Stolen Identity

Serathin looked around as he made his way through the city, a chill in the air causing the breath to freeze and cling to his saber teeth while he walked. The draconic sabrewolf had just gotten done with work and was ready for a long weekend of playing video games and chilling out in his apartment but as he made his way through the throng of people he felt like he was being watched. More than once he stopped and analyzed his surroundings, only to find that there was no one there that he could see. He had been intending on stopping to get Chinese take-out but decided that he was just going to order out instead as he felt increasingly creeped out.

When the hybrid got to his apartment he opened the door and walked inside, giving one last glance on the street before he closed it. Serathin shook his head and admonished himself for being so paranoid as he walked up the stairs towards his loft. The stairs creaked loudly as he made his way up and got to his own door, but as he got out his kys he heard something that caused his head to shoot up. It was the same creaking that he had just caused himself but he wasn’t the one that created it this time as he scanned the landing.

His nostrils flared as he watched the landing to see who was coming up, readying himself for whoever was there since he was supposed to be the only one that was on that floor. After standing there for ten minutes he decided that his mind were playing tricks on him and he went into his loft. Inside was a mostly empty space where he had his computer and entertainment center and not much else, flopping down on the couch and ordering food before booting up his console. While normally he would be on his computer he didn’t feel much like sitting there with his back to the door and favored the couch where he could be pressed up against the fabric as he played.

Twenty minutes later there was a ding at the door and Serathin paused his game in order to go and get the food. As he walked to the door naked he knew that the guy wouldn’t be there since he had them drop it off and then leave, which was just fine for him since that meant not having to put on pants just to get what he ordered. The hybrid never found the concept of clothing to be very appealing and one of the reasons he enjoyed being on the top floor was not having to bother with curtains either as he crossed past them to get to the door. As expected when he opened the door the only thing he found was a bag with his order placed nearby that he could easily grab without even needing to lean out that far.

A few seconds later the door was closed and locked once more before the draconic sabrewolf went over towards the kitchen with his goodies. Just as he set down the food on his table however he suddenly felt a presence behind him, but before he could react he felt a pair of hands grab his forearms and press them against his sides with surprising strength. Whoever it was that had him felt like they were wearing rubber gloves, though as the mysterious entity press against his bare back he could also feel more latex rubbing up against his fur. His attention immediately turned to the muzzle that was pressing up against his neck and as Searthin swallowed hard he could feel a slick tongue lick up to his cheek. When the hybrid tried to struggle out of the grasp it was like he had been bound by iron manacles, and when he felt something slither up against his skin he looked down and gasped at the blue rubber spreading over his black and purple fur.

“You have a nice place here,” the creature behind Serathin said with a dark chuckle as his muzzle traveled up towards the ear where he licked the inside and left a shiny trail in its wake. “A nice body too, I hope you don’t mind my taking it.”

“Something tells me you aren’t talking about sex,” Serathin said as he felt a shiver go up his spine as the other dragon chuckled at him, the draconic sabrewolf catching a glimpse of his captor to see the dark blue latex scales of the creature before his attention suddenly turned to his backside being prodded. “Or maybe you are… what is your name anyway? Since we’re skipping the dinner and a movie thing.”

Once more Serathin heard the dragon chuckle and could feel his rubber body press against his back, though as the bigger man shifted around behind him it felt less like he was rubbing up against fur and more like he was also wearing latex. “I certainly appreciate the sense of humor,” the mysterious dragon replied as one of the hands that had grabbed Serathin shifted downward, which when the hybrid attempted to use the chance to escape he found his arm was stuck to his side! “I knew that you would enjoy this, that’s why I hunted that lovely form of yours, especially with what’s coming next. My name is Talen by the way.”

Talen… while that name sounded familiar to the hybrid his thoughts were interrupted by the feeling of the liquid rubber spreading over his body as his entire torso was covered. It soon became clear that this assimilation wasn’t merely happening to his fur as the tip of the thick latex cock began to push up underneath his tail, causing him to groan and squirm as the bigger dragon begins to push up into him with those latex clawed hands against his hips. At this point Serathin realized that the clock was against him and once more struggled to try to at least get out of the grip of the rubber creature, but the more his body was converted the harder it was for him to fight not only the physical transformation but also the sensation of mental changes as the liquid rubber slathered on by the somewhat gooey creature had started to spread on his head. Without prompting a loud groan escaped from his lips as the rubber sliding down his legs had cascaded over his own member, which had started to grow erect from the stimulation.

“That’s it,” Talen practically hissed as the fur and scale of the draconic sabrewolf’s body was assimilated by the rubber spreading like wildfire over his body, watching as Serathin became a shiny black and purple while his cock slid between the legs of his new plaything. The dragon no longer had to hold his prey as the corruption seeped into his mind and turned the already deep desire for rubber that the other creature had and enforced the idea that Serathin simply was a latex creature all along. “Enjoy it, savor the revealing of your true form.”

The words practically burned in Serathin’s mind as he could feel his body transforming, feeling the dragon behind him slowly slide his bigger cock underneath him. The squeaks of their rubber bodies filled the air as Talen’s cock rubbed against the underside of his own, though his bigger concern was the rubber that was creeping over his skull. By this point though any thoughts of potential escape were dissolved away by the blissful sensation of the alien substance changing him inside and out. As the hybrid attempted to speak he felt something slide up against his saber teeth and let out a slight yelp as he felt a pair of fingers curl into his muzzle and pull them back.

Rubber creature… he was a rubber creature, the words continued to ring in Serathin’s ears as the liquid latex pushed into snout, coating his tongue and mouth as Talen prevented the draconic sabrewolf from keeping his lips closed. As his head was hooked up from the fingers stretching open his increasingly latex muzzle something else formed on the purple rubber on his chest. Though he couldn’t see it he felt that some sort of seam had formed right between his pectorals as the last of his scaled flesh enveloped his muzzle. The hybrid let out a gurgle as he began to feel his entire body tingle more intensely as he felt Talen continue to slowly thrust his hips back and forth to continue to thrust his cock between his legs. Even without penetrating his tailhole the pleasure was intense and it was only increased as the sound of their squeaking bodies intensified.

“Look at how eager you are,” Talen smirked as he saw the rubber sabrewolf start to squirm again, but this time it was from pure pleasure as the dragon’s fingers ran along his chest and groin. “You are practically dripping on my cock and we haven’t even gotten started yet. You horny little rubber creature, if this is how you feel now it makes me wonder just how far you’re going to succumb to my corruption.”

“Your corruption?” Serathin replied, his brain growing increasingly fuzzy as Talen continued to whisper something into his ear that is hard to understand. “You already turned me into a rubber creature, how much further could you possibly go?”

“You have no idea,” Talen said with a chuckle as his claws continued to rub against the seam that had formed in Serathin’s body. “Would you like to see just how deep my corruption has seeped into your form? Just how needy you’ve gotten as my little rubber pet?”

Though Serathin hesitated it was hard to deny the pleasure that he was being given at that moment, especially when he could feel the thicker rubber cock of this strange dragon rubbing against his own new latex endowment. Even though he had just been converted into a shiny creature there did seem to be something even more off about his body than just the fact that his skin was rubber, especially since it felt like Talen was holding him up way easier then he should be. He hadn’t even realized his feet had been lifted off of the ground with the pleasure that was coming from his rubber cock and the fingers that continued to rub against his chest and the strange indentation that had formed right between his pectorals that went down to his flat stomach.

Serathin found himself being dropped to his feet once more and at first he thought that Talen was potentially finished with him, but as the other dragon continued to stand behind him it became apparent that they weren’t done yet. With both arms freed Talen continued to rub against his thrall’s chest, feeling the corruption and desire practically oozing out of the other male as the seam that had formed there had started to pull apart, revealing something shiny and white underneath. Serathin’s mind was so buzzing with pleasure that he didn’t even realize that something was happening to the synthetic skin of his chest, it wasn’t until he felt a finger slip inside of his body that it jolted him out of his bliss-filled haze to look down. He let out a gasp of shock as he looked down to see the purple rubber of his chest get pushed up slightly by the knuckle underneath it, bulging more as Talen slid his hand underneath his skin only to reveal more of the shiny white body underneath.

“Wh… what is this?” Serathin asked as he put one of his own hands against his chest, only to find that not only did the rubber shift unnaturally there but in his fingers as well. It was like he was wearing a rubber glove and the more Talen pushed his own hands to massage the body underneath the more it felt to the draconic sabrewolf like was wearing some sort of bodysuit instead of his own skin. “What did you do to me?”

“I’m merely revealing your true form,” Talen replied with a dark chuckle as he moved the two over them over towards the mirror, Serathin feeling his feet shift slightly despite them still being the draconic paws he had always walked on. “I could sense it from the moment that I saw you that deep down inside you didn’t want to be this creature, that this was merely something that you have put on for show. You should be thanking me for giving you back what you wanted, to make you feel so comfortable that you feel the need to shed this skin of yours.”

Serathin gasped slightly as Talen moved them over to the nearby mirror, the rubber draconic sabrewolf still looking mostly like himself except for in his chest where the purple synthetic skin was pulled apart to reveal more white latex underneath. Much to Talen’s surprise however the shocked look on the hybrid’s face didn’t last long before his lips curled up into a smirk. “Not a bad hypnotic induction,” Serathin commented as he continued to push his own fingers into the open seam and felt the strange dual sensation of his skin both over and under the digits. “You definitely know how to leech a person’s will, if I haven’t done the same thing myself I would have probably bought into it and let you keep doing whatever it is your doing.”

“You haven’t stopped me yet either,” Talen replied with a chuckle. “I assume that means that you’re into it enough that you want me to keep going… not that you would have a choice in the matter. I quite like how you look and I already started the process anyway.”

“I have to admit that you piqued my curiosity,” Serathin replied as he pulled his hand back and looked at the seam in his body, seeing that it went all the way up his chin. “And as you said, I haven’t stopped you yet. Let’s keep going and see where it leads.”

“Well aren’t you the adventurous one,” Talen stated, still smirking as he began to draw the rubber even wider apart. “Now I have to ask out of my own curiosity, are you sure you want to keep going even if it meant that there was a point where you couldn’t turn back? You may be in control now, which is quite a feat I might add, but I guarantee that you aren’t going to be that way forever, and even though I mentioned before that I’m taking you one way or another I’m getting quite the kick out of someone just letting me do this.”

Once again Serathin surprised Talen by nodding; even as his mind began to grow fuzzy from the fact that the white rubber underneath was becoming more exposed by the second it was clear from the licking of his saber teeth that he wasn’t about to try and stop the dragon’s plans. Talen responded by taking his fingers and sliding them further along the seam, reaching all the way to the hybrid’s collar bone with one hand while his other got down towards his stomach. At the same time the area around his chest and upper stomach continued to remain open like some sort of bizarre suit that was being pulled off of him. It was also continuing to get harder to think, but rather than losing his cognitive ability it was almost as if he was losing his awareness as those rubber fingers pressed against the shiny white latex of his neck.

Talen surprised Serathin slightly by continuing to move down instead of up, those fingers still pressed gently but dominantly against him like some sort of makeshift collar. When the dragon’s fingers got to his cock he pulled them away from the seam and started to stroke on the sensitive synthetic flesh of his shaft, causing the hybrid to groan slightly and arch his back. “Got to make sure that you’re good and riled up,” Talen whispered into Serathin’s ears as he continued to slowly and deliberately teased his throbbing shaft. “Especially for what’s about to come next.”

“Keeping me in suspense,” Serathin replied, huffing slightly as it continued to become harder to focus on his body, as though his very sense of self was being obfuscated by the pleasure that was being given to him. This dragon definitely knew what he was doing, keeping the hybrid on edge even with his new, more sensitive rubber form as his toes pressed hard against the wood floor. “Such a cruel dragon Talen.”

“Says the squirming creature in my grasp,” Talen stated, slowing down to make sure Serathin didn’t orgasm even as the hybrid bucked his hips forward to try and get even more stimulation. “By the way, what type of hybrid are you again? I don’t think that you ever told me exactly.”

It was a strange thing for the dragon to ask in the middle of one of the most sensual hand jobs in his life, Serathin thought to himself, but considering the mind-melding pleasure that was being given to him he thought to oblige. “I suppose that would be because you came up from behind and introduced yourself with the tip of your cock,” Serathin shot back between huffs, giving the other guy a grin. “But yeah, I’m a saber… um… a saber… dragon… or wolf… I…”

“Come now, it certainly can’t be that hard of a question,” Talen mocked as he very slowly brought his fingers up the jaw of the draconic sabrewolf, watching the look of confusion in his face become slightly distorted from pushing up with his hand. “It would be very strange if you couldn’t remember your own species. At least you still remember your name though, right?”

“Of course,” Serathin replied, his body shivering as he felt Talen’s hands against his lower jaw causing his speech to become slightly distorted as he attempted to remember what his name was. For a moment he was about to answer before the answer seemed to evaporate from his mind, as though his hand was reaching for something just before it completely felt out of sight. His name…. it started with an S… right? “I… I can’t remember…”

“But you do remember, now more than ever,” Talen replied as he watched the confusion grow on the distorted face of the draconic sabrewolf, which allowed him to pleasure the other man even more and bringing him to greater heights while in his distracted state. “It’s nothing, you have no identity. Everything about the creature you were is tied to this skin you wear, and it’s time to take it off.”

This time the words had a much more profound effect on Serathin as he found himself losing his grip on himself, in some cases quite literally as the hands once more began to travel around his body. Before he could question the dragon more on what was happening to him, the previous interaction they had forgotten like it had never happened to the draconic sabrewolf as the willpower and memories linked to his realization were stripped away like the rubber against his head. Even when Talen shifted his hand inside his head it felt to Serathin like he was wearing some sort of ill-fitting Halloween mask, his words becoming garbled as his muzzle refused to move like he wanted it too. Soon he couldn’t move it at all as the dragon seemed to grab onto the inside of his face with one hand while the other stopped stroking his cock and immediately slid it back into the seam that had opened down to his groin.

Without the hybrid even realizing it Talen had brought him to the peak of orgasm, but before he could climax the dragon had sunk down his hand all the way to his groin and pushed his own cock away from his groin! It was like someone had put a stopper on the dam that was about to burst as the fingers squeezed around his crotch and caused another wave of pleasure to roll through his entire body. When Serathin looked down in order to see what happened however it played right into the dragon’s hands as the inside of his rubber muzzle was pulled right off of his face, exposing the white rubber underneath as he let out a muffled grunt of surprise. For a few brief moments he could see on the other side of the room as his golden eyes were nearly pulled completely to the side, then his eyesight shifted in orientation once more back to what should have been its normal configuration. When he looked at his reflection though the creature that was in the dragon’s grasp was… no one, there were no defining facial characteristics on the one that he knew was him as his ears and horns were pulled off of his head as well.

When his gaze in the reflection once more glanced down he wondered if he could even call himself male anymore as he saw the clawed blue hand still massaging and squeezing the bulge that his groin had become. The cock of the draconic sabrewolf that used to be connected to him flopped to the side near his thigh, which had already started to loosen as more of the rubber guise that was draped around his body had started to slough off of him. Worse still he still felt like he was going to cum, but with no equipment to do it with and the stimulation that he was getting from the dragon clearly not enough to push him over the edge the sensations were just going to cascade through his system indefinitely it seemed. When he went back to his reflection and his overall physique he did still look quite male though, the only question was… who was he?

With Serathin’s face dangling out of sight for the blank creature he only had the black and purple rubber that was on his arms and legs to tell him, but as he looked at his limbs it almost felt unnatural to have on his body. Fortunately Talen was more than happy to help rememove the rest of the suit off of his body, continuing to slowly and sensually pull the colored rubber away from the smooth shiny body of the creature within. Any defining features of what the blank white rubber man was sloughed off with his rubber skin, feeling the last of his identity detach along with his former skin. When Talen told him to step up he found himself obliging, removing his rubber sock-like feet from them and sliding out of the latex legs until he was merely a blank white… something.

“Talk about an identity crisis,” Talen teased as he watched the former Serathin rub his hands over his face, feeling nothing there except a proto-muzzle and set of eyes that were so wide they could belong to nearly any species if more defined. “I can only imagine what you’re thinking right now, still having all those thoughts running through your head with nothing to anchor them too. In fact the only thing that you really have to tie you to anything is me, if I wasn’t here you would just be some rubber blank in an unfamiliar situation.”

The white rubber creature continued to examine himself in the mirror and realized what the dragon was saying was true. Even though he could think perfectly normally anything that would give him contextual clues to where he had gotten that information was gone, like his entire being had just been erased from existence. It made him wonder if he had any sort of identity at all… what if Talen was right and he was just wearing the skin of another, that those memories and personality and feeling all belonged to a creature that he couldn’t even remember anymore? He found himself pressing his hands against his head and falling to his knees as Talen looked over the rubber suit that he held in his hands.

Even without putting it on Talen could sense the essence of Serathin within; it was definitely a forceful, assertive personality for sure and often enjoyed getting his own way even if he fancied himself a switch. If he put this on anyone else it would be likely that the personality of the draconic sabrewolf would override anyone that was stuffed into it, fortunately for the dragon he wasn’t just anyone as he continued to watch the old Serathin kneeling there. Talen could see that the last vestiges of his old life were starting to dissolve away just like everything else; he had purposefully brought up the panic and shock of not having his own identity in order to make sure it got purged faster as he saw the blank creature become more docile by the second.

Even though the blank was perfectly capable of thinking for himself there was no motivation for him to do anything, which Talen was more than happy to fill in for. He instructed the blank to lie down on his back and he watched him do so without hesitation as Talen laid on top of him. While he didn’t want to completely purge all the tendencies that laid deep within the core of this featureless rubber creature there was one thing that he wanted to make sure that the former hybrid knew, his smile widening as he laid down on top of the blank and rubbed his rubber muzzle against the one beneath him. Even though there was no discerning features on the white latex body the former Serathin did cut quite a pleasing drone as he pressed his own muscular form against the toned form beneath him.

“There is one thing that I really like about blanks,” Talen rumbled as he began to press his still erect cock against the bulge of the rubber creature, causing the blank to shudder in bliss as the touch. “Whatever you imprint here will carry over even after you put another skin on them. I want you to make sure that you know who your master is, you understand?”

With no mouth to speak out of all the blank could do was nod as the dragon continued to thrust into him and grope his body. Master… it made sense for a creature like him to have a master, the blank thought as he rubbed his hands against Talen’s body. This creature had an aura of dominance that would make anyone tremble before him as the blank arched his back and used his tail to try and stimulate his master even more. Since he didn’t have a tailhole in this form Talen had to settle for rubbing his cock between the legs of the blank, even turning him around and rubbing up against the space underneath while clutching the rubber creature tightly.

“Everything of yours is now mine,” Talen growled into the area where the ear of the creature would be, feeling the blank shudder as the power of his words took hold right into the core of the blank’s psyche. “I want to make sure that this resonates deep into your very soul that I own you. Don’t worry though, I take care of all my drones as you’ll see soon enough. But for this next part I think it’s fitting that I get changed into something that will really drive home the point.”

Talen set the blank back down on his knees and grabbed onto the pile of rubber next to them, holding onto the seams near the hips of the rubber draconic sabrewolf suit and began to stretch his own draconic feet into it. Since they were somewhat the same size and species it didn’t take much for the dragon to push his own digits into the holes, watching as the dark blue and grey scales of his body disappeared inside. When he managed to get them all the way down he saw the thicker plates on the top of his feet bulge out the blue rubber of the draconic sabrewolf’s feet briefly before it smoothed out once more. If the blank that was staring off into the distance could remember what he looked like he would have said the feet attached to the dragon were just like his, and soon there would be much more to come as he continued to pull the hybrid’s form up over his own.

The entire time the blank continued to stare at Talen, which made the dragon smile even more as he had the one he stole this identity from watch him take it for himself. While there wouldn’t be any actual recognition he mused that the blank knew exactly what was happening, especially with the willful way he broke through his original enthrallment. There was also the Serathin that was inside the identity itself, watching idly as a dragon took over his form with nothing that he could do about it. Talen could even sense that the draconic sabrewolf’s personality was attempting to assert itself over him, though the rubber dragon knew that would never happen as he brought the rubber skin up towards his thighs.

But the best part was yet to come, Talen thought to himself as he took his own cock and began to push it into the sleeve of the one that dangled on the suit. With the suit making contact with his body he could experience the sensations not only from his own body but from the perspective of Serathin as well. When he had left the hybrid edged up to his orgasm that not only continued to persist in the blank but made the suit horny as well, something that he could feel even as he was just getting the legs into it. While the blank couldn’t comprehend where his feelings were coming from other than the concept of pure pleasure the Serathin identity knew otherwise and Talen could feel the hybrid almost begging for release, which was yet another way he conditioned his drones and his new forms as he gave his coated cock a squeeze.

“Looks a bit bigger than you remember, huh?” Talen said as he grabbed the hood of the suit and brought the golden eyes down to his member, which throbbed and pulsed as it looked like the draconic sabrewolf’s but quite a bit bigger. “I can just feel your envy… luckily you won’t have to worry about that for much longer. Perhaps you’d like to get a better look for yourself.”

Talen’s grin grew wider as he took the hood and pressed it up against his manhood, sliding it into the mouth of the suit. Though the draconic sabrewolf couldn’t do anything like actively suck on it he could sense that it wasn’t for the lack of trying, the dragon chuckling when he realized that he had gotten himself quite the catch. After slowly drawing his cock in and out of the deflated muzzle and slid it against Serathin’s tongue, then turned the head around and angled it so that it would fit into the hollow tube. Though the blank didn’t react the dragon could almost imagine the surprised look that would be on his face at seeing his own tongue jutting out past the saber teeth of his muzzle, the cock shaped rubber bobbing in between his lips as he gave it a few more strokes before pulling out.

Though it was fun to play with his latest prey Talen knew that it was time to finish this up and move on to the next phase, which required him to pull the Serathin suit up over his own body. With the lower body already up over his hips he took a few moments to admire the purple and black rubber on his own form while also checking out the blue feet as he wiggled his toes. Even though he still knew it was his body there was that slight disconnect at seeing paws that weren’t his own, though the fact that they were draconic in nature helped ease the transition as he went to the chest and back next. With his own body being made of the stretchy material it helped for him to get his wings in the ones of the suit before he moved on with the arms, sliding it over his shoulders until only his chest and head were exposed.

Just as he was about to go the rest of the way however Talen glanced over to the blank and licked his lips as an idea came to his mind. “Get over here,” Talen commanded, gesturing with a finger to the white latex creature that swiftly got up and stood in front of him. “I require help with my new identity, why don’t you put it on for me.”

The blank merely nodded, unsure of why his master had such a gleam in his eye as he moved forward and put his shiny white hands against the purple rubber of the suit. As he pressed the edges of the seam together they melted and formed into unbroken piece that he watched travel up the dragon’s chest and cause the white scales of Talen to disappear underneath it. “Oh, if you only knew the irony of this moment,” Talen said as he stroked the head of the blank while he felt the rubber of Serathin’s body get closed up to his neck. “It’s like you’re giving yourself to me; perhaps at some point I will let you know what you did, but for now I want you to worship this body as you put on the last of it.”

The blank once more responded with a nod; it was what his master had told him to do after all, the rubber creature thought to himself as he stroked along the muscular chest of the other man while moving to put the hood on, why wouldn’t he do such a thing? Though it was strange to see the dragon in a different form he knew who his master was even if he did have a different face, though as he started to pull the sabertooth muzzle to form around Talen’s head there was something… interesting about it. For some reason he found the visage to be particularly handsome and knew that his master would look great in it as he finally grabbed the edges of the neck and slid them over the dragon’s head.

Almost immediately Talen was greeted with everything that was Serathin including the knowledge that he had, though there was something about it that was a bit off. Most of the time when he created drones like this he always could feel the entire embodiment of the creature whose identity he wore, but as Talen pressed his fingers along the saber teeth and rubber lupine muzzle of his new one there was something a bit off about it. It felt like a puzzle that had a missing piece to it, or in this case he was a missing piece to said puzzle. Talen quickly shook it off though as he admired his new identity, finding the body of the draconic sabrewolf to be particularly pleasing.

“I knew this was going to be a good find,” Talen said, hearing Serathin’s voice respond as he ran his hands up and down his squeaky skin. Once he had fully utilized this identity he could perfectly disguise himself as the hybrid and find others that would share his fate, but there was still one last thing that he needed to do as he looked at the blank that had once more gotten to his knees and was nuzzling against his own throbbing shaft. “I wonder if this is what you expected, or if you would have actually let me continue if you knew that this was your fate.”

The blank just looked at him in question and the new Serathin shook his head, Talen chuckling and licking his lips in a manner unlike the draconic sabrewolf since there was no need to keep up such a guise. “You were so nice to give me your identity,” Talen said as he got down on one knee and pressed his hands against the throat of the blank, which prompted the white latex creature to tilt his head up slightly. “I think it’s only fare that I return the favor, don’t you think?”

Though the blank couldn’t respond it wasn’t just because his muzzle was sealed shut; the pleasure that had been in the background of his mind and body the entire time started to surge to the forefront as he felt something pressing against his neck. Though it was hard for him to see initially he noticed in the reflection that his featureless form had something on it while the draconic sabrewolf’s hands slid over his throat. It was a collar that was rubber just like the rest of his body and had something inscribed on it. He couldn’t see what the words were but as he continued to kneel there something began to ooze out from it, the blank shivering as black rubber began to coat over his shoulders and defy gravity to spread up towards his head.

Was this… was this his true identity, the blank thought to himself as he continued to feel the black rubber slowly spread down his chest and back. As it started to coat his arms he could see that some of the coloration near his shoulders lightened up and became textured like scale plates, and as soon as they shifted to a greyish-white coloration he began to suspect that he was being given a form much like master Talen had. More white scales formed on his chest that accentuated his pectorals while the black rubber continued to spread down his sides to accentuate the muscles there, and as the rubber also traveled up his head he could feel his ability to connect with his surroundings establish itself once more. But while his form was being given substance once more he was still unsure of what he was supposed to be, at least until Talen briefly removed his hand from the neck of the partially transformed blank and revealed the silver letters on the collar.

TLN-DRONE

The designation seemed to burn itself into the blank’s mind and as the corrupted rubber seeped into his skull and started to form into a trip of grey cheek spikes he heard a whisper in his mind that caught him off guard. It had been such a time that he didn’t realize that he hadn’t had an internal voice until that moment, but when he did he found that it reinforced what he had seen on the collar. He was a drone of Talen, a creature created by him to serve his needs and to create others like him. Slowly the drone’s focus started to concentrate on the latter of that statement as the rubber around his eyes went from a blank white to a glowing blue as it filled with the power of the disguised dragon behind him. As the blank’s body continued to take shape however there was one thing that Talen wanted to do while in the form of Serathin and wasn’t about to wait for his newest drone to finish up with his conversion.

Once more the Talen drone felt the hand of the creature behind him pressed up against his neck, holding onto the area with the collar while the other arm of the rubber creature behind him hooked underneath his knee and brought his leg up. One thing that had formed as the black and white rubber cascaded down the body of his new form was the drone’s tailhole, which Talen had been looking forward to pushing into ever since he had opted to take the identity of the hybrid in the first place. As he took Serathin’s cock and began to line it up with the hole another one opened in the blank, this time his muzzle as it stretched out from the black rubber that was enveloping it. The last of the blank’s white latex skin could be seen briefly as a pair of gooey horns and ears formed out of the rubber, dripping with excess corruption while the glowing blue irises of the new drone rolled back in pleasure from the cock tip being pushed into it.

The smirk on Serathin’s muzzle widened as Talen saw his cock leaking shiny black pre already as it pushed upwards, causing the half-formed drone to nearly go up on his tiptoes that were still blank before sliding down on it. For him there was always something about fucking a new drone with his own maleness that made the experience all the more exhilarating, finding it to be the ultimate act of dominance as he gave the Talen drone in his grasp a squeeze. This was it, other than what was retained in the skin of the identity he wore there was nothing left in the blank that he pushed his cock into other than what he wanted, and given what the former owner of his form was into he knew exactly how to mold this newest acquisition. Blue stripes and other markings formed on the upper body of the creature as he poured more of his power to paint a picture on the blank canvas that he had been given, watching as the stretching ears of the new rubber dragon twitched while a synthetic mane of black hair similar to his own form grew between them.

As the Talen drone felt his insides get stretched by the thick cock of his creator new thoughts and feelings continued to form in his mind, ones that grew stronger with every thrust into his new tailhole while the rubber cascaded down his thighs. When he glanced down at the featureless white rubber that still showed on his legs it caused him a bit of confusion, wondering when that could have happened as he let Serathin fuck him. Of course he knew that it wasn’t the real Serathin, his master had merely taken the form of that draconic sabrewolf in order to have some fun, which was definitely what they were having as the rubber completely coated his bulge. The Talen drone was getting hornier by the second with that throbbing length thrusting in and out of him and as he wrapped an arm around Serathin’s neck to stroke himself off he found that instead of a rubber cock like he was expecting there was a bright red lock symbol on a throbbing bulge.

“You didn’t think that I was going to let you go that easily, did you?” Talen said as he pressed the still-transforming creature back a bit, filling him with his corruptive seed while watching the last of the white rubber flow down the shapely calves and to his feet to become draconic paws. At this point the rest of the narrative was usually written by the drone, especially one that had no previous identity before this as far as it knew. “I want to make sure that you’re good and riled up.”

“Mmmfgh, you are always such a tease,” the Talen drone responded as he started to become more active, the identity he was given sinking in just like the rubber that morphed and warped his body. “Getting me riled up with that hybrid form that seems to press all the right buttons and then leaving me like this, locked up and ready for you to unleash on the world. You know your drone is always down for a romp in the hay, keeps me primed for when I find others to transform for you.”

The drone was rewarded for his exuberance with a particularly hard thrust, one that lifted him off of his toes before he was brought down onto his back so that Serathin could really ream deep into him. While he wasn’t sure why he always got hot and bothered with this particular form he was glad that master Talen would oblige him by taking it so that they could have hot, steamy rubber sex. Talen definitely knew how to use that cock too as it got so deep into him that he was practically being lifted off of his hips, pressing one of his hands against the ground as white plates formed along the black rubber of his wrists and forearms while a similar configuration morphed around his expanding draconic feet. For a second the Talen drone thought that he had a cramp as he looked at his feet that were up in the air but when he saw those three thick toes wiggling back at him it seemed to give him a sense of relief while his glowing blue eyes looked into the yellow and black orbs of the draconic sabrewolf.

“You know what the best part is…” Talen said between thrusts as he watched the new creature accept his form without question, even embracing it for its corruptive aspects as his drone let out a loud moan from a particularly hard thrust. “Even if I gave you this skin to wear and you put it on you will always see yourself as my drone, that blank form that you had was merely a bad dream of your unmarked consciousness. This is you, forever, and no amount of convincing can tell you otherwise.”

The Talen drone found what his master was saying to be a bit confusing, which caused him to miss the two spikes that grew down from his chin and the small curved horn that sprouted from his draconic muzzle that signaled the end of his transformation and his acceptance of his new identity. As far as he had been concerned he was always a drone, and even if he wasn’t then anything before that was considered to be inconsequential. Even though he was on his back he could still see himself in the mirror and knew that the black and white rubber dragon that he saw staring at him with those glowing blue eyes was him, especially with that collar around his neck. But his attention was quickly brought back to the rubber draconic sabrewolf between his legs as the combined arousal of Talen and Serathin was enough to bring him over the edge.

As Talen hilted his drone he came hard, making sure that he flooded the new creature with as much of his corrupted essence as possible to make sure that there was nothing left but the squirming rubber dragon beneath him. With how pent up he was it caused the Talen drone’s stomach to distend slightly, though it wouldn’t remain that way for long as it would suffuse through the rest of the rubber creature’s body to cement the form. As he waited for his orgasm to pass with the tight walls of his new plaything clamped around his cock he could see several more markings in blue that appeared on the black synthetic skin of his drone, more symbols of this creature’s devotion to him. It made Talen wonder what the real Serathin would think at seeing himself become so heavily corrupted and transformed, though he had an idea just from the sensations that he got from the suit he wore of the creature.

Meanwhile the Talen drone arched as he was overwhelmed just from feeling his master’s orgasm inside of him, a feeling so much better than his own as his free hand went to his locked rubber bulge and rubbed against it. There was no better feeling then Talen’s throbbing cock, or in this case Serathin’s throbbing cock, painting his insides as he stretched out his muscular body. It was almost as good as when he found others and converted them into drones, licking his lips as he found himself with memories of turning hapless creatures into powerful rubber creatures just like him or stealing their identities. They were not his memories though but ones given to him by Talen, including one in particular that showed his master taking the draconic sabrewolf’s identity before turning him into a drone himself.

As the drone continued to lay there on the floor Talen decided to see just how well his newest convert had acclimated to his new identity, standing up and rubbing a blue latex paw against the drone’s stomach and groin. “So what would you do if I told you that you were actually this creature?” Talen asked as he gestured to himself, which prompted the rubber dragon to look at him incredulously.

“I’d say that it would be weird,” Talen drone replied as he supported himself with his arms to look up at the smirking draconic sabrewolf. “Kind of kinky though, but I’ve always been your drone.”

With Talen’s curiosity growing more by the second he decided to pull off the hood of the draconic sabrewolf, exposing his own dragon visage before putting it on the Talen drone beneath him. He couldn’t help but grin when he saw his drone’s eyes light up at seeing his master and even when he got the head of Serathin around its former owner he could see that the normally yellow eyes had a blue glow to them. “Whoa…” the drone said as Serathin reasserted himself, though with it only being one piece of his identity it was the primary one that gave the drone access to all the memories of the hybrid. “So I used to be him… I’m pretty sexy, I can see what you wanted to grab me.”

“Thought you might say that,” Talen replied with a chuckle as he heard his own voice once more, kneeling down and leaning in to the hybrid-headed rubber dragon drone. “So now that you know the truth, however brief it might be, what do you think of your decision to let me have you like that? Any regrets?”

There was a moment of hesitation as it was clear that the minds of the Talen drone and Serathin were both interacting with one another, but it was rather brief as a smirk formed on the muzzle of the hybrid. “Yeah, that you decided to put this on me now when I could have been using it to suck your dick,” Serathin replied, though as Talen watched the mouth move he noticed something interesting; the muzzle of the draconic sabrewolf was stretched over the rubber dragon muzzle beneath it but hadn’t merged with it, and as he saw the bumps in the blue latex where his spikes were the dragon realized that this creature had rejected his own identity just to continue to be his thrall. “Don’t suppose you’re ready to go another round?”

“Not in this state we’re not,” Talen replied as he grabbed the hood off of his drone and put it back over his head, letting it merge with his features once more. “Since the previous owner of his body doesn’t care to have it back I’ll be sure to make good use of it, and the first act is to break in the loyal drone that I seem to have gotten. It’s time to really play.”

The Talen drone let out a loud huff as Serathin once more grabbed him and hoisted him up, this time hoisting him up until his head was resting against the ground and his legs were wrapped around his thighs. That left the draconic sabrewolf’s rubber cock to rest against the glowing lock of the drone’s bulge, thrusting his hips forward to rub the sensitive flesh to stimulate the man beneath him. The effect of rubbing up against the groin of the drone caused electric tingles to make their way down both their bodies as Talen made sure to rub in the fact that he owned this creature so thoroughly and completely, and the best part was that as he watched the glowing blue eyes rolled back hew knew that the former Serathin loved every second of it. As he kept his drone in a state of near constant bliss Talen looked around the apartment that he had tracked his prey too he realized that there were a few more things that were needed to be done as the drone reached up and pressed his cock against the throbbing bulge for even more stimulation…

About half an hour later the Talen drone sat at the kitchen table and ate the reheated Chinese food as he watched his master walk around the apartment on the phone still disguised as Serathin. “Yeah, you can go ahead and cancel my tenancy here,” Talen said in Serathin’s voice. “I have recently found work abroad and they’re going to need me there, and it’s a permanent position so I won’t be coming back. Thanks, have a great night.”

“Looks like you’ve pretty much scorched earth this place,” the Talen drone said as Talen finished the phone call before putting his fingers against his chest, a new seam forming that allowed the dragon to take off the suit of the draconic sabrewolf. “Closed bank accounts, cancelled credit cards, and now broke his lease. It’s like you erased all of his existence.”

“In more ways than one,” Talen replied with a smirk as he pulled the head of Serathin back, hearing his voice shift while he spoke as he let the suit fall down to his waist. “But I figure that he wasn’t going to need it anymore, not with his new passion project. Speaking of such things I want you to come here, I have something that I want to give you.”

The drone was more then eager to respond to his master’s wishes as he got up from the chair and made his way over to Talen, who immediately hooked his fingers into the collar and drew him close. “I know deep down inside what you are,” Talen said as his eyes began to glow, which prompted his drone’s to do the same as a swirling pattern appeared in both. “So I’m going to give you a bit of my power in order to become a true predator, to find those that wish to be like you and make sure that you can bring them into the fold. Outside of myself you are going to be just as confident as your former self, with a little swagger given to you by yours truly.”

With the Talen drone already completely under his control and basically his plaything it was easy for him to manipulate his mind, watching as the look of awe and enthrallment slowly curl up into a confident, domineering smirk. “I think I can certainly make that happen,” the Talen drone replied, pressing his hands against the dragon’s exposed chest and pushing both of them up against a nearby pillar. “Any creature you want, any identity you want, you just point me in the right direction and I will transform and convert whomever you want and turn them into whatever you want.”

“I thought you might enjoy that,” Talen said as he added a bit of his own hypnotic power to the drone, knowing that the underlying creature within would appreciate it before their rubber muzzles met in a deep kiss. Even though his drone didn’t know that the was Serathin there were some aspects of the draconic sabrewolf’s personality that he wouldn’t be able to completely erase, and instead of trying the rubber dragon knew that he could just use them in order to create a hunter drone that would be more than willing to do whatever it took to get what he wanted… as well as potentially create a few of his own toys. “I look forward to seeing what you create, but for now I think we should probably go.”

Just as the Talen drone was about to ask why Talen reached down with his unsuited hand and massaged the bulge between his legs, the padlock icon disappearing and letting the thick rubber member flop out. “Because you have work to do,” Talen replied with a grin. “I’m sure there are others that you know want to join the fold, and if you do a good job perhaps I will even let you wear the suit you enjoy so much to lure others in before transforming them.”

Even though the Talen drone’s cock was practically leaking corruptive rubber cum at this point he merely smirked and nodded, knowing that he would be able to do what his master wished of him. Though Talen himself was more than pleased with the enthusiasm the other reason he wanted to leave was because he felt a strange presence that bothered him, one that prompted him to pull the suit off of the rest of his blue and white rubber body before following the Talen drone out of the door. It was a sensation similar to what the draconic sabrewolf had felt when he was hunting him down and he didn’t like being on the other side of it as the two made their way out of the door. As he felt the black rubber tail of his drone slide between his legs as Talen kept the Serathin suit under his arms the dragon knew that one thing was for sure, this drone had quite a bit of potential…

Meanwhile another Serathin slowly walked down a hallway, this one with a can of energy drink in one hand while sucking on his vape in the other. As he got to the door with his name on it he blew the cloud of smoke out from his nostrils before turning it off and putting it in his pocket, then opening the door to get inside. No sooner had the door closed behind him then he popped open the can and started to sip on it as he took a look at the readouts from his alternate timelines, and though everything seemed to be fine there was one in particular that caused his eyes to furrow. While it wasn’t unusual for one or two of his timelines to become corrupted the signature of the new signal was so different from the original that the machinery that tracked his hundreds of other selves couldn’t even pick it up anymore.

“Wait a second,” Serathin said as he dug deeper into the data, his eyes narrowing even more as he examined the numbers. “I know this signature…” Serathin went over to his viewing screens and queued up the alternate version of him in question, pulling it back to about an hour before his life suddenly became so corrupted that he doubted he could access it anymore. As he played the footage forward he could quickly understand why, his eyes widening slightly as he watched a familiar blue dragon capture his alter self and essentially strip him down to nothing before converting him into a drone.

“Seriously Talen, again?” Serathin said as he logged the breech with the other one that had happened, sighing as he put the can aside and started to type up the incident report. “At least this time he didn’t let my corrupted self out, though it makes me wonder if that drone of his doesn’t have any of that spark in him. As interesting as that will be I don’t think management is going to like it if my other self takes over an entire city and converts the entire population into Sabredrones… again…”

Once he had made sure that it actually was the same Talen that one of his other alters had encountered he put in a call for a tracker to try and pinpoint the location of either the dragon himself or the Talen clone that he had created. “Hey, yeah, it’s Serathin,” Serathin said into his commlink as he turned to look at the frozen image on the screen of Talen holding his bodysuit in his arms. “I need to report a case of stolen identity…”