When Renzyl came back a few hours later he opened the door to the hypnaga’s chamber and stepped inside. “Just coming to see how you two were getting along,” the rubber dragon stated as he looked around to see no one there. “From the looks of it I see that Syrath has gotten his hooks into you. Of course you know that I’m going to need him back.”

As the rubber dragon continued to stand there he saw Jason slowly rise up from the edge, the gooey serpent slowly moving back and forth in the air. “I am right here,” the goo hypnosnake said as he swayed back and forth in the air. “Syrath has been showing me such a wonderful time, perhaps you would like to see the progress that I’ve made so far?”

Jason watched as the rubber dragon’s posture shifted slightly, going from just standing there in the door frame with his arms crossed against his chest. Though the second hypnaga couldn’t be seen that was entirely intentional to attempt to lure the rubber dragon into a false sense of security. In essence Syrath was a part of Jason’s body, the two consciousness’s already intertwined as a second pair of swirling eyes formed over the first. As they watched Renzyl slowly began to step forward, Jason hissing how good he was to do such a thing as he swayed his body back and forth. The entire time that Jason had been in the pool Syrath had been working on him, molding his mind to be the perfect lure for what they wanted to do next.

“As you can see I’ve been learning a lot from my new master,” Jason said in a measured tone, continuing to keep Renzyl’s attention on him. “You can tell that I’m a good hypno snake.”

“Why yes,” Renzyl replied, his words a little softer than usual. “You are certainly a good hypno snake.”

“Syrath makes a wonderful master…” Jason continued.

“I bet he does,” Renzyl replied.

“He does what?” Jason asked in feigned confusion.

“Make a wonderful master…” Renzyl said once more, his response even more muted as Syrath channeled more power through their shared body. It was hard to tell if they were getting anywhere but Renzyl did seem to be changing his posture slightly. That was enough for Syrath to spur his thrall on even more.

“You don’t seem very convinced…” Jason said with a slight pout on his serpentine muzzle. “Perhaps it would be better for Master Syrath to show you?”

“Show me?” Renzyl asked, his words slightly slurred now.

“He knows how hard it is to keep everything going here,” Jason spoke, though at this point he was more a vessel for Syrath’s words. “Wouldn’t it be nice to just… relax? Perhaps in the coils of a naga like I know you so enjoy.”

“Relax…” Renzyl repeated, his eyes flashing red for a second. “I do like those coils…”

“Of course you do,” Jason stated. “All you have to do is step forward and we can wrap around you completely, physically and mentally. You’ve already considered it, I can see you straining to resist the temptation and the longer you listen and look at us you know that you’re already inside our grip. All you have to do is take a few more steps and you can experience true pleasure…”

Once Renzyl was close enough Jason began to lean in close, watching as tendrils of their liquid rubber stretched out to the dragon. Though it was hard to tell with the glowing red eyes the nexus creature did sway back and forth with Jason’s rhythm as the tendrils began to wrap around the muscular form of the dragon. Both Jason and Syrath felt almost giddy as the two goo hypnagas began to drag the Nexus creature into the pool, finding no resistance from the enthralled creature. For Syrath there was a feeling of pure victory as he took full control of their shared body and kissed the rubber dragon deeply.

As soon as Renzyl’s feet touched the surface of the goo it began to crawl up and over his body, sliding around his legs and pressing them together as the multihued liquid latex coated them. With the rubber dragon fully under his power Jason decided the time to obfuscate has passed, the goo snake splitting down the middle and forming into two separate bodies. Those two forms were quick to coil around the limp form of the dragon, Syrath continuing to feed hypnotic commands into Renzyl’s mind as both his and Jason’s cock formed out of their bodies. This was the time that Jason would truly be minted as one of them, Syrath explained as he took his maleness and pushed it inside Renzyl’s tailhole, all he had to do was continue to keep him entranced.

Everything that Syrath had imprinted into Jason’s brain came surging to the forefront, deepening the hypnaga’s own domination of the former human as he coiled around Renzyl’s shoulders and head. In the back of his mind he thought that this was a little… too easy, and that Syrath might be overestimating his power, but it wasn’t long until the rubber dragon had taken his hypnaga goo cock into his mouth and started to suck. The pleasure was so good that both goo snakes shuddered simultaneously in pleasure while Syrath continued to mentally leash Renzyl.

It wasn’t long before that black rubber was completely coated with a layer of their swirling rubber ooze, Renzyl’s muscular features disappearing under the tubular form of a serpent. As the nexus creature continued to get taken from both sides Syrath kept reinforcing the same things that he had done to Jason in order to enforce that Renzyl belonged to him and that he was a hypnaga now. The sheer power that Jason felt through the other creature was mesmerizing in itself and combined with the pleasure of the draconic maw, which was becoming more serpentine by the second as the rubber goo stretched over him, Jason was in pure bliss. The only thing he could think about was how to be a better hypnaga and as the powerful presence of Renzyl joined them he realized that he wasn’t the only one that thought that way.

It didn’t become quite real however until the glowing red eyes that had remained on the otherwise serpentine body of the transformed Renzyl began to fade, then swirl with the colors of their shared form. Syrath let out a hiss of triumph as the rubber dragon succumbed to his power and with his tool still buried deep in the other goo creature he stretched his body around the two of them. “Yes… now that Renzyl is mine the age of the hypnaga can truly begin!” he said victoriously, looking into the eyes of Jason. “It’s all thanks to you as well, my little hypno snake, thank you so much for bringing the rubber dragon to me.”

The swelling of pride that Jason felt was unlike anything that he had ever felt before. Any thoughts or ideas that he may have had that he wasn’t a hypnaga that hadn’t been washed out by the constant hypnotic enthrallment were washed away at that moment. The three hypnagas continued to coil and slither around one another, the two still thrusting into the holes of the formerly draconic creature as they celebrated. As they cuddled and coiled around one another they soon lost track of which one was Jason and which one was Renzyl, though at the moment the two newly minted hypnotic creatures didn’t care as they continued to rub their slick, rubbery bodies against one another while losing all track of time...

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When the door unlocked once more Chrono entered through it, looking around after poking his head in. “Master Renzyl, are you here?” He asked as he started to walk inside. “I have some permissions that I need your approval on and… oh, for heaven’s sake.”

The silver rubber raptor frowned as he looked and saw the three goo snake bodies twined around one another, the cauldron that held the rest of their mass nearly spilling over the side as Chrono put his hands on his hips. “Sorry Chrono…” the head in the middle said as he broke away from the other two who continued to kiss one another. “Renzyl belongs to me now, as well as the entire hypnaga collective. If you would like I’m sure he’d be more than happy if you joined us.”

“I really don’t have time Syrath,” Chrono replied bluntly. “Either extradite him and his guest immediately or I’m going to have to put you on punishment for your actions. If I don’t get these permissions authorized soon then I have a whole group of rubber wyverns who miss out on flying on the thermals of a dying star, which is going to make them extremely upset.”

The central goo hypnaga head let out a sound of annoyance and looked back at the two heads, then turned back to Chrono with an evil grin. “I’ll tell you what,” he stated arrogantly. “If you can tell me which one of these other two heads contains your former boss then I’ll let them both go, but if you guess the wrong one then you get to join me in the making of a goo hyphydra. What do you say to that?”

“For the love of…” Chrono sighed before looking at the time on the tablet he was holding. “So you promise that if I guess which head is Renzyl you will let them both go?”

“Precisely,” Syrath replied with a growing grin. “Of course you’re going to have to study them rather closely, see if you can figure it out while having their power slowly absorbing your willpower to the point-“

“Left,” Chrono said bluntly, pointing to the one on the left with one finger while still looking down at the tablet he was holding in the other. The sudden declaration was a surprise to Syrath and it took him a few seconds to recompose himself before he asked the raptor if he was sure. “Yes, left, now let’s go, I have a schedule to keep.”

The sly grin on Syrath’s face turned into a frown, then a deep scowl as the two snake bodies on either side of him slowly moved towards the edges of the caldera, only to have them stopped as the goo naga looped around and wrapped their bodies in his before turning back to Chrono. “No!” he hissed angrily, pulling away from the synthetic saurian that looked at him in disbelief. “Renzyl is finally mine, I will not let him get away from me!”

“Are you saying that you are refusing to make good on your bet?” a voice that wasn’t Chrono’s said, the eyes of the left goo hypnaga suddenly turning bright red. “I would hate to think that you are not playing fair.”

Syrath watched with a look of horror as the goo snake that had made such a declaration dissolved back into the pool of multi-hued liquid latex, leaving only him and Jason. A few seconds later though a shape emerged from the side of the caldera, the black rubber arm of the dragon rising up and pulling the rest of his body out of the pool while Chrono just looked on with a smirk. The hypnotic rubber just beaded off of him like it was water as Renzyl flipped himself over and landed on his feet. The stunned hypnaga didn’t know what to do but his master soon informed him exactly what he needed the goo creature to do as he pointed to the other head of the creature.

Even though it was clear that Syrath didn’t want to give up his charge he complied and allowed Jason’s transformed body to be lowered. Once he touched the stone floor his form reshaped, once more having his own bodies but retaining his hypnaga nature. Both Renzyl and Chrono had to practically drag the separated hypnaga back as he attempted to rejoin the pool once more, though the fog in his head that provoked him to do such a thing started to clear immediately after looking into Renzyl’s eyes. After Jason was fully released from the grips of the goo naga, both mentally and physically, Syrath let out a displeased hiss and sank back into the pool of the rest of his body.

“I’m going to get you Renzyl,” he stated as his head slowly disappeared under the surface of the swirling colorful rubber goo. “Chrono too, I will win one of these times.”

The three almost immediately leave the area, closing and locking the door behind him. Chrono hands both Jason a full body cloak to cover his body while they traveled back up into the manor proper and towards the living quarters. As they re-emerged Renzyl warned Jason not to let any part of his body be seen and to remain close to him, which made the transformed human wonder why until they started to bump into others. The rubber males seemed to linger longer on them than even when he was human, some even starting to move towards him before a stern look from the black rubber dragon put them back on their path.

Eventually they made their way back to Renzyl’s bedroom, the rubber dragon telling Jason to immediately head into the large whirlpool hot tub that was in one corner. Even as he slithered over to the water he began to get enthralled again, but this time it was his own body as the mental conditioning echoed in his mind. Why would he want to get into the water, the voice inside his head hissed, it was so good to be a hypnaga… but eventually with a little nudging from Chrono he found himself in the waters along with Renzyl. As soon as his serpentine body sank underneath the surface the colorful latex was washed from his submerged body, Jason returning to his human form.

“You know you could have played along with his game a little bit,” Renzyl stated after authorizing the permissions that Chrono wanted him too while soaking in the whirlpool as well. “That’s what I did and it made his year. He is providing us with a great service allowing himself to be down here and such.”

“I apologize Master Renzyl,” Chrono said as he bowed. “There’s just too much to do to allow myself to be sucked into his games, plus I know that if I had gotten caught up in it that you would have had to break us all out of his coils and I’m not sure you would have done it right away. Plus what was all that with saying that you were now part of the hypnaga collective?”

“It appears that he has some rather interesting ideas that hypnagas should be the one in charge of everything here,” Renzyl replied. “I’ve called down their general to make sure that he can talk some sense into him.” Just as he finished they heard the sound of the door opening and all three looked up to see an indigo naga slithering towards them. “Speak of the devil, how are you doing Sulvino?”

“Doing quite well,” the naga replied as he sat in his own coils. “We had that naga who awakened post arrival get settled in along with his temporary pet, seems like he’s going to be able to fit in nicely and once he has a little more control over his power to mask it we’ll bring the other one back.”

“Mask his power?” Jason asked, which the naga nodded to.

“Hypnaga’s can shield their power from others temporarily,” Sulvino explained, gesturing to himself. “As you can see I’m doing it right now, mostly so that I can move from point to point without fighting off flocks of enthralled minions. Currently Syrath doesn’t have that ability in his current state, which is why he’s currently down here.”

“Speaking of such things,” Renzyl chimed in. “He attempted to enthrall me just a few hours ago, and though I went along with it I have to say he is becoming rather bold in his time down here. Perhaps you want to make sure that his coils are straight before it goes too much to his head, otherwise I fear my indulgence in his little game may make such delusions even more pronounced.”

“I’ll unwind him from such a presumptuous notion,” Sulvino replied, both rubber naga and dragon standing up and nodding to one another before he turned to the human. “This is the other one that Syrath ensnared, eh? The one that will be joining our ranks?”

“Um, yes! I mean…” Jason stated before looking nervously back and forth between the two. “I am, just don’t know where.”

“Well if you can I would suggest the hypnagas,” Sulvino stated with a wink. “Of course you have to have the mental prowess for such a thing, but given your exposure so far it might not be out of your realm!”

Renzyl once more thanked Sulvino and watched as the naga left the room. The two soaked for a while longer and the entire time Jason felt the urge to run back down into that one room and become the thrall of the goo hypnaga once more, just to feel that power inside of him once again. It was clear that the rubber dragon could see his internal turmoil of wanting to go back and proceeded to dunk his head under the water to wash the last of the goo affecting his mind off his body. Jason hadn’t even realized that he was still a hypnaga from the chest down until he saw the colors melting off him and swirling away.

Once they were finished with cleaning the influence of the hypnaga off of him the two got out of the hot tub and toweled off while food arrived for them. “Hey Renzyl,” Jason asked as they began to eat, the rubber dragon looking up at him. “Can I ask you a… personal question?”

“Go right ahead,” Renzyl replied simply.

“It just that I know you’re showing me everything that your realm has to offer when it comes to what I could possibly do here,” Jason said. “But I have to wonder what motivates you to do such things? I mean I know that you’re at war with the rest of your family but you seem to be taking an awful lot of time out just to show me around when you could be mass transforming hundreds or thousands of people out there.”

Renzyl gave Jason a small nod. “Going right to the heart of the matter I see,” he said, causing the human to blush slightly and start to apologize for it before the rubber dragon dismissed him. “It’s a valid question, and one that I’ve been asked before. Truthfully the war for control for the Nexus realm is superseded by our need to survive, and what we need to survive is you.”

“Me?” Jason asked in surprise.

“People like you,” Renzyl clarified. “My family may fight one another but our purpose is not eternal struggle, the more I think about it the more I wonder if we’re not just here to provide others a good time. You see we could go out and turn hundreds or thousands of people into minions, and we could probably make sure that they’re all willing, but when it comes to those like you who are so willing to throw themselves into our realm we put in the extra effort because we get so much more out of it. Our power is fueled by those that follow us in our realm, and more than that because we are eternal, or at least we think we are, we had better find ourselves some good company to keep.”

Though Jason just nodded the answer caused him to think more about it internally as he digested the information. It took him a while to wrap around the concept that everything in this realm and everything the rubber dragon did was to help better the lives of those that he has transformed. It became more apparent when Renzyl went into how he was able to see what people desired even if it was buried under layers of repression and other emotion and how fulfilling it was to bring it to the surface. It made Jason almost feel bad about initially thinking that Renzyl was some sort of demon, though when he brought it up the rubber dragon mentioned that many out there thought of him as such.

Once they were done with food Jason felt the weariness of having his body and mind taken over once again by another creature fall on him. When he said to Renzyl that he was thinking about heading to bed and that they could continue the conversation the rubber dragon shook his head and mentioned there was a perfectly good one right there. The human realized with wide eyes that he was being offered the chance to be in the same bed as Renzyl and eagerly took him up on the offer. It also appeared that he had another idea for his guest and told Jason to go to a nearby room and get changed into something a little more appropriate for bed time.

When Jason went there he gasped at the rows of suits and costumes that were there for him to choose from. Most of them were reptilian in nature but some were rubberized versions of felines, canines, and other such creatures. One that really stuck out for him was a realistic werewolf mask with synthetic fur and picked it up. It would be a break from the usual, he thought to himself as he looked it over, but when he tried to find the suit that would likely come with it he didn’t find anything.

“Someone must have it or something,” Jason said out loud as he looked back down at the inside of the mask. “A shame, would be a lot of fun to surprise Renzyl as a werewolf and it would be a break from the reptile theme.” In a moment of silliness he put the mask up to his face and put his head up in order to mock howling at the moon. When he tried to pull it off however he found the rubber had completely adhered to his face and as his fingers looked for the seam where flesh met latex he could feel the synthetic substance starting to spread.

It soon became clear why only the mask was needed as Jason could feel rubberized fur sprouting from his neck and shoulders before continuing down, looking like he was transforming into a werewolf as he gasped in surprise. The contours of the mask moved with him and before he knew it he was able to move the rubber tongue and lips like they were his own. As he brought up his fingers, which had already started to turn into claws, to his face the touch was like brushing against his own skin as the fur-covered muscle of his body began to grow. He found himself letting out a very real howl as his rubberizing body stretched and grew.

Soon Jason was panting as he felt his spine stretch, forming into a long tail while his stance shifted on his new paws. Though the transformation was somewhat fast it felt to the human like he was watching himself change in slow motion as the thick rubber fur contoured his muscles to show off his shredded physique. The pointed ears of the mask twitched as they merged with his own, giving him enhanced hearing while the last of the changes happened to his body. Though his cock remained humanoid in nature it grew longer and wider to accommodate his new nature, the rubber maleness growing hard from his new body.

When his transformation finished the human that had been standing there only a minute or so ago was gone, replaced with a hulking werewolf that Jason admitted looked strikingly handsome. When he went back to Renzyl’s room he saw that he was almost on par with the muscular rubber dragon, who in his absence had pulled out what appeared to be a large body pillow. “Mmmmm, interesting choice,” Renzyl said with a grin as he patted the pillow. “I want you to try this out, it’s something based off what you see on my walls here.”

Jason eyed up the rubber walls that were essentially vac-rack panels, most of them filled with the squirming bodies of various species of males. He was intending on asking him about possibly experiencing such a thing but it appears that it was going to happen to him without his prompting. The rubber werewolf slowly hopped up on the bed and found the very large pillow was just large enough to accommodate him, his form sinking somewhat into the gel-like latex. The feel of it against his synthetic fur was incredible and he found himself growing aroused as he tried to adjust his position, only to find the rubber gel holding him fast.

It took Jason more than a few seconds to realize he had sank far lower into the pillow than he had first guessed as he felt it pool over his developed pectorals and six pack. As he continued to shift his body he felt his hands and feet were completely enveloped as well, and though he tried to crane his neck to see he found his head stuck as well. Even though the thick gel had completely plugged his ears he could hear the dragon chuckle and inform him that he can help. A few seconds later Jason had sight again but he knew it was not his own as he was staring down at his encased form.

At that point the only thing that remained that was above the surface of the pillow was his muzzle and his groin, though as he watched those slowly sank underneath as well until only a vague outline of his body remained. Having transformed into a rubber creature there was no need to breathe as he felt the gel of the pillow compress around his confined body, the contours of his body reemerging once more. It was like he was in a vac-rack but the gel continued to give him a puffiness to his body, like he had become the pillow instead of just dwelling inside of it as Renzyl reached forward and dragged his lupine body towards him. As Renzyl squeezed his body it only reinforced the feeling as it gave a pleasant pressure throughout most of Jason’s body.

“Sometimes there’s nothing better than a good snuggle,” Renzyl commented, Jason able to hear him even though his body was completely encased as his vision faded back into blackness. “Plus I’m sure you’re enjoying yourself, but in a more relaxed fashion. It’s a good way to unwind after being in the coils of a hypnaga for so long.”

Though Jason couldn’t physically respond when he admitted mentally that it was rather nice he heard Renzyl agree with him and realized the rubber dragon had likely given him some sort of mental link in order to communicate. The two talked for a while about Syrath and how even now after being completely cleansed of his influence he still wouldn’t mind going back in there for another round of rubberization, though where he was now certainly helped with the sensations he wanted. Eventually Renzyl turned the conversation onto Jason before crossing paths, inquiring as too what got him into such a love of rubber and restraint.

“Oh… I guess that would have to be my friends,” Jason admitted mentally. “They would have all this gear and one time they asked if I wanted to try a little bit of it out. It was mostly just a mask and a pair of cuffs, but when they tied my arms behind my back it awakened something in me. That evolved into joining them on some of their rubber play and eventually them inviting me out to fetish clubs and such where I got to interact with it even more... at least when I could afford it.”

“I sense a bit of jealousy there,” Renzyl replied at he shifted his position, the werewolf pillow shuddering slightly in pleasure as he felt a muscular leg wrap around him.

“Well… yeah…” Jason replied after a few seconds. “I suppose you know since that’s why you scooped me up but I lamented not being able to be like them, to have the gear they did in order to enact what they wanted whenever they wanted. The clubs were expensive too and though they paid my way once or twice I didn’t want to be that guy that just sponged off of their generosity. I do wish they would have been a bit more considerate of my position though, sometimes it felt like they were flaunting all their stuff in front of my face.”

“Quite the thought,” Renzyl commended. “Now it appears that you are the one to be envious of, at least in your estimation since you have access to things that they wouldn’t ever dream. The question is, if given the opportunity would you share in your newfound spoils by bringing them here or would you give them a taste of what it was like in your position?”

Though Jason thought the answer would be an easy yes he found himself pausing. While he did like his friends the idea of showing up to their place as a rubber creature and telling them all the wonderful things just to watch them get the same jealous look on their face was tantalizing. “Don’t suppose I could tease them for a while before making the offer?” Jason finally asked, causing Renzyl to chuckle.

“Of course,” the rubber dragon replied, their bodies squeaking together as he gave the pillow-encased latex werewolf another squeeze. “But we can talk about such things later, for now it’s time to rest. We have plans tomorrow and I need you to be bright-eyed and bushy tailed…”