It was daybreak in Renzyl’s realm, the sun rising over the rubberized trees of the nearby hill and spilling down onto the manor of which housed the majority of those minions created by the rubber dragon. Though most of the time those who have given themselves in the service of Renzyl enjoyed days filled with fun and frivolity there was work to be done as well, especially when the master was away. For many it was the least they could do for what they had been given, a sentiment shared in particular by two cobra nagas that slithered their way down one of the hallways. Texotic and Arbedark had taken to their new forms quite quickly and like many of those that were here enjoyed the realm and all that it had to offer, even when it required them to do something such as haul supplies towards one end of the manor from the nexus teleportation chamber.

“Why do you think Master Renzyl has these supplies directly delivered to this wing?” Arbedark asked as they continued to move the large crate towards the end of the hallway they were instructed to go down.

“What you do mean?” Texotic asked, the blue-scaled snake looking at the black and red rubber cobra counterpart. “I just assume that this is where they go, do you think that they’re for someone in particular?”

“Well they did just say to leave it in front of the door and then slither away,” Arbedark replied. “I mean everyone else here is just free to come and go as they please, why not have them pick up the supplies? And why do we need to walk away before they get the delivery, what if they’re perishable or something?”

“It is a bit odd,” Texotic replied as they stopped and he rubbed his serpentine snout where his nosering hung, a recent addition to his form given to him by one of the more artistically minded lizardmen in the area. “Perhaps we should ask Chrono when we get back, I didn’t even think of doing so when he gave us this task but now you have me curious.”

The two nodded to one another and continued to make their journey through the manor, finding themselves in a wing that they had never visited before. Though they were new to the area they had been shown around a number of places but this place was definitely not on the tour as they saw statues of various nagas in regal poses. They also noticed that there weren’t any others hanging around in the area like usual, before they had gotten to the wing they had passed by dozens of other rubber creatures going about their business but this felt like an abandoned corridor. The whole effect sent shivers down both of their spines and they resolved to finish their delivery as quickly as possible.

When they got closer to the door that they were told to leave the crate at both nagas began to have a different feeling, one that they couldn’t quite explain as their bodies trembled slightly. It wasn’t fear, or anxiety, or even lust… it was like they were in the middle of an electric cloud that was buzzing all around them. It was a strange sensation and as Arbedark shook it off he could see that his counterpart seemed to have a bit harder time trying to shrug it off. The blue latex naga seemed to be in a bit of daze, but after saying his name a few times Texotic seemed to snap out of it and they turned the final corner to their destination.

“Well there’s something you don’t see everyday,” Arbedark said as they quickly went to the door and put down the delivery, his tail pointing out the bronze padlock on the door as well as the warning stickers that said that only authorized personnel were allowed past. “At least not in this realm. What is so dangerous that they have to keep it this far removed from the rest of us and warn people about not going through?”

Even though Texotic heard his friend talking it was like his voice was underwater as he stared at the door. That buzzing that both had experienced seemed to increase exponentially until he could feel it vibrating his rubber reptilian eyes. It wasn’t just the strange background noise either, it felt like something on the other side of the wall was reaching out to him, trying to guide him inside. The sensation was similar to when he had first been converted by the rubber snake that had been meant for Arbedark in the first place. As the rubber naga continued to stare at the door his eyes widened when he saw something push its way out of the door, a ghostly hand that seemed to shimmer in the light as it reached out for him…

“Tex!” Arbedark said once again, the blue naga shaking his head when he felt his friend jostle his shoulder. “I think we need to get you out of here, you’re acting really weird.” Though Texotic felt fine now he couldn’t help but nod, looking back at the spot where he had seen the clawed hand reaching out to him only to find the spot completely bare. With the crate secured the two naga slithered their way back to the general population, though for Texotic the buzzing continued to persist long after they had left the wing…

The rest of the day passed by rather uneventfully for the two, aside from their lessons in coil massage that two identical nagas as well as another pair taught their day was mostly free. It ended with them being in a popular overlook that gave the latex minions a few of the massive gardens that had been expanding in the courtyard area. Once more Arbedark and Texotic were together, this time even more closely as they practiced the new techniques they had learned on one another. With the black and red naga being slightly smaller it actually seemed to help him coil easier and by the time Texotic had finished with two of the loops Arbedark was already halfway up his body.

“How on earth did you get so good at this?” Texotic asked as he found the other latex naga’s face inches from his own.

“I guess I’m just a natural,” Arbedark replied with a chuckle, “Perhaps it’s just the setting, if we go somewhere a little more private I’m sure that you can catch up to me in no time. Maybe I can provide some incentives.”

The two nagas gave one another a kiss, the latex muzzles meeting and their tongues twisting around one another before they broke their embrace. They slithered through the rec room and down the hallway to the living quarters. Though everyone had a private room, which was a feat considering the immense number of creatures that live in the zone, most minions doubled up or more. With that came larger quarters as the two snake creatures made their way over to one of the two beds, each of which more than able to accommodate their serpentine bodies.

Once on the bed the two had begun to coil around one another, but this time it was not to practice their massage technique. Their serpentine muzzles once more met in a deep kiss as they used their flexible bodies to wrap around one another, their rubber scales sliding against one another as their sensual slithering grew more intense. Even after only a minute together they could feel their arousals begin to build, feeling their rubber cocks pushing their way out of his synthetic slit. Their nagas looked down at the arousals of one another and the grins on their serpentine faces grew even wider.

“This might be the second favorite thing about this form,” Arbedark said as he leaned back, letting Texotic grab onto his double-pronged rubber prick and stroking them while his own hands did the same to the other naga. “I’m so glad that Master Renzyl let us make these modifications to our forms after he took us from the factory. That and the cute little nose ring of yours.”

“Not to mention the rings in my hood,” Arbedark said as they continued to pleasure one another. “I can’t think of anything better to see on these muzzles.”

“I can certainly think of something that would look good in yours,” Tex replied with a smirk as their hands moved away from their fully erect latex members and slid up to their chests. “Bulging out those cheeks of yours as you try and get down to the root, or maybe bob on one and then the other if you’re not feeling particularly adventurous.”

“Oh really?” Arbedark said as he nuzzled Texotic’s hands when they got to his face before looking back up him, his eyes widening slightly. “You know... I never noticed something before...” as the red and black rubber naga continued to stare right into his blue-scaled counterpart. “You have... wonderful eyes... they sparkle like sapphires...”

The sudden mushiness that came from the other snake caused Tex to grin, especially as he felt Arbedark continue to rest his head into his hands. “You think my eyes are wonderful?” Texotic asked, watching as he swayed his head from side to side and seeing the other naga follow his every move. “You’re getting quite enamored with them, aren’t you? You look like you’re positively falling for them.”

“Falling for them...” Arbedark replied, his voice slightly hazy as though in a dream. “Yeah... falling...”

There was a look in the eyes of the other naga that signals to Texotic that something was... different with his friend. Arbedark looked like he was staring off a million miles away and had he decided to pull his hands away he believed the other serpent would fall straight to the floor. It wasn’t anything concerning, especially considering what surrounded them, but it was slightly surprising that his naga friend had just suddenly shifted like that. It almost was like he was hypnotized, a suspicion strengthened when Tex snapped his fingers a few times in front of the other naga’s face and got little response.

“Arby, you feeling alright?” Tex asked as he coiled around Arbedark in order to help keep him upright and stable, though it also caused both males to shiver from the silky contact of their latex scales rubbing together. “If I didn’t know better I would think that you were under my control… completely falling to my voice as I slowly dragged you down deeper and deeper into blissful trance. Is that what you want, for me to tell you to relax those muscles and continue to fall deeper into my coils?”

“Yesssss…” Arbedark hissed. “Let me sink deeper… Master Tex…”

Texotic wasn’t sure what to be more shocked at, that his friend had called him something that was usually only reserved for Renzyl or the words that were coming out of his own serpentine snout. He knew hypnotic suggestion when he heard it and everything from his cadence to his word choice was continuing to enthrall his friend deeper and deeper. The most interesting part was that he was enjoying it, even though he hadn’t intended on doing something like this he certainly couldn’t argue with the results as Arbedark began to nuzzle against his chest. No wonder Master Renzyl enjoyed this so much, Tex thought to himself as he continued to coil his body around the enthralled naga, the pleasure he got from dominating his friend was so intense he could feel his own body shaking from the sensations.

Even though the thought of going to someone to ask if something like this was strange he found himself unable to help himself, that glazed look on his friend’s face and the fact that Arbedark seemed to be like putty in his hands spurred it on even more. His fangs were bared slightly as his grin grew even more at the thought of all the possibilities that were opened for him. Tex used his serpentine form to continue to prop up the entranced naga and he continued to look into those shining eyes with his own. Part of him wondered what brought this on, but it didn’t really matter at the moment as he brought him in for a deep kiss.

There was a low hiss that came from both nagas as their tongues twined around one another, Tex finding Arby still extremely responsive as their forke latex tongues wrapped around one another. After a brief but intense make out session the blue-scaled rubber naga got an idea and broke the kiss in order to give his next command to the hypnotized male. “You’re going to use those coiling skills of yours to give me the best massage ever,” Texotic instructed him as he once more made eye contact. “You will not stop until you get me to orgasm and when you do, you will cum as well.”

It was an exercise to see how deep Arby was in trance and just how much control he had over the other naga, not wanting to give him any more prompts than that. He loosened his own body against the other rubber snake and let the black and red rubber creature to take charge. When he did, he watched Arbedark take up the lead and push Tex back onto the bed with a goofy grin on his face. It appeared even with the added stimulation from their bodies still sliding over one another it didn’t snap Arby out of the hypnotism, in fact it seemed to deepen it as the naga slithered over his form just like he had been doing before.

Tex let out a loud groan as he felt those coils wrap around his body, knowing that his friend was far superior in the ways of the coil massage and his friend was definitely pulling out all the stops. He didn’t have to move much as his nearly his entire lower body was engulfed with those black and red scales. Every muscle in his body twitched and flexed in order to coax out the maximum amount of pleasure that it could and Texotic’s back arched as Arbedark’s hands ran up and down his chest to care for his upper body. The entire time it was clear the hypnotized naga remained under the thrall of hypnosis even when Tex could feel his maleness start to line up with the rubber tailhole of his friend.

Even though it was clear that Tex was still in control he found himself still cooing instructions to his amorous serpentine counterpart, reinforcing that he was the one in control even when Arbedark was the one wrapped around him. It reminded Tex of when Renzyl had gotten one from the twin nagas as a demonstration and saw that even though there were two creatures that could overpower the rubber dragon he was still in complete control. This felt like the same situation, even though he was completely in the clutches of the other male at any time he could tell the naga otherwise. At the moment though he had no need to control anything but the movement of his hips as he felt the tip of one of the dual members slide into the tight rubber hole of the enthralled creature.

As the massaging naga continued to use not only his coils but also his hands to keep their rubber bodies pressed together as much as possible. It didn’t take much for the second of his rubber hemi-pensis to get inside of him and with their stretchy physiology the only thing that Arbedark felt was the same pure pleasure that Tex did from the insertion. The entire time it was clear that the black and red rubber naga was focused entirely on getting every sensitive spot on Tex’s body rubbed as their undulating bodies naturally shoved the two tines of the rubber cock slid in and out. It was so expertly done that even with the blue-scaled latex creature trying the best he could to hold back he found himself climaxing, burying deep as he did while he suddenly saw Arbedark orgasm as well with a gasp on his face.

With the two nagas in a euphoric daze they decide to have a nap together, Arbedark loosening up enough so that they could both be comfortable in a lying down position. After a few more prods it appears that their shared climax had knocked Arby out of his trance, though he still remained in an intensely cuddly mood. Tex could still feel the naga occasionally twitching and shifting to keep stimulating the other naga, albeit in a more subdued fashion. Eventually the two both drifted off together on the bed.

That night Texotic felt himself dreaming, which wasn’t strange since most minions even visited one another in the dream realm while they let their bodies recharge, and felt himself drifting around aimlessly. When things did clear up he found himself in an area of the realm that he had never been in before and it felt strangely... shielded, like he was inside of some sort of armored room. When he looked about he also realized that he wasn’t alone either as the hazy visage of another naga came up to him. As it continued to approach him he realized that it wasn’t a haze that surrounded the other creature, his entire body shimmered with a strange light that continued to shift and contort around him.

“So this is the one that we sensed earlier,” the creature hissed, his voice echoing slightly as the golden orbs of the naga’s eyes looked at him. “It’s clear now that our suspicions are correct...”

“Suspicions?” Tex asked, finding his body swaying slightly with the naga despite not realizing it.

“There are only two types of creatures that can resist us as well as you are right now,” the creature explained, though it was getting hard for Texotic to keep focus as he found himself drawn into those shimmering eyes. “Since you are not Renzyl you must be the other kind... though you are still underdeveloped. It appears we will have to cut our meeting short until you’re ready I’m afraid.”

Texotic’s thoughts became harder and harder to keep straight as he felt the power of the creature begin to radiate through him. “Ready?” the blue-scaled rubber naga slurred slightly. “For what?”

“To awaken.”

The words hit the blue latex naga like a sledgehammer and as he let out a gasp he found his eyes opening and staring into the darkness of the ceiling. Even though he didn’t need to breathe he found that like many others in the realm it was a hard habit to break as he looked around. The only other naga that was there was his friend, who had managed to somehow uncoiled himself during the night and was on the other side of the bed. Even though he had been awakened Texotic once more felt the heavy pull of sleep down on him once again. In the back of his mind though he logged a mental note to try and find out if he can get an answer to what was going on with him.

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The next day Tex found himself without anything that was needed of him in the realm, which meant that he could do whatever he wanted. While normally that meant that it was a day with Arby in the courtyard, or on the beach, this day the naga was looking for answers. Most of Renzyl’s higher ranking minions often stayed inside to either work or have personal time to themselves, especially when most of the others were outside. This was further enhanced by the fact that the rains were coming, a special type of liquid latex that drops from the sky in order to flush out and trap any potential trespassers in the realm. While it wouldn’t be anything to the other rubber creatures most treated it like a normal rainy day and with that on the horizon they were using their time in the sun as much as possible.

After a few minutes of slithering around Tex found someone he was looking for, one of Sivilath’s helpers named Gildeon painting on a picture of a snowy mountain landscape. Though it wasn’t the General himself he was likely close enough to help him figure out what might be going on with him. As he approached the crystalline raptor he could feel a sense of cold coming from the other male and it didn’t the naga much to gather that it wasn’t crystal that the creature was made out of, it was ice. Even when he got next to him and put a hand on the shoulder of the saurian to get his attention.

“Oh, hello there!” the raptor said as he turned to see the naga. “I didn’t hear you come up, just trying to finish this commission that I got for a few wyverns that wanted to try their hand at mountain climbing and becoming furry mountain monsters or werewolves or something. Not sure what it is exactly, not the one that enchants it, but in any case, is there something that I can help you with?”

“There is actually,” the naga replied as he flicked his latex forked tongue in the air. “I had something unusual that happened to me, or at least I think happened to me given how this realm works, and I wanted to just talk to someone about it. I don’t want to disturb you through if you have to finish this painting.”

“I think I can stand to take a break for a cutie like you,” the raptor replied with a wink, causing Texotic to blush slightly as he was still unused to the forward nature of the creatures in this realm while Gildeon cleaned his brushes. “Now what seems to be the problem? Can’t promise that I can fix anything but I’ll see what I can do.”

Texotic gave the entire story of when he and Arbedark were together and he seemed to be able to hypnotize his friend without even trying, and the subsequent fun that they had together. Though he was about to go into the dream he had as well he found himself unable to find the words to come out of his mouth. Instead he just ended his explanation right there and though the raptor had been smiling for most of it there was a look of concern that he had which unnerved him slightly. When he asked what it was that bothered him it was clear the raptor was unsure of what to day.

“I don’t want to jump to any conclusions...” he said as he scratched his head. “But I think... you might have latent psychic abilities.”

“Latent psychic abilities?” Tex repeated in confusion. “What would that have to do with anything?”

Once more the ice raptor tried to think about what to do and now the naga could tell that he was trying not to look into Texotic’s eyes. “Do you know what you were delivering goods too?” Gildeon asked, the snake shaking his head. “They’re a special form of creature known as a hypnaga, usually they come from a converted that have psychic powers or something like that. In these cases when Renzyl’s power flows into them it amplifies their abilities to the point where every aspect of them enthrall others to their will.”

“But doesn’t every creature around here to that?” the blue rubber naga asked. “That seems to be what everyone is about to some degree.”

“But Hypnagas are so potent that there are very few that can actually withstand their charms,” Gildeon replied, though it appeared that the naga was starting to get distracted by something. “In fact I think the only one that can actively do it is Master Renzyl himself, even the Generals don’t go over there if they don’t have to. You have to realize that... uh... if you’re a hypnaga then they’re going to have to take you there as well.”

The news was something that caused Texotic to be taken aback, his jaw open in slight shock from the news. A species of naga so mentally powerful that they could just hypnotize people with a look or a touch? An aura so potent that they can’t even hang out with the general population since they would end up enthralled just from being in proximity? It was a strangely intriguing process, but then he wondered what he would do since that would mean that he would be separated from Arby.

When he looked back up at Gildeon to ask how long the transformation process would take he realized that the raptor was more focused on his hands then on the question he had just asked. Had he just did it again, he wondered as he moved his palm in front of the other male to get his attention. As he moved back and forth slowly he saw the ice raptor moving his gaze in time with it, then looked down at his palm himself. What he saw shocked him as the hue of his blue rubber scales turned to a midnight blue and began to swirl around like it was mixing paint in Gildeon’s glass. It made him realize that he knew what the raptor was saying was true, he was becoming a hypnaga...

Texotic looked up to see that the ice raptor had recovered from his trance and was running towards the door of the gallery, no doubt to tell someone else about his transmutation. “Freeze!” the naga shouted, the irony not lost on him as he watched the ice raptor immediately become completely immobile. He slitered over to see that the saurian had become completely statuesque in nature, like an ice sculpture someone would find in a fancy dress party. As he slithered over Texotic saw that even in mid-step to try and get out the door Gildeon had balanced himself perfectly so that he could remain upright even if he were to be moderately pushed upon.

It was also clear that despite the situation that the icy dino was enjoying himself, especially when Texotic rubbed a hand down his flank to make sure that he hadn’t somehow turned the creature into an ice cube. Despite having all the properties of being frozen not a drop of water formed on his palm, though when he looked at the shifting rubber of his palm he realized that he still had a problem. He needed to talk to Arby at least one more time and despite the living statue’s desire he would likely once more attempt to warn someone that there was a developing hypnaga on the loose. That meant that he had a chance to test those newfound powers in order to make sure that he had time to find his friend.

“You love being a statue, don’t you?” Texotic asked as he slithered around the ice statue, feeling the same sensation that he experienced a bit with Arby welling up again but with more fervor. It was like now that he knew it was there he could sense it inside him and the dark blue had now seemed to mix with an icy blue, and though he thought that the two different hues would clash he actually found them rather... alluring. It took him a few seconds before he realized he was hypnotizing himself and shook his head before placing his hands around the raptor’s eyes.

“When you are released of your frozen state you will find that your free will is still petrified,” Texotic instructed as he let the swirls of his rubber and his voice dominate the other male’s mind. ”Its alright though, because you found that it’s still in the embrace in my coils where it’s safe, and that means that you have to listen to me. As long as I tell you that I’ve retained a hold on that free will you will belong with me, alright?”

Even though the statue couldn’t move a muscle Texotic could instinctively tell that the raptor agreed with him. Though he was sure there was more that he could do the naga decided to keep it simple for now, reinforcing Gildeon’s loyalty for him while in his entranced state. When he could do nothing else he snapped his fingers and brought him out of the enthrallment, though the hypnotic suggestion remained as potent as ever. The second that he was able to move again the raptor remained in Tex’s coils as he bowed his head low in respect.

“I need you to go outside and find Arb as soon as you can,” Texotic said to his new thrall, watching the ice raptor nod his head profusely. ”I have a number of places that I know he likes to frequent so make sure to look there first.” As the naga motioned with his hand he saw that the swirling colors were spreading up his forearm to the point where it was almost up to his elbow. “And I think you should hurry.”

“Of course Master Texotic,” Gildeon replied. “Your will is my command, I will find your friend for you!”

As the ice raptor sped off out of the gallery, only this time to do the naga’s bidding instead of reporting him, the naga once more felt a shiver at being called Master. It was something he could definitely get used to, though he was pretty sure that Renzyl would have an opinion on that. Likely the reason that he wanted all the hypnagas was that he didn’t like to share, though that was a problem he would have to deal with later. For now the only thing that he was focused on, besides the ever-increasing swirl of colors to spread on his latex arm, was to talk to Arebedark.