hands down his toned form, causing Intel to shudder slightly from the display. “I really like you Intel, I have the feeling that we’re going to get along just fine together.”

“So you’ll do it?” Intel asked excitedly. “You’ll merge with me?”

“Your face is far too cute to say no too,” Levael responded, causing Intel to blush slightly before he felt the rubber creature slide on top of him. “This is going to require quite a bit more energy than I had originally anticipated, which means that we’re going to have to separate for a bit while I go down and make the preparations. But for the moment your body is calling to me, and just like your summon I’m more than happy to answer it.”

Before Intel could respond he suddenly found the muzzle of the demon on his, letting out a muffled grunt as Levael suddenly became a bit more aggressive in his lusts. With his back still pinned to the ground by the tablet underneath him the wolfdragon was unable to move or roll over, but that was just fine for him as he reciprocated the hungry kisses with his own. While he had somewhat expected the demon to be horny he had no idea how passionate Levael was going to be, but as that rubber tongue slid inside his own and his muzzle slid even deeper down his own his eyes were practically rolling in the back of his head. As he attempted to reach up and stroke the demon’s head though he suddenly found his limbs unable to move, which caused Intel to open his eyes and look over to see that more rubber tentacles had emerged from the floor and slid around his wrists to form a pair of makeshift cuffs.

As Levael finally pulled back his head Intel gurgled slightly as the tongue that had been slithering inside of him the entire time retracted from the foot long state into the bigger, slightly more monstrous canine muzzle that also panted. “I don’t let my prey away so easily,” Levael growled, his voice even deeper as his mutated tongue licked the larger fangs of his maw. “We may be together later, but tonight you’re mine.”

The authoritative tone of the demon sent shiver’s down Intel’s spine as he felt more tentacles wrap around his ankles, but this time instead of holding down his legs they spread them apart as the rubber creature slid down his body. “That’s it, savor the feeling…” Levael goaded as Intel let out another, louder moan only to be stopped when a tentacle slithered up and pushed inside his maw to effectively gag him when the demon’s tongue was no longer there. “All this is going to be ours soon…”

Ours… the fact Levael already was speaking of when they were together caused Intel’s entire body to shudder as his tail was bound to the floor along with his chest by several more of the rubbery appendages. Though he hadn’t explicitly said it the fact that the demonic entity that wished to merge him was latex had pushed him even more to do the synthesis, wanting nothing more than to be the creature that had lined up its cock with him. At the moment though the only thing that the hybrid could focus on was the tentacle in his maw becoming rather phallic in nature as the rubber that pressed against his lips began to spread outwards, becoming a muzzle that suctioned around his maw to keep him quiet. For a moment the demon hovered over Intel’s body and he could see that Levael sported quite the impressive cock of his own, a silver piercing glinting off the tip that he briefly wondered if they would get when together before it was promptly shoved inside of him.

Whether it was the nature of the demon or some form of magic the head of Levael’s cock pushed inside of him easily, the rubber member sliding against Intel’s inner walls and causing him to practically spasm if it weren’t for the tentacles holding him in place. With the gag in his maw that was starting to push into his throat the only thing he could do was breathe hard out of his nostrils as he was stretched open, the only thing he felt was the heated pleasure that grew inside of him while he was being penetrated. The short tail of the rubber demon wagged in the air and caused the shaft inside him to wiggle around even more, which caused Intel to shift his own hips and slide his cock up into the rubber tentacle that had almost completely engulfed him. With Intel unable to speak with the shiny muzzle that was continuing to stretch over his head and Levael practically drooling with primal lust the only sounds that could be heard was the squeaking of the demon’s body over his own as the wolfdragon began to feel more tendrils sliding up through the fur of his entire body.

The room began to grow darker and as Intel’s head was pinned against the floor by a tentacle that had wrapped around his neck he began to feel something wiggling around his ears. His blue eyes widened slightly as he felt something start to slither inside but with the rubber demon cock pushing up so deep inside of him he could see the outline of the piercing in his scaly stomach there was little he could do but allow them. As they pushed into his ear and made their way into his skull Intel felt an extraordinary sensation and as they infiltrated his mind it started to feel like he could actually move his arms. By this point though more tentacles had already coiled around his biceps and forearms to immobilize him further, but still he could feel something moving around until he got the exquisite feel of rubber against rubber that prompted him to look down at Levael.

By this point the demon had gotten into a rhythm of smooth, powerful thrusts that sank the entirety of his thick shaft into the wolfdragon beneath him, but even with the vigorous pummeling of his tailhole Intel noticed that the sensations seemed to be attached to the two rather large tentacles that snaked their way up between the demon’s legs and towards his maw. As Intel felt the smaller tendrils in his ears wiggle he wondered if Levael was somehow allowing him to feel through them, and as he thought that the demon just gave him a wink before he continued with his controlled humping into him. Even though he could feel through the rubber tentacles he didn’t have control of them, but they seemed to know where to go as one pushed up inside of the rubber demon’s tailhole while the other slithered into his maw and stretched out his jaws. The sensation of penetrating the other man just like he had done to him was so strong that it threatened to overwhelm Intel as it felt like he was also rutting the other male from both ends, feeling the tentacles push in and out of Levael’s orifices while the demon did somewhat the same to him.

Intel wasn’t sure how long he laid like that, his eyes glazing over with pure lust and desire as his bound body was ravaged by the demonic creature he had summoned, but as he felt Levael start to tense up over him it became clear that it was soon coming to an end as more thunder and lightning crashed outside. With both of their muzzles filled with a large tentacle the roar of the demon was stifled along with the wolfdragon’s own cry as he felt his stomach suddenly start to get filled, feeling the rubber canine pumping his corrupted seed into his body as his bound body could only quiver in response. It felt like he was being filled like a balloon and it got to the point that his scaly stomach started to look slightly distended before the rubber body of the demon practically collapsed on him, muffled growls escaping from his tentacle-stuffed throat as the hybrid continued to feel full. Eventually the shiny tentacles retracted from Intel’s body and as he felt himself with the ability to move his limbs for the first time he was still pinned by the demon on top of him.

“Oh yeah, I think we’re going to make a great fit,” Levael said once the tentacles inside their mouths retracted, leaving everything back to the way it had been when he was first summoned. “I know it’s rude to hump and run but if we’re going to perform demonic synthesis I have to get back to my plane and get things started.”

“So it’s really happening?” Intel said as he watched Levael get up, stretching his shiny muscular body. “Does all this mean you accepted the deal?”

“I accepted the deal as soon as I said that I couldn’t say no to that face of yours,” Levael replied with a chuckle. “The rest of this was just a celebration. Now I’ll be back as soon as I can in order to finish the job; since we are technically connected right now you might notice some weird stuff, but just roll with it and I’ll be back before you know it.”

“Well I can certainly see why you get summoned for sex with, wait, what weird stuff?” Intel asked, only to hear nothing and sit up to see that the demon was gone. “What weird stuff?!”

When there was no response and Intel could no longer sense the presence of the demon it was clear that Levael had left, and when Intel attempted to get up he found himself no longer stuck to the floor. As he looked back to see the tablet however he saw that it was gone with not a trace of it remaining. It must have been used up in the summoning ritual, the wolfdragon thought to himself as went to turn on the lights, only to find that they wouldn’t come on. At first he thought that perhaps his actions had somehow done something to them but as he looked out through his window he could see that the streets were pitch black save for the occasional flash of thunder.

So much for taking a shower, Intel thought to himself, though as he examined his body he found that the demon hadn’t left a trace of himself behind. Once he had cleaned up and spread the candles around to provide himself with illumination to get around his apartment it was almost as if it had never happened, save for the stretched feeling of his backside and his still bloated stomach. As he rubbed his hands against his belly he realized another thing that caused him to frown, that the blackout meant the meal he prepared for himself in the fridge couldn’t be reheated either and despite the fullness of his stomach he started to feel incredibly hungry. Fortunately he wouldn’t have to go far in order to get a snack and it wouldn’t even require him to get his raincoat as he got dressed in shorts in a t-shirt before heading down the stairs.

As he had seen from his apartment the entire block appeared to be completely out of power as Intel quickly went from his door that led outside to the open shop underneath him. It was a twenty-four hour bodega and though he wondered if the outage would cause it to be closed he found the door swung open and allowed him out of the rain that had still managed to get him wet despite his best efforts. “We’re currently only doing cash only,” the dragon behind the counter said before he looked up and saw who it was. “Oh hey Intel, crazy weather we’re having right?”

“Hey Vyle,” Intel replied as he brushed the water out of his blue hair. “Yeah, definitely crazy. Speaking of such things, you didn’t happen to notice anything… weird going on in the last hour or so, did you?”

“Nothing except for the storm outside,” Vyle replied, tilting his head curiously at the wolfdragon. “Why, did you see something?”

Intel just shook his head and let the grey dragon return to the crossword he was doing by lantern light as he picked out something that he could eat. Though there wasn’t a lot of selection in that regard he did find some ready-made meals that were in the cooler section that were still cold to the touch. The blackout must have happened fairly recently then, he thought to himself as he picked two of them as well as a couple drinks so he didn’t have to open the fridge and let out the cold within. As he put everything on the counter and was about to fish the money out of his pocket he looked up and froze when he saw Vyle look up at him, though as he did so his grey body seemed to start melting along with the blonde mane that looked wet before it started dripping down like melting candle wax.

All the wolfdragon could do was stand there in shock as it looked like Vyle’s body was melting into go, watching his facial features disappear as the red of his nose expanded while his muzzle drooped down and his ears melted into his skull. Did… did his summoning do something to him, Intel thought as he felt himself starting to panic as the dragon’s face became a completely blank surface while his tail that had flickered up into the air dripped with blond and grey that came from his body. Intel’s jaw dropped as the increasingly gooey creature started to stretch towards him with the featureless maw stretching out as tentacles pushed their way out while it said something.

When Intel recognized Vyle’s voice he shook his head and blinked several times before he looked back up and saw that the dragon was back to normal and staring him with those aqua eyes surrounded by the usual black sclera. “I said that you can go ahead and just take those,” Vyle said as he gestured to the stuff on the counter. “You’re doing me a favor with those ready made meals since I’m probably going to have to throw them out anyway, just consider it a blackout special.”

“Oh, uh, thanks,” Intel replied, trying not to tremble at the bizarre but also strangely erotic image as he grabbed the bag once it was handed to him.

“Hey, you alright?” Vyle asked as once Intel had taken the food and drinks. “You look like you just saw a ghost and gave me the thousand-yard stare there for a while.”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Intel quickly responded. “Just been a weird night I guess, you try and stay safe.”

“You too,” Vyle replied while Intel walked back towards the door to leave. “Oh, nice tattoos by the way, didn’t know you had them.”

Tattoos… Intel just turned back and gave the storekeeper a friendly wave before heading back up to his apartment, putting the meal on the table before heading over to the mirror in his bedroom. Even before he pulled his shirt up he could see what the dragon had taken note of, and when he removed the article entirely he saw that the runes from the tablet had been transferred onto the fur of his back. While he hadn’t doubted it before it was clear that Levael had been there and he had just made a contract with a demon, which meant that soon he was going to be merging with one and getting the body he had always wanted. It caused a shiver of excitement to go through his body and as he thought about the vision he had down in the bodega it caused a different kind of hunger to rise up in him, though he didn’t have the means to satiate it quite yet as he went back and ate the food he had gotten before putting out the candles and heading to bed.

Sleep came ease for the hybrid as the exertion from the ritual and the act that came with it had left Intel more exhausted than he had realized, especially after he ate both meals at once. When he woke up however he not only felt energized but with a rubber muzzle practically glomped onto his own as he felt the presence of another on top of him yet again. Even before he opened his eyes he knew that it was Levael, their tongues sliding around one another as the wolfdragon got to taste that slick muzzle yet again even as the other man continued to push into his own. Of course the demon was going to win this, Intel thought to himself as he felt the muscular rubber chest press against his own, Levael could essentially turn his tongue into a tentacle.

Suddenly Intel let out a huff as he felt his own tongue start to stretch while Levael coiled his around it, the wolfdragon letting out a grunt as it felt like it had turned to taffy while being pulled on. The appendage only thickened however and even with his eyes closed he knew it was also turning to rubber from the wonderful sensation of the demon’s sliding over it. This was it, Intel thought to himself as their muzzles continued to passionately press together while he was able to go as deep into the Levael as the demon was for him, they were about to merge… but just as suddenly as the intense make-out session started it stopped. When the wolfdragon opened his eyes he found no one there, seeing just his own body in his bed with the covers tented up near his groin.

As he got up and started to mill around his apartment Intel turned on the television and found his electricity was working again, though the weather channel that it had defaulted to warned of more intense storm activity in the next few days. He hadn’t remembered that being on the forecast before and wondered if it was his activities that were causing it as he got dressed. At first he wondered if he should even go out given the things that he was starting to see, but with the power back on and the potential for more outages to happen he wanted to get some supplies. Of course he wasn’t sure if he was even going to need any of it after he synthesized with a demon but at that point it couldn’t hurt as he went out for the day.

Unfortunately Intel quickly found out that between the holiday weekend and the storms people had mostly picked the stores clean of most things, though at the moment he was just out in order to keep his head clear. While he didn’t regret what he had done for a second the sudden images he got were startling enough that they were causing him almost a bit of whiplash, especially when they were happening to him. More than once he had to stop as he felt rubber suddenly dripping from his nostrils or his fur melting and becoming shiny, and as it happened with increasing frequency he imagined that he wouldn’t have to wait as long as he thought for Levael to return. Until that moment though the wolfdragon attempted to live life as normal in case he did have to wait, eventually finding a place that hadn’t been ravaged by panic buying and filling up his cart with various necessities plus an indulgence or two.

There was only one thing left that he needed, heading into the candle aisle that was near the back of the store. He frowned when the ones he had used before were already gone along with a bunch of others, leaving only the tea lights left that were made for melting wax and not really illuminating anything. As he looked around he noticed a lizard man in a employee uniform walk by and quickly flag him down. “Hey, I know this might be a stretch,” Intel said as he pointed to the empty boxes. “But I don’t suppose you might have any more of these in the back?”

“Sorry sir,” the lizardman replied. “I just put out the last few boxes myself and if they’re gone than there’s nothing left. Is there anything else that I can help you with?”

Intel was about to say no when he suddenly felt his muzzle curl up into a smile, grabbing the lizard man by the arms and pinning him up against the back wall. “Yes, there is actually,” Intel found himself saying, a low growl escaping from his lips as he began to feel something slithering its way up his throat. “You can open wide for me.”

The lizard let out a loud gasp but as soon as he opened his mouth the rubber tentacles that had emerged from the wolfdragon’s maw, including his own tongue that stretched to match them, pushed into the open maw as Intel felt his head lean forward to close the distance. Even though he felt enormous pleasure from feeling the rubber that had stretched out his own jaws pushing its way into the other man he was shocked at what was happening, especially in the middle of the store as he saw the bulges start to push out the scaled throat of the other man. The employee’s eyes rolled back into his head as the wolfdragon could see them pushing out the face of the creature as well, slithering around his head and pushing inside while he felt his hand reach down to where his thickening cock was stretching out his pants and ripped the fabric away to let the shiny red member free. As it wiggled in the air Intel couldn’t help but note that it had a piercing on the end of it before he did the same with the lizardman’s pants, closing the distance between them and sliding the tip that leaked with rubbery pre up against his tailhole.

With access gained to the underside of the lizardman Intel felt his hands grip the sides of the shelves while his hips rolled upwards, pushing up the smaller male as the tip slipped past the tight ring of muscle and began to push inside. The sensations were heavenly and as the wolfdragon’s shirt began to rip from more tentacles pushing out of his body to find his way into the other man he could see rubber starting to cover his head and groin as well. Already the lizardman was fully erect as well and as the mutating body of the wolfdragon pressed against him his head started to shift and warp as well while his tongue slid down into his throat. At this moment Intel wanted nothing more than to claim this creature, to make him into his personal rubber plaything as he felt his tentacles slide against the wrists and ankles of the other man while the shelves started to shake…

Then suddenly Intel found himself alone in the candle aisle once more, holding onto a box of tea lights that he hadn’t been before and with the lizardman employee no longer being ridden by him. When he looked down his clothing was also intact and there wasn’t any sort of rubber appendages coming off of him. Another hallucination, Intel thought to himself as he tossed the tiny candles into his cart and started to push it towards the check-out, they were starting to get way more intense than he had anticipated and wanted to get back home as soon as he could. As he passed by one of the aisles he noticed the lizardman was there and as the other man gave him a smile and a small wave he reciprocated as he saw that he hadn’t in fact started to turn them into some sort of rubber thrall, which as he turned back and furrowed his eyes Intel was somewhat surprised to find that it strangely disappointed him…

By the time Intel managed to get back the storm clouds that had been thickening throughout the night had started to rumble with thunder once more, but the rain hadn’t started yet as the wolfdragon quickly hopped up into his apartment without even looking into the bodega. As soon as he got into the apartment he put all the stuff he needed to away and left the rest on the counter before stripping down naked. His clothes had started to feel confining and he was glad to be rid of them, rubbing his hands down the scales of his chest as he imagined what it would feel like if they were rubber. He had gotten several more hallucinations while on the way home and each one was more intense than the last, but all they did when he saw himself like that was desire for the change to happen sooner and to finally get the demonic rubber body that he had been promised.

As the hours passed and night fell however the sensations actually began to ebb and without the haze of lust it gave Intel a chance to breathe. The storm was almost completely over him by this point as he put the dishes of his early dinner in the sink, seeing the lights start to flicker slightly as the rumbling grew louder. As he started to head back to watch television to relax he suddenly became aware that he hadn’t taken a shower since yesterday morning due to the blackout, and unless he wanted to wait another night it would be prudent for him to do so. He quickly walked into the bathroom and turned on the water, noticing the soft blue glow of the runic circle on his back before he hopped inside.

Wonder if the water is going to turn into liquid latex or something, Intel thought to himself with a chuckle, though part of him really wanted it to happen as he turned away from the shower head in order to grab his shampoo. Before he could however he suddenly found himself getting pushed up roughly against the fake tile, his bathing supplies falling to the floor as he suddenly felt a presence behind him. “I hope you’re ready,” Levael growled into his ear before Intel was spun around to face him, the rubber demon licking his lips in eager anticipation as shiny strands of drool leaked out from them. “Because there’s no turning back now.”

To Levael’s surprise the wolfdragon wrapped his arms around the shiny dark grey body of the demon and pulled him forward, pressing his own back against the wall and giving him a wry smirk. “It’s about damn time,” Intel said as the hunger he had been feeling all day rose to a breaking point, feeling his tongue starting to transform in the presence of the creature radiating demonic energy. “You’ve been teasing me all day.”

Levael muttered something about it not being his fault but he had already leaned forward to kiss the wolf dragon, and though Intel had started to feel his stretch it was nothing compared to the thick rubbery tentacle that was drooped out of the canine maw of the other man. Intel opened his mouth wide and let out a groan of pure pleasure as it slithered into him, exploring every inch and rubbing against his own tongue before pushing down into the back of his throat. He wanted the demon to hold nothing back and as that rubbery muzzle once more pressed against his he let out a huff as it pushed even further down into him. As rubber leaked into Intel’s maw from the demon he eagerly slurped against the tentacle tongue while using his hand to feel it stretch his neck out all the way down into his chest.

But the demon’s tongue wasn’t the only thing that was slithering around there, as the muscular body pressed against Intel’s chest he could feel something else move along the scales there. Though still engaged in their extremely deep embrace the wolfdragon was able to look down and see smaller tentacles emerge from his pecs; at first he thought they would just caress his scales and stimulate him further but as he saw the grey start to become discolored he let out a muffled grunt as they pushed inside! Had he not been pinned up against the wall he would have fallen as the surge of pleasure that went through him caused him to buck and writhe, feeling his cock getting harder by the second as it slid up between their abs. It wasn’t just the tendrils pushing inside him either, as several more pushed out of his abs and slid into the increasingly rubbery stomach of his body he could feel power flowing into him as well.

Though initially Intel had no idea what was happening the information that he needed to be infused with as much power as possible to merge with the other creature suddenly bubbled up into his thoughts. As his eyes gazed into the yellow ones staring back at him he could see the demon nod and realized that their minds were already starting to melt into one another, and that wasn’t the only thing as he felt a hand press up against their cocks sandwiched against one another. As Levael rubbed the shafts up and down the red of his began to envelop over the smaller blue one of the wolfdragon, Intel’s hands pressing up against the wall of his shower as he pushed his hips forward while he was completely engulfed by the other male’s cock while the colors swirled together until the rubber was a bright purple.

Intel gasped around the tentacle tongue in his muzzle as the sensations threatened to overwhelm him, but as their maws separated for a bit he saw more rubber tentacles emerge from it and began to slither over the wolfdragon’s muzzle. Black rubber had already started to leak from his nostrils as two of the smaller ones wiggled their way in, bulging out his snout and showing that his anatomy had already been significantly altered while the other two made their way to his ears. In response Intel reached down and squeezed their shared maleness to urge the demon to do it, though Levael appeared to need no further prompting as the tips immediately squished their way into his twitching ears and slid down deep inside of him. As Intel’s eyes widened he suddenly heard the voice of the demon inside of them, and after very little prompting the wolf dragon had two of his own tentacles push out of his maw and do the same to the canine ears of the other man.

That’s it, you’re doing great… the words flowed into Intel’s mind unbidden and they carried with it a wave of lust that was boosted by the stroking of their shared cock. Ride the pleasure and let the fires of passion melt you, mold you, reshape you. As he heard Levael’s words he found that there was an echo to them before he realized that it was his own inner voice, his own corrupted mind saying the same thing to the other man. One thing that both creatures shared was that they wanted more, their cocks dripping with increasingly shiny seed as they desired to explore every inch of each bodies until it became their singular form, and when Intel thought that it would be tough for that to happen he heard the deep chuckle of the demon before something began to wrap around his tail.

As more of the demonic rubber began to drip from the ears where the tentacles of the demon slid their way in Intel became aware that the short tail of the demon had grown significantly longer, to the point where it almost looked like his own before it coiled around his. With a surge of power Intel felt the back of his head press against the fake tile of his shower as he saw his tail start to become rubbery and stretch out. With Levael feeding information directly into the other creature it took little time for Intel to coil it around the tentacle tail of the other man and as they swirled around one another they continued to thicken and stretch until they got to their intended destination. For a brief moment their muzzles parted and as they began to push into one another’s tailholes the two saw that while they had other tentacles that were stretching the other’s snouts out so much they could see them squirming around their tongues had completely merged together.

This is so intense, Intel thought as he felt Lavael mirror the sentiment, though he wondered if it had been his thought or the demon’s. The two were so impassioned that all they could think about was thoughts of lust of their body, which made individual thoughts hard to discern as Lavael’s hands pushed against Intel’s increasingly rubbery shoulders and pushed their tentacle-filled maws back together. None of that mattered to either of them though as their bodies started to deform and melt, especially the wolfdragon as his fur and scales flowed into one another. With their tails thrusting into each other all they cared about was feeling more, experiencing more, pushing into each other more as tenacles began to push out of the rubberized heads of both males only to plunge back into their ears or maws as their jaws started to knit together.

The only sounds that were being made were the wet shlorps of their increasingly distorted, rubbery bodies as the tentacles that had been pushing into the chest of the wolfdragon spread out and assimilated his fur and scales. Even though their lips had started to merge together the two continued to try and continue their alien kiss, the two eventually wrapping their arms around one another just to get closer as Intel felt the tentacles inside him merge together. Their legs were not too far behind as Lavael’s foot pressed against Intel’s thigh, the foot stretching it out before it sank into it while they slid into the corner. When the two did briefly pull apart they found their muzzles stretching slightly and saw that the tentacles had merged their mouths together completely, pulling them back together as their horns softened and seemed to help pull them closer together while their arms merged into the rubber of their backs.

This was it, they both thought at the same time as the rubber tails that had bulged out their stomachs tightened their coils each other until they fused together, they were becoming one. The power that Lavael had been pumping into him was washing through both of them by this time as their forms became increasingly distinctive, the last of the fur and scale of the mortal body of Intel being completely subsumed as the demonic rubber covered over it. Their merged tail slid out of them as for a brief moment they an amorphous gooey form with only the errant tentacle sliding out of it, as that was quickly starting to change as the hole of the creature’s mouth started to reshape while the muzzle around it took form. Since Intel and Lavael had similar muzzles it looked exactly like both of them as a purple tentacle tongue slid along the latex lips that formed.

As the jaws stretched out into a wide, monstrous yawn the horns that had twisted around one another grew and shifted to the same purple hue while the mane that grew out did the same. While their heads had merged together it had plunged the transforming creatures into complete darkness but as they felt their eyes open once more a pair of brilliant green eyes stared out from them as a set of two purple lines appeared over one of them. With the head finishing up the rest of the body quickly followed suit, the slightly viscous rubber that had swirled around them forming into a shiny black with purple stripes with a light grey underbelly that ran down to their groin. As a pair of muscular arms pushed their way out of the rapidly hardening rubber goo of their chest they darted out and pressed up against the wall as the new creature took a deep breath.

The demonic creature looked down and saw that he still had four sets of feet, the rubber cascading down and tendrils enveloping what was left of Intel, but the creature’s eyes were focused on the thick pierced rubber cock that jutted out between their toned thighs. Even with the residual sensations that came from their synthesis it wasn’t enough and the demon leaned down, using his longer tongue to wrap around his throbbing shaft to stimulate him further while he slid down the shower. As the two sets of feet shifted into one pair of rubber dragon paws the long black tail with a purple design down the top of it once more found its way into his tailhole, the creature guiding it there with one hand while the other squeezed the base of his shaft.

With the fusion of their mind and body the remaining remnants of the two had flowed down and had melted down into the last of their identity, and though the creature knew that he was once both of them their new mind cared not about such things. While he could fish them out he wanted to consume them instead, take the power to fuel his changes and strengthen his infernal ties to this realm as he pushed his new muzzle over the tip and began to suck on it. The sensations were sublime and combined with the tail that had managed to stretch out his vulcanized hole almost all the way up to the base the green eyes of the creature closed and based in the sensation. The teasing the two had done before the creation of this creature had already built him up to quite a climax, but until the demonic synthesis was complete he couldn’t do anything about it until this point.

The new creature let out a low snarl as he used the flexibility of his rubber body to plunge the cock all the way down to the hilt before he orgasmed, his tongue flailing around his shiny thighs. His new claws dug furrows into the cheap plastic as he fell onto his hands and knees, curled up into a ball with his tail still humping into him in order to extend his climax as much as possible. Even though he had sealed his lips as best he could it didn’t stop the thick goo from pouring out of his mouth, the thick purple rubber coating his face as more of it spilled into his chest while he felt the power that came from it disperse through his form. Eventually the creature found himself on his back and using the weight of his lower body to keep his mouth and throat impaled to keep as much in as possible, even when his stomach started to swell and some of it poured out of his nostrils as well as his maw.

The demon remained like that for a while before he finally stopped spurting, the liquid latex almost completely coating his face as his legs still bobbed in the air from the motion of his tail. With his climax over though he slowly slid the thick appendage out of him, which caused his bloated stomach to deflate slightly with the removal, and then unfurled himself onto the shower floor as he heard a loud crack. “Whoops…” the creature said as he felt his rubber horn had pierced the glass door as the water washed the goo from his body. “Oh… that’s my voice… oh my…”

The rubber creature found himself laughing and enjoying the new sound he created as he pulled his horn out of the shower door before pulling up his lithe body and turning off the water. His ears twitched as he heard the sound of rain pounding against the window and the crackling of thunder, though that mattered little to him anyway as he went over to the mirror and examined his new face. “The purple is an interesting color,” the creature said to himself as he saw that he still had the tattoo on his left arm in a similar shade and also had the glowing runes on his back. “I definitely like it.”

Though it was strange to look at his reflection and see only one creature there the demon knew that he wasn’t Intel or Levael, even if he wanted to try and go back to thinking like either one of them that would be impossible. He was something new, something demonic but also able to remain in this plane, not to mention something incredibly gorgeous as he flexed his muscles and looked at himself in the mirror. While the rubber skin was going to be interesting to deal with he knew through the assimilated information of his predecessors that he had enough talent that he will get by just fine. As he continued to admire himself however there was a particularly loud boom and suddenly the lights above turned off, though when they did he found himself able to see perfectly clearly even in the darkness.

So much for needing those candles, he thought to himself with a chuckle as he went over to Intel’s bed and laid down on it. The feel of the soft material against his unnaturally smooth skin was divine and for a few minutes he just laid there sliding his body across it until he finally settled in and laid on his back. “It’s a brand new life,” the creature said with a fanged grin as his new mind swirled with possibilities. “No more summons, no more work, nothing but this powerful body and glorious cock between my legs.”

As the demon started to think about a name for himself he gave the rubber cock a squeeze, hearing it squeak underneath his rubber hand as he grinned at the piercing on the end. He was sure Lavael would be happy that transferred over and as he continued to play with himself he decided to put it to good use, sliding the thick member down between his legs and using a tiny bit of his power to shift it so that it was pushed up against his own latex hole. He let out a soft growl of contentment as he felt the shaft respond to his touch by growing erect but still remaining flexible, enough so that as it grew he pushed it in and penetrated himself once more. The demon’s chest rose up in the air as he felt the cascade of pleasure from both his tailhole and his cock rush through him, unfettered by the distraction of two bodies merging together while having a challenge to see how many tentacles they could stuff into one another.

Although… as the demon let several more tentacles emerge from his back to slide along his own body it was a lot of fun to have someone to fill full of the rubbery appendages. While his new form was absolutely perfect in his eyes it would be a shame if no one was around to worship it, a grin growing on his muzzle as his infernal mind went to work. The blackout provided him with a rare opportunity to get a new pet, and he knew just where he could go in order to find one…

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Vyle sighed as he once more attempted to read by the light of the lantern that he kept underneath the counter as the storm raged on outside of the bodega. He wasn’t sure why he had to stay open since no one except for possibly his friend Intel who lived above would come in, but considering that he really couldn’t leave due to the storm anyway he guessed that it didn’t really matter. At least the power could stay on, the dragon thought to himself with a sigh as he turned the page of his book, not only did he have only the lantern to guide him if anyone needed help but it meant that the fresh batch of ready-made meals were probably going to have to all be thrown out… again. As he looked out and saw the rain falling on the street it was at least nice to listen too, save for the occasional crashes of thunder like the one that caused the glass of the windows to rattle.

As Vyle went back down to look at his book once more however he heard something that caused his head to shoot up. It sounded like something had fallen off the shelves and as he grabbed the electric lantern to shine the light over his way he tried to see the source of it only to find nothing there. The dragon sighed and hopped off of his stool, then went over to where he thought that he had heard something. When he got over there he saw the culprit, rolling his aqua eyes as he saw a can of tuna rolling along the floor.

It must have gotten knocked over when that last round of thunder hit, Vyle mused as he bent over and grabbed the can to put back on the shelf. As he straightened everything up he suddenly heard something else fall over further back into the store and as he did he knew this time it wasn’t because of the weather. “Hello?” Vyle asked as he shined the lantern over, only to once more find nothing there but darkness. “If someone is in here what you’re doing is not funny.”

After standing there for a few seconds the only answer he got was from the weather outside as another peal of thunder reverberated through the store. The dragon rubbed the red stripe on top of his muzzle before heading over, hoping that this wasn’t going to end up with someone murdering him while at his night job as he turned the corner towards the back. When he got there he saw that it was a box of cereal that had been knocked over that time, the box lying there like it had jumped off of the shelf. After cautiously glancing around once more he leaned down and picked it up, placing it back as he scratched his head. The shop wasn’t that big, so if someone was messing with him they would have had to either sneak past him and go out the front or were hiding in the cooler section.

As Vyle stood at the precipice and stared at the black expanse that was the hallway that led to the other door he found himself not wanting to move forward, and when he didn’t hear anything he shook his head and muttered that he wasn’t paid enough to deter burglars and turned to head back to the front counter. The second he turned his back to the shadows though something wrapped around his ankle and tripped him, which would have caused him to fall over except that something else had latched around his wrist and kept him from hitting the floor. What did hit the cheap linoleum however was his lantern, and when the base banged against the ground it caused the bulb to pop and reduce it to a flickering light. Meanwhile the dragon continued to hang there a few inches off the ground before he was pulled backwards into the shadow, his screams of terror drowned out by the thunder as he suddenly found himself surrounded by darkness.

The next thing Vyle knew he felt whatever had pulled him in let go of his limbs, only to feel a hand grab him by the shirt and hoist him up into the air with great strength before pushing him up against the wall. As his feet dangled off the ground the dragon gasped as he suddenly saw a pair of glowing green eyes look at him, as well as a shiny black muzzle that would have looked like a mask except for the luminescent purple tongue that licked its lips before sliding back inside. He was at a loss for words on what to do or say as this creature clearly showed that it was not normal, so telling him that the cash register was unlocked would probably do nothing. As the creature leaned in Vyle began to tremble in fear, especially as that tongue emerged once more and licked across his neck.

“Worry not,” the creature growled. “If I had meant you harm we would have done it.”

Though the voice was deep and foreboding the words actually calm Vyle down, though the fact he was still suspended up against the wall by some sort of eldritch or demonic creature still caused him to tremble as he finally found his voice to speak. “Wh-what do you want?” Vyle asked as best he could. “I just tend the shop.”

Once more Vyle felt the creature lick against his neck several times before it slurped his tongue back up and leaned forward. “It’s quite simple,” the creature replied in almost a whisper, prompting Vyle to lean in despite himself to try and hear the words. “I want you.”

The statement caused the dragon’s eyes to widen but in the next second he felt something pushing into his ear, the purple tongue licking around the shiny red inner surface before plunging its way inside. With Vyle’s rather unique physiology it was easy for them to slither inside and they watched as the look of shock melted away from his face and turned into a blissed out expression while his eyes rolled up back into his head. Though the demon wanted nothing more than to turn this creature now it wouldn’t be well advised to do so, even with the storm raging outside it didn’t want to make its existence known and it would prefer not having to expend too much power after being so freshly created. Fortunately he had a plan as he watched the head of the dragon push out a bit while the tongue inside implanted the idea into him, coating his mind with a layer of the rubbery goo that was pumped into his skull as Vyle let out a gurgle of pleasure…

Suddenly Vyle opened his eyes again and found himself leaning over the counter, the dragon looking around at the empty storefront as the storm raged outside. When he wondered why it was so dark he looked around for his lantern and saw that it was on the ground in front of his counter, which caused him to sigh in frustration as he realized that he had basically knocked over his only decent light source. Fortunately he still had his phone and as he turned on the flashlight he also called his boss and gave him an update on what was happening. After a bit of back-and-forth Vyle managed to convince the owner to let him shut down the place for the rest of the night since the storm wasn’t letting up, and when the man on the other end of the phone asked if he needed a ride he informed him that he had a friend he was going to stay at instead until the weather passed.

As he hung up the phone he used the flashlight to secure and lock everything up after cleaning up the broken lantern, sticking it in the trash until tomorrow when he hoped the alley behind the store wouldn’t be flooded. He was grateful that Intel had told him earlier that he could stay there if he was stranded and texted the dragonwolf, which promptly got a reply that the door was open and to come on up. The dragon quickly pocketed his phone and braved the rains for a few seconds before getting to the door next to the bodega and heading up the stairs to his friend’s apartment. When he got there he saw that door was already open for him as well and came inside, closing it behind him as he announced that it was just him coming in.

Just like the bodega there was no power in the apartment, Vyle once more holding up the flashlight of the phone in order to see as he called out to Intel that he was there once more. “Looks like the rains soaked you pretty good,” a voice called out from the darkness. “Why don’t you go ahead and get out of them.”

“Who’s that?” Vyle asked, though the voice sounded familiar to him it wasn’t Intel and he didn’t remember that spoke like that.

“Someone close to Intel,” the voice replied back. “My name is Ainvael, now hurry out of those clothes before you catch cold.” As the dragon continued to peer around in the blackness of the apartment he still couldn’t see who was talking, but he still found himself doing what was asked since his brief time out in the torrential rain had soaked him all the way through. It felt a bit strange that he was standing naked in his friend’s apartment but he felt as though that it was fine, even feeling a little relaxed as he moved forward to try and see who else was in the apartment with him.

As he looked down the hall Vyle spotted a pair of green eyes that were at the end of it, and when the light from his phone reached down there the dragon let out a sharp gasp. The creature shined unnaturally with skin that looked like rubber and as it stared at him eagerly he could see that while he looked similar to Intel it definitely wasn’t. Also like him the other man was completely naked and standing in a way as though to show off his toned physique, though his eyes quickly drifted downwards towards the long purple rubber cock that drifted between his legs. It was an equally arousing and terrifying sight, but as the creature began to approach it prompted the dragon to try and run only to feel something wrap around his arms and legs.

Vyle suddenly had a flashback to the store, remembering that he had already encountered this creature once before and just hadn’t remembered it as he was turned by the rubber tentacles to face the demon. “It’s not very nice to try and run out on a guest like that,” the creature said as it brought the dragon up to his face, a fanged grin on his face as he reached forward and stroked Vyle’s cheek. “Especially someone that’s about to be your new owner.”

“Owner?!” Vyle shouted back as he tried to wiggle out of the tentacles that held him only to find that they were coiled tight around his limbs. “What are you talking about!”

“I’m talking about you serving me,” Ainvael replied with a chuckle. “Now I would tell you my name but that would be a waste of energy, why don’t you go ahead and just call me master while I figure out what I want to do with you.”

Vyle couldn’t believe his ears, did this guy really think that he was going to have him be some sort of pet? With his arms and legs bound he found himself unable to do anything at the moment, and it was clear that whatever this creature was he was unnatural in nature. He was also incredibly hung as he looked down and saw the purple member dangling next to his own pink one and seeing that they were twice as long. As it began to swing back and forth Vyle suddenly realized that this creature knew that he was staring at it and brought his head back up to look right at the face of the demonic entity.

“Now I could just do what I did before and have you become a mindless thrall whose only purpose is to please me in any way,” Ainvael explained, the grin on his muzzle growing wider as the dragon swallowed hard and shuddered slightly when he suddenly remembered the rubber tongue that had pushed into his ear. “But since you’re my first and I’m still freshly minted we’re going to go about this the long way, though I guarantee by the time this storm is over you’re going to be curled up at my feet like the good pet you are. As I’m sure you you’ve already guessed I did put a little seed into your head in order to make things easier and to prove it I’m going to let you go right now.”

Suddenly Vyle found himself with his feet on the floor as the rubber tentacles that had been wrapped around him retracted, allowing the dragon to move freely once again. The second that he could he made his way back towards the door, not even bothering with his clothes as he used the flashlight in order to find it. When he got there however he found himself stopping and blinking several times when he saw there was no doorknob… or doorframe… or even a door anymore. He found himself stepping back in shock as the portal he had used to get inside the apartment no longer existed, leaving him trapped inside of the place with a creature that had just told him to call him master and said he was going to be his pet.

The green eyes of the demon idly watched as Vyle went from the door that he couldn’t see over to the windows, which despite the lightning flashing through the windows the dragon found himself unable to find either. While normally removing the portals from a place would have required a great amount of demonic energy to manipulate the matter of the area it was far similar to implant the simple suggestion in Vyle’s mind that they simply no longer existed. There still would have been the problem if he decided to try and go for broke and smash his way through where he thought the window would have been but as he watched the other man back away from them while scratching his head it appeared he wouldn’t have to worry about it. He took advantage of the confusion in Vyle’s mind to press his hands against the bare shoulders of the other man, giving them a pleasurable squeeze that for a moment the dragon reacted to with enjoyment before he turned and backed away.

“Come now, surely my suggestion can’t be that bad,” the demon said as Vyle carefully watched him circle around, one of the tentacles from his back sliding over the chest of the other man. “You already live your life in service of others, why not one that can give you pleasure so blissful that you’d wonder why you took so long to come to my feet? I can already tell just from the looks that you give my body that I already please you, I would imagine that you could at least admit that.”

Vyle found himself biting his lip as he knew that this creature was trying something; anyone that could make the doors and windows disappear in a building as well as what he did earlier with his tongue wasn’t just asking due to his vanity. He also knew that he had been caught at least twice looking at his cock and even just thinking about it he could feel his groin start to stir. It wasn’t fair, Vyle thought as he looked at the toned physique with the rubber highlighting every curve and feature for maximum sexiness. As he looked up and down the entity he couldn’t help but nod his head, knowing that to do anything else would have been a lie as the creature gave him a fanged grin.

As Vyle looked away to avoid blushing he suddenly found himself pinned up against the wall once more, letting out a yelp as this time it was the demon himself that was using his body to keep him there. Though his feet were still on the ground he found himself unable to move as those green eyes stared down into his soul, shivering as though he could feel the corruptive energy soaking into his very soul as the purple claw-tipped fingers of the creature slowly slid down his chest. Vyle found his breath catching in his throat as he felt an almost feral energy to the motion, like a predator that was merely playing with his meal, though the touch itself remained gentle all the way down to his cock. The dragon jumped slightly from the pleasure that shot though his body as he felt the rubber hand stroke it, and with nowhere that Vyle could really go the dragon found himself panting as he felt himself stiffing in his grasp.

“There is nothing wrong with lusting after me,” the demon said as he leaned in, the grin growing wider as he felt the dragon’s shaft pulsate in his hand. “This body was created to be not only powerful but sensual as well, and I know that you wish for my cock because part of me did at one point as well. Go on and touch it, it’s only fair to reciprocate the favor after all and you have been eyeing it up all night.”

Vyle was finding it hard to focus on what was going on as he started to feel weak in the knees, the only thing that snapped him out of his panting as Ainvael stroked his cock was the crack of thunder. As he began to feel something throb against his own stomach he slowly looked down and saw that the heavy purple rubber cock was pressed up to him, pressing up against the middle of his chest. The dragon found his hands drifting towards it but he remembered something was wrong about this, something about becoming a pet? But that didn’t make any sense and that throbbing shaft was too good to pass up as he reached around it with both hands and began to stroke.

He could hear Ainvael hiss in pleasure and tell him that he was being a good dragon for doing that, stroking down Vyle’s hair with one hand as he slowly shifted his hips up and down to slide between his light grey palms. At the same time the creature continued to stoke the dragon with one hand in order to keep him in the throes of pleasure, which wasn’t hard to do considering he was hard as a rock. He also decided to start preparing his pet in another way too as he let one of his tentacles slowly slide around and start to rub up underneath his tail, teasing the opening and causing the other man to practically fall to his knees from the stimulation. All at the same time he continued to whisper how good of a job he was doing, how it was only natural for him to be in a position like that with his hands wrapped around that thick cock that was lorded over him.

It wasn’t long before a dollop of purple pre came out of the demon’s cock, the thick rubber quickly cascading down the shaft and over the hands of the dragon that was stroking it. When Vyle felt it coat his hands at first he tried to ignore it and continue on, but as it got harder for him to shift his fingers around he had to stop and see what was going on. As his fingers started to get stiffer he tried to wipe the substance off of his hands, only to find that the material had not only completely coated them but also caused his fingers to merge together! In a last ditch attempt the dragon attempted to shake the stuff off but when he looked back at them they had swollen to look like a pair of purple dragon mitts as he attempted to move his fingers only to find them not working.

“What… is going on…” Vyle said as he brought his transformed hands to his face, only to find that while they were still attached it was like they had been completely encased but were still a part of him. “How are you doing this.”

“I already told you that you are mine,” Ainvael replied with a chuckle. “Now good dragon toys get to use their fingers while bad ones get the mitts… or if I’m feeling particularly playful. For you to be a good dragon toy you are going to have to give me your hands and tell them that they belong to me.”

Vyle found his mouth opening and closing several times with no words coming out, his mind trying to figure out what to do. Not only had this… this demon trapped him in the apartment of his friend, but he just said that he would take his hands so he could use them again! “I… you can’t just take my hands,” Vyle said as he rubbed the fingers together. “They’re mine.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll still let you use them,” Ainvael replied, this time with a slightly more forceful tone as he used his tentacle to start to push up into him while still stroking the dragon’s cock. “Or if you would like I could take something a little more personal to you instead. Now say your hands belong to me or get used to your new fingers.”

Vyle shuddered slightly, more so from feeling something push up into his tailhole than his choice, and as the rubber creature gave him another squeeze on his shaft it prompted him to nod. “They’re… they’re your hands,” Vyle said as he held up the purple mitts. “My hands belong to you.”

Vyle let out a gasp as the tentacle slithering inside of him caused a spasm of pleasure to reward him while the hand of the demon did the same while he watched the rubber on his hands shift and morph. As most of the shiny material receded it still left him with black rubber fingers, but he could move them as the rest of it morphed around his wrists and formed into a pair of light purple cuffs. “As you can see I have properly marked what’s mine,” Ainvael said as he looped a finger through them and pulled Vyle forward. “Now… what shall we do next… perhaps you can think of somewhere else I can put this cock so that you can properly serve it.”

For the moment the fact that he had just gained a new accessory evaporated from Vyle’s mind as he once more laid eyes on the girthy tool that had been toying with him not only physically but mentally as well. “I… want it inside of me,” Vyle said, reaching out and shuddering as the sensations of his new hands felt even more enticing than they had before. “But I know that if I do then it’s going to make me change again, just like it did with my hands.”

“Ah, so you remember that you are becoming my pet,” Ainvael said. “Yet you still keep touching the thing that’s corrupting you. Are you saying that you have a change of heart and finally realize that your place is kneeling in front of me with your body being shaped by my will as I see fit?”

The dragon shook his head at that but he could feel a small part of him giving in, especially with the added stimulation that was coming from his stretched open tailhole. With the tentacle manipulating his pleasure levels and the natural aura of the extremely handsome rubber creature in front of him it was hard to do anything other than flop over onto the couch and spread his legs open. He knew that this was wrong, that if this really was some sort of demon that he really was going to be made into some sort of pet, but it was getting harder and harder for him to care as the free hand of the rubber demon stroked against the dark grey of his cheek and made him gasp softly in response. Even with his eyes closed the only thing that Vyle could think of was getting that thing inside of him, after a bit of mental debate influenced by the creature groping his body in all the right places he finally admitted that he didn’t care and needed it inside of him.

Even though he knew what he had just done Vyle found himself wagging his tail as the other creature led him into the bedroom and told him to get on his back, the dragon doing so as his hands continued to touch his own body. While it looked like he was wearing rubber gloves he knew that somehow he had been transformed, especially since the cuffs that were on the black latex had fused with it to make them permanent. Without his realization the shiny surface had also spread up all the way to his elbows, ending right where the light grey of his arms met the dark grey of the rest of his body. Even as he laid there and felt the clawed rubber hands of the other creature start to spread open his thick thighs part of him knew that he was potentially giving up himself in order to just have that shiny purple shaft inside of his tailhole, but as he found himself licking his lips his corrupted mind found it was worth it.

As the demon leaned forward over him once more Vyle got the feeling of being the prey to this predator, but as he saw that purple tongue once more start to slide out from the shiny maw he found a shiver of excitement go through his body. He couldn’t believe what he was thinking but with the pleasure that was still coursing though his form with the paw job and light tailhole teasing he found himself wanting more, needing more from this creature. It was as if his body was practically begging to be filled with his tongue, his cock, the tentacles that should have freaked him out, and anything else. This creature… this creature was taking control of his body through the sheer lust that it was giving him, and he found himself loving every second of it as the demon leaned forward and Vyle felt the rubber press against his own muzzle.

The mere act of the kiss caused the dragon to shudder and open his mouth in a slight moan, which allowed the rubber tongue tentacle to slip inside and start to ravage his mouth. Even without having the actual object of his desire inside of him he found his body to be practically shivering from delight at his mouth being used, feeling it swirl and coil around his tongue before delving further in. He could also feel the teeth of the creature and the rumble of a growl in his throat as started to become more intense, his entire body shifting and pushing in slightly deeper as the act seemed awaken something primal in this rubber being even though he remained controlled. Even though he was unaware the demon was preparing him for something special all Vyle could focus on was the tentacle sliding down into him and swelling to stretch out his maw and throat until it felt like it had taken up every inch of him, though it was nothing to what he had started to feel between his legs.

Even with both of the rubber hands of the demon on his thighs Vyle felt the head of the rubber cock guiding itself into his tailhole while at the same time something was wrapping around his shins. It was hard to see in the darkness as two black rubber tentacles had emerged from the lower back of the bigger male to coil around his lower body with his tail being enveloped by the rubber one to keep it away. He could hear his own breathing through his nostrils as it intensified with feeling the large spaded head bump up against him, feeling the piercing nudging its way inside before the rest of it followed suit. Part of the reason why the demon had used one of his tentacles first aside from loosening the dragon up was also to prepare him for this insertion as the shiny hole between the cheeks of the dragon was completely stretched open.

Vyle let out a muffled cry as his entire body arched upwards, only to fall back to the bed once the initial spasm of pleasure passed. There wasn’t even a little discomfort in the insertion as he felt it continued to push its way into him, spreading open his tight walls while the tentacle tongue continued its way down his throat as well. When he tried to shift his position his arms were pinned in place by the demon who pulled back enough for the dragon to see the thick rubber tentacle that connected them together, forming a lewd bridge between them as the creature leaned back as though to let him see what was inside of him. It was getting hard to focus on anything though as he felt more of the throbbing rubber shaft between his legs slide more and more into him, feeling like it was one long never-ending thrust upwards as several smaller tendrils pushed out of the demon’s grey chest and slithered down into his own light grey body to provide even further stimulation.

Just as it felt like he was starting to get to the hilt though the demon stopped his progression, surprising the dragon by pulling his tentacle tongue out of him. “It seems that you are enjoying yourself,” Ainvael said as he lowered his hand down to just above the base of the dragon’s cock, rubbing against it as the dual stimulation between that and the throbbing shaft inside of him caused his entire form to quiver. “Of course if I’m giving you my cock like this then I expect some reciprocity…”

“Reci…procity…” Vyle mouthed once it felt like his throat and muzzle had closed up enough after such a huge insertion so that he could speak again, though it was his thoughts being so muddied by the euphoria that was radiating from his stretched hole that made it hard to think. “You want me… inside you?”

“That’s not what I’m asking, though I appreciate the offer,” Ainvael smirked. “Think of it like your hands, you wanted to use them so you gave them to me. If you want my cock to keep pleasuring you even more I’m going to need you to say that it’s mine. As with your hands I will also augment them too so that they’re even better than before, but I’m not going to lift one finger or go one inch deeper until you pledge your cock to me.”

Vyle found himself panting as he still felt the rubber cock inside him that was making it hard to think of anything but the pleasure coming from it, and it wasn’t helping that the tentacles around his legs had started to stroke them in an extremely pleasing manner. As he looked down he saw that the fingers of the bigger male were sliding around the base of it, causing it to twitch as he tried to think as best he could. It was just like his hands, he thought as he rubbed his latex fingers together, just give him your cock and he’ll keep going even though he’s already so deep. He was right, he was nice enough to do this for you, just give him your cock, it’s his cock! Give him his cock already so he’ll keep thrusting into you!”

“Yes, my cock is yours!” Vyle exclaimed, panting loudly as he felt himself drowning in unrequited pleasure. “Please, do whatever you wish with it, just keep going! I have to have more!”

“That’s what I like to hear from my pets,” Ainvael replied, and though the dragon let out a huff he knew the creature was winning this battle of wills as those rubber fingers caressed and stroked the sensitive flesh while the heavy shaft inside of him did the same to his insides. As he felt his member being expertly manipulated he couldn’t help but put his hands to his head as the sensations became uncontrollable, even when he began to feel his cock starting to grow longer despite already being sizable except compared to the man on top of him. “Take a good look now, it’ll be the last one for a while.”

The words prompted Vyle to quickly glance down his chest, looking past the sizable bulge that the Ainvael’s member was making in his stomach to see that his own groin had been significantly altered. The shaft was covered completely in black rubber that became a gradient until it reached a bright purple at his tip as it was at least several inches longer, also having a bright purple ring at the base of his shiny shaft too. As he watched the black rubber hand continue to massage it and send ripples of pleasure down his body though it began to look like it was being compressed and Vyle found himself moaning loudly as dark purple rubber that had spread out from his groin quickly enveloped it until it was completely encased in a tight bulge. When the creature gave it a squeeze Vyle could still feel it inside but everything was muted as it looked like he was some sort of drone, which caused him to shiver from the idea as the cock inside him began to push up further.

“Is… is that it then?” Vyle said as a moment of clarity came over him when he no longer felt the additional stimulation coming from his groin even as the cock inside of him continued move. “Did I just give myself up for that? Is it over?”

The chuckle that came from the demon’s mouth sent shivers down the partially transformed dragon’s body as he saw that fanged grin once more, Ainvael sliding up his body and causing even more of that thick shaft inside of him to shift about. “You think just because I took your cock that I’m satisfied with my dragon?” Ainvael said as he gave Vyle’s cheek a lick. “There is so much pleasure that you have left to experience, so much left that you have to give me. You may think that you’ve been corrupted by my will but we’ve only just begun, there is still so much more left to go before I will consider you done.”

The declaration caused Vyle to gulp and his body to squirm as much as it can with the tentacles even more wrapped around his legs, which made them look like he was wearing shiny stockings that throbbed and undulated while they were held up in the air. As the dragon’s head flopped back against the pillow he continued to feel the cock spreading him open to the point where it was so thick that he felt like his cheeks were completely spread apart. He should have hilted by now… but this creature was also a demon and made of rubber, and as his body was taken by him he was becoming the same way. As the realization came to Vyle he tilted his head up again and his eyes widened when he saw the thick tube of rubber cock has completely pushed up past his stomach with the head settled just underneath his pectorals, something that definitely was impossible as he brought his hands up to the lump and pressed against it.

Ainvael shuddered in pleasure and let out a low growl as the dragon kept sliding down the shaft inside of him, causing Vyle to stop what he was doing. “You definitely know how to show a demon a good time,” the creature hissed as Vyle found that they were almost eye to eye with one another, though it was hard to tell since every movement caused his insides to clamp around the corruptive rubber cock inside of him and send a wave of pleasure through his body. “We’re getting quite close now.”

“But… how are you doing this?” Vyle asked, gasping as the creature decided to rock his hips back and forth just to show the swell in his light grey chest moving back and forth. “I didn’t give you anything else, yet I can feel you changing me, shifting and transforming my insides. You cock… it must be three feet long by now…”

“Amazing what you can do with a little power and the right conditions,” Ainvael replied as he patted his own cock to give himself and the dragon even more pleasure. “Your body is so receptive to my touch already, and when you allowed me to impale you like this you gave me the permission to be inside you and take what I want in order to keep giving you this wonderful, extraordinary experience. If you would like though you can declare yourself to me right now my pet, but at this point at least for your body it would be rather redundant.”

Vyle was still panting as he continued to feel his body changing around the thick shaft within him, the panting that he was doing no longer necessary as he no longer felt the need to breathe or even his lungs. When he brought his fingers up to his mouth and felt around inside he realized that they had already been changed, prepped by the tongue that had pushed its way down inside of him. At this point what was left of his body was rather superficial, and as he flexed his toes and felt them rub against one another he realized it wasn’t just the tentacles between his toes that were rubbery either. This creature, this demon had taken everything from the waist down and basically all but his mind, though even that was shaking as more than once he found himself staring lovingly as the creature on top of him and felt the desire to serve him.

“I can still see such conflict in there,” Ainvael said as he brought his hands up and rubbed against the cheeks of the dragon, causing him to let out a stifled murmur of pleasure as he found himself nuzzling into it before catching him. “Don’t worry, we’re going to take care of those pesky thoughts soon, but before we do now that you’ve seen the dominion I have over your body it’s time to cease with the talking. The only thing that I’ll allow out of that maw of yours is the pleasured moans, gasps, and grunts that come with your master taking your body as his own… oh, and I suppose that there’s one other thing that I would allow to come out of that mouth of yours.”

Vyle let out a gasp as another set of tentacles from the upper shoulders of the demon wrapped around and merged with the cuffs of his hands, pinning them down on the bed as the creature began to rock his entire body back and forth. The dragon quickly found himself quivering as every inch of his body from his tailhole to his chest felt like he was being rutted and the level of lust that came from it quickly drowned out anything else he could think, much less say as the tube moved further up his body. With his limbs pinned there was nothing he could do but lay back and feel the cock of this creature continue to push past his pectorals, gliding back and forth as he was shown that this body was no longer his…

…it belonged to his master.

A small grunt came out of Vyle’s mouth as he began to feel something truly bizarre, his already rubberized throat starting to feel like there was something pushing up into it from his body. It was like giving a blowjob in reverse and as his neck stiffened as the thick head began to push upwards into his maw. Even though he could feel it happening it was so hard for the dragon to believe that his face was locked in a combination of pure ecstasy and disbelieve as the outline of the cock had traveled upwards until he could feel it touching the back of his throat. The dragon’s body practically vibrated in the grip of the tentacles that held him down as the demon gave one last deep push and with a little demonic magic the look of surprise on Vyle’s face was distorted as the bright purple cock pushed out of his maw with a large gurgling sound as several inches of it jutted out into the air.

Every muscle in Vyle’s body screamed with pleasure as his own restrained cock was straining in its bulge as he felt the throbbing flesh of the rubber shaft against the inside of his mouth and against his tongue. With his neck completely distended he couldn’t do anything but lay there, unable to see his bloated body look like some sort of bizarre cocksleeve as the dark grey of his muzzle was practically wrapped around the head as though its was its foreskin. With the tentacles still holding his limbs all he could do was lay there as every throb of the shaft sent a wave of pleasure from his tailhole that had been stretched to the limit all the way to his muzzle as his eyes were able to look up just enough to see the tip of the purple cock in his vision. As the demon remained like that for a bit and Vyle started to regain his sense of thought the first thing that came to his mind was how intense it felt, wishing that his rubbery body could be stretched out even more so that he could give his master even more pleasure.

Though Master gave a few more shallow thrusts just to allow the dragon the feel of a cock sliding completely through him the point of the demonstration was clearly made, especially when he began to pull out and saw the glassy-eyed look of pure corrupted bliss on his face. It always helped when you showed your pets the extents that they could reach when in their care, the demon thought to himself with a smug grin as he began to shrink his cock back down to a much more manageable size. As he did he could see that the rubber that had normally been confined to his limbs had spread to the rest of his body as the light grey of his chest had turned to black while dark grey became a deep purple. The red markings on the dragon’s chest, tail and pads had turned to a light purple to match the cuffs that had been placed on his ankles and the collar that Vyle had unknowingly been wearing ever since their first encounter at the bodega.

Even though every inch of pulling out of Vyle had caused him to tremble and shudder in pleasure he eventually was no longer impaled by the rubber cock, and as the tentacles slid off of him it gave him a chance to examine himself in the mirror. Other than the blonde hair of his mane and his head the entirety of his body had become rubber and as he pressed his hands against his lean chest he felt empty inside. Not just because he had nearly four feet of demon cock inside of him but something else as well, a sensation that he was incomplete. As he looked over at his master he frowned when the creature grinned at him while slowly sliding a finger up and down his much more manageable eight-inch shaft.

For a second Vyle tried to talk to his master but when he tried he once more found nothing coming out, which for a second he thought was because of being penetrated all the way through until the other rubber creature gave him permission to speak. “What’s going on?” Vyle asked as he put his fingers against his head. “Why am I still like this?”

“I already told you that you’re still not ready to be my pet,” Ainvael said as he stood up, giving Vyle a coy grin. “A true pet knows that his place is at the feet of his master, so all you have to do is kneel at my feet and tell me that you will give everything of yourself. Admittedly that’s not much left, but in order for you to know true pleasure you are going to have to give up everything totally and completely.”

Vyle found himself licking his muzzle, his lips and tongue still rubber despite everything else about his head not being as such, and at this point the dragon found it hard to find thoughts against the prospect. Even though most of his body and a fair amount of his mind had been taken over by the creature in front of him there was still enough left in him that he could potentially say no, or run away, or try to do something to stop from becoming the pet of this demon. But even as those ideas came to mind they dissolved away just as quickly as the dragon began to take a step forward, then another, and continued to approach. He knew deep down that the creature had been right all along, that his place was at the feet of his master as he slowly lowered himself down and found himself at eye level with the groin of the powerful man in front of him.

“I… I submit…” Vyle said as he looked down, feeling the last of his willpower already ebbing as he pressed his hands against the purple striped thighs of his owner. “Take my body, my will, my soul, I will be your loyal pet and serve you however I can. I am yours, your loyal and loving pet, please complete me.”

As Vyle leaned forward and pressed his still normal muzzle against the groin of Ainvael, only to feel a pair of tentacles reach forward and bring them back up so that he was looking into the glowing green eyes of his master. The rubber creature gave him a nod and it filled the dragon with relief, especially as he saw the purple cock that had changed and corrupted him so thoroughly rise up towards him. He opened his maw in order to take in the last of his transformation, only to be slightly surprised when he felt the two tentacles that had lifted up his maw wrapping around his upper and lower jaw and turning his head. As Master reached down and grabbed him by the horns Vyle’s eyes widened as he realized that his mouth hadn’t been the only thing that had been rubberized as he suddenly remembered his first encounter with the demon while his head was turned to the side.

If his jaws hadn’t had tentacles around him they would have dropped in pure shock as he felt the tip of the demon’s cock easily stretch open his ear and slide against the inside of it while going inside of him. The hands and tentacles kept Vyle from squirming around from the bizarre but potent pleasure that came from the last vestige of his being getting tainted, but as soon as the head of the rubber cock popped inside of his ear the eyes of his pet glazed over and the tentacles retracted to allow the dragon’s jaws to go slack. He found himself blinking several times as he was no longer to keep any thoughts in his head, only the pleasure of the penetration registering in his mind and the will of Master flowing into his loyal pet’s head. Almost immediately black rubber began to drip out of his open mouth as Vyle felt his head fill with obedience, along with the thick shaft of the man next to him as he continued to push it into him until nearly half off it disappeared inside.

Strangely as the dragon began to regain clarity of thought even with the cock thrusting directly into his mind he found that it was actually giving him more thoughts, though they were mostly mantras of obedience and loyalty to his master as his head bobbed back and forth. He understood that in giving up everything he gained all, feeling his master’s will continue to replace his own as the last of himself was given to the one that created him. Commands, needs, emotions, they were all pumped into his rubbery mind as the last of his own form was taken from him. As he felt a hand go down from his horns to his thick mane of increasingly thick synthetic lavender hair he let out a groan of pure joy while more of his ear was filled with the cock of his master.

Meanwhile the grin of Ainvael widened as he fucked the last of Vyle out of his new pet; much like his own body the rubber dragon would know that he had a past life but that it didn’t compare at all to the new one that he was given. As he felt his climax that he had been holding off to this point brewing he knew he was getting to the final throes of the transformation, but decided to have a bit more fun before he finished things off. “So do you know who owns you now?” The demon asked as he slid his shaft deeper into the ear of the other male as a steady stream of drool came out of the dragon’s maw.

“You do master,” the rubber dragon replied enthusiastically, though his words were a bit slurred as his mind was being rewritten completely by the power being pushed into his head through that rubber cock.

“Whose body lays before my feet?” Ainvael asked.

“Yours,” the pet replied simply, his eyes rolling back into his head as the cock sliding in and out of him started to push out his other ear.

“What can I do with my body?” the demon asked as his thrusts grew more intense, pushing out the other ear of the rubber dragon before pulling back in as a tentacle rose up and plugged it.

“Whatever you want!” the pet replied once more, the intense pleasure of having his master’s cock going through his skull receding enough that he could speak full sentences. “It is made for your pleasure, you service, for anything you need. Sculpt me, mold my thoughts, do whatever you wish!”

That was enough, the demon thought as he reached down with one hand and tilted Vyle’s head completely up while he climaxed. With the tentacle plugging one ear and his cock with the other the thick liquid rubber poured out of his mouth, eyes, and nostrils, completely coating it with a shiny dark purple as loud gurling moans could be heard before his muzzle was eventually sealed up. The dragon’s entire body practically convulsed as he felt the demon’s orgasm inside of him, continuing to coat himself in the rubbery seed flowing out of him until it could no longer leak anywhere. As the demon panted heavily from the exertion he let go of his new pet’s head and watched the last of his cum leak out, along with whatever might have been left of Vyle as the rubber dragon sat there with his face completely blank and expressionless.

“You know,” the rubber demon mused as he ran a hand down the shiny bright purple horn that poked out from its lavender mane, his words causing the faceless pet to look up at him. “I think I may keep this look for you, except when I want to use your mouth for other purposes. But for the moment I think my new pet needs a treat, don’t you?”

The only thing that could be heard was a slight squeak as the rubber dragon nodded, moving over to the bed and squeezing his own sheath with his hands. “Yeah, I can see how pent up you are,” Ainvael said with a grin as he undid the magic around the dragon’s bulge and watched the rubber cock spring into the air. “After this though I have some tasks for you to do.”

A muffled moan escaped from the rubber dragon as the demon decided to transform the dragon’s hands and feet into mitts once more, using his tentacles to stroke and tease along his chest and stomach while he wrapped his mouth around the thick cock. Not only was he getting the former Vyle off as a reward but also to drain the last of the original dragon that may remain, a tactic similar to what he did to himself. As he began to bob his head up and down he suddenly was greeted with a bright light and looked up to see that the lights had turned back on in the apartment. The demon just grinned at that as he brought the dragon to orgasm, able to see his work shining in the light as he caused it to wiggle around in the bed…

A few hours later the streets of the city continued to get drenched, though there were still a few that braved the streets in order to get where they needed to go. One of them was a fair taller than the rest as they walked among the others, the recently purchased raincoat fitting over their body as they kept their hood down and looked to the ground like everyone else. In his hands were a number of clothing bags that he had just gotten, the plastic protecting the purchases within as he made his way back to his apartment. As he got to the corner of the cheetah preacher he stopped briefly and looked over to see the familiar feline muzzle dripping with rain as he stood on his box.

“I tell you right now, we are living in the time of demons!” the cheetah shouted as he pointed out to the crowd that mostly ignored him. “Your souls are all in danger of corruption, repent now or you will find yourselves in the grips of their claws as… as they…” As the preacher scanned the crowd he saw the glint of light on the rubber muzzle of a green-eyed creature looking at him, giving him a fanged grin before extending out his shiny purple tongue. There was a loud crashing noise as he fell backwards off of his box that startled several passersby, but before they could go to offer and help the cheetah got up and went screaming down the street.

That was so worth it, Ainvael thought to himself as he made his way down the street towards his apartment. As he passed by the bodega he saw that it was closed with a note on it saying that the night manager quit suddenly and apologizing for the inconvenience. It caused him to smile as he remembered when he had given his pet his voice back and listened as the dragon pretended to be Vyle and quit right on the spot, the owner begging him to at least wait the two weeks but his pet telling him that he had moved on to bigger and better opportunities before hanging up. That was the truth for the both of them, the rubber creature thought to himself as he took the keys out of his pocket and opened the door to get into his apartment. As he walked inside he saw the faceless purple rubber dragon putting tape on one of the packing boxes before looking up and practically running over to him.

“Alright, alright,” Ainvael said with a chuckle, pulling out of the hug even though it was nice to feel the sensation of their rubber bodies sliding against one another. “As much as I would like to, we have a lot of stuff to get done before we move out of here. Before anything else though did you get that other thing I asked you to do?”

The dragon quickly nodded and ran back over to the kitchen area, then to Ainvael holding a piece of paper. On it were a list of names and numbers, contacts that were taken from both Intel and Vyne’s phone as well as a cross-reference of who knew both of them. “That’s very good, my pet,” the demon said as he rubbed his hand down the mane of the creature and caused him to shiver. “I got us clothes to try and blend in, though I may need to give you your face for the duration of this…”

Though it had only been a few hours he knew it would be strange to see the dragon with actual eyes and a mouth, though perhaps it could be something that he took advantage of once they were out. As he looked at the list however entirely different thoughts came to mind, specifically which ones he should hunt first. After his time with Vyle it was clear to the demon that he needed to spread this to anyone he could find, using his corruptive energy to change them just like he had done with the dragon. While they might not all be pets or servants he could think of a few other things, after all he did have the creativity of both a mortal and a demon as he went over and put the list down.

“I’ve changed my mind, actually,” the demon said as his pet looked back over at him. “I think both of us deserve a break and it’s supposed to storm again soon anyway, which means that it’s unlikely we’re going to be able to get out of here to our new place tonight.”

The dragon nodded his head and as Ainvael went over to the couch he soon found himself with a rubber dragon butt right on his lap. He quickly inserted his cock inside of the smooth, stretchy tailhole of the other creature and as he let his tentacles guide the other creature he set the list aside and rubbed his hands up and down the strong sides and chest of the rubber dragon. A new body, a new pet, a new place… even though he still hadn’t thought of a name for himself or his pet he knew one thing; that the demonic synthesis was the best thing that could have ever happened to him. As he felt the rubber insides of the dragon slide against his synthetic cock as his pet slid up and down it he realized that such a power was too great to keep to himself, and though he wanted to keep his friends all as his thralls he felt the need to pass on this knowledge to someone else.

The demon and dragon shifted positions so that his pet was on the bottom while he thrusted into him from above, and as he did that he went to his nearby laptop and opened it up to the demon chatrooms that he used to frequent. As he looked around he noticed that the one that had introduced him to the concept in the first place was gone, but as he started to ask around he started to get a few introductions from people that were curious on what demon synthesis was and what they could do in order to have it. As he started to type in his responses he made careful not to give himself away, but as he enticed these mortals to give themselves to demons so that they could be on the surface just like him he also reminded himself to give his pet a task to figure out how to make demon ruins shippable…