“It looks like we have two little lost dragons who fell right into our cave,” Jiro said as they continued to pace back and forth, herding the two anthro rubber creatures up until they had fallen back on the pile of gold in their cavern. “I was wondering when they were going to give us some toys to play with, did you give yourselves to us willingly or have you been caught here unawares?”

The two had remained quiet ever since they had been blindsided by the fact that the ones they were going to meet were not restrained like were when they had been on display. For Negadrake his attention was completely focused on Shawn as the red and blue dragon huffed at him, that large muzzle inches away from him. “We… did volunteer…” Negadrake found himself able to say as Shawn leaned back. “I don’t think either of us quite expected this, I mean they didn’t say that we were going to be be introduced… like this.”

“How else did you think you were going to come to us as?” Shawn replied this time, taking his heavy foot and pressing it onto Negadrake’s chest, pushing him into the gold as coins and little gemstones fell all around him. “You thought we would just be lying here in our own domain, bound up like before so you can give us a pet or something?”

“Kinda?” Rafa stated, Negadrake nodding as well. Even though the two were clearly nervous about being in the same room as two creatures that could probably rip them apart if need be there was still the arousal that they had experienced before. Shawn in particular could feel the growing maleness of the anthro dragon beneath him against his foot pad before he arched back and released the black-scaled dragon before motioning over for Jiro.

“Well as you can see there are no bindings here,” Shawn said before they went over to the synthetic plants that lined the cave room and pulled a wooden box out with their forepaws. “But that’s going to change really soon. The question is are you going to be good little toys and come here or are you going to be fun little toys and make us chase you around?”

With the options clearly presented to the two the two anthro rubber creatures slowly got up from the pile of coins that the dragons had been sitting on and slowly walked over to Shawn and Jiro as they began to pull things out of the box. Shawn had never felt more powerful then he was now, not only able to freely move about but also with someone else that he can exert that control on. The river that was his emotions was raging with new sensations and his own personal kinks and desires were running right into it. He wanted nothing more than to bind up this creature like what had been done so many times before, maybe even put it up on display…after he had gotten ample opportunity to play with it himself.

Just like with their own bindings it appeared that their handlers had given them two sets of bondage gear, one of them in bold and the other in silver. As Pyre had stated the gear was definitely not for them, both Jiro and Shawn grinning when the white-scaled dragon took one of the cuffs and could just slide it over one of his toes like a ring, but had a number of magnetic snaps and slide-tighteners for easy use. When they looked back at the two that had gotten into the cage they saw that they hadn’t moved an inch, both of them waiting expectantly while the two feral dragons continued to go through their gear. It was clear what they wanted, at least to the two dragons, and once they had picked out their items they slowly padded their way back to the gold.

There was a brief discussion between the two ferals on who was going to get one in the interest of not having to share, Jiro commenting that he would be interested to see the silver on silver and the dragon with the wolf ears had been staring at his cock most of the time they had been wondering about. Shawn had caught that as well and when his gaze went over to the one in the black-scaled suit he watched the erection he was sporting practically jump in response. With their decision made the two moved their toys over to the respective piles that they had created while waiting for them to come in. As Negadrake slipped his way back up to Shawn’s pile Shawn was right behind him huffing and nuzzling the body of the other male the entire time.

With the initial shock of their situation wearing off it was very clear to the two ferals that anticipation is mounting, though they continued to try and maintain being the tricked, captured maiden they saw their erections bouncing with each beat of their racing heart. For Shawn it was almost funny after being the one bound up so many times in this form that he was going to be doing it to someone else, growling at his toy to get on his knees and put his arms behind his back. Despite the clumsy nature of his paws the ones who designed this gear clearly had their dexterity deficiency in mind when they made this. He practically purred in delight sitting on his pile of gold putting on similarly-colored rubber bindings onto his new toy and heard the clasps snap into place.

Once the cuffs were put on both Negadrake’s hands and ankles Shawn took the metal rope that accompanied it and slid back down, causing a small avalanche of coins as he went over to one of the restraint loops that had been affixed to the floor. When Shawn had first saw them he thought that he was going to be bound up until he saw that not only were they too weak to hold his majestic form but they were also magnetic in nature just like the clasps on the cuffs. With one quick motion he managed to use his head to thread the rope through the eye of the bolt that stuck up from the ground and once it was secured he took his paw and pushed it down, pinching the rope and as well as activating the metallic lock.

“Wouldn’t want my new treasure running away from me,” Shawn growled lowly as Negadrake tested his bindings to find that he had a little wiggle room, but not enough for him to get at the cuffs on his limbs as the dragon came back up towards him once more. “Now I have plenty more to adorn you with to make you fit with my hoard, but seeing you wiggling around has got me all hot and bothered and I’ve not had release in quite some time. One last thing before that happens though…”

Negadrake swallowed hard as he saw the bigger dragon coming up to him with another band of golden rubber in his mouth that had something dangling off the side of it. It was clearly a collar, with the words HOARD SERVANT – THRALL OF SHAWN emblazed on it. When Negadrake shifted anxiously Shawn told him to hold still and the black rubber dragon immediately did so, allowing it to be put onto his neck. Though he had already been in the mindset that these superior creatures were their overlords it didn’t seem to settle in Negadrake’s mind until the act of getting collared, feeling the gentle pressure on his neck reminding him who was in charge as Shawn walked over him.

At first the anthro dragon wondered if he was about to get sat on or cuddled or something until he saw something coming straight at him. Shawn’s cock dangled between his hind legs and as it got closer to his maw he was told that he was more than ready to play with his toy. Though both feral dragons weren’t huge compared to the other two, Shawn standing head and shoulders above Negadrake if you counted the elongated neck, seeing that thick rod of rubbery flesh definitely caused both creatures to shudder slightly. Shawn gave him a grin and asked which way he wanted it, heads or tails, and when Negadrake asked if that was which way he wanted it Shawn merely stated that was which hole he was going to use first.

Though it was a bit intimidating the black rubber dragon also felt the thrill of having such a powerful creature dominating him, feeling his already hard cock trembling with need that he couldn’t even touch with the restraints in place. Looking over at Rafa he saw that Jiro had progressed much more quickly, the silver anthro dragon already laying there gurgling loudly with his throat stretched around the heavy member of the feral dragon pumping into him. The other anthro looked like he was more a cock sleeve then an actual creature and it prompted him to go with taking it in the tailhole.

Shawn was more than pleased with this, his pent up need making it so he could hardly restrain himself. Luckily for him his little dragon servant was already in that position for him as he made sure the dragon was on all fours before crawling over him. Negadrake swallowed as he was about to be rutted by a big male feral rubber dragon on a pile of gold coins and in some strange way it was like a dream come true. He also quickly figured out why he was in one of the special suits they gave the members of Dragon Heaven, feeling the rubber easing the penetration of his tailhole. He could feel the tail of the suit being pushed away, not realizing that not only had the grey latex that surrounded the tight ring of muscle had wiggled into him but had also made it very stretchy to accommodate Shawn’s cock.

The blue and red dragon wasted little time in pushing into the anthro beneath him, the breath in Negadrake’s throat catching from the sudden stretching. At first he feared it was too big, but as he continued to feel the inches sliding into him he found his rubber hole more than able to handle it as his eyes practically rolled into the back of his head. His restraints tightened as he was spread open fast, feeling it press against his prostate as the feral dragon mounting him growled and licked against his ear and the back of his neck. Both anthros began to realize why this was called dragon heaven as they were both thrusted into by the ones that claimed them as their own.

Time lost all relevancy for the two as the feral rubber creatures were finally able to satisfy their lusts, orgasming more than once and filling the two with their latex seed. It seemed like they were going at it for hours and true to Shawn’s word both Negadrake and Rafa found themselves getting used from both ends. At one point Shawn covered Negadrake with his coins until only his rump and his maw was exposed, then had Jiro come over so that they could spitroast the trapped anthro. With the combination of the coins that shifted when he thrashed and the increasing number of chains on their bodies both anthros were practically immobile by the time they were done.

Eventually the two were released, once Shawn had gotten one last good rut with the black dragon bouncing on top of him and impaling himself on the ridged member while he laid on his back, and as they had done so they were asked through the intercom what they all wanted to order. Shawn and Jiro went first, stating that good pets always let their masters go first, and once they were done Negadrake and Rafa went next. While they waited both Shawn and Jiro took great care in cleaning them up and making them shine. The entire time the two feral creatures whispered how they were such good treasures and they would make any dragon proud.

The food came in via several trays on a conveyor, both Jiro and Shawn motioning for their servants to get it while they curled back up in their hordes. Now more then ever the two felt compelled to do so, not only because they had been told by their handlers but from the hours they had spent with the two. It was like subservience to the two powerful creatures was being ingrained into them, something that their masters delighted in reinforcing. Still, there was the soft side to them as well, the four talking in a somewhat normal conversation as they ate.

Once they were finished the two had been told to go and put the dirty trays away, except this time the two feral rubber dragons followed their anthro counterparts silently as they did so. The second they had placed the metal trays on the conveyor belt they felt something get wrapped around them once again, this time around their muzzles as rubber straps were pulled into place. The only thing the two of them could do was let out muffled grunts and huffs as the feral dragons managed to secure them into place even with their rather clumsy paws, then took their arms and once more locked them behind their backs. They expected their legs to be next but that surprisingly never happened, instead the last piece put on them was a leash that was secured to their collars.

Once Shawn and Jiro had put the two anthro rubber dragons in their restraints they growled and nosed them to move forward, heading back towards the piles of gold. Once they got there they were actually nudged further, pushing them into their private rooms before getting told to go further still. Eventually Rafa and Negadrake found themselves in the display room, seeing various rubber dragons like them cleaning up for the next service as they were led by the leash into it. Negadrake and Rafa were brought to the same anchors that they saw Shawn and Jiro chained up with then night before, only this time it was them being tied down as another chain was added to their collars as well as the cuffs on their ankles and the restraints keeping their arms back.

The four rubber creatures didn’t have to wait very long to see others starting to appear on the other side of the glass, and as soon as they did Negadrake and Rafa saw a look come over the eyes of their feral rubber masters. It was like switch had been flipped in their minds and those that were inside the tavern were able to watch the two as they started to pace about. Those that came up close to the glass quickly found themselves with one of the two coming right up to the glass and growling at them, always shifting their bodies a certain way. It didn’t take them long to realize that they were being protective of the two of them, keeping people away from their toys even though they were the ones that had bound them up like this and put them on display.

It went on like this for the rest of the night, the crowd in the dining area watching in awe and amusement as the two feral rubber dragons seemed to split their time from watching the crowd to looking back at the two anthros locked up with them. More than once people pointed at the two restrained males and marveled at how they would put themselves in such a situation. Others delighted in making Shawn and Jiro pace back and forth, keeping their toys protected and checking back only when they heard one of them shifting around. This continued on all the way to the end of the shift, and as soon as the last one left they once more seemed to lose that primal edge and took the two out of the restraints that chained them to the floor.

By this point Negadrake and Rafa were both exhausted, and judging from the way the other two rubber dragons stumbled their masters were in the same boat. They brought the two back to their room, not bothering to hook them up as they took their forelimbs and pushed them onto the bed before crawling up with them. As Shawn went up to Negadrake the black and grey dragon thought that he was about to be in for round two, but instead as he felt the weight of the other creature settle in next to him all he heard was loud, heavy breathing. He didn’t have to look over to tell that the feral creature had fallen asleep, which was good because he was practically pinned under one of the muscular forearms as he found himself drifting off as well…

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Once the two feral dragons were sleeping, their forearms wrapped around their two dragon toys, both Negadrake and Rafa heard the soft hiss of someone trying to get their attention. Though the two had long since been unmounted it still felt like their new lords were inside them, legs twitching as they looked up to see the four handlers standing at the bottom of the piles of gold. When Negadrake was about to say something Pyre quickly put his finger to his lips, then as Tundra and Rayne carefully went up to disconnect them from the metal ropes he whispered not to make a sound. Once the two were released, though the gear still remained on their bodies as the ropes fell aside, they were carefully brought down back towards the open exit of the cage.

As Negadrake and Tundra carefully avoided a pile of jewels the black-scaled rubber dragon found his legs to still be rather wobbly and lost his footing, and though the other male was there to catch him before he toppled all the way down everyone in the cage froze and immediately looked to the two feral dragons. Everyone held their breath as they watched both Shawn and Jiro shift slightly, then grunt and huff while adjusting their positions. They all held their breath and froze as they watched the unrestrained creatures in case they were about to wake up to realize their possessions were being taken, and when they fell back asleep instead all of them gave one another a look before extracting the two bond creatures out of the exhibit.

“Well that was harrowing,” Pyre said with a chuckle once they had closed the door behind them. “Let’s get these two cleaned up and out of that gear. Once we’ve made you more comfortable we can discuss what you’re going to do about the future after your little meet and greet with the feral dragons.”

Negadrake and Rafa nodded and were escorted to the showers in the back, able to take a few looks inside of the club as they did. They even were able to go to a recreation and cafeteria in order to eat and rest, at least until they were able to walk normally once again. Once they gotten food and drink, which was comped by the handlers, Pyre brought them back into the office on the second floor. When they walked across the dining room they could see that the two feral dragons had noticed their toys were up and about, their eyes locked onto them as they walked past them.

Once they were inside they saw that the handlers were not going to follow the two in, instead saying that they had some agitated friends that they needed to calm down while they talked. Both rubber dragons nodded and went inside the office where they found a black dragon with impossibly deep black scales sitting at the desk. “Why don’t you two have a seat,” Riven said, Negadrake and Rafa taking a seat on the other side of the desk. “Did you have fun with your personal encounter?”

“Very much so,” Negadrake replied, both males finding themselves smiling sheepishly in response. “I wasn’t quite sure what to expect but we were definitely… well taken care of.”

“That’s good to hear,” Riven said, his own smile growing as he sat back in the chair. “Very good in fact, because Dragon Heaven would like to make you two an offer, provided that you are still interested in wanting to be full club members. Of course I know that our dues can be rather steep and that the suits you are wearing are rather expensive… however I think we can come to some sort of arrangement that I think we can all benefit from.”

“Oh?” Negadrake responded. “I’d be interested.”

“Well as we are going to be having Shawn and Jiro being feral dragons for a while we have to make sure that they are constantly… stimulated,” Riven said while grabbing things out of a file. “Since they’ve taken such a shining to you we would like you to stay on and continue that role; sort of a sudo dragon slave of the club but only to the ferals, answering to their beck and call whenever they see fit to want to use you.”

The two rubber dragons looked at one another, then back to the one that just made them the offer. “So we just have to drop everything whenever they summon us?” Rafa asked. “I mean, not that’s not an intriguing idea but that sounds like a huge time constraint.”

“There would be limits of course,” Riven explained. “You would still be able to live your normal lives and such, but when you’re in the club you would be expected to be on the beck and call for your new masters whenever they may need you. You would also be required to wear your collar and cuffs at all time since we’re planning on fitting them so that your new draconic masters have an easy way of getting in contact with you.”

The two were then given a folder with a number of papers inside, all of them drawn up as a membership processing as well as the terms and conditions of it. Riven allowed the two to look them over, answering any questions they might have along the way. “I really can’t believe that I’m looking at a membership admission to Dragon Heaven,” Negadrake stated as he set the contract down while shaking his head slightly. “It seems almost too good to be true, and to be servants to those creatures… the mere thought of it brings shivers down to their spines.

Eventually the two told Riven that this opportunity was too good to pass up, both of them signing the contracts before pushing them back to the other rubber dragon. Riven smiled and scooped them up before filing them away before welcoming them both to Dragon Heaven. The two new members looked at one another in sheer glee before turning back and asking what they needed to do first, Riven standing up and motioning for them to follow before leaving his office. The two feral rubber dragons practically had their noses up against the glass as they watched them pass by, but back inside the cage was not their destination as Riven led the two back into Dragon Heaven proper.

Once inside they were brought up to the Aviary, going into the area where they stored all the equipment. There Riven had the rubber dragon quartermaster fit them with all new gear, telling him that these were the slaves for Jiro and Shawn. The quartermaster chuckled and looked at Rafa and Negadrake while stating that they definitely were in for a treat. After nearly an hour of measurements and fittings both creatures came out with similar collars and cuffs as they went in, but they were definitely not that as Riven collected them once more to continue the tour.

Meanwhile back in the feral dragon display Shawn and Jiro were in the back, idly flicking gold coins at one another while looking longingly at the door. “You don’t think we… overdid it, did you?” Shawn asked. “You think that we might have broken our own toys?”

“I hope not,” Jiro replied with a growl. “Otherwise we’re going to have to wait for them to find us new volunteers, and I already was very fond of the silver one. I suppose if push came to shove though I could get used to a new one…”

Their discussion was cut short as the door to their cave opened, the two looking up hopefully only to see their handlers walking in which promptly caused them to put their heads back down. “Well don’t look so happy to see us guys,” Pyre said as he motioned back towards the door, the two once more glancing over to see them bringing in a bunch of materials. “Otherwise I might just go ahead and take all this stuff back.”

“Is that what I think it is,” Shawn asked as he saw a cage being brought into his cave. “Does that mean my toy wants to continue to be mine?”

“You bet,” Pyre replied, the two so excited the piles of gold coins they were sitting on began to cascade down to his feet as he chuckled. “They signed the contracts after we brought them out of your room. Riven is giving them the nickel tour right now so they know where everything is, but I’m pretty sure they’ll be returned to you shortly.”

“That is great!” Shawn exclaimed before stopping and looking back down at Pyre. “Do you think that maybe… we might get a few more toys after this?” Shawn looked over at Jiro to see his eyes light up at the thought, then both of them looked back down at Pyre. “You know… so we don’t wear out our first ones.”

“My my, a few days as feral dragons and you’re already starting to get the horde lust,” Pyre responded, grinning as he saw both dragons look away bashfully. “I’m sure that we can find you a few more willing to take Rafa and Negadrake’s place when they’re out and about, until then you’re just going to have to be gentle…”

A few hours later the second floor of the Dragon Heaven Tavern was occupied, except all those within it were rubber dragons. They were having a party celebrating their very successful opening launch of the tavern, toasting to the two rubber feral dragons that helped make it all possible. At the moment however the display cage was empty and two signs were hanging over both sides leading into the room that read Do Not Disturb. Seeing the signs the guests gave one another a knowing smirk, figuring that their newest attraction was having their own private party in their rooms.

Inside one of them Shawn had just finished up cuffing, collaring, and muzzling his dragon, keeping the squirming male tightly bound. On the side of his bed was the cage that they could keep their toys in when not in use… but Shawn had every intention of using his thrall as much as possible. It was clear a day in rubber had stoked the fires of the anthro dragon as well, Negadrake practically begging him to lay claim to his tailhole once more. At this rate they might not even need the new button that had been installed that would buzz their toys to come to them, the feral Shawn thought to himself as he let himself slide deeper into his primal state.

Once the black-scaled rubber dragon had been anchored to the wall Shawn laid him on his side and took his thick rubber cock, spreading his own hind legs a bit so he could maneuver it better into the hole of the male next to him. It took a few tries, the thick spire of latex flesh sliding between the legs of the bound and restrained creature before the tip finally hit its mark, but Shawn found himself getting better at it every time as he began to push in. Once he had gotten several inches inside Shawn shifted both him and his toy so that Negadrake was lying on his stomach, his bound form wiggling like a snake as he continued to get impaled in his tailhole from the one hovering over him.

Shawn made sure to be gentle as his bigger body settled down on top of the anthro rubber dragon, his legs pressing against the sides of the other male as he continued to push his groin further down. The sound of latex rubbing against latex filled the air as Shawn let out a low, drawn out growl as he finally hilted, feeling every inch of the sensitive rubber flesh deep inside the tailhole of the other male. He gave Negadrake a few seconds to get used to having his insides spread open like that before he began to thrust, going slow but deep with every push that caused them both to sink down into the bed.

All Negadrake could do was let the other dragon dominate him, hearing the soft, rhythmic huffs of the feral male on top of him as he continued to push in. Eventually the anthro dragon felt the forepaws of his owner shift around, one of them pressing against his already restrained muzzle while the other pawed along his back and neck. “Wecome to your new role in Dragon Heaven,” Shawn managed to say as he continued the steady rhythm of his thrusts to let Negadrake know that he had no intention of stopping his rutting of his toy anytime soon. “I am very happy to be the one breaking you in… and who knows, if you’re a good toy maybe one day I’ll share my dominion over you, let you be the feral on display… but only after I’m done with you.”

There was a muffled grunt from Negadrake, though as Shawn continued to sink deeper into feral pleasure he didn’t care to translate what that could mean. While he wasn’t sure what the future held for him or his toy he knew one thing for certain. It was going to be a very long night for the both of them… and he was going to enjoy every second of slaking his primal lusts… after all, he had to be in top form to be on display.