It had been a couple weeks since Vyrnen had last seen Renzyl and though he knew that his rubbery mentor had not forgotten about his pet project it left him wondering when he was going to see him again. Ever since their last lesson his ability to make and control drones had increased significantly and he could feel the collar around his neck tingle every time he did. It had become almost second nature to sniff out the easily and willingly corruptible and every time a new rubber creation joined the fold it got even better. It made him wonder if there was anything left for Renzyl to teach him as he made his way through the streets of the city he had been staying in for a week now.

As he went into the café that he had found for his normal breakfast order the gryphon behind the counter seemed to perk up when she heard him say his name. “Oh, I actually have something for you Vyrnen,” she said, the nanite dragon tilting his head as she went behind the counter and pulled out a note. ”Some guy left this here and said to give it to a dragon named Vyrnen with the hexagons on his scales. Good thing I actually kept it, normally I wouldn’t even bother with such things but he also paid for your order as well as his own.”

Vyrnen just nodded and looked at the strange letter he had been given. Since he hadn’t been around long enough to really make any contacts he assumed that his musings on the rubber dragon had just been answered, though the only thing that was on the note was an address and room number. If the nanite dragon didn’t know any better he would have thought that someone was just looking for him to hook up or something like that, but he already had an idea of what was going on. He got his order, as well as another set of foodstuffs that had been prepared as part of the message, and then went to the address on the note.

His destination turned out to be a rather fancy hotel on one of the streets. As the nanite dragon looked up he imagined that Renzyl was up there somewhere watching him enter. Given the girthy number on the note it was likely from one of the top floors. He made his way through the lobby to the elevator and found that it was one of the top numbers that he could go to, having to go first to the check-in counter to get a keycard to be able to even access it. They seemed to know that he was coming and gave it to him without even having to introduce himself.

Armed with a keycard he finally made his way up to the room, using it once more to let himself in. Already Vyrnen could feel his nanites thrumming with corruptive energy as he looked around the posh penthouse. “I see that you have already made yourself at home,” Renzyl said as he came out from the kitchen, leaning against the doorframe. “Glad to see that you found the place.”

“I have to admit that it was a bit surprising,” Vynen replied as he looked out the window. “Usually you just pop in and off we go, not used to having to track you down. Is it time for us to meet the rest of your family?”

“Not quite yet,” Renzyl replied with a smirk. “As you can imagine trying to get nine siblings who all want to take one another over is a bit like herding cats, to use the term. I just figured since you were doing so well with your lessons that I would offer you a bit of advanced training, a few things that you’d be able to do with my power for a bit of extra fun.”

Vyrnen felt a tremble of anticipation run through his body as he was told that he was going to learn even more secrets of the mysterious power that he wielded. “I am always willing to learn,” he said as he looked around. “So who are the lucky victims going to be? Going to order room service and have the server instead?”

“While I enjoy your enthusiasm there will not be anyone else joining us,” Renzyl replied with a small chuckle. “Considering the intricacies of these techniques they would be far better learned through personal experience. I hope you don’t mind being the test subject for this one but it really is the best way to learn such a thing, though I can see that you are not disapproving of the idea.”

The rubber dragon glanced down and Vyrnen could see that a tent had started to form in his pants, once that caused him to blush slightly at and give Renzyl a sheepish grin. Before they got started the two dragons ate their food and had a bit of a discussion of what Renzyl had planned for them. The reason that he decided to go with a nice room rather than their usual running around was for maximum comfort since Vyrnen was going to be the focus of all their training. It also meant that for this particular session the nanite dragon wouldn’t have access to his corrupted form so that he could truly experience the sensations without his own power interfering, but once they were done with the lesson he would be able to give it a try on him.

Once he had explained everything the nanite dragon nodded and asked what they were going to do first, causing the rubber creature to grin as he told him to strip down so he wouldn’t ruin his clothes. Knowing what would usually happen Vyrnen quickly did so, leaving him only with his collar on as Renzyl went to the windows and shuttered them. The room quickly grew darker with each blind that was closed, to the point where as the black latex dragon was hard to distinguish from the shadows. When he got to the last blind Renzyl gave him an evil grin before plunging the room into pure darkness with one swift motion, everything save for his glowing red eyes that hovered there for a few seconds before they too disappeared.

With the room so dark there was little for Vyrnen to do but stand there and wait to see what happened next. He hadn’t taken a good enough look around his surroundings to try and maneuver anywhere and even if he did he had no idea where he would even go. As his eyes quickly adjusted he saw that there was something glowing in the room, what looked like a tablet that had been left on in the counter. It was giving off just enough ambient light that he could get to it and as Renzyl continued to remain elusive he decided to go for it.

It was slow making his way to the counter without hitting anything but finally Vyrnen made it through the unnatural darkness to get to the electronic device. He could see that while it was on it didn’t display anything. Even without his nanites he figured out how to turn it on, a light appearing on the other end of it that caused him to be blinded slightly. When the spots left his eyes he looked down to see the screen flicker to life and display the body of the nanite dragon, Vyrnen realizing it was on camera mode and turning it to face him directly.

…only to see the rubber dragon right behind him with wings outstretched.

The next second all light disappeared once more as he felt a rush of wind around him followed by a pressing sensation against his entire body. It was so quick that the nanite dragon didn’t even know what was happening, all he could tell was something was wrapped against the majority of his body and that he was being lifted off his feet. “Feel the embrace of my wings,” Renzyl hissed as Vyrnen felt a pair of muscular arms holding them in place. “Struggle if you like, I do enjoy feeling the stretching as the latex tightens around my prey…”

Though Vyrnen knew this was for show, even if the rubber dragon could suffocate or crush him he knew Renzyl wouldn’t, there was still the thrill of fear as the shiny membrane of those tight wings seemed to compress around him. With his back against the firm rubber muscles of the dragon he tried to keep the wings from completely enveloping him, stretching out the latex as best he could with his hands, legs, even his head. None of it did any good though and soon he found himself completely immobilized as the rubber seemed to suction in around him. Even when his upper body was completely encased he still had a little play in his hips, though the rubber had form-fitted itself around his erect member, until he felt something push its way into his tailhole before he was sealed there too.

If the nanite dragon’s muzzle wasn’t completely sealed he would have gasped as the force of the vac-wing process slid him entirely down on the rubber dragon’s ridged member almost entirely in one go, his body only able to twitch as he felt more tendrils begin to rub and stimulate his body. He found that the wings weren’t completely able to seal him as he felt his tail whipping around a bit and his toes able to curl as they rubbed against the thick calves of the dragon holding him. But everywhere the rubber touched his body tingled with an almost electric energy as the rubber creature teased along his body and especially the cock trapped against his abs. Renzyl explained that this would be the part where he would be transforming someone into some sort of rubber creature, Vyrnen feeling a hand rub against his latex-encased head and throat, but for him it was time for a completely different change.

As Renzyl thrusted in and out of his prone body he began to feel a familiar sensation spread through his trapped body. His nanite scales were assimilated by the rubber holding him completely encased and though he couldn’t see himself he only imagined watching his form begin to bulk up as new muscle thickened on his frame. It didn’t take much to realize that Renzyl was turning him into his corrupted form, though his power still remained locked away so he could fully experience what it was like transforming within the vac-wing. Even though every inch of his body wanted to writhe and squirm from the sheer pleasure all he could do was let the bigger dragon take control as Renzyl impaled him even deeper with every second of his transformation.

Even after his body had finished changing Vyrnen remained completely captive in the embrace of the rubber dragon’s wings for a few more minutes, the nexus creature milking out more of his pleasure before finally letting him go. It was like someone had turned on the release valve as all the pressure and suction that had enveloped the nanite dragon was released at once as Vyrnen slid off the draconic cock and stumbled to his feet, which was now shiny and black with red glowing lines as he stretched his new body. Though the shades were still down he could now see much clearer, the darkness likely an invention of the rubber dragon as he turned to see him standing there. After giving the transformed dragon a minute or so to get his bearings Renzyl stated that it was his turn to try, snapping his fingers and causing Vyrnen to feel the rush of Renzyl’s power flood through him once more.

“So the secret to a good wing-vac is to make sure that they’re braced against your body so that you have a foundation to wrap them around,” Renzyl explained as he went up to Vyrnen until their chests were touching. “Now I’m still slightly bigger than you but with this technique it shouldn’t matter, just go ahead and stretch out those wings of yours as far as you can. Since you’re already not a flesh and blood creature you don’t have the stigma of physiological limitations but it’s still going to seem like you hit a limit and you have to get past that.”

Vyrnen nodded and though he felt slightly intimidated with Renzyl standing right in front of him the snarky confidence of the rubber dragon was also radiating through him as he used his power. Even though Renzyl was right the corrupted nanite creature had never used his wings for this purpose and even before he could get halfway around the muscular form of the draconic being he felt them begin to strain. “This is harder than it looked,” Vyrnen stated as he felt the latex of his wings thinning slightly. “How do I know when I’ve got enough to vac-wing you?”

“You’ll know it when you feel it,” Renzyl replied as Vyrnen’s body began to tremble slightly from the exertion. “Just imagine like you’re covering someone with a blanket and once you do, just think of it like all the air rushing out of it. Here, let me see if I can help you out a little more here.”

With one quick maneuver Vyrnen suddenly felt Renzyl wrap his arms around him and pull him close, their bodies pressed together harder than before. Even with the stimulation of their rubber muscles rubbing against one another the corrupted creature remained focus on the task at hand. With the distance between the two diminished even more he felt his wings go completely over the rubber dragon’s body and the second they were touching the opposite sides of one another he felt the instinctual need for them to retract. But instead of going back around to fold against his back they instead pulled in around Renzyl’s body.

The sensation was exhilarating to Vyrnen, feeling his own rubber pressing against the other creature made him wonder what it would be like to feel someone transforming within it. As he continued to compress the other male next to him Renzyl managed to turn himself around and pressed his hands out so that the corrupted creature could watch the latex membranes seal around it. The entire process caused him to shiver, especially when it finally got to the head of the dragon and he saw every detail of Renzyl’s face emerge where the black shiny material pressed against it. It wasn’t long before he had a perfectly sealed male dragon pressed against his body, most of Renzyl’s form completely encased as he felt the nexus creature wiggle and squirm.

But before Vyrnen could do anything he suddenly felt the tension break, his wings flapping backwards as the hold over the other dragon was broken. At first he thought Renzyl had done something before he realized that he had lost his concentration and caused his wings to retract. He also realized that the entire process had been extremely draining, stumbling slightly before the rubber dragon caught him and helped him over to the couch. As they walked there the black and red on Vyrnen’s body shimmered and retracted to leave him with his normal white and blue nanite body once more.

“I feel like I just flew a hundred miles,” Vyrnen said as he sat there while Renzyl went to the kitchen and got him something to drink. “Is it that exhausting for you or have you gotten used to it by now?”

“Millenia of practice,” Renzyl replied with a wink, handing the nanite dragon a bottle of water. “When you are able to twist and turn your body into whatever you want you start to get particularly inventive when it comes to how you do it. Variety is the spice of life after all, and speaking of such things I think it’s time we go on to our next little trick; advanced hypnotic training.”

Renzyl waited for Vyrnen to finish up his drink before moving him into the bedroom where there were a number of rubber straps lying about. Though Vyrnen wondered if that was part of the trick the rubber dragon informed him that those were for another part of training. Instead he told Vynen to sit down on the bed, letting the nanite creature get comfortable. Once he had settled in he waited to see what Renzyl was going to do next while the nexus creature backed away a bit.

“So of course you have your traditional hypnosis where you snap your fingers and make people cluck like chickens or things of that nature,” the rubber dragon explained with a chuckle. “Then you have the kind that creatures like myself and you enjoy where we can feel into the minds of those that we wish to enthrall; then we can pry beneath what even their subconscious would hide from us and start bubbling that lust and desire to the surface. What I’m about to show you is a whole new realm that goes beyond sensory illusions and paltry manifestations of obedience.”

“Sounds intense,” Vyrnen stated. “Do I have to look into your eyes or something?”

Renzyl laughed and shook his head, then within the blink of an eye the rubber dragon was suddenly in his face. “I already have,” Renzyl explained. “My voice, my body movements, the way my muscles twitch, everything I use to enthrall my prey. Most importantly though is that I use the lust of those that I’m hypnotizing to my own advantage... and since I have a rather keen insight to your particular wants it wasn’t too hard.”

Vyrnen couldn’t believe what Renzyl was saying, had he really been put under by the dragon so quickly and easily that he didn’t even realize it? He imagined his real body sprawled out on the hotel bed, eyes swirling or something from the control that the rubber dragon had over him. “I don’t feel any different,” the nanite dragon stated as he felt his own body. “I would imagine that everything would get hazy or it would feel like a dream.”

“Not for this level,” Renzyl replied. “Now for the real trick though, I’m going to hypnotize you here too.”

“Now I know you’re pulling one on me,” Vyrnen said with a small chuckle. “Why would you put me under again if you already done so?”

“Because I know what you really want,” Renzyl stated. “I know how you feel and the exact thing that you want that would put you under so deeply your form would probably be put up as a living statue while you enjoyed yourself. The only reason that I’m pointing out anything right now is because this is a learning experience, though who says you can’t learn and have fun?”

Just as Vyrnen was about to respond he noticed something out of the corner of his eye that caused him to pause. At first he thought that he had transformed back into his corrupted rubber self as he looked down to see the wiggling black latex fingers… except that he wasn’t actually wiggling them. As he watched in fascination he saw that his own arms were still down by his side and that what he saw was actually behind him. Before he could turn his body those extra set of hands suddenly pulled him back until he was down on the bed. As the nanite dragon looked up he had to blink his eyes several times at what he saw staring back down at him.

“Now the real fun begins,” the eerily familiar voice said as Vyrnen stared into the red eyes and black latex of his own corrupted form. “I always wondered what I would be like as a drone, time to find out.”

When Vyrnen looked over at Renzyl he was still standing there watching over him, that same smirk on his face as the nanite dragon felt his own latex hands stroking over him. Was this some sort of trick to hypnotize himself, he wondered as he was pulled back even further until his body was completely on the bed, or had Renzyl taken control of his form to do this? He remembered that the dragon said his whole ability for hypnotism was to draw out the deep down secrets held inside, but he didn’t suspect that they would actually manifest into a physical version of his corrupted self. Though it was getting harder to concentrate on his line of thinking as his latex form began to stroke lower on his body he wondered if it was him or Renzyl that was controlling it.

“That’s part of the charm of this particular technique,” Renzyl instructed as he moved over to one of the chairs and sat down on it. “Keep the subject in a state of confusion, not so much that they give up on what’s going on but just enough to keep them guessing. The more time they are in that state the less they realized I’ve already slithered my way into their minds and keep poking around.”

“So this is you,” Vyrnen said as he felt something slithering around his arms, looking to see black rubber tentacles with glowing red lines coiling around his biceps and forearms. “Right? You’re making me see this?”

“You need to hush,” the corrupted Vyrnen said as the corrupted nanite creature slide around to face him, that smirk still on his face as he suddenly took up all of the other dragon’s vision. “No need for questions here, good drones don’t ask questions. Good drones get pleasure when they are completely obedient to their masters… perhaps you just need something to help occupy that mouth of yours.”

Though Vyrnen’s mind was still trying to figure out what was happening he became distracted as his corrupted self cupped his hands together and a pool of liquid latex formed in it. Both nanite dragons watched as the substance quickly started to defy gravity and float up into the air, taking shape as it did. Even without having done it himself dozens of times before he knew what the corrupted creature was making, seeing the lenses and hoses forming in the rubber drone mask right before his eyes. It was strange seeing it done right before him since the only other person to do such a thing would be the rubber dragon himself.

Vyrnen didn’t have too long to think about it though as the mostly formed rubber dragon drone mask suddenly leapt forward and latched onto his face, causing him to let out a muffled gasp and open his muzzle enough for the cock-like protusion to slide in. As the clear latex lenses settled over his eyes he could feel the latex begin to slide down over his body and assimilate it. It wasn’t like when he turned into his corrupted form, this was him getting taken over completely by the latex. But if his corrupted form was the one doing it did that mean that he was essentially becoming a drone to... himself?

“Such an inquisitive mind,” the corrupted Vyrnen said as he took his hands and smoothed over the latex that had adhered to his nanite dragon counterpart. “But you know very well that the temptation and corruption of others is my realm. Why don’t you just ease into your new life and just... relax...”

Even though Vyrnen knew that this was likely part of the hypnotism he couldn’t help but listen, especially as he felt his body continued to get covered by the rubber down his neck and shoulders. “Just like your body here your willpower is slowly being consumed by your rubberized self,” Renzyl stated as thicker bands of the latex began to cross around and loop his appendages. “Becoming a slave to your own desires, wanting nothing more than to be the master of drones, your desire to control actually controlling you...”

The nanite dragon’s attention was torn between his own voice and that of the rubber dragon, the phallic gag pushing down into his throat as colors began to swirl in front of his face. The rubber had gotten down to his pectorals and trailed down his abdomen as his corrupted self slid around until he was between Vyrnen’s legs. “I’ve been looking forward to finally dominating you,” his corrupted self said as he stroked Vyrnen’s cock, sliding his rubber hand up and down while hearing the muffled moan of his transforming drone. “Feel my power filling you just like my cock in your maw... and soon your tailhole too.”

With the rubber assimilating him and his thoughts dragged down by the swirling colors and the increasing lust throughout his body. Already his need to be rubberized was heightened to the point where he could hardly think as his latex counterpart teased his hole, first with fingers and then with the head of his synthetic cock as the shiny substance covered over his groin and backside. With it came a sense of submissiveness that he had given to so many other people, so many other drones that he had created. It penetrated into the very core of his being just like his rubber doppelganger when he impaled him.

The sound of air rushing through the hose of his newly acquired gas mask was cancelled out only by the words that both Renzyl and the corrupted Vyrnen whispered to him. There was nothing that he could do anymore, his mind and body completely ensnared as the rubber covered up the last of his skin. As the tips of his toes and tails wiggled from being encased completely. The corrupted creature began to pound into the nanite dragon underneath him, both of them grunting and groaning as Vyrnen was taken by his own corrupted body.

“Feels pretty good to let your own corrupted nature take you over,” Renzyl said with a smirk as he watched both Vyrnen’s get into a rut, the corrupted dragon completely dominating the drone version as he walked around them. “Of course all good things come to an end sooner or later and I still need you coherent enough for what we have next.” He went into the drone Vyrnen’s vision and held up two fingers, ready to snap them. “All we have to do now is bring... you...”

Snap.

Suddenly Vyrnen blinked again and saw that he was sitting upright on the bed, looking at the glowing red eyes of the rubber dragon. “...back.” It took a few seconds for the nanite dragon to realize that though the setting had not changed his body had, reverted back to its normal state. “Take a few seconds to mentally recalibrate, going that deep often has its side-effects. Since you have part of my power in you though I suspect the recovery time will be far shorter than any other in your position.”

“It felt so real,” Vyrnen replied. “You definitely don’t mess around when it comes to your hypnosis. How will I ever do something like that?”

“You already have the skills and tools that you need to do such a thing,” Renzyl replied as he leaned back. “All you need is the practice. Though such things don’t work on me we can do a little with your tone and body movements while we wait, since you could probably use the break and I’m not paying for the room I figure you could order whatever you want from the room service menu here.”

“I think I will take you up on that offer,” Vyrnen replied as he went over to the desk and grabbed the menu, looking to see what was the most expensive thing he could get...

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About an hour later Vyrnen and Renzyl were surrounded by a number of containers as they discussed things that were happening in the rubber dragon’s realm. He mostly wanted to know about how his drones were doing, finding out that they were meshing well with the other minions. Though they were still somewhat separate given the nature of the power that created them it was essentially a drone of Renzyl’s, meaning that they had all the fun and privilege that they got. Once he was sure that they weren’t statues or something like the trespassers in his realm they moved on to other topics while they digested.

Once they were finished the two moved back into the bedroom so that Vyrnen could learn another aspect of the power he inherited, the ability to control and manipulate mundane latex. It was apparently the appetizer to an ability that Renzyl said few were shown, the nanite dragon accusing him of being a tease before they looked at the rubber straps on the bed. When Vyrnen picked on up he could sense that there was nothing about it that was special; it wasn’t made from Renzyl and probably could be bought at any local store.

“So as I’m sure you probably guessed right now you’re going to be using that power of yours to corrupt that latex in your hands,” Renzyl explained as he motioned with his hand and the rubber strap began to float up in Vyrnen’s palms. “You probably won’t be able to transform or drone anyone with it, since there’s no innate abilities transfused into it, but you can still alter and stretch the latex itself. After you fill it with your power you can control it just like anything that you created with your own stuff, for example...”

With a motion of Renzyl’s wrist the lifeless ribbon of rubber suddenly coiled around him, binding his wrists together before coiling over his forearms as well. By the time it was done the nanite dragon was covered from wrist to elbow in the shiny band. Though it still looked like it was just a normal latex wrapping Vyrnen couldn’t even move much more than a muscle, far tighter than anyone could have done normally. When the nanite dragon finally admitted that he couldn’t do anything to remove them Renzyl just chuckled.

“So are you still controlling this?” Vyrnen asked as he held up his restained arms. “Or is it normal rubber again?”

“There is still some residual energy in there,” Renzyl stated as he motioned for another one of the straps and summoned it to him. “Otherwise I’m sure it would just fall right off you. Of course the more that you control the more power you expend, but if you get very good at it you can do all sorts of fun things to your friends and enemies.”

“I have a feeling you’re about to show-” Vyrnen started to say before the band of latex that Renzyl was holding darted towards him like a snake before wrapping around his muzzle. The rest of his reply was merely muffled grunts as it wrapped around his snout several times and sealed itself. The nanite dragon tried to say or do something as Renzyl went up to him, only to let out a yelp of surprise as the rubber creature pushed him over onto the bed.

“Now one thing that you can do with this technique is to create an impromptu sling or another type of bondage situation,” Renzyl explained as he raised his hands and two more longer straps of latex rose up into the air. “You can tie someone up and have them spread eagle on the bed, creating wrists and ankle cuffs to keep them spread apart, or you can do something a little more intensive. Luckily for you, we’re going to go ahead and do the latter.”

There was nothing the Vyrnen could do at that point but raise up his bound arms and move his legs, though it appeared Renzyl had planned for that as the two straps he had animated wrapped around each ankle and pulled them together. Even though he was being restrained Vyrnen could look down and be impressed at the weaving that the rubber had done as his legs were pulled together. It was like some invisible force was holding onto the ends to mummify him in the shiny substance, though in a way it really was as the rubber dragon continued to work his magic. In the matter of minutes he was bound all the way up to his thighs just as a third strap started at his toes and worked their way down to completely cover up the first set of rubber.

“You are looking good,” Renzyl commented as the second later of rubber went all the way up to his thighs, bypassing his erect member and moving towards his abdomen. “I was just going to give you a little bit of a demonstration, but you’re looking so good I think we might go all the way. Let’s skip the pretense and move right on to the main event.”

Vyrnen’s eyes widened when he saw the rubber dragon spread his hands out and every last piece of rubber that was around the floor rise up. There was no going easy on this one, the nanite dragon thought to himself as he wiggled around even though there was nowhere for him to go. One of them began to wrap around his chest while another began to go around his head and neck. At first he thought that his cock was going to be spared the mummification but as soon as his hands were bound to his chest it went back downwards.

When the rubber got around to his abs once again a hand pressed against his cock, throbbing under the rubber dragon’s palm as he pressed it against them. Vyrnen let out a muffled grunt as it was immediately covered under a layer of latex, followed by another after the hand was removed. At this point there was very little of his body left exposed, save for his eyes so he could see as his entire body was wrapped top to bottom. Though he couldn’t move his arms and legs since they were pinned to his body he could still wiggle around, which he did quite a bit when that hand returned to stroke him.

Finally there was only one thing left for Vyrnen to get covered, the world going dark as the wrapping around his head moved to his eyes and pressed against them. With his senses deprived there was nothing he could do anymore, completely at the mercy at the rubber dragon. It appeared that there was only going to be a bit of teasing and Renzyl just did things to keep him groaning and squirming against his bindings. After about half an hour Vyrnen felt the stimulation recede, letting his body rest there

With a simple wave of his hand the rubber that had completely encased the nanite dragon’s body melted away, forming into a puddle beneath him as he finally had a chance to move his limbs again. The liquid latex quickly flowed away from his body and when it got to the floor it divided itself back into the original strips that they had been before being manipulated. “Now that we got you completely uncovered,” Renzyl said as he helped the nanite dragon to his feet. “It’s time to get you wrapped up one more.”

“Something tells me that it’s not just going to be saran wrap or duct tape,” Vyrnen replied as he looked around for something that would be an indicator of what the finale of the demonstration would be.

“Never something quite so mundane,” Renzyl said with a chuckle as he pressed his fingers against his chest. “As I mentioned before this is something that not many people get to see, mostly because those who meet me often have different ideas in mind. Now it's time to take this to the next level... I want you inside me.”

Vyrnen’s head tilted as it insinuated that he just wanted sex, maybe with the nanite dragon taking the dominant position, but in the next seconds it was clear that it was something else entirely. He watched as Renzyl’s fingers sank into his rubber chest and at first it looked like he was pressing into his pectorals before they went even deeper. When they got deep enough they were pulled apart, revealing to Vyrnen the hollow cavity that was inside. It wasn’t completely empty though as the shiny tips of tentacles immediately started to poke out before they slithered back into the cavity.

“Wow... that’s just... wow...” Vyrnen managed to say, the nanite dragon at a loss for words. “Is that really what you’re like inside? Just... hollow with tentacles?”

“Not usually,” Renzyl stated simply as he continued to widen the slit that he created in his synthetic skin. “It actually takes a lot of effort on my part to reform my body in such a way that I can support someone else completely. Now I could bring you in a variety of ways, but I prefer one that is going to be fun for the both of us. You can always climb on in of course but why don’t you let me take the lead on this one so that its easier to get you situated?”

It took a few seconds for Vyrnen to realize what Renzyl was talking about and when he did put two and two together he gasped slightly. The rubber dragon wasn’t just hollow inside to encase him, he was going to have him inside of his body like some sort of living rubber suit. The idea was actually extremely intriguing, especially when he went up to the nexus creature and squeezed his arm to find that it was hollow as well. Though it was tempting to just climb in and see what it was like he decided to let Renzyl take the lead on it.

Renzyl nodded and grinned as those rubber tentacles inside him one more began to slither out into the air, only this time they stretched with purpose towards the nanite dragon. Even though he knew they were coming Vyrnen still jumped slightly back when they ame rushing towards him. Unlike the rubber straps that the rubber dragon had animated earlier these moved far faster as they coiled around his arms and legs. They lifted him in the air with surprising strength, Renzyl just watching in amusement as the nanite dragon was brought closer to him.

The rubber tentacles manipulated Vyrnen like a puppet, first taking his legs and sliding them into the muscular rubber ones that stood there. He could see his own feet pushing out the thighs and calves of the other dragon before they slid inside completely. When he tried to wiggle his toes he found himself unable to do so as they were completely encased within their slick rubber confines. It was sort of like being in the wing vac again except that he couldn’t even wiggle his legs once they were inside of Renzyl’s. As he was so focused on his lower body being immobilized he hardly recognized that his arms had already gone the same thing as the tentacles around them moved them into the rubber dragon like a sleeve.

“I say you are a pretty good fit,” Renzyl said with a chuckle as Vyrnen saw even more of his body disappear when the seam he had been inserted through started to close up on him. “Of course there’s only one piece left that you have to put on, so to speak, and it can be quite interesting. Since you’re a dragon and have already tasted my power it shouldn’t be so overwhelming, but once we’re done here you’ll feel a temporary sense of disconnection before your body reboots itself so to speak, then we an do the final integrations.”

“This isn’t the final integration?” Vyrnen asked as he continued to look down at himself, seeing only Renzyl’s body as he was able to move the nexus creature’s arms a bit to stroke on the chest in awe. “What else would we have to do?”

“You’ll see,” Renzyl replied, Vyrnen feeling his arm move up as a rubber hand was placed against his snout. “First things first though.”

Vyrnen let out a grunt as he was pushed inside the other dragon, the rubber tentacles pulling him inside once he got closer to the body of the other creature. His vision went dark as his head was slowly encased, feeling it getting drawn up and into Renzyl’s neck as more tentacles wrapped around his own. When the last of his snout was encased he began to feel his body more acutely inside the rubber as well as the suit that covered it. Even though he knew it wasn’t him he could feel the muscles of the rubber dragon like they were his own, especially when his snout finally pushed into the head of the living suit and began to line itself up.

“Hope you’re feeling comfortable in there,” Renzyl said as Vyrnen’s mouth appeared briefly past his own lips before his fingers went up and adjusted it. “You don’t have to worry about doing anything, just let my own body do all the heavy lifting while you relax. Once we’re ready to go you’ll know.”

If the nanite dragon could have nodded he would as what he could only describe as the eyeholes of the suit moved over his own, seeing everything with a red tint as the rubber around his body began to assimilate his nanites. It threw Vyrnen’s thoughts back to the first time that he was in Renzyl’s realm and felt that liquid latex flow over his form, except now he was straight at the source. The power was palpable as it surrounded him completely, and had Renzyl not blocked off his own form he would likely have transformed him into his corrupted self. Instead he got something far more potent in the form that he currently inhabited... though as the last of the rubber finally sealed him in completely it no longer felt like he was in anything.

Renzyl looked around the room as Vyrnen struggled to get any bearing of where he was, even knowing that he was essentially using the rubber dragon as a living suit he couldn’t wrap his head around the concept. It was like he was Renzyl, at that moment Vyrnen no longer existed as those red eyes looked down at himself and stroked his muscular form. As the minutes passed however the nanite dragon found himself once more becoming grounded back in reality, now getting a dual sensation of Renzyl’s body as well as his own trapped inside of it.

“I can’t imagine what the association would be like for normal people,” Vyrnen said, surprising himself as he heard his words spoken in Renzyl’s voice. “Whoa, that was trippy. Why do I sound like you too?”

Suddenly Vyrnen felt control over Renzyl’s mouth, as well as the rest of his body, get pulled away from him as he felt a smirk form on the rubber dragon’s lips. “Because when you have myself as a living suit it comes with the entire package,” Renzyl explained as he moved back to the kitchen, Vyrnen hyperaware of what felt like his body moving without permission. “There’s a reason why I don’t do it very often, if I wanted to control someone like I’m doing to you right now I have far easier ways of doing it then this. So as you can guess I only break out this particular power for... special occasions, when I want people who are capable of working this the other way around.”

“Does that mean...” Vyrnen said, getting momentary control of what felt like their shared muzzle at the moment.

“You get to be me,” Renzyl replied as he took control once more. “This is not just a taste of power, or even what you have with that power of yours. This a chance to get a rare glimpse of what it’s like to be me, of course it wouldn’t be the same if you didn’t have a chance to use that power on someone else.”

Vyrnen wondered what that meant but when he asked he felt the control that Renzyl had had been reduced to zero, the nanite dragon not getting any response from the living suit. Did that mean that he was completely in control now? It certainly felt like it as he rubbed Renzyl’s hands together. It was the same sensation as if he had just done it before, except far smoother as he went from his hands to his chest. The muscles were definitely different than his own, but for those moments they were his as he went over to a mirror to check himself out.

“So this is what Renzyl wakes up to every day,” Vyrnen said in the rubber dragon’s smooth voice, feeling the still unnerving sensation of moving around a body that wasn’t his own. “I wonder if this is what that sabrewolf felt like when he wore me... maybe I should do this more often on both aspects.”

One thing that surprised Vyrnen was the groin of the rubber dragon, feeling the smoothness between his legs. Though he’s experienced that thick rod before and knew it was there it was like it didn’t exist at the moment. He could sense that if he wanted to though he could summon it, but for the moment he kept it where it was. The prominent feeling was that of power; even though he had no reason to he knew that with a snap of his fingers he could create a portal that would lead him back to his realm or control an entire squad of creatures. But for the moment the only thing that concerned Vyrnen was the knock that he heard at the door, a grin on his rubber muzzle.

Leave it to Renzyl to have something ready for him once he had finished looking over himself, Vyrnen thought as he went to the door. He had a momentary pause as he realized that he was essentially answering the door completely naked but that’s when he felt the power of camouflage cloak him. When he opened it, he saw a bull in an employee uniform with a load of towels in his hands saying that he was here on a call that they were completely out. The second that Vyrnen saw him all the bells and whistles go off on how suitable he was as a potential target.

While Vyrnen had plenty of experience with the ability to see the desires and wants of others it was the sheer volume of information he got that nearly overwhelmed him. He immediately knew that this guy was heavily into muscular males and though he had no experience with rubber he thinks that it would be something that he enjoyed. After that though he got a wealth of details that he would have never gotten before, like the type of item that would most likely ensnare him or which creature would be best to lure him in. There was also a variety of paths depending on whether Renzyl wanted to nudge him towards being a Collector, a potential General or leadership position, or something of that nature.

Vyrnen closed the door behind the bull, who called himself Sebastian, and waited for him to do what he was going to do in the bathroom while he combed through the information. The first thing that came to mind was just being sprawled out on the couch when the bull returned, knowing that Renzyl’s muscular rubber body would be more than enough to convince him to stay. With just a smile and a few poigont words he could get that muzzle wrapped around his cock in no time, which would then result in another rubber drone for him. The mere thought of it caused him to shudder slightly as he could heard the employee mention that there were already a bunch of towels there.

But as Vyrnen continued to think about it a new plot began to form, something that caused him to grin even more as he realized that it would all work with the personality of the bull. With the augmentations that came from his rubber living suit it made his set-up rather easy. Even though he could hear Serbastian about ready to come back out he continued to prep, wanting to make sure that everything was prepared. By the time he was ready the bull had just gotten out of the bathroom and walked back into the main room.

“So I stacked the new towels on top of the old ones,” Sebastian said as he looked around to see that the dragon he had been talking to wasn’t there anymore. “Uh... hello?” He looked around for a bit to see if the client was there, scratching his head. “Well... I guess I’ll just be going now...”

As the bull went down the small set of stairs towards the main door leading outwards he was suddenly stopped when something had wrapped around his wrist and the guard rail. When he looked down he was shocked to find that a thick strap of rubber had tied him down, looping around the railing and went all the way up to his forearm. He tried to pull away but found the strap was rather tight around his arm to the point where he couldn’t even stretch it when he used his other arm braced against the railing to try and pry himself off. What’s worse was that when he tried to use his other arm as leverage another rubber strap and snuck around his body and looped it so that he could move that arm either.

“What the hell?!” Sebastian shouted as he tried to wiggle his body to get the straps off, only to make himself tired from the exertion. “What is going on here?”

“Just having a little fun,” Vyrnen said, Renzyl’s body moving much more smoothly than his own as he stepped in front of the bull’s field of vision and watched his eyes go as big as dinner place. He had dropped the cloak on his rubber body and let the form glisten in the light, watching the pants of the male tighten considerably. “Though if you’re not having any I suppose I could let you go... or perhaps we could go a little further?”

What had been strange to Vyrnen all this time, Renzyl’s need to get the approval and want of the creature that he was transforming, now suddenly made sense to him. He saw the sway of the creature immediately move to his favor when he asked that and it had made the bull even hornier. Everything he did through Renzyl’s form he could see the consequence of, from his tongue licking his lips making the bull slightly more submissive to his slow approach heightening his anxiety. It was amazing how as he talked to Sebastian just how much he could mold this male to whatever he wanted... but at that moment he wanted something else.

Vyrnen walked over and ran a rubber hand underneath the restrained bull’s cheek before disappearing from his vision, letting him wonder what was going on for a few seconds. Sebastian continued to stand there, though he was no longer struggling against his bindings. The male had gone from confused and anxious to excited, knowing that he was about to get the experience of a lifetime. After about a minute Sebastian looked around and wondered where the buff rubber male had gone.

The next second the bull was suddenly engulfed in darkness, Vyrnen watching as Sebastian’s form became an outline in his rubber wings. He watched with glee as they tightened around his body, just like what he had done with Renzyl earlier, except this time the struggle against his embrace was real. Every hand that pushed out only caused the stimulation to heighten as his hands stroked the bull’s face. With the rubber dragon body it was easy to take the other male and lift him up, feeling that cock manifesting once more and finding its way into Sebastian’s tailhole.

The bull let out a muffled moan as the restraints against his arms fell away, replaced with the suction of the wings against his rock-hard body. There was nothing that Sebastian could do, Vyrnen had total control over the other male as he slid his rubbery cock deeper inside the bovine. He could feel him kicking out slightly as he was penetrated as the latex around his muzzle suctioned even more until the outline of his head was clear against it. Just as the seal became airtight Vyrnen felt Renzyl’s wing membrane formed into a tentacle that slithered its way into his throat.

Now that he had the extremely willing male, Vyrnen able to feel the bull’s erection also stretching against his rubber, he realized that he now had control over what the male was going to be transformed into. Though he saw that there were a number of reptilian options to go with he was surprised that there were other options as well. Normally when he droned something they would transform a bit but maintain their species with a few modifications, but with Renzyl’s power he had the opportunity to create something new as well. At this point there were almost too many options to choose from and it was hard to think with the pleasure and power spiking through his body.

Perhaps a dragon like him, Vyrnen thought as he let the corruption continue to seep into the bull’s mind, though then it would be three dragons once Renzyl let him out. Plus this creature was rather lax on the willpower, even now Sebastian was practically moaning and humping into the air in order to not only stimulate himself but also to get the draconic cock deeper inside him. There was the standard lizardman, a form fitting his personality, and make him a bit buffer. Finally however he settled on a form he liked as he let the latex squeeze tighter against his prey.

Sebastian wiggled against his bindings as the outline of his legs began to distort and lose their shape, Vyrnen letting out a moan as he could feel the bull’s legs bind and fuse together. The vac-wing was tight at this point where he could see the individual scales start to form on the appendage, feeling the feet that had been pressed against him get knit together from the rest of his lower body. Watching the transformation caused Vyrnen to thrust even harder and his hands went over the chest muscles of the bull as they swollen into a firmer set of pectorals and a six pack abs. As one hand went down to the throbing encased member the other went up to his face that had started to morph.

As Vyrnen felt the equine’s muzzle become more serpentine in nature he could tell that Sebastian was in bure bliss, and when he tapped into that he could feel more energy swelling through his body. It was an intoxicating feeling to have the pleasure feed into him through the changing form of the bull. The horns of the creature morphed themselves into a hood, flaring out to connect with the neck of the naga as a pair of fangs slid down. By this point the mostly morphed male was let go of his bindings even though Vyrnen kept his cock inside the other male while keeping him upright. There was one last thing that was needed to do, one that Vyrnen had the pleasure of fulfilling for the former bull as he took his hand and tilted the naga’s head to meet his glowing red eyes.

“Are you alright?” Vyrnen asked, using that proper inflection and the power of the rubber dragon. “I wouldn’t want my favorite rubber serpent to be feeling anxious at all.”

As Vyrnen looked down at the new naga, which he decided to have a more personal tough as the white scales and blue trim glinted in the light, he could see the confusion melting away already. “I’m... your favorite?” the naga replied as Vyrnen watched his old memories fading back into his memory and this new relality falling into place. The bull was so happy to give up his old life in order to serve Renzyl, which after seeing the flashbacks of his terrible apartment and current relationship he didn’t blame him for and only spurred him on to keep going.

“Of course you’re my favorite,” Vyrnen cooed as he rubbed the naga’s head, though his hips continued to thrust up and down in order to keep bringing on the pleasure. “You are such a willing and wonderful creature, taking to our whims and coiling around us when you don’t. How you love servicing me when I ask for it, looking forward to it even.”

Vyrnen watched as his words sank into Sebastian’s mind like a sponge, forked tongue flicking in and out as he took the hint and began to coil around Renzyl’s body. As those new muscles undulated around him he suddenly start to feel... strange. It was like he was being pulled away from not only Sebastian but also Renzyl as well. He felt like his limbs were moving away from the ones that were holding onto the naga. He realized that his time inside the body of the rubber dragon was up and everything suddenly went dark again before he felt himelf get moved away.

The first thing to emerge from Renzyl’s body was Vyrnen’s head, leaving the way it came in as the tentacles around his body helped to push him out. Even as Renzyl continued to have sex with the converted creature wrapped around him Vyrnen still had a small sense of the pleasure that was coursing through his own. The tentacles continued to pull him back out and soon the nanite dragon had felt his arms and legs get pulled out of the rubber dragon’s body, feeling a slight suction from it before he was completely out in the air. Once he felt his toes get completely free his body was set down on the floor.

“Very well done,” Renzyl said as he let the naga continue to slither around him even after he had pulled out of the latex snake. “I do enjoy the color scheme and the hypnosis to make him into an even more dutiful servant was a nice touch, I daresay he’s going to be quite popular around the realm. Perhaps I might even keep him for myself, though I guess we’ll have to see once everything is said and done.”

As soon Renzyl was finished with Sebastian they separated once more and let their new naga servant get them drinks as they sat back down on the couch. It still took a few moments for the nanite dragon to reassert himself over his body after being in the rubber dragon. Now that he was back in his body however he definitely still felt like himself, even the collar on his neck a familiar sight. Once they had their drinks Renzyl gave Vyrnen a chance to drink it down before speaking.

“I do hope you enjoyed yourself,” Renzyl said as he sat back.

“I really did,” Vyrnen replied with a grin. “I can’t wait for the next time that we meet already.”

“Well that might be sooner than you think,” Renzyl stated, causing the nanite dragon to tilt his head in question. “While you were out galivanting about in my body I took the time to go and see how my preparations were going, and it appears my brothers have finally settled on a venue. One last task before that collar comes off Vyrnen... it’s time to go meet the family.”