Returning the Favor

Night was falling over the neighborhood, Newlyn humming to himself as he prepared his master’s dinner while waiting for him to finish up with work. The rubber dragon had already finished with everything else that he needed to get done and as he adjusted the purple harness that matched the color of his toned chest he had decided to go with something simple. Most of the time he couldn’t go wrong with pizza and given that it was the end of the week they would probably want to relax and unwind with their slave. As the last of the day disappeared and Newlyn could see the stars coming out he heard the study door open that signaled the end of the work day.

Since his master had been known to work later sometimes he hadn’t put the pizza in yet, so when he heard the hybrid make his way upstairs to shower and freshen up after writing all day he put it in the already pre-heated oven. Given the time that they had been together he had become accustomed to knowing what his master desired and how to give it to him. It helped that the draconic Sabrewolf enjoyed some semblance of a routine, at least when it came to his work. As such by the time his master had come back down the rubber dragon had already set up the living room so that they could enjoy each other’s company and also eat.

“Good evening Master Serathin,” Newlyn said as he saw the hybrid walk in with a pair of pajama bottoms on while trying off his mane of purple hair. “I thought that since this was a rather late night you might enjoy pizza. I made extra too since you didn’t eat much of your lunch.”

“Ah, you know me too well,” Serathin replied with a grin as he sat down on the couch, settling in as Newlyn got beside him while grabbing a slice for each of them. “Yeah, definitely a rough day today, had a bunch of things to take care of and that was on top of the work I had to do. Sometimes I wish I could get someone to just handle those things while I did my writing, you know?”

“I thought you already had a publisher?” Newlyn asked as Serathin picked the cheese off of his pizza and began to eat it. “Or are you talking about something like an agent?”

“Something like that,” Serathin replied with a smile. “Anyway, it’s nothing that needs to be bothered with right now. I think that new movie we wanted to see just came out, I just want to turn my brain off for a while and enjoy the company of my lovely rubber dragon.”

Newlyn blushed slightly at that and relaxed with Serathin as he found the movie he had just talked about. It didn’t take long before the entire pizza was consumed between the two of them as their selection turned out to be less entertaining then previously though the dragon decided to do something to cheer his master up. He began to stroke down the thick purple fur of the hybrid’s chest with his shiny fingers, the ministrations causing Serathin to groan slightly. The rubber creature didn’t want to intrude too much in case his master was actually enjoying the movie, though it quickly became clear that he had the same sentiments as their muzzles pressed together and they began to make out.

Soon the movie became completely forgotten as Newlyn took the invitation to sit on the on the other man’s lap, letting his tail wrap around the striped leg of his master while hey continued to kiss. Their passions quickly began to build as the cuffed hands of the dragon gripped onto the main of the draconic Sabrewolf while their chests pressed together. When his hands slipped down lower to see just how much his master was enjoying himself he let out a growl of approval at feeling the rubber thong that the hybrid had on hidden under his pajamas. Serathin patted Newlyn on the rear and whispered for him to get his collar that was sitting on the night stand so that he could have some fun with his slave.

Newlyn was all too happy to oblige and saw that Serathin had gripped his groin and stroked down the rubber pouch while watching him go. Most of the time their nights devolved into this, especially after their time in Dragon Heaven and the extra accessories that they had bought from The Factory that belonged to Raven. The collars were by far the things they used the most as it got them both into the proper mindset to enjoy their dynamic. Though Newlyn always thought of Serathin as his master the collars really enforced those feelings and allowed them to really indulge in those roles without extraneous thoughts bothering them.

It didn’t take long before Newlyn found the collar sitting on his nightstand exactly where Serathin had said it was, but as he put it on he noticed that the master collar that belonged to the draconic Sabrewolf wasn’t also there. Strange… normally the set were together so that something like this wouldn’t happen, but as he felt the power of the mysterious artifact already starting to work on his mind he guessed that Serathin wouldn’t mind going without. Considering that he was already half-hard and knew that the other man was the same made it hard to think about searching the room for something that the draconic Sabrewolf already knew how to do quite well.

With his collar around his neck Newlyn turned to go down the stairs only to see Serathin standing there wearing only the rubber thong. “Looks like you’re ready to go,” Serathin said as he walked in. “Never fails how hot you are seeing that around your neck.”

“I’m always glad to hear you like it,” Newlyn replied. “I don’t seem to know where your collar is though, I was going to forgo it but since you’re up here we could look for it together.”

“No need,” Serathin stated with a wave of his hand. “I think one collar is enough, don’t you? Why don’t you go ahead and lie down while I get a few things.”

As Newlyn was about to nod his head and do what his master wished a thought popped into his head, something that caused him to go up to the hybrid and hold onto his hands. “You’ve had a hard day,” Newlyn said as he rubbed his hands against those black-furred arms. “Why don’t you let me take care of you, give yourself a rest?”

“Well now, that sounds great,” Serathin replied, Newlyn grinning sheepishly at the praise. “Alright slave, I leave the rest of our debauchery in your capable hands. Just allow me a second to get more comfortable.”

Though the rubber dragon was pleased with the result he found it a little odd that he didn’t just cater to his master’s request right away, though as he thought of his own words it did make sense. What sort of slave would he be if he allowed his master to continue to exert himself while tired? In fact, since he knew that the hybrid could be a bit of a control freak he decided to make sure that he couldn’t interject at all. Fortunately they had a wardrobe full of equipment that he could use, a devilish smile forming on his muzzle while he opened it and began to rummage around.

It didn’t take Serathin long to take off the latex thong he had used to entice the other man before laying down naked on his side. He could hear Newlyn moving stuff around and as he glanced over towards the wardrobe he saw him moving a small box full of stuff towards the bedside. “Someone has gotten rather excited,” Serathin said as he watched the rubber dragon move it down to the side of the bed and out of his sight. “Have you been planning something in particular?”

“Just wanting to make sure that my master is happy,” Newlyn replied with a grin as he brought up a small bottle. “First thing’s first, why don’t you go ahead and get on your stomach?” Serathin’s green eyes brightened as he saw the bottle of oil and did exactly that, lying down on the bed as Newlyn moved over and put something around his eyes. “Just a little something so that you can experience my touch a little better.”

Serathin let out a growl of approval and let the dragon do his work, the black and purple creature tying the cloth around the horns of the other man to make sure that it wouldn’t slip off. Wouldn’t do to expose the surprise too soon, Newlyn thought to himself as his grin widened. While his master had been wrong that he was planning anything the thoughts that he had were something that were on his mind for a bit, especially after his encounters in Dragon Heaven. Though he hadn’t even thought about bringing it up until this moment he found an opportunity that he couldn’t pass up, the desire to fulfill this errant thought growing stronger in his mind as he began to rub the oil against the back and wing bases of the other man.

As he heard several groans come from the one beneath him as he rubbed against the tight muscles he moved to the shoulders, then as Newlyn started to work on the arms he put them into the position that he wanted them. Since his fingers were latex already it was rather easy to palm the cuffs that he had brought up from the box, using one hand to keep kneading the forearms and hands of his master while the other slowly put it on. While he probably could have just asked him to do it and he would have there was something… alluring about doing it this way, and with the hybrid squirming slightly in pleasure he didn’t even realize that he had them pressing against the blue scales of his arms. With the first one in place Newlyn grew bolder and just slid the second one on, then taking the silk rope he had also grabbed and sliding them through the rings attacked to the cuffs and pulling on them.

In a matter of seconds Newlyn had gotten the wrists of the draconic Sabrewolf practically pressed together, which caused the one beneath him to look up and ask what was going on. “I’m just making sure that you stay relaxed and let me do things here,” Newlyn found himself saying, tying the rope into a not to keep him bound before reaching into the box again. “You like to take charge too much master, I’m helping relieve you of that burden.”

As Serathin tried to say something Newlyn leaned forward and stuffed the rubber ball gag in his mouth, being careful of the saber teeth while he did so. With his arms already bound behind him it didn’t take much to get the straps in place to keep the gag from being spat out. Can’t issue any commands if he can’t speak, the rubber dragon thought to himself while chuckling. Though he noted that it wasn’t his usual playful giggle he just found himself getting into the doting slave more and more, a role which needed him to have some assertiveness so that he could help his master.

After all, if his master wouldn’t listen to him then he wouldn’t be much of a slave. Newlyn’s grin widened as he undid the knot of the rope only to wrap the long length of silk up the furry arms, locking them in place with the Shibari techniques that he knew. Normally these would be used on him but with the change in position he thought it only right that his master could experience it. Plus it wasn’t like the draconic Sabrewolf was fighting him on it, squirming only slightly between his legs while he kept him nice and bound up.

With this arms bound Newlyn surmised that he could turn his master around and ride his cock, bouncing up and down or grinding his hips back and forth to feel that shaft inside of him. Or… as he looked at his own ridged length and the creature underneath him, he could take things one step further. It’s what an assertive slave would do, the dragon thought to himself as he took a few droplets of oil and pressed them against the hole of the hybrid. It wasn’t like it was the first time that he had taken him that way either, it’s just normally not under such… circumstances.

As Newlyn could feel the back of the draconic Sabrewolf arch up he found himself lowering down on top of him, feeling his heart race in his chest. This was more than just the rutting he had been playing at before, he was about to take advantage of this creature beneath him. with nothing that Serathin could do he could play with this creature all he wanted, even something that had not been specifically asked of him. Normally he would need his master’s permission to do something like this and often it was him that would have to suggest it…

…but he didn’t see a master here.

He saw a tied up plaything that was ready to get impaled.

Newlyn took his fingers and grabbed onto the hips of the draconic Sabrewolf before pulling them up, leaving Serathin on his chest while he used his shiny body to spread the other man’s legs. When he reached down and played with the member of the one beneath him the dragon licked his lips as he found that the hybrid was hard as a rock. That was good, his increasingly dominant mind thought, that meant he would enjoy being the one getting taken. He always knew deep down that his master had a subby side to him, something that he was going to enjoy getting to know as he began to push his cock into Serathin’s tailhole.

With one hand still on the shaft of the hybrid Newlyn could feel it practically jump as he was penetrated. Part of him wanted to remove the ball gag just to hear him moan, but there was no way he would let his fun be ruined by the Sabrewolf wanting to take back control. He was the one in charge, and since he knew the other man so well he knew exactly what to do in order to please him. But as he watched the ridges of his member sink in one after the other he let out a deep sigh of pleasure as he found his own desires floating to the surface, making him wonder if he would even give such power back if asked by Serathin…

Calling Serathin by name was enough for Newlyn to realize something very strange was going on, shaking his head as he realized that he hadn’t called the one he was halfway into penetrating master. Where had all this come from? Had the draconic Sabrewolf hypnotized him or something to act this way? He guessed if he had then he wouldn’t be questioning it at the moment, but as he heard a muffled grunt from in front of him and the hips of the needy hybrid pushing back to get the rubber cock deeper inside of him those thoughts were quickly washed away by the fresh surge of pleasure.

Soon the only things that could be heard was the huffing of the hybrid and growls of the rubber dragon along with the slapping of their bodies as he pounded down into him. The rush of dominating his own master was so intense that he couldn’t believe it was happening. He had never thought of doing this before, but as he began to stroke the maleness of the one he was stretching open he found himself enjoying it very much. This was something he could certainly get used too… seeing the green eyes of the bound creature staring up at him while Newlyn used his hole.

It didn’t take long before both the rubber dragon and draconic Sabrewolf to both reach orgasm, Serathin thrashing about while still bound up as Newlyn growled loudly and hilted as deep as he could go. Newlyn exhaled loudly through his nose as he practically collapsed, feeling the oil he had used as a ruse to get the hybrid where he wanted him rub off on his harness and chest. As he could feel the inner walls of the other man still squeezing around him a sense of clarity came over the dragon, and as he looked at the blindfolded creature drooling around the gag his eyes widened. This… this was not something a slave should do, and as he pulled off the collar from his neck he could see the word Master etched on it.

He grabbed the wrong collar… Newlyn couldn’t believe what he had just done, and as his mind spun with the ramifications of his actions he scrambled to get his master out of the restraints. A low, almost guttural groan came from the hybrid as he pulled his cock out of the well-stretched tailhole and slid down to undo the rope. It didn’t take him long before he had gotten it loose and tossed it aside, along with the cuffs. As he got the hybrid up into a sitting position the rubber dragon slave continued to utter apologies for his actions while he undid the gag and blindfold.

“Newlyn, settle down,” Serathin said once he had spit the ball gag out onto the floor. “First of all, mistakes happen. Second of all, you’re apologizing like we didn’t have any fun at all tonight.”

“You… enjoyed yourself?” Newlyn asked.

“Of course,” Serathin replied with a smile as he rubbed the shiny cheek of the dragon. “And from the feel of it you did too. Not to mention it wasn’t too far off from some of our other encounters, it was just you taking initiative thanks to wearing the master collar.”

Though Newlyn breathed a sigh of relief that his master was happy he also found himself slightly conflicted. While he did enjoy himself part of him wondered if he should. Wasn’t a slave supposed to be subservient? While he knew that the collar probably did something to augment that type of feeling it was strange that it was even there in the first place, though given they now knew the source of where that came from they didn’t have to worry about it happening again as he put the collar aside…

A few hours later the house was completely silent, save for the bedroom where the two slept. While Newlyn did have his own room if he wanted they often shared a bed. As the hybrid continued to sleep soundly on one side the rubber dragon was doing anything but, and eventually as his body trembled slightly his eyes opened and he let out a slight gasp. But the creature that had awoken was not the salve of the other man, and as the dragon slowly got up and turned to look at the curled up creature a smirk formed on his muzzle as he scoffed.

Moments later the dragon walked out of the bedroom as slowly as he could, closing the door behind him before making his way down the hall. With the master collar affixed to his neck there was no way that Newlyn would bother him now. That was good… the rubber dragon had plans of his own as he slowly made his way to Serathin’s study. While Newlyn had his own computer he knew that the draconic Sabrewolf kept all the vital information to his life stored on this one, which he had given his slave access to in case he needed anything.

Technically that was why he was down there in the middle of the night. The dragon needed a few things, stuff that Newlyn wouldn’t possibly give himself in order to assert his more dominant side. Whether it was the collar that had awakened something in him or he had just been hiding this part of himself the time of being a salve was over… and while he could just ask to be released and get it there was no fun in that. Aside from being more assertive the dragon learned something else in that earlier meeting, and it wasn’t about him as he logged onto the website that connected directly to The Factory.

With Serathin’s account already logged in he could look through all the merchandise that was available to someone that frequently purchased from the Factory. There was one thing in particular that he was looking for, the rubber dragon searching through the site before he got to the part that involved what he needed. It was a page that the draconic Sabrewolf frequented and as he looked through the gear that was involved he noticed that there was quite a bit that had been favorited for later. While he had intended on looking more on the service side of things the areas that were highlighted turned out to be everything he needed for a home version.

The fingers of the rubber dragon clicked away as put in everything he could into the cart, setting up instructions for specific delivery times. When it came time for the purchasing of it though he paused. The second that he put in the order it was going to alert them through the entire process, which was not something he wanted. While he could take care of the initial confirmation he was fairly certain he couldn’t predict when the next notification would come in… but when he saw that there was the potential for a guest account to be attached the wheels in the rubber dragon’s head began to turn.

After a few more minutes the rubber dragon had set up the alternate account using Newlyn’s information, but as he flexed his fingers he didn’t want the slave to be in the know either. What he needed was something that would signal him even when he wasn’t around, and as he tapped on his muzzle he noticed that there were a few tabs on the bottom of the computer that were still opened. One of them was a list of names that Serathin used for characters and as he opened them up he noticed that it was actually a spread sheet that different categories. When he looked down the list of names that the draconic Sabrewolf felt conveyed dominance the rubber dragon smiles as he found one that would suit him just fine…

The next morning Newlyn woke up as his alarm went off, stretching as he could feel his master shifting about next to him. As the rubber dragon slave looked about he found himself slightly confused, as though there was something that he was trying to remember but couldn’t quite bring it to the forefront of his memory. He wasn’t quite sure what it was and as his phone continued to buzz he just shrugged it off as some strange dream. With it being the weekend for his master he wanted to be sure to get everything done on his list before they would spend the rest of their together.

As he thought about their previous encounter he noticed that the master collar was still next to his bedside, causing Newlyn to blush slightly as he definitely remembered that. He was thankful that Serathin didn’t mind the slip in their roles and as he put the collar in his bedside table he made a note to find where the other one had gone and separate them accordingly. Though there was a small part of him that hoped the hybrid wouldn’t mind having another slip up like that in the future it was something he would definitely ask about instead of just having things happen. Despite the declaration in his mind he found himself shivering in anticipation over the potential encounter before shaking his head and tried to stop thinking about it.

The weekend passed by rather uneventfully and soon the two were once more back at their usual weekday chores. By Wednesday Newlyn had all but forgotten the encounter, instead making sure to tend to his master’s needs as he sat at his desk typing into his laptop. “Newlyn,” Serathin said as he noticed a notification popping up in the corner of his screen, getting the attention of the rubber dragon between his legs that had been slowly sucking him off while he worked. “Package at the door.”

A package? As Newlyn carefully wiggled his way out from Serathin’s desk he tried to remember what could possibly be coming for them. After a few more bobs of his head he pulled his lips off of his master’s maleness and went to the door. Since he was able to hide himself there was no need for him to put anything on and opened the front door to bring in whatever his master had ordered. Newlyn let out a slight yelp at having a few of the boxes that were leaned up against it falling inside as he stared at the wall of cardboard outside.

It was an unexpected sight for sure; normally if his master was going to order a large amount of packages he would be told to expect them, especially considering some of the boxes were fragile and looked expensive. He picked up one of the boxes and looked at the shipping label to make sure that it was the right address, and though it was correct he noticed the name was not one he had seen before. Orochi… why did that sound so familiar, the rubber dragon thought to himself as he rubbed his head. As he continued to feel the package in his hands he heard Serathin call out asking what it was, and after standing there for a few seconds he called back and said that it was just someone trying to sell vacuums.

With Serathin completely engrossed in his writing the rubber dragon was fairly sure that he would have time to bring everything in unnoticed. Though Newlyn would have certainly told his master at receiving such expensive packages Orochi had no such qualms about keeping things secret. In truth he had prepared a small spot for them to be hidden away until he could get things ready. It took a few trips but eventually everything that had been left on the front door was down in the basement, occupying the spare room that had a bit of exercise equipment that was collecting dust.

Once everything was put into place Orochi looked at Newlyn’s phone to see what time it was. With the draconic Sabrewolf no doubt buried in his work like usual his absence wouldn’t go too noticed, which meant he probably had until dinner to get everything set up. As he could feel the feelings of submission and subservience start rear back up he went over to the collar he had hidden behind the stairs and put it on. Much better, Orochi said with a deep sigh of satisfaction as he could feel the power flowing into him, with collar on the neck he could more easily focus on the task at hand as he got ready for the first stage of his little plan…

Part 2:

As the sun set and eventually turned to darkness outside the window of the study Serathin finally leaned back from his computer and stretched his back. Finally got some writing done today, he thought to himself with a sigh as he looked at the messages that had piled up in his inbox. More notes to respond to, papers to file, and all the other fun stuff that came with running a business… as the hybrid rubbed his face he got out of his office and could immediately smell dinner wafting in. Newlyn made pasta, and from the looks of it he went all out with it being homemade as he wandered into the kitchen and saw the rubber dragon standing there with a smile on his face.

“I see you’ve been busy,” Serathin said as he went over to the table and saw that there was not only two plates ready for them but also a box that was sitting there. “What’s this?”

“Oh, just something that I wanted to pick up,” Newlyn said with a grin. “It’s for our two year anniversary. I know that that it’s still two months away but I happened be looking at Raven’s website and noticed that it was on sale.”

Serathin’s eyes lit up at hearing that it was from The Factory and despite his hunger decided to go for the box first. When he opened up the lid he grinned as he saw the contents within, pulling out one of the bright purple cuffs that were nestled inside. “Wow, Newlyn, are these what I think they are?” Serathin asked.

“You’re just going to have to try them on and find out,” Newlyn replied with a wink. “But why don’t we eat first and then try on your gift? I’m sure they will keep until tonight, the pasta not so much.”

Serathin just nodded and slid the gift box aside, though Newlyn could keep seeing him eye it up even as they talked about how things went with his writing. In truth the reason Newlyn didn’t say anything was because he couldn’t remember what he had gotten his master. He actually had just noticed the box when he was putting out the pasta he had made and noticed that it had a tag saying happy two year anniversary on it. While he shouldn’t have lied about knowing where it came from he found it… unnecessary to tell him, especially with how happy it made him.

Newlyn probably just bought them a while ago and they just arrived, the rubber dragon rationalized as he rubbed a hand against his bare neck. He was just happy that Serathin was happy and once they had cleared the dishes and put away the leftovers Newlyn turned back from filling the dishwasher to see that both the box and the hybrid were gone. It wasn’t hard to hear the other man practically stomping up the stairs with his prize and he found himself grinning as he started up behind him. Though he was still a bit clueless on how it all shook out somewhere down deep he was happy at what was happening, plus part of him was curious on what was about to happen next.

Once Newlyn had walked into the bedroom he could already see the hybrid taking off his shirt and undoing his belt. He chuckled at that and came up from behind, putting his own hands on the scaled ones while whispering to allow him to do that. Though the draconic Sabrewolf was practically vibrating with anticipation he allowed his slave to undress him, letting those soft rubber fingers play through his thick fur while he allowed the garments to be slowly pulled off him. Even though he was responding well to his touch Newlyn couldn’t help but giggle when he saw that his gaze continued to flicker over to the box that laid on the bed.

Eventually the hybrid stood there completely naked as he kicked off his underwear, and he was finally naked he reached in and pulled out the first cuff. At this point Newlyn wasn’t even sure he knew what the set of cuffs and collar did, but he did really want to see him put it on. Just like with his clothing the rubber dragon reached for it and told Serathin that he would be more than happy to put on his gear, as a good salve should. From the way the hybrid grinned Newlyn knew he was more than pleased with the offer, though with him naked it also wasn’t hard to see his arousal either.

It didn’t take long for him to put on the first set of cuffs, his grin widening as he wiggled his fingers. “Ohh… yes, I can feel the process starting,” Serathin said, both he and Newlyn watching as silver rubber began to spread out over the blue scales that were under the cuffs. “I can’t believe you actually got me a set of conversion gear, I’ve been nervous about pulling the trigger on such a thing myself. You know me and how hard it is to settle on one form.”

Newlyn was still unsure of what was going on, but his master’s enthusiasm was infectious as he moved on to the next set. Though the rubber was starting to spread it was being slow, partially because the entire set wasn’t on and also no doubt because Serathin wanted to take his time. As he mused whether he was about to become something like a horse or a full dragon the slave found that none of those sounded right. It was like he knew what the surprise was going to be and that Serathin was no where close to what he was about to be as the silver rubber started to seep out over his ankles.

Once more the rubber seemed to stall instead of continue to spread, waiting for the last pieces to be put onto the eager hybrid’s body. With the smaller cuffs in place the bigger ones came next, the rubber dragon realizing that they were starting to match. It brought Newlyn all the way back to that fateful day in the factory where he had first become a rubber dragon slave, his grin growing wider as he attached the bicep cuffs next. Though his was attached to a suit that transformed him it seemed that Raven had been busy in his innovations if that wasn’t needed for this aspect. Serathin had stopped speculating by this point and merely watched as Newlyn finished up with the arms and went to the thighs next, stopping occasionally to lick against the throbbing shaft jutting out from the hybrid’s groin.

It was just a tease for the moment, Newlyn reminded himself, he still had a few pieces left to go before his master was ready. With more of the gear on Serathin’s body he could see that the silver rubber was slowly starting to spread, though while the rubber assimilating the black fur retained its metallic sheen the substance started to shift to blue where it interacted with other colors. His scales an stripes gained a hue similar to color of the cuffs themselves as Newlyn finished with the last thigh cuff, which only left one to go. The collar seemed to glimmer as Newlyn picked it up to put on his master, only for Serathin to tell him to hold off for one second and laid him back on the bed.

Newlyn quickly picked up on what his master wanted; it wouldn’t be the first time that they had sex while either of them transformed into something else using things either from Raven’s domain or the club known as Dragon Heaven. While Serathin was chomping at the bit to see what the form was he also wanted to thank the rubber dragon for the gift and surprised him by asking which position he’d like to be in. As the slave thought about it he realized that he had a unique opportunity here and asked for something they hadn’t done in a while. Though he knew his master would be fine with it and got the nod of approval he had been surprised he even thought about it as Serathin got on his back instead.

Once he was in position the rubber dragon turned over and got on top of him, seeing the rubber still starting to spread past the cuffs while the collar remained in his hand. Newlyn felt a nervous energy as he could feel their members pressing together. The sensation caused them both to chuckle before Serathin reached down to guide his slave’s maleness into him while Newlyn got the collar ready. Even though this was an unusual situation this felt… right, like this was how it was supposed to be as he felt the tip of his draconic dick pressing against the exposed hole.

As Newlyn slowly pushed in the pleasure caused Serathin’s head to arch back slightly, which was when he put the collar against his neck. He could feel the hybrid tremble from the combined sources of pleasure as he quickly put the two ends together, which with one of Raven’s cuffs did not require a locking mechanism. It simply fused together and as Newlyn put his hands to the side of his master’s head he allowed the cuffs to do the work while he slowly pushed in deeper.

With the collar in place the rubber began to spread more thoroughly, causing the draconic Sabrewolf to shake in pure ecstasy as the rubber dragon started to push deeper into him. The synthetic substance seemed to sense their activity and Newlyn looked down to see the rubber from the thigh cuffs immediately spreading upwards first, coating his inner thighs and his stretched out hole before traveling upwards. As he could feel the gooey substance pushing in and coating Serathin’s insides he shuddered when he slid out, feeling the smooth sensation of rubber against rubber on his sensitive synthetic flesh.

Newlyn pushed in again and this time the tight inner walls gave easily, no doubt due to the transformation that was slowly sweeping across Serathin’s flesh. While he had become rubber before it was as a version of himself instead of completely becoming a different creature as the shiny blue substance coated the pectorals and stomach of his chest. It was an interesting sensation to see and once more gave the dragon slave a sense of déjà vu when it came to seeing it. Perhaps they could integrate it into part of their usual routine, though he was sure that if it came to the hybrid he would just stay as such he still needed to be himself for business meetings and the like.

As Newlyn slid down and continued to slowly rock his hips back and forth while feeling his master transform underneath him his hand bumped against something under the pillow. For a few seconds he wasn’t sure what it was, but when he pulled his hand back he found it was the Master collar. He was a bit surprised since he thought he had lost it somewhere, but as he felt the pleasure of their bodies growing he found himself desiring to wear it. Yes… with Serathin beneath him it would only make sense, especially considering his transformation.

If he was becoming a rubber slave, Newlyn’s corrupted mind thought as he began to bring the collar up to his neck, then why not have a rubber master to accompany it?

With the rubber still spreading over his body Serathin didn’t even see Newlyn put on the collar, especially as he could feel the material sliding up over his jaw and pushing into his mouth. He had already felt his tailhole get converted, which was being thoroughly stretched open by his slave, and everywhere the cuffs were on had been completely shined up. When he looked at his hands he didn’t see much of a difference but as the rubber reached his feet he could see his draconic digits shifting around. He groaned loudly as the pleasurable sensation of change overwhelmed them and when it was done the latex appendages had gone from dragon feet to something a little more canine instead.

Did Newlyn give him something that had made him a rubber werewolf? He was always a huge fan of beasts, but when he looked down at his body he found that where the shiny substance covered him he was actually losing a bit of muscle. It wasn’t much, but as he felt his limbs rippling from the change he could see that his six pack had been completely smoothed over. It was… strange, to say the least, but his thoughts were interrupted as he heard a chuckle come from the rubber dragon still thrusting into him.

“Enjoying yourself Serathin?” the rubber dragon said, though the tone of voice didn’t quite match how he was used to Newlyn speaking to him as the hybrid looked up into the smirking face. “You know, I was having a hard time thinking of what might best suit you for being in a position like this, but I see that you’re really getting into it. You are already coming along quite nicely…”

Serathin tried to ask what that meant, but as he attempted to open his mouth he found that the rubber that had spread over his muzzle had completely sealed his lips shut. While it wasn’t uncommon for such a thing to happen it made communication difficult, especially when his slave was being rather cryptic. But as the rubber dragon continued to thrust into the creature beneath him as the silver and blue rubber spread he was not Newlyn, Orochi watching as Serathin put his rubber covered hands up to his face. It had already covered most of the back of his head and as it crept up around his eyes they sealed shut just like his mouth did.

A mouth that was already starting to transform, Orochi noted as he could see the outline of lips shifting about. The lupine saber muzzle started to morph and deform as Serathin continued to try to speak, though he could no doubt feel something happening to his face. As the rubber pushed its way up towards his ears and began to envelop his horns his muzzle started to slim down a bit. He still retained his teeth that he was so prideful of, Orochi wouldn’t deny him that, but as it continued to warp right in front of him it eventually became a different species all together.

“What a pretty little fox muzzle you have there,” Orochi said as he could see Serathin tilting his head in confusion. Between the disorientation that came with the transformation and the pleasure that was coursing through both their rubber covered bodies he knew that the former hybrid was having trouble keeping track of what was going on as he leaned in. “Just relax… I have something for you now that you’re far enough along.”

Orochi pulled his cock out of the rubberized tailhole of the silver and blue fox, Serathin’s fur and scales quickly disappearing under the latex that was spreading like wildfire over his form. He was still also completely erect as well, something that caused the rubber dragon to snicker. Everything seemed to be going according to plan so far, and as the dragon went over to the stash that he had placed before he had let Newlyn resume he pulled out a visor. It was similar to those used during his slave training that he had gone through at he factory, something that had certainly caught Orochi’s eye as he started to activate the programming that he had ordered.

Meanwhile Serathin continued to lay there on the bed, his body quivering just from the stimulation of the rubber finishing up over him. While he wasn’t sure where the rubber dragon had gone off to he could feel the sensation of the substance spreading inside his body starting to reach its climax. He had already guessed that this was more than just a suit but as his muzzle began to split once more and he licked against his lips he could definitely feel the inside of his mouth had turned to rubber once more. This was a complete conversion… something similar to what had happened to Newlyn when he had gotten his new form.

As he felt the rubber finish pushing into his ears he brought his hands up and felt for his horns, only to find that they were no longer there. His ears were different too and as he continued to feel over his face he found that there were quite a few differences. Even in the haze of pleasure he remembered Newlyn saying something about becoming a fox, which was quite a surprise since he hadn’t even thought about it on his list of potential species to turn into when becoming a rubber critter. As the shiny substance finally started to shift around his eyes he let out a yelp as he felt something press up against his face.

As soon as the visor made contact with the fresh rubber it melded together, leaving the new silver and blue rubber fox with it on his face as Serathin tried to pull it off. “Oh come now, I know how much you appreciate a good visor,” Orochi teased as he also put in a set of rubbery ear buds that did the same. “Now that you’re all ready to go it’s time to begin the next phase of your training, isn’t that right slave?”

Slave… while the former hybrid turned fox seemed to be confused at the term Orochi just smirked as he also saw the shudder of arousal. He had been around the other man long enough to know his tells and as he clipped the leash onto the collar he could already see him practically slavering at the thought of what this visor was going to do to him. Not being one to disappoint he pressed a button on the screen of his smart phone and saw a spiral of multiple hues start to swirl in the screen. While he was just getting a small taste of it Orochi had to look away to avoid being enthralled, which he could just imagine what was going on with his former master.

With the linked earbuds pumping diurnal beats and subliminal messaging Orochi decided it was time to bring the fox down to his impromptu chambers. It had taken him most of the day to get it ready but as the rubber dragon led his new synthetic cohort down the stairs he had been quite proud of the set-up. Between Newlyn doing exactly what he had expected his submissive self to do and Serathin doing what he needed it made all his preparations worth it. Even the fact he moved everything out of the spare basement room was all for the effort as he led the enthralled creature around the workout equipment and into the space that had been set up.

While not nearly as fancy as the facilities at the Factory Orochi knew that this would be good enough as he led the fox towards the sheet of rubber that had been set up. It was a standing vac-rack, and though he was ready to get him in there the rubber dragon was curious on how well the slave training was going so far as he had Serathin stop in the middle of the room. “Time to see what a good little slave you are,” Orochi said as he stroked the throbbing cock of the rubber fox before pulling away and grabbing his own. “Suck it.”

Though Serathin was lost in the sea of colors that were hiding the words being etched into his subconscious the sudden demand had risen his thoughts above the sea of enthralling pleasure. “Wh-what?” Serathin asked in surprise as he saw his rubber dragon slave standing there holding onto a leash connected to his collar, a domineering sneer on his face as he stood there. “Newlyn, what’s going on?”

“You can call me master,” Orochi replied, trying to ignore the small sensation of subservience that came with that name. “And as such you are going to get on your knees and suck me off, and once I feel like you’ve learned your place I’m going to put you in that vac rack. Now are you going to be a good rubber fox slave and do it, or do I have to punish you for your disobedience?”

Though the tone was playful it was still a command, and the weight Orochi put behind it was enough to cause the fox to recoil slightly. At this point he had only been exposed to the hypnotic spiral and programming for a few minutes, but he could already see him starting to move forward. He knew that the draconic Sabrewolf was a switch too, which was what he was hoping would be magnified while he waited for the other man to make his move. Though it took longer than what Newlyn would normally respond in he did eventually see the rubber fox move towards him before falling to his knees.

The rubber coloration had turned out exactly how he wanted it to, Orochi thought to himself as he put his clawed hand through the long blue hair that went down the back of the slave’s neck. It went from a dark blue at the root to lighter at the tip, the shiny strands falling around Serathin’s face as he started to hesitantly bring his new muzzle up to the throbbing cock that was presented to him. The excitement he rubber dragon felt was palpable; not only was he becoming the master but making the one he used to be owned by into his slave in the process. There was something poetic about the whole thing, Orochi thought as he smirked to himself, especially considering he had initially tricked Newlyn into this role in the first place.

It didn’t take long before the vulpine was eventually nuzzling against his shaft, those green eyes the only things that didn’t shift along with the saber teeth that normally marked Serathin. That was just fine for the rubber dragon, it only gave him confirmation that the former draconic Sabrewolf was in there and that he was accepting of his new role. Of course they had just gotten started, Orochi thought to himself with a smirk as he watched the fox grab onto his shaft and put his lips against the tip, there was still plenty of slave training left for this one. As Serathin started to bob his head up and down on the cock though he began to feel a twitching in the back of his head and frowned as it seemed the scene was too surreal for his own slave side to comprehend.

While Orochi had hoped that seeing the rubber fox instead of his master would give him more time to enjoy himself it appeared not to be the case. After sliding in and out of his muzzle a few times the rubber dragon told the fox to rise, then to get into the vac-rack. It was a standing model and after sliding the restraints into the cuffs to keep Serathin’s arms over his head and his legs spread apart he put on the second layer. This sheet of latex had several ports on it that were aligned to the body that was inside of it before being secured to the frame.

Soon only the fox’s head was exposed, but Orochi had something for that as well. Once he had hooked up the tubes that would continue to stimulate the new slave while he wasn’t there he put a muzzle of the vulpine’s face, complete with a set of hoses that branched off to either side. Along with the hypnotic visor this would make sure that he would enter a nice, compliant state to soak in the programming that he had ordered. After that it was just one last thing, suctioning a cup against the restrained member that was practically stretching the latex out.

Once everything had been secured onto the wiggling creature Orochi turned on the machine, slowly stroking himself while he watched the rubber tighten around the restrained creature within. Anyone that would have walked down the stairs wouldn’t know that the one inside was Serathin, save maybe if they knew about the teeth, and the fact he had made his master into an anonymous rubber fox caused him to stroke even more. Soon he would have the freedom to do what he pleased, but at this point there was still one part of him that he had to deal with. Fortunately that was what this part was all about and he smirked as he saw the fox squirm even more in his tight latex prison before leaving him there…

When Newlyn awoke again he found himself laying in bed, sprawled out among the covers as he heard the sound of the alarm going off. Looks like it was time to get up, he thought to himself as he slowly stretched his draconic form. As he went to go and wake up his master he was surprised to find that the hybrid wasn’t laying there and that his side of the bed looked rather untouched. Had he decided to work late again?

If that was the case then Newlyn knew he would have to prepare as such, heading to the study in order to make sure that his master wasn’t passed out at his desk. He would also need to check the calendar to find out if he had any meetings and to plan a proper schedule around it. When he poked his head into the study though he was surprised to find that it was empty as well. Where was he… as Newlyn poked around in a few other areas the hybrid wasn’t anywhere, and when he checked in the garage the car was still there as well.

When he made his way back to the kitchen Newlyn was still confused at where Serathin had gone off to, especially since he always notified him if he was going out. His schedule also had a few meetings that required meeting with new clients to give them a breakdown of his services. While he knew the information like the back of his hand he wasn’t sure if his master would appreciate having his rubber dragon slave taking point. As he got to the basement and was about to go down the stairs he suddenly pulled his hand back, his inner voice telling him that he wouldn’t have gone down there and not to bother.

Newlyn decided to wait a bit and see if perhaps he went out walking somewhere, but as time ticked closer to those meetings and there was still no sign of him the rubber dragon began to think of options. He didn’t want his master to miss those meetings and lose out on the ability to write, but once more they were both weary of him appearing in his stead. But they didn’t have to know it was him… as Newlyn thought back to when he had been kenneled at Dragon heaven there was something they had done which would potentially remedy the situation. There was only one thing that he would need in order to help pull it off since it was something they hadn’t done in quite some time.

He needed the master collar.

It didn’t take Newlyn long to find it since it was sitting there right on the bedframe. He thought he had put it away but was grateful that it was in easy reach for what he was about to do next. Normally he would look for permission before he put it on but this time considering it was a sudo-emergency he just slipped it on around his neck. Once it was in place he simply thought of his master and sat on the bed while waiting for the changes to hopefully happen.

Newlyn didn’t have to wait long until he felt the rubber of his chest and shoulders start to shift, feeling a tingling sensation as synthetic purple and black fur began to grow on him. When he opened his eyes again they were a bright green as he could feel his muzzle shifting and changing, becoming more lupine while a pair of saber teeth pushed its way down from it. While he would have love nothing more than to lay back and bask in the pleasure of his transformation he merely sat there as more details on his body shifted. With them having a somewhat similar body shape it didn’t take much, feeling wings spreading out more from his back while his feet and hands gained blue scales to them.

In a matter of a few minutes Newlyn the rubber dragon was no longer sitting there, instead was an almost exact copy of Serathin sitting on the bed with a grin on his face. While anyone that might look up close could see that the fur and scales were completely synthetic at a distance no one could tell them apart. It was something they had used on several occasions, though never for something like this. Though Newlyn felt nervous stepping into his master’s shoes he had been under the desk long enough to know how to act while sitting at it.

As he made his way downstairs Newlyn also noticed that there was a subtle shift in him using this form as well. Last time when he adopted the body of the draconic Sabrewolf he actually thought he was him, but this time he still realized he was himself. It was a strange sensation having his own thoughts while still being in the body of his master, especially when he did have access to memories and knowledge that the other man had instilled in him. It was something that perhaps they would have to look into later and maybe see if Newlyn needed a refresher in his hypnotic training once he had gotten back.

But for the moment Newlyn had a task to do, and that was to make sure that everyone that was supposed to call in felt like they were dealing with the writer himself. Thankfully there were no writing consultation calls that needed to be fielded and instead it was mostly just discussing pricing as well as a publishing option as well. As Newlyn sat at the desk however he had to pause as he felt something; there was a sense of authority that couldn’t be denied and as he ran his hands over the seat he half expected to look down underneath and see himself there. The space was empty however and he was the one in the seat as he looked at the first call that he had to make.

Quite a few hours later all the calls had been finished and Newlyn sat back in the chair, his draconic Sabrewolf form sliding down slightly. “How does he get anything finished having to do all this stuff,” Newlyn wondered to himself as he picked himself back up. “No wonder he’s been getting more stressed, maybe he should get that manager he’s been talking about.”

As Newlyn thought about looking something up regarding that his phone buzzed. Thinking that it was Serathin finally telling him where he was he picked it up and saw that it was actually a reminder. Check basement… why did he need to do that? Even though it didn’t make much sense he went down there anyway hoping it would jog his memory of why he had set such a reminder.

When he got down to the bottom of the steps Newlyn’s ears perked up as he heard the sound of machinery running. At first he thought it was the furnace, but as he tuned into the noise he realized it was the unmistakable sound of a vacuum. They didn’t have anything down there that would make such a sound… yet as he went over to what was supposed to be the exercise room he could hear the sound growing louder. When he looked inside Newlyn gasped as he saw what appeared to be a fox guy restrained in the rubber vac rack, the visor flashing that training was complete while also seeing those unmistakable saber teeth that he also sported…

Chapter 3:

As soon as Newlyn had realized that it was Serathin in the vac-rack he quickly clambered to get him out, disconnecting the tubes that had been feeding him stimulation while whatever simulation program he had been exposed to was still running. How had he forgotten that his master was down here? Perhaps he had been hypnotized to do so, though even considering how safe Raven’s tech was he should have kept him in the loop in case anything happened.

It also didn’t make sense that he would do such a thing with having such a packed schedule, once more not telling him what he was doing. When he got the rubber fox out of the restraints he found himself looking at the silver and blue creature for the first time. It was… not what he was expecting as he remembered the lead up to the cuffs being put on, though if he remembered correctly Serathin thought he had been the one that picked them out. If that was the case he imagined that he would have picked something that catered to the more dominant, bestial desires of his master like a werewolf or a minotaur and not… well, a twink of a fox.

When he was out of the restraints and had the gas mask taken off of him Serathin shook his head a few times, clearing out the cobwebs before looking at the rubber dragon in front of him. “Oh, hey Serathin,” Serathin said simply as he looked at the draconic Sabrewolf standing in front of him, then at his own body. “Wait, which one of is Serathin again?”

“That would be you,” Newlyn replied with a sigh of relief at hearing his master was alright. “What on earth got into you to buy all this equipment and not tell me? Was it some sort of surprise?”

“Surprise?” Serathin replied as he looked back at the vac rack and the other equipment. “Yeah, I suppose it was a surprise. I had been thinking about getting a set-up like this for a while, I guess I just pulled the trigger and wanted to try it out first.”

Though Serathin didn’t seem convinced by the answer Newlyn found himself more confused at how he couldn’t have known. The hybrid was terrible at keeping surprises secret, especially ones as exciting as this, which was the reason why he had done it by text when he became a rubber dragon slave. To not have seen this being built by him or even known about the delivery was a head-scratcher that he couldn’t quite contemplate. With the day over and his master secure however he was at least able to take off the master collar and revert back to his draconic form.

As Newlyn felt the rubber once more reconstitute on his body he went up to remove the collar, only to find his fingers hesitating. With the way Serathin looked at the moment he wasn’t sure if he was even up to being his master. Perhaps… it wouldn’t be a bad idea to keep it around his neck, even if it was just to transform back into the draconic Sabrewolf if the need arose. Plus then the admittedly handsome rubber fox could continue to be such as Serathin looked at himself in the mirror.

“It always amazing me how natural a new body like this feels,” Serathin commented as he slid his blue hands down the silver of his sides “Lost a little muscle, but not bad though. Looks like I should have a collar and leash out at the club… oh wait, I do have a collar already…”

“Serathin, you alright over there?” Newlyn asked, the vulcanized vulpine spinning around and giving him a grin as he popped the visor off from his face.

“Yeah, I feel great actually,” Serathin replied. “Why?”

“It’s just… I feel bad for forgetting about you down here,” Newlyn replied, a sheepish grin on his face. “Not exactly a great thing for a slave to forget about his master. Maybe I need to go in and get some retraining done… speaking of which, what was on that visor that you were experiencing?”

Serathin’s mouth opened for a second before hanging there for a bit, then closing again. “I don’t… actually know,” Serathin stated as he looked down at the visor, clicking on the settings and looking through the video log. “Huh, must have just been a demo or something, at least that’s the only file on here. Well, except for one marked for you, but I doubt that I would have done that.”

“There’s one for me?” Newlyn asked as he went over to the visor, seeing a hypnotic file that was indeed marked with his name. “Maybe we had already discussed this and we thought it best if I got a refresher course, especially with the way I’ve been acting recently. Do you think you could hold down the fort while I check this out?”

“Pretty sure that I can handle things without my dragon slave doting on me,” Serathin replied, both of them chuckling as they reset the system. Aside from the visor there was also a canister marked for Newlyn as well; with his body being different then a normal organic one it took a different type of drug to help with an entranced state, which was what this seemed to be for. Within a few minutes they had reset everything with the two standing in front of it. “I bet this brings back memories, huh?”

Newlyn found himself just nodding as he held the visor in his hand. It was the day that everything changed for him, that he got a wonderful new life and a master to match. For some reason this felt more than just familiar, it was almost like déjà vu. It was probably just the discussion they were having before, Newlyn thought to himself, and as his curiosity with this strange file increased he decided there was no time like the present to check it out.

With the two of them Newlyn was able to get pulled up into the restraints of the vac rack, his feet dangling from the floor before they were secured as well. Once he was in place Serathin put the visor against his face and felt he rubber stick to one another. With his hands bound there was no way to take it off and as he heard Serathin say something the screen immediately began to glow with the start-up sequence. The rubber dragon took a deep breath as he felt the second sheet get pulled over him, Serathin securing it to the rack before starting up the vacuum.

Almost as soon as the motor started up Newlyn felt his body arch slightly from the sensation of being encased. It was a familiar feeling, one that both of them had indulged in before to a lesser extent. This was the first time that he was bound up and put in one with a hypnovisor since his training. It didn’t take long for all the air to be pulled out of the device, the two layers of rubber conforming to his body while the gas mask was pushed onto his muzzle after making sure he could breathe properly.

As soon as the last of the air was pulled out the hose was disconnected and the opening plugged to keep the suction. Newlyn wiggled about experimentally and found himself unable to move a muscle while the hoses were being connected to the mask on his face. It was actually an oddly comforting feeling, along with the pleasure that came from rubber pressed against his synthetic body there was something else that made it feel really good. He didn’t have too long to ruminate on it however as he heard the hissing of gas and felt he pressure change in his mask.

When he felt it suffusing through the mask Newlyn took a few deep breaths just to get it circulating in his system while he waited for the file to kick in. Most of the time these things had an intro sequence to get the subject in the mood and soften them up, which also allowed the inhibitor gas to kick in and make him nice and pliable. He could feel his muscles starting to relax while completely enveloped in the rubber… well, most of them at least. A huff escaped his lips as he felt the plugs push into the ports on the rubber over his body, with Serathin saving his throbbing member for last as he would expect the devious hybrid to do.

It didn’t take long before they were all in place though and he began to feel the buzz of the stimulation tickling his system. He could feel his hips thrust a few times in the binding of the rack as his maleness was particularly stimulated, especially when he felt a hand rub against his groin. He better not do this entire time, Newlyn thought to himself, or he might miss what was going on. It seemed that other than a few gropes the rubber fox that his master had become was satisfied and left him to enjoy whatever slave training he was about to have.

After a few minutes the hypnotic spirals in the visor grew more intense as he could hear the diurnal beats kick up. Even with the drugs in his system he found himself tensing slightly in anticipation. Having experienced several of these before he knew that they could be rather intense, and as he began to hear the usual trance induction playing it allowed him to catch his breath. He followed the instructions diligently as the world melted around him, even the pulsating of his needy cock disappearing into the background as he counted down with the file.

Eventually Newlyn sank down deep enough that he felt his body slump forward slightly, only to quickly feel himself bounce back again. When the rubber dragon came too again he found himself back at the factory in the first room that he had been told to go into. Certainly the nostalgia trip for sure, he thought to himself as he went up to the pedestal that had held the dragon suit that would become him. When he looked in the box this time however he found that there was a collar inside of it instead, a silver and blue one with a silver tag that hung down from it.

“I thought that perhaps something like this might be fitting for our meeting.”

Newlyn turned around and nearly bumped back into the pedestal as he saw… himself, the rubber dragon smirking at him as he stood there with his arms crossed. Even though it was him it actually wasn’t, at least not in the way that he acted as the other creature began to move around him. “What is this?” Newlyn asked as he pointed at the dragon, only to gasp when he saw spotted fur instead of the black and purple rubber he had become accustomed too. “What the hell?”

“This is the place of your birth,” the rubber dragon said as he gestured around him. “At least the rubber dragon slave you had become, and I’m hoping that it becomes it again in this space. My name is Orochi, and without mincing too many words I’m you, or rather what you will be.”

“You’re me?” Newlyn asked incredulously. As he continued to eye up the other dragon he noticed a familiar collar around his neck that made a few things snap into place. “Wait, are you here because I accidently put on the master collar? Did something happen to me that create you?”

“Looks like you’re getting there already,” Orochi replied. “In reality I’ve always been here, a dominant rubber dragon lurking about while you played slave to the Sabrewolf. While it was certainly appreciative I think it’s time that we switch things up a bit, and since I know that a little context is required I think it’s time to unblock all those memories that I had been keeping secret.”

Before Newlyn could ask what that meant his mouth opened in shock as suddenly he remembered everything. From purchasing all the stuff that was set up in the basement to the fact that he had essentially set Serathin up, which suddenly made the fact that he was in the vac rack for so long make sense. “You’re… turning Serathin into a rubber fox slave?” Newlyn asked, the grin on the rubber dragon’s muzzle growing bigger. “But why, he’s our master…”

“He’s your master,” Orochi corrected as he waggled his finger. “I have no such qualms about him ruling over me, and considering the steps that I’ve taken it shouldn’t be long until I’ve returned the favor for our hybrid. With him eating out of my hand there’s only one last obstacle that is in my way…”

Newlyn found himself swallowing hard as he could guess what that was, especially since he didn’t see any exits or anything out of this dream. “So, what, you’re just going to snuff me so you can take over completely?” Newlyn asked, trying to stall as he continued to back away from the dragon. “Don’t you think that I could wiggle my way back out if you try to keep me here?”

“That’s why we’re going to be doing a little more than just trading places,” Orochi explained as he held out his hand, surprising the snow leopard slightly. “Just like I was a part of you I want you to be a part of me, to be there and experience the joys of being the master in the house. While it may not sound it I did enjoy being the slave… but this dominance in me has to come out, and master collar or not it will manifest itself.”

Damn… Newlyn had been thinking about possibly getting out and destroying the master collar, but given they were the same person anything he thought Orochi would know too. “You can’t just do this to our master,” Newlyn exclaimed. “Serathin won’t let you get away with taking control and making him a slave.”

Just then Newlyn found himself alone, the dragon that he had been tracking suddenly gone from his vision. If Orochi had been the one that programmed this simulation, which from his memories he did, then he was the one in control of it. It was probably how he got this part of Newlyn to become a snow leopard instead of his usual dragon form as Orochi took their actual form for himself. Just as he was about to call out for the rubber dragon to show himself Newlyn remembered the night the master collar mishap happened in the first place while suddenly feeling the muzzle of the dragon right next to his ear.

“My dear Newlyn,” Orochi practically whispered. “Who do you think orchestrated this whole thing in the first place?”

Newlyn found himself taken aback by it, but while he couldn’t fathom how that had happened it appeared Orochi had already figured things out. He remembered the draconic Sabrewolf distinctly saying that the slave collar was on the nightstand, which was the one he had taken. Though it was hard to believe that it wasn’t a simple mistake both knew that he would grab it and assume as such that it was the slave collar without question. Plus there was the fact that all this time the slave collar with his name on it had gone missing…

As Newlyn felt what was his own clawed hands sliding across the fur of his stomach more things were starting to line up. He had been frustrated with the managerial aspects of his job and joked about just wanting to write, not to mention the long hours he had been putting in. There was also the fact that while he was dominant he wasn’t very dominant, often asking Newlyn what he wanted to do even though he was the slave. Was it really possible that what Serathin wanted all this time was to give up his title and let Newlyn, or rather Orochi, have it instead?

“Why not find out?” Orochi asked, nibbling on the ear of the snow leopard as he pressed against his back. “If you think this was a mistake I’m sure that Serathin can put me back in my place. Or I’ll do you one better, if I’m wrong then I will step aside and let you take control again, how’s that?”

“Well… I’m not quite sure how I would lie to myself,” Newlyn said as he found the particularly amorous rubber dragon to be quite distracting. “So I suppose if you promise that I can go back to being a slave if this hunch turns out to be wrong then I guess I’m in.” As soon Newlyn said that he could feel the rubber covering over his body again, the snow leopard disappearing under the wave of shiny material that started to cover him.

But even as his normal form reasserted itself Newlyn could feel something else happening to him, more than just the familiar draconic dick that was starting to push up underneath his tailhole. As those muscular arms wrapped around his chest he could feel a pulling sensation, like instead of being coated his back was being pulled in by the substance. The rubber dragon let out a growl of delight as his submissive side finally did so for himself, quickly pushing in his cock while flooding both their bodies in pleasure. As the snow leopard’s hips began to sink into the dragon’s Orochi continued to squeeze against him, eager to be the one running the show.

Tendrils of rubber continued to coil around Newlyn’s arms and legs as they were pulled inside, feeling his perspective starting to shift while he was also being pounded by the dragon. He could feel himself becoming subsumed by this new version of himself… not fading, but rather being integrated into a new part of this personality. Orochi really did want him to join, and it seemed the idea of being separate entities was not something the rubber dragon wanted. As the rubber covered the snow leopard’s digits they were pulled into sides of the one merging with him, causing him to gasp as his feet were quickly pulled in as well.

It didn’t take long before he felt like he was back in the vac rack, though the sensation of sinking was certainly something new. Even though this was all happening in his mind it felt very real to him, especially with how deep the dragon was getting inside of him. As he felt some of the smaller tendrils that were slithering around the back of his head while he was being pulled in between Orochi’s pectorals he guessed there was no room for a dragon slave with a dragon master. As tentacles wiggled their way into his ears more of the rubber covered his head, turning him briefly into a duplicate of the one he was merging with while also being pulled inside.

Soon the snow leopard was nothing more than a few bulges inside of the rubber dragon’s body, Orochi smirking as he saw the look of blissed out pleasure form on Newlyn’s face. Other than his head the only other thing was his stomach and maleness, though as his rear was pulled in by the tentacles wrapping around his waist his cock reformed between the feline’s legs and completely enveloped it. He grinned as he could still feel the slave wanting to be there for Serathin, and he would be in a more… limited capacity. Orochi patted Newlyn’s draconic head as he promised to take good care of their master and soon to be slave before pushing him in and fully engulfing him.

For a few brief moments the outline of the snow leopard disappeared completely, the two creatures becoming one again after being split by the collar. For a few brief moments Orochi’s throat bulged as the other part of himself took its place, then let out a satisfied sigh. No more needing to switch around and hide in the shadows, Orochi thought to himself as he looked over at the pedestal. As he went to pick up the collar there was one last thing that he needed to do, though as he pushed the box aside with the collar in hand he heard the flutter of wings.

“It seems that everything has been delivered to your satisfaction, Orochi,” the raven said as he landed on the pedestal said, a knowing smirk on the face of the program as the dragon nodded. “Good, now that you’re in control don’t forget to rate us five stars, but first we have a little additional programming that you ordered. After this course no one will deny that you are a true master worthy of having such a devoted slave…”

A few hours later the rubber fox came down from the upstairs after a notification on his phone told him that the training was complete. While he didn’t remember setting one up the last few weeks had been full of surprises for Serathin as he went into his basement. “You know, this room is better for this kind of thing anyway,” Serathin said as he looked about at all the equipment that had been gotten, particularly the vac rack that the rubber dragon was locked in. “Suppose it’s time to see what’s been cooking down here.”

There was a loud pop as Serathin released the air that was in the vac rack, letting the layers separate while he pulled the plugs from the sheeting. The dragon inside remained slumped forward as the mask and visor were taken off next before finally loosening the restraints. By that point the one that had been inside seemed to come around, especially with the drugs and hypnotic commands no longer suffusing through his mind. When the last cuff was popped Serathin had him on his feet, looking into his eyes while asking if he was alright.

To answer the question Orochi leaned forward and kissed him, his tongue pushing into that vulpine muzzle as his hands slid to the back of Serathin’s head. The intense make-out session continued for while with the sounds of their bodies squeaking together filling the air until they finally parted. “Wow, Newlyn, that must have been quite the program,” Serathin said with a grin, only to tilt his head in confusion when the dragon just smirked at him. “Newlyn?”

“I believe I may have something else for you down here,” Orochi said as he ignored the name, which with their merged psyches he was able to do easily while heading over to a box he had hidden. The fox just watched him in question until the dragon came back with something in his hands. “I had lost the other one, so I hope you don’t mind that I ordered another to replace it.”

“Another what?” Serathin asked, looking down as he saw that it was a rubber collar with the word slave emblazoned on it, except instead of Newlyn’s name there was another on there. “Who’s Flynn?” As soon as the fox said the name out loud he felt a sense of vertigo overwhelm him, the dragon catching the fox as he began to feel a numbness spreading in his mind. While it was something that Serathin had experienced before it was never quite this strong as he let out a moan and held his head.

“That would be you,” Orochi replied, looking into the eyes of the fox as the coloration began to shift. Once more he knew that the saber teeth wouldn’t ever leave him, but he could still make a few other alterations as the green in his eyes shifted to a brilliant sapphire blue. “Don’t you remember Flynn, you were so eager to be the slave of a dragon that you practically jumped into my arms.”

Even though Serathin would remember his other self, mostly for work and such, Orochi could tell that the programming that he had put in during his time down there had deeply ingrained itself into his other desires. There was no pushback and aside from brief bits of confusion he could see that the rubber fox was soaking up this new information like a sponge and integrating it into his own thoughts. “I… of course, how could I forget?” Flynn said as the green hue completely disappeared as the fox took the collar and looked at it. “So… this is it, I put this on and we’re master and slave?”

“That we are,” Orochi replied as he leaned in once more, rubbing his finger against the cheek of the newly minted rubber fox persona. “As long as you remember that I’m the master, you got that? No turning back after that collar is put on.”

The warning seemed to phase the fox very little as he took off the old collar, which Orochi took as he noticed the rubber already starting to recede from its removal, and put the new one on. The second the ends fused into place the dragon could see the look in the eyes of the other man glaze over, practically being able to see will of the creature become bound to him. It was quite the intoxicating site and one that he had been waiting for ever since he had awakened. Let Newlyn keep the draconic Sabrewolf, Orochi thought to himself with a smirk as he clipped a leash to the new collar, this rubber fox was his… all his.

It didn’t take long for Orochi to decide what to do with his new slave first, bringing the still somewhat enthralled creature up to the bedroom. While Flynn would eventually remember his other life the slave collar would continue to suppress it and keep Serathin under wraps. Perhaps at some point they might make the switch permanent, but it was highly unlikely considering how much he had put stock in his own image. Of course there were plenty of remedies to that, the dragon thought to himself, but for the moment he just savored his victory as the got the fox onto the bed.

“What would you like me to do, Master?” Flynn asked as his tail wagged in the air.

“Well aren’t you the eager one?” Orochi said with a chuckle as he climbed up with him, rubbing a hand against his lithe chest. “Before I really claim you though I do wonder one thing. Now that you’re fully committed to this new slave lifestyle, do you have any sort of regrets?”

“Regrets?” Flynn repeated, the fox looking at him intently while thinking about it. “I think… you’re a good master, I can sense it, so I don’t have any regrets. I know you’re going to treat me right and I look forward to serve your every need as a rubber fox slave.”

That was all Orochi needed to hear, and deep down Newlyn as well. While the dynamics might shift again for the moment they were both settled into this new era of their life while Orochi commented that the fox could need to get a nice harness for his chest like his own. They would need to figure out the logistics, but for the moment all he cared about was getting in between the legs of that silky smooth creature that he had claimed. Flynn was more than eager to spread his legs and as their chests pressed together they shared in another kiss.

After making out for a while Orochi was ready to claim his prize. He pulled the legs of the rubber fox in the air and then slid his cock against the exposed tailhole. “Oh yes,” Flynn moaned as Orochi started to push down, leaning in to angle himself while still stroking down the other man’s his thighs. “Claim me, master…”

“As you wish, slave,” Orochi replied, his grin growing wider each time they cemented their bond further. To reward such an eager toy of his the dragon popped his head into the latex hole of the other man, causing his back to arch slightly. With both of them having unique anatomy the dragon didn’t have to worry about hurting him like he did when Flynn was a flesh and blood draconic Sabrewolf. “Tell me how much you wish for me to take you, to show you that you belong under me.”

“I… want it so badly,” Flynn gasped, gripping onto the bedsheets as Orochi once more pushed deeper into him. “Yes, I want you to take me, show me jus how good of a slave I can be!”

Definitely eager to indulge in the lifestyle, Orochi thought to himself with a smirk as he could feel the fox trembling in pure lust underneath him. How long had Serathin wanted to be like this? As the dragon began to pump into the fox and show just how much he desired his new slave he could see the look of pure bliss on the face of the vulpine creature. While he had speculated before that the draconic Sabrewolf had masterminded the entire thing at the very least to have Newlyn indulge in his dominant side, this seemed to be a good outcome for all of them.

Soon the two no longer talked, their bodies pressed together as dragon master humped into his fox slave. When they were finished like that Orochi had Flynn on all fours and took him again, rocking his hips while plowing into the hole of the other rubber creature. Eventually their little celebration wound down and as they cuddled up against one another Orochi already had already started to plan to make sure that they would be able to continue like this for quite some time…

Part 4:

As Serathin sat at his desk he watched as the publisher he had been talking to for the last hour hung up, finally resolving the issue that they had with one of his books. As he slowly stood up he cracked his neck and stretched before looking at the clock. Meetings all day again, though with his prowess he had actually managed to get ahead of a few of them and make it so that they wouldn’t need any follow-up. Perhaps they could finally get some time off and go somewhere fun, the draconic Sabrewolf thought to himself as he held his hand up and watched the synthetic fur shift back to rubber.

It didn’t take long before Orochi sat in the chair instead, slowly rocking back and forth while he took care of business for his slave while also doing a bit of work of his own. With the fox content to write while also taking care of things around the house it had opened up a lot of potential for him. Naturally with him still doing his day job they split the tasks more evenly since one of the things the dragon found himself having to look out for is him overworking. He did have to take care of his slave after all, Orochi thought to himself as he opened the study doors and found Flynn waiting for him.

“Good evening master,” Flynn said happily as he held a tray, the silver and blue fox holding up his latest creation that looked like some sort of baked good. “I had finished one of my projects today so I thought with the extra time I would try out a new recipe. How did the meetings go?”

“Much like you I find that my firm hand is keeping things quite manageable,” Orochi replied as he took one of them and bit into it, the rubber dragon letting out a sound of satisfaction as he popped the rest of it into his mouth. “Of course this means that I’m probably going to have to be you more often, but given our arrangement no one seems to have noticed the swap. Seems that we make quite the team, and since we’ve been at this a month why don’t we have ourselves a little celebration?”

Once more he saw Flynn’s eyes light up at the prospect of going somewhere to commemorate their role swap, though while the fox was in that state he didn’t even remember it. Other than the writing aspects of his life there was very little that was carried over from the hybrid to this new creature, instead his mind utilizing the skills and desires that were instilled in him through the vac-rack. He had been put through one of the more intense processes he could find on the website in order to help get him into the proper mindset, and considering even when he remembered he was Serathin he didn’t want to go back it was well worth it. Between the two of them they kept things going pretty well with Orochi at the helm as he got into the driver’s seat with his leashed rubber fox slave and drove off to their destination.

The Factory was a bit of a drive away from their house and by the time they had gotten there it was already night. But while the public show room was closed most of the production facilities were available twenty-four seven. One of the perks of having a legion of devoted rubber employees, Orochi thought to himself with a chuckle as they parked and made their way towards the back. The Factory was also one of the few places where two creatures like them didn’t look out of place, in fact they fit in more than anything as they walked around to the back towards the area marked for delivery and pick-up.

Though Flynn was unsure of what exactly they were going to be doing there it was clear that Orochi had made a few arrangements as they were nodded past the front desk. “Now I know that we had our fun in the basement that made you a rather good slave so this part wasn’t needed,” Orochi said as they walked past the drone preparation area and into an area marked training. “But since I don’t want you to miss out on the entire experience I had called ahead to utilize a training program similar to mine, and then once we’re done with that I have one more treat.”

As they got to one of the metal doors it opened for them, revealing rather bare room with several metal panels that were embedded in it. Orochi grinned as he remembered his time in this place and knew that Flynn would enjoy being properly trained both orally and anally. While normally the process was completely automated he had been allowed inside since this was more of an experience rather than a proper training session. It still didn’t discourage him from putting the fox through his paces in order to literally stretch the limits of his new body.

When the process started up Orochi noticed that there was a couple of panels that were all aligned with one another. Raven must have upgraded in order for multiple drones or slaves to be trained at the same time… and while he hadn’t intended on joining in on the fun, he decided to show his fox how it was done. When the announcer told them to head to the oral training stage he could see that Flynn was a little nervous and remembered that he and his counterpart had a little performance anxiety. Orochi was even more happy to step in and assist as the two stood on metal pads and watched as the doors in front of them dropped open.

Orochi could hear the computer telling him that they would be tested up to the solid line on the tentacles for the sake of synthetic creatures, the two skipping the dotted line that would be if they were still flesh and blood. With how long the cuffs and collar had been on his slave the dragon doubted that he even remembered what it was like to be an organic creature. The two felt the restraints clamp over their ankles as rubbery tentacles pushed their way out, one for each as it slithered its way out through the air towards them. Though Flynn’s head leaned back slightly Orochi just gave him a wink and opened his maw, showing that he could be dominant even in this situation as he opened his muzzle.

The tip pushed past his lips and he gave it a lick even though he was pretty sure these were all mechanical while giving a smirk to Flynn. Part of how he wanted to make sure that the fox knew he was in charge was his assertive nature even as he let the tentacle push inside of him. As he tilted his head back and allowed it to start to push deeper into him as he heard a slight gag next to his station. He looked over and would have chuckled at the sight of seeing the somewhat smaller tentacle pushing its way into the throat of the fox as he held onto the bar.

They went through several size increases as Orochi felt the familiar stretching of his mouth and throat, getting to sizes that he knew he would probably never have to deal with unless his companion suddenly got a hyper fetish. When they were finished with that the dragon led his slave over to the next aspect of it, the two of them doing the anal training next as they hopped up and grabbed the bars hanging over the metal portholes. “You know, I wondered what the process was that you went through,” the fox said as they heard the instructions being told to them. “To become a rubber dragon slave.”

“Ah, I see Serathin has come out to play,” Orochi replied with a grin as he noted the green tint in the fox’s eyes. “Yeah, it was definitely quite the experience to say the least, one that I wouldn’t want you to be deprived of. Of course I’ve had quite a bit of practice since then and gotten used to this form, but if this is really something that you want to delve deeper into I’m all for being your dragon master.”

“That is something to think about for certain,” Serathin replied, though the two had to pause as they felt their tailholes get penetrated, the fox panting heavily as the slickened appendage slowly but methodically pushed up inside of him. “You know… you never did ask.”

“Ask what?” Orochi asked himself, grunting as his own tentacle pushed up deep into his augmented anatomy.

“If I had you, or rather Newlyn, grab the master collar on purpose or accidentally,” Serathin replied between huffs.

“Oh, I figured that if you ever wanted to let me in on that particular secret you would,” Orochi replied before adjusting himself, letting the tentacle deep in his body help keep him braced up while he moved over to where Serathin hung. “Just like I might eventually tell you if Newlyn had been thinking about turning the tables before you did such a thing. For now I just want you to enjoy your training, and show you something that you can do once you really get into the rubber slave groove.”

Serathin looked at him in question and as his eyes shifted back to blue Orochi leaned forward and kissed him while holding on with one hand. With the tentacle inside of him pushing upwards still he didn’t need to hold on much and just enjoyed the powerful pleasure while using his hand to keep the fox’s muzzle pressed against his own. They remained like that for a few moments and when Flynn emerged and looked at the dragon in question he could see the thick bulge wiggling around inside of him. Orochi had felt the tentacle slither its way up inside of him, stretching out the rubber of his stomach and then his chest before it began to tickle against the base of his throat.

As their muzzles remained locked together Flynn let out a muffled grunt of shock as something other than the dragon’s tongue pushed into it, Orochi feeling his throat stretch from the tentacle inside before it pushed out of his mouth and into the fox. The bright blue eyes of the other creature rolled back into his head as he was essentially penetrated from both ends while more of the tentacle was fed through the dragon and into him. With how wide his tailhole was stretched out the dragon could feel his legs twitching and his own cock throbbing in the air while he enjoyed the surreal experience. He didn’t want them to get too overly stimulated though, Orochi thought to himself as he let their bodies press together, not when they still had the slave’s treat to indulge in…

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Once they had finished the last round the doors opened once more and allowed the two freshly trained rubber creatures outside. Though Flynn was walking a bit funny he continued to state how great the experience was and how much more confident he felt about his abilities. Orochi just listened with a smile on his face as they walked towards another area, one that was further inside the facility. The fox was still talking and probably didn’t even notice the fact they were walking into an area marked as specimen containment, nor the rather heavy security door that just closed behind him.

It wasn’t until they got into the middle of a large open space that was akin to a combination of indoor field and lounging area did Flynn finally asked where they were. Orochi just held a finger to his lips and went over to the lounge area where he saw a box marked for him. Seems that the Raven had come through on what he had asked for, though he was told that this was an experimental treatment. Just meant less that they needed to pay for as Orochi opened the box while he had Flynn keep a few steps behind him.

“Now there’s something that I’ve been curious about ever since you’ve become my slave,” Orochi said as he took out the autoinjector and let the contents slosh around inside while looking at the fox. “You always did have a fondness for the brutish and the slavering, and while that lends itself well to a dominant position I wonder what the effects would be for someone a little more submissive. What do you say slave, want to give it a try?”

“Ohhhh, I think I would like that very much,” Flynn replied, the fox stepping forward as he saw the other gear in the box. “Do we need to put all that on first?”

“That’ll come later,” Orochi instructed. “For now let’s get you changed first, and I was told that for the best results logistically you should be on all fours while I remain behind you. I was also told that if we used any of the bondage implements that we needed to make sure that the straps are adjustable.”

Flynn nodded in response and the two went over to a bench that would work for them. While Orochi knew what he had described in the order the fact that this was considered experimental plus he didn’t give specifics meant he was in for a little surprise of his own. The rubber fox laid down on his stomach, adjusting himself so that his head was just hanging a little bit over the edge and his maleness was pressed against a pouch that would contain it. Once he was comfortable Orochi got the padded straps on his ankles and wrists, which while Flynn could probably easily escape them with how loose they were at the moment it wasn’t the fox that he wanted to contain.

Once more Orochi asked if he was ready to become the beast, Flynn nodding in response as his tail wagged in the air. The dragon was curious to see what would happen mentally as he prepped the autoinjector. Would it still be Flynn, the dutiful fox slave, or perhaps Serathin would make more of an appearance? Maybe it would be something else entirely as the rubber dragon moved to the head of the fox and pressed the tip of the injector against his neck.

There was a hiss and a click and just like that the contents were inside the fox’s body as Orochi tossed the empty device into the nearby trash can. “Oh… I think I can already feel it starting to work,” Flynn said as he started to pant, Orochi hearing the restraints on the limbs hanging above the floor shuddering slightly. “My thoughts… feel funny…”

“You know that there’s no need to think while I’m around,” Orochi said as he could already start to see changes happening to the fox, his ears growing slightly bigger as the intellect in his eyes was already starting to drain out of him. “No need for complex thoughts or plans, that’s what your alpha is for. All you need to do is listen to me and let those primal instincts building up in you take control.”

“Yes… alpha…” Flynn said, his voice already starting to deepen as his muzzle began to swell out slightly. It was once more taking on a more lupine appearance, something that Orochi knew Serathin and by extension Flynn would enjoy. “Head… fuzzy… hard to… talk…”

Orochi chuckled as he could see that they were still very much into the big dumb brute concept, especially as he could see that the other creature was having trouble forming words. Though the serum would leave him completely lucid it would shut down everything else related to higher thinking, anything more complex then feeding or breeding evaporating from his mind. While he couldn’t keep him like this constantly, especially not with his profession, he imagined it was probably a nice break. All the pressures of the world disappearing with those thoughts as he could hear a growl reverberating through the fox.

Once he was sure that the serum was taking effect Orochi found the enticing sight of his slave indulging in this new mindset enough for him to get hard. Already the vulpine features of the fox were shifting and warping, bulging out with every twitch of his head and body. It almost looked like Serathin was coming back out but there was no horns or other draconic features that were emerging. Instead he was becoming a pure wolf, or in this regard a werewolf as the restrained creature let out a snarl as his jaws popped.

With the lithe frame of the fox already starting to fill out with a little more muscle Orochi decided to utilize his slave while he changed. It didn’t take much to coax the transforming creature to open his mouth, though as he did he noticed that there was something leaking from his maw. At first he just thought that it was a slightly thicker synthetic drool, but as the muzzle opened while it popped and stretched out even more he could see that it was a thick black goo. It dripped down between his growing fangs and even though the visage of the creature grew fiercer it wouldn’t stop the rubber dragon from utilizing that thickening tongue and warm maw.

There was a muffled grunt from the groaning creature followed by a squishing noise as his cock slid inside. More goo practically gushed out of the rubber werewolf’s mouth as he pushed in and amongst it he could feel the tongue slithering out over his shaft. He let out a moan as the transforming maw practically clamped down on it, but despite the sharp-looking teeth they were actually quite rubbery as they slid along the shaft. With the creature growing bigger Orochi didn’t have long to put that recent oral training to use, grabbing the sides of the wolfish head and plunging his cock deep inside.

The body of the transforming creature strained slightly against the restraints that were starting to fill out, but it was mostly due to the pleasure of the changes and for servicing his master. Even without the ability to speak Orochi could see the look of pure subservience in his eyes that was only bolstered by his new instincts. He had labeled himself the alpha and along with a boost to strength and size there was also an increase in his loyalty and devotion as well. This creature knew that he needed someone to direct him, to guide all that power as a ripple of muscle growth went through him.

As Flynn continued to grow the head of the new werewolf was already starting to near completion, Orochi feeling his thrusts getting shallower and shallower inside the throat of the other male. In reality his muzzle was still extending and his skull was swelling to accommodate his new frame that was busy catching up. The black goo that was drooling out of his mouth was also leaking out of his nostrils and ears, staining the blue and silver while spreading the coloration. Perhaps they would have something for Halloween after all, the dragon thought to himself as he pulled out of the creature spasming in pleasure to reorient himself.

As Orochi looked down at his own maleness though he could immediately tell that something was different about it. The goo that dripped from his shaft looked like it had filled out all the ridges and bumps that were on it. There was also a thrum of pleasure that was coming from his groin as he held it in his hands. When the thick substance transferred to his hands he felt the tingle transfer to there and realized that perhaps Raven had some more work on this particular serum. When he heard a loud, deep growl he could see that the shoulders and chest had swelled out of the fox, or rather the werewolf as he could see that the vulpine features disappear from the black rubber.

Though it was not entirely expected as Orochi felt his fingers start to swell while the black goo covered him too it wasn’t an unpleasant sensation. He still felt his mind was working and didn’t have any distortion of thoughts like Flynn was experiencing as he snapped his jaws and flung drool everywhere. But he did feel his need for dominance flare up and as he looked at the wiggling backside of his slave he knew exactly where he could slake it. By the time he moved around towards the back of the growing rubber werewolf he stroked down the back and could feel his back pushed and stretching in the fuck bench.

Once more the training they had just undertaken has come in handy as he went over where Flynn’s legs were spread apart and came up from behind. He could see the transforming creature’s legs and thighs bulge up, pushing upwards from the new gooey muscle swelling underneath his skin. While it would all settle out as things concluded it almost looked like tentacles or something were pushing through him, even though that was just the new goo forming. As Orochi came up and put his enlarged, gooey member pushed against his tailhole it almost seemed to swallow it right up and pull him inside.

Even with the insertion Orochi could hear the huffs and growls coming from his body growing bigger and more muscular. A thick ripple of goo pushed down underneath his already thick biceps and pushed down into his forearms, then into his fingers. When his claws pushed out and his feet grew into shiny paws his appendages that had been dangling above the floor were now pressed against it. He was definitely going to be a big boy… and as he began to slide his cock into him he could see tendrils of black starting to slither up over his purple chest.

Orochi let out a grunt of pure pleasure as he indulged in his need to dominate this creature, letting out a growl himself. It seemed whatever was in the saliva had infected him too and as his thighs and hips thickened he could feel himself growing bigger. While Flynn was outstripping him in the hulking factor he found himself flexing his new biceps as the blackness spread up over them. He curled his clawed fingers and while his draconic features morphed and reformed from a draconic into a lupine snout he found it curling up into a big smile.

“Yeah…” Orochi said as he continued to pump his hips forward, thrusting into the big beast of a werewolf as he felt the corruption spread into his mind. “I could get used to this. A strong alpha goo wolf and his rubber beast slave…”

There was a snarl that came from the huge, thickly muscle werewolf whose tailhole enveloped his cock and could tell that meant yes. The cuffs and collars on Flynn as well as his own adornments had been made from the same stuff as the werewolf serum, which was good as the former dragon turned alpha wolf popped his new firm pectorals that were framed by them. He was quite the stud, and as he felt the delight of letting out a snarl he looked down at the beefcake of a rubber werewolf slave below. Looks like it was time to release the beast, Orochi thought to himself as he went down and released the restraints that were tight against the huge hands and paws of the creature.

When Flynn stood up his eyes glowed with a bright blue light, his snarls bubbling slightly as the corruptive goo continued to leak from his maw. It wasn’t the only place either as he could see that his huge rubber cock was leaking as well. If it had the same effect to others that it did on him then he was going to have to seal it up. But first… as he grabbed onto the collar he told the snarling beast to follow him and let him over to a pillar.

With the leash still in hand Orochi leaned up against the concrete surface and pulled the leash so Flynn got up behind him. “You know what to do,” Orochi said with a smirk as he leaned back, already feeling the clawed hands slide up against his hips. “Be a good boy and lets get some of that corruptive goo out of you.”

Before he even finished his sentence Orochi had to grip the pillar as his insides were stretched out by the massive cock of the huge goo wolf. Even with the training that he had participated in he let out a slight yelp as his feet were lifted up in the air and his chest pressed against the column. His paws flailed about as he could feel his stomach being stretched out, the outline of the large shaft in his belly. Even when he didn’t have it all the way hilted inside of his tailhole his abs sagged slightly while being pumped full of more goo.

“Well… this is certainly a precarious situation…” Orochi said as he was practically vertical, though when the huge beast behind him stopped he looked back and gave out a snarl. “I didn’t say stop…”

About twenty minutes later Orochi walked out of a different exit from the containment facility, the rubber werewolf walking with the hulking creature behind him. Several others that were in the area made sure to give the huge creature a wide birth as they made their way towards the front of the building. While Orochi was still in his usual outfit and back to his normal rubber dragon form the snarling creature behind him was clad in a new loincloth and a muzzle against his snout. His arms were also in arm binders behind his back with mitts at the end of his fingers that dripped with more of the goo.

Even with all the precautions he still left a trail of rubber pawprints as the hulking wolf was permanently hunched forward. His muffled snarls and growls could still be heard as Orochi went to the front desk where he spotted a familiar figure waiting for him. “I hope that you enjoyed yourselves,” Raven said as he sat on the perch as the two walked up to him. “I was happy to cater to such wonderful and frequent customers such as you two… is it still Orochi and Flynn?”

“It is for the moment,” Orochi replied with a chuckle while looking back at the heavily muscled rubber creature he held the leash too. Behind him a lizard man was trying to wipe up the pawprints when his fingers brushed against the goo, only for him to gasp when the goo started to spread and his fingers grew long claws. “Oh… uh, is that going to be a problem?”

“I saw from the footage that those created by the goo he produces are non-infectious,” Raven replied dismissively with a wave of his wing. “Anyone that is silly enough to touch something like that deserves to be turned into a rubber werewolf for a while, though we may need a few guards to handle things. But I’m so glad to see you are so fluid in your roles, I had to admit I was a bit surprised when I got your order from Serathin’s account.”

“Well expect us to be making more purchases in the future,” Orochi stated. “I don’t plan on returning control anytime soon, and I plan on being the best master that I can be.”

The two had some small talk and got a catalogue on some latest products that were being tested. Given their proclivities to enjoy new and unusual experiences the Raven was probably more keen on keeping them happy in exchange for prime test subjects. As he looked back at the growling huge werewolf behind him it came with some unexpected results for him whenever they did a test too. Fortunately the serum would wear off the next day and with his management of Serathin’s work they wouldn’t have to worry about him needing to make an appearance.

Though it was a bit hard to get him shoved into the car with his huge frame, the werewolf having to lay in the back, eventually they got back to Serathin’s house. With it being late in the night Orochi was able to walk him about, giving him a bit of time out in the open in his beast body with him being in all fours. Things had gone from master and slave to master and pet as he took off the muzzle. The goo drooled out of Flynn’s mouth and as Orochi sat on the bench he couldn’t help but grin.

“Perhaps before the night is out we could see just how many of our friends would enjoy your corruptive touch,” Orochi said to Flynn, though the werewolf was clearly more intent on snuggling up with the rubber dragon. “Perhaps we should entice others to join in, maybe a few more people making an unexpected trip to the Factory… or perhaps have a few things delivered.”

Serathin nodded and let out a happy snarl as Orochi rubbed his cheeks. “Would my slave like getting a few people to slobber on and turn into rubber werewolves?” Orochi asked in a happy, playful voice that caused the werewolf to smirk and nod. “Yeah, let’s go find a few temporary rubber werewolf slaves… unless they get a taste of it and they want more of course.”

Orochi got up from the bench and tugged on the leash as the rubber dragon master thought about who to call up to show off his new slave…

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