When the door had closed behind Newlyn it caused him to jump slightly and he found himself plunged into darkness. For a few seconds he stood without knowing what to do, but soon he was illuminated as all the lights in the room turned on at once. The rubber dragon braced himself for whatever might be happening, squeezing his eyes shut as every muscle in his body tensed at once. He stood there like that for more than a few seconds before he slowly began to open one of his eyes. When there wasn’t any immediate danger he looked around and the latex on his head furrowed in confusion.

It was an empty room, something that looked like it came out of a warehouse or a video game down to the yellow and black diagonal bars that wrapped around the entire area. As he continued to walk forward he realized that it wasn’t very big either, in fact if he stretched hard enough he could almost touch one end of the wall with his tail with his fingertips against the other. The ceiling was fairly high up however, and as he looked around the upper area of the room he gasped as he saw a section of wall that was different than the rest. It was a window, or possibly a two-way mirror, and even though it didn’t have indicators if that’s what it was it was more than enough to get him excited.

“Hey!” Newlyn shouted as he waved his hands towards the reflective surface. “If you’re in there I need to tell you that you’ve made a terrible mistake! I’m not supposed to be the one getting this suit, it was purchased for a friend of mine and I don’t think he realized just how involved the process is! If you could get someone down here and get me out of this it would be really appreciated!”

Newlyn waited anxiously for some sort of response to come from them, and when he heard the loudspeakers crackle to life his tail waved about energetically for the news that he was finally heard. “Begin subject training procedure,” the electronic voice called out, Newlyn’s face falling as he heard it. “Subject is to go to station one and assume a standing position facing the wall for tactile stimulation training.”

“Excuse me?” Newlyn replied in shock as he saw part of the wall opposite him slide away to reveal a circular portal with a shutter as well as the floor next to it to reveal a metal plate underneath it. “What does that mean, tactile stimulation training?” Naturally there was no answer and he sat there with his arms crossed in defiance. “I’m not going to go over there until you tell me what that means!”

The minutes passed, though for Newlyn there was no way that he could keep track of time as he waited to see if they would make good on his demand. Eventually he heard the loudspeakers again but it only repeated the same message that he had heard the first time. He frowned when he realized that he was going to have to continue whatever program came with this suit until he met with an actual person to explain his problem too, though what that program entailed he didn’t know. As he slowly made his way over to where the wall had slid open he did admit to himself that he was slightly curious on what tactile simulation training could possibly mean.

The rubber dragon took a deep breath and stepped forward onto the metal platform where it was marked with a picture of footprints. It didn’t take long before he felt something moving underneath it, possibly activated by his weight in the designated area as the hum of machinery could be heard. Just as Newlyn was starting to get second thoughts two pieces of the metal floor slid back to reveal holes, metal clamps immediately springing from them and latching around his ankles. He let out a cry of shock and would have fallen backwards if another pair of cuffs hadn’t sprung up from two additional holes he hadn’t seen open up and wrap around his wrists.

The second that Newlyn was bound the metal that held the manacles went ridged, locking him in his standing pose as the shutter on the circular steel tube began to open. Once more he felt his muscles tense as his body wiggled in the bindings to try and make a last second motion to escape. “Tactile stimulation training starting,” the voice said as rubber tentacles began to push their way out of the tube towards him even before the shutter was completely open. “Training will be complete with subject is able to hold still even when fully stimulated.”

Newlyn braced himself as the tentacles darted out towards him, but once they reached his body they curled around him with surprising gentleness. As they coiled around his midsection and began to rub against the black and purple rubber of his body he found himself shuddering from the pleasure that it caused, the tips deliberately rubbing against sensitive spots in order to cause him to squirm. Had he not been in the restraints he probably would have tried to run for it as they continued to find every place they could in order to slither their smooth bodies on. The rubber dragon gasped and panted as they relentlessly caressed every inch of his body.

At first Newlyn thought they might go further, but though they got close they had made sure to leave his groin, tailhole, and mouth alone. Even though that was helpful he was still practically shaking from the stimulation that was being caused through his rubber body. There was no way that he could block out such sensations, which likely wasn’t the goal of such an exercise either, and knew if he wanted to get out of such a situation he was going to have to think of something else. But it was also very hard to think as one of the tentacles with a number of cilia brushed against his chest that almost caused him to orgasm right there.

Newlyn didn’t know how long he was standing there squirming and groaning while the tentacles attacked him with their erotic touches, and since he had been transformed by the suit into a living rubber dragon he wasn’t sure if he would find a need for food or sleep. It also didn’t seem that the tentacles got tired either as once more Newlyn flexed his muscles to try and stop himself from feeling the rubber sliding against his body only to continue to buck and squirm after one brushed down his entire inner thigh. He glowered at it but as he scratched that idea of his list along with attempting to orgasm and ignoring them.

“How am I going to do this…” he thought as he panted heavily. “This thing is never going to let me go.” Then, as he finished talking to himself, he realized that he hadn’t moved during his monetary distraction. “Wait, I’ve been going about this all wrong… instead of trying to fight against it I need to just… ride the wave and let it become background noise.”

Immediately Newlyn began to think of things such as his favorite shows or what he would do after he got done in this place and though he didn’t try to ignore the extremely erotic sensations he tried to embrace them. He had realized that the training wasn’t for him to figure out what he needed to do against the tentacles but to have his body build up a tolerance so that he could function and not be a squirming, writhing rubber dragon every time he was touched. It seemed to do the trick and though it took some practice eventually he found himself standing still and thinking about what his favorite place to eat out was as his entire body continued to thrum with pleasure from the tentacles wrapping all around him.

Suddenly there was a chime and the tentacles were pulled back into the tube, Newlyn breathing a sigh of relief as he was finally given a moment to breathe. As the wall slid shut the manacles unclamped from the wrists and ankles of the rubber dragon and the first few steps that he took caused him to crumple to the floor. “Tactile stimulation training complete,” the voice announced. “Please move to station two and kneel in the appropriate area for oral stimulation and stamina training.”

The closed eyes of the rubber dragon snapped open when he heard what was next, tilting his head up as he saw a different wall panel slide open. Though part of Newlyn’s mind figured he might have possibly heard wrong he knew from the past experience that was not the case. While he figured this suit would be used for lewd things it hadn’t really come to the forefront until now, especially when he saw that it was similar set up to the first station with the same shuttered tube and metal plate. Newlyn already knew that complaining or threatening wasn’t going to do anything as he picked himself up and walked over to it, if he was going to get out of this it would be through the other side.

“Serathin is going to owe me a lot more than one for this,” the rubber dragon said as he got down on his hands and knees where it specified, feeling the bands on his body stretch to the new position that gave him a brief jolt of pleasure. “I’m thinking more like one thousand.” As he got into position he noticed that his rubber cock was already erect, causing him to huff slightly and look away. “Alright, maybe not that much, but he still owes me.”

Newlyn waited as more restraints were placed on him, this time coming out of the ground and pinning him directly to the plate. Though he didn’t try to struggle he couldn’t help but try and pull himself up to see if he could only to find himself effectively pinned to the ground. “Beginning oral stimulation and stamina training,” the voice announced. “Provide pressure to presented apparatus when it has reached the solid black line. Training will be complete when subject is able to take last apparatus effortlessly and then still provide pressure to first apparatus.”

“Let me guess,” Newlyn replied flatly to himself as the shutter opened in front of him. “Apparatus means tentacle, doesn’t it?”

Though no one responded to Newlyn his answer was soon made clear when a tentacle pushed its way out of the tube and slithered through the air like a snake until the tip was right in front of his lips. The rubber object was rather thin with a slightly flared head, looking more like a mushroom more than what it was supposed to represent. Newlyn sighed and opened his mouth to allow the tentacle in watching it slither around in the air before it advanced more until it was inside his maw. With the feeble nature of it Newlyn had to practically clamp down in order to get his muzzle around it, and as he watched it continue to advance he saw a dotted line marked with the word real around it with a solid line a little further back marked latex.

The tentacle slid all the way to the solid black line, the tip nearly touching the back of his throat, before it pulled out and slithered back into the wall. As he waited for the next one to come out, which he knew would be inevitable, he thought about the different between the two lines. After a bit of thinking on the labels of the lines he could only imagine that they trained all sorts here, from rubber creatures such as himself to those that were probably just in rubber suits. Newlyn wondered how much the sabrewolf paid to get the former option that he now wore before a second tentacle slid out of the darkness and began to slither through the air towards him.

This one still managed to fit easily into his mouth and as per the computer’s request he began to clamp around it and suck while it continued to push into his maw up to the solid black line on the body of the latex tentacle. Once that had finished it pulled back and was replaced by a thicker one, then another one that Newlyn actually felt his muzzle remain open for. They were also going deeper each time, this one causing him to instinctively gag slightly before his synthetic throat quickly got used to something being in there. By the time the next one had slid down inside him it didn’t even bother him, in fact the sensation of something slithering around as his throat muscles squeezed around it caused him to shudder in pleasure.

This continued to happen for a while until finally after the last one practically bulged out his jaw and his throat left him he thought that he was going to have to still clamp down on the small one like the computer had said. Instead what came out next caused his eyes to widen; the bluish-black tentacle was almost as thick as his thigh and when it finally extended to maximum length the line was so far down he could hardly see it. “No… no way…” Newlyn said as he looked at it. “I don’t think a latex creature could take that!”

As it continued to definitely drift towards him one thing he noted was that there was no dotted line on this one, which meant that this was to be taken by latex creatures only. Newlyn found himself swallowing hard as he began to wonder what could possibly require such training to stretch his maw out for, though given the means that the Factory could transform people he began to think about those who may enjoy such a huge appendage. He could also see maybe engaging in some tail play, something that up until that point he had never even considered doing. Right now all he knew was he had his work cut out for him as he swallowed hard before opening his mouth.

For its part the tentacle was incredibly gentle; as soon as the tip touched his tongue it slowed to a snail’s pace which only seemed to create even more pleasure. The rubber dragon let out a muffled grunt as he felt his muzzle practically deforming around it, his angular snout becoming rounded as it continued to push its way down into him. Newlyn’s body was practically shaking from the stimulation as his body seemed to quickly adapt to the girth as it began to push down into his throat. As he could feel his neck stretching to accommodate the huge tentacle he began to realize that it… felt really good, his body tensing as he found himself actually pushing forward to try and get more into him!

Newlyn squeezed his eyes shut as he could practically feel the tip of the tentacle wiggling in his chest and when he opened them again he was just able to see past his stretched muzzle to the solid black line that had just touched his lips. He had done it… he didn’t know how, but as it began to withdraw and his throat clamped down to try and keep it inside him he felt a bit of victory over it. But he also knew that after being stretched open so wide there may be potential trouble since there was still one last piece of training to go. The second that it was out of him he found himself gasping, which he knew in the back of his mind was an instinctive response since he didn’t need air.

Then he saw the final phase of this round of training approaching him, the small cock-like tentacle that had been first. He psyched himself up that he could do this, even though the tingling sensation in his mouth and throat made it almost numb to the point where he couldn’t even talk. Nevertheless when it came to his lips and easily pushed inside he put all his effort into suctioning his mouth around it. Newlyn practically grunted as he held it there for as long as he could, practically straining before his oral cavity seemed to get used to it and managed to get his maw to suction around it.

He held it there for a few seconds before it quickly slid out, Newlyn grunting in exertion. “Processing results…” the voice said, Newlyn waiting as he tried to keep his tongue in his mouth as it continued to droop out past his lips. “Subject has passed, results acceptable.” Newlyn let out an exhausted cheer as he felt the restraints slide off his body and back into the plate that covered itself as soon as he stepped off of it.

“Phase two of training complete,” the voice said as Newlyn took a few seconds to catch his breath, even though as a latex creature he didn’t need to. “Begin phase three of training, anal and endurance training. Subject will begin by grabbing onto designated handholds.”

Newlyn looked around to see where he would have to grab onto for the round of training, looking around to see where these handholds were only to find none. When he scanned the room several times he happened to look up and see them hanging there about a foot or two above his head. It appeared there would be no restraints this time, he was going to have to hold himself up for what he imagined would be tentacles in his tailhole. He went over and took a small leap into the air, reaching up and grabbing onto the handholds as tightly as he could.

The handholds sank slightly and Newlyn could hear the sound of the wall behind him sliding open. He didn’t have to look behind him to know what was probably there but when he did anyway he saw a similar tube with the shutter already starting to open. There appeared to be no set time for when this particular training exercise would be completed and when he saw a whole mass of latex tentacles coming out of it towards him. Newlyn readjusted his handholds to brace himself for what he knew was about to come as several of the appendages coiled around his thighs while others began to prod at his tailhole.

When the rubber dragon felt himself start to get stretched open down there his grip tightened and he braced himself for the initial pain of the insertion, only to find nothing but pleasure as it began to wiggle its head inside of him. He had to remind himself that he was a creature of rubber now and that he didn’t have to worry about such things anymore, which did put a small grin on his face. It also appeared that either he or the tentacle came pre-lubed as he spread his legs and looked down to see inch after inch of the smaller blue appendage sliding inside him. One thing that his transformation definitely left him with was his prostate as he actually lifted himself up from the jolt of pleasure that he got.

Even though his body was highly stretchable it appeared that the other tentacles, most of them thicker than the one currently inside of him, were waiting their turn to stretch the rubber dragon out. Newlyn found himself bobbing up and down slightly as the tentacle seemed to reach as deep as it wanted to go and began to pump in and out of him. It continued to do that for a few minutes before he felt it slide out of him, leaving him wanting more as his body shuddered with pleasure from the feel against his inner walls. He was quickly obliged by a second, larger one that stretched him open even more and caused his maw to open in pure bliss.

The training continued like this for some time and with every bigger rubber tentacle that stretched his hole the more Newlyn was enjoying himself. It almost made him forget that he wasn’t supposed to be there in the first place as he began to pump his body up and down to get even more of those tentacles inside him. The sounds of rubber sliding against rubber were drowned out by his own moans as the tentacles got more assertive with their penetrations, sliding around and writhing inside him to provide maximum stimulation. But even as they ravished his prostate he found himself unable to climax, the pleasure building like a pressure in his body as the suit prevented him from doing so.

After a while Newlyn continued to hang there panting, his legs supported by several tentacles around his ankles as he recovered, with the largest of the bunch still lodged deep inside him. It was thicker than he could ever possibly have taken inside him before and as he looked down his eyes widened as several of the smaller ones began to slither up it. Even though the rubber dragon didn’t think it would be possible for him to take anymore the appendages had other ideas and Newlyn practically lost his grip as he felt a second tip begin to wiggle between the walls of his tailhole and the tentacle inside him. It didn’t take long for it to slip inside and when it did he practically roared as he felt like he was about to be stretched to the limit as several more slithered in as well.

Finally it was all too much feeling multiple tentacles slither around inside him and he found himself letting go of the handholds, which only served to slide all of them deeper inside his latex body. That seemed to be the trigger and Newlyn orgasmed harder than he ever had in his entire life, though nothing came out of his cock it felt like it was as the tentacles slowly lowered him to the ground. By the time he felt his hands and knees press against the floor he had been completely spent, though his body was practically quivering as he felt the orgy of tentacles pull out of him and slide back into their tube. When the last of them had left Newlyn collapsed to his side in pure euphoria unable to move, save for a finger he reached down and put into his tailhole to find that it was just as tight as before.

“Training complete,” the voice said, Newlyn not even looking up to regard it. “Subject will enter the next room and wait for authorized personnel.”

Authorized personnel… that meant an actual person. Though he had started to get used to his body, and all the perks that came with it, he knew that in the end that all of this belonged to someone else. He could finally explain to someone what was happening and they could fix him… though perhaps he would see what was about to happen first before he did. A small smirk came upon his muzzle as he hoisted up his sexually satisfied body and moved over to the door that had been created in the walls. Once more he took a tentative peak inside before he crossed over to the other side and the door slid shut behind him.

Inside this new room was something that looked more like a hospital room. He looked around and saw that there were a number of implements that he had never seen before, though what hold his attention was the large square of what looked like latex on the wall. It reminded Newlyn of something like a bondage rack, something called a vac-rack where there were two sheets of rubber suctioned together. It appeared that there was only one sheet there as he ran his hand along the smooth, shiny surface of the rubber.

As he looked it over Newlyn started hearing something that caused him pause, something like a leaking air tank. When he looked around though there were no air tanks to be found, and as he looked around everything started to get… fuzzy. The feline could start to hear his blood pounding in his own ears as his vision started swimming. All the muscles in his body started to feel weak as he had to brace himself against one of the chairs in order to keep himself upright, eventually slumping down into it as everything quickly went dark…