When Newlyn started to awaken again he found himself standing up once more, though it certainly wasn’t under his own power. It took him a few seconds to realize that he was not only completely naked but pressed up against the rubber that he had been examining before he had passed out. Even as he tried to move his head felt groggy and it was hard to focus his thoughts. When he tried to get out of the vac-rack he found himself being held up by restraints that were bolted to the frame of the rack.

“It appears that our patient is starting to wake up,” a voice said that was to his side, Newlyn slowly turning his head to see a sergal standing there next to him. Unlike most employees that he had seen at the Factory so far he still could see some of the fur on his head, though as he moved and with his lab coat being open he could see the rubber catsuit on underneath it. “How are we feeling today Newlyn?”

“Guh…” was all the snow leopard could thing to say, words still extremely hard to form in his mind. “Ehhh…”

“It appears that the drugs are still having quite the effect on you,” the sergal replied as he took out a flashlight and shined it into his eyes. “My name is Dr. Bren and I’ll be the final processor for Mr. Sabertooth’s order. I have to say that he’s been very excited for us to finally get you in here, he could hardly hold his excitement for your conversion.”

Processor? Conversion? Even with the drugs still causing a haze in his mind he knew that something wasn’t right here. He was just here to pick up Serathin’s package, not to become it! But even as he become more eloquent in his ability to protest that he was just there to pick up something the sergal just shook his head and the grin on his triangular muzzle grew even wider.

“I see…” the processor said as he moved over towards a cart with a number of components, opening one of them. “So it appears that this has been brought on as a bit of a surprise to you, not the first time I’ve had this sort of scenario before. From what the client has told us you are definitely going to enjoy yourself so I would say to just sit back and let us do what we do best down here at the Factory.”

At this point there was nothing that Newlyn could do, even if he wasn’t still feeling the after effects of the drugs in his system he couldn’t possibly wiggle his way out of the bindings that were holding his naked syntheyic body against the sheet of rubber. As he continued to squirm the scientist went over to the table and pulled something out of a drawer. The rubber dragon saw that it was another sheet of rubber just like the one that he was placed against and even in his compromised state he could tell that it was the other half of the device he was in. That idea was quickly confirmed as Bren pinned up the rubber all around the frame as the feline felt the smooth material rubbed up against his front as well as his back.

As the sergal continued to smooth out the rubber and press it against him it was having another effect on his body, feeling the area around his groin bulge out from the stimulation. Newlyn wasn’t sure whether it was from the residual effects of the drugs or the fact that it was more rubber sliding against his already synthetic body but by the time the doctor had finished he was practically drooling with his eyes rolled back into his head. He hadn’t even realized that Dr. Bren had finished touching him until a minute or two afterwards as the sergal went and checked the frame itself next.

Once everything appeared to be in place, including the hole where his draconic head poked out, the scientist disappeared out of sight. Newlyn could hear something click followed by the gentle suction of the rubber against his body. The snow leopard couldn’t hear anything like a motor or vacuum as the seconds passed both sides of latex began to close in around him. Bren continued to make sure that all the holes continued to line up and as it tightened against his body Newlyn could also feel his maleness get pressed against his abdomen.

“Unnnnggh…” Newlyn moaned as the rubber pressed against his latex form was causing his lust to get pushed to the limit, feeling the part against his groin push away slightly as his latex cock grew erect and caused even more pleasure from sliding up. “It’s so tight…” The rubber dragon couldn’t move an inch save for his head as all the air was sucked out between the two sheets, perfectly molding against his body save for a few wrinkles that Dr. Bren smoothed out as best he could. Even with the layer of rubber on top of his synthetic body his sense of touch had not diminished, in fact it seemed to grow even stronger as he tried to thrust forward in his full-body encasement for even more stimulation.

When the rack had reached its peak Dr. Bren pulled out the hose that was connected to the bottom of the vac-rack and the nozzle sealed itself, leaving the wiggling Newlyn perfectly encased. He felt the restraints slide off of his wrists and ankles since they were no longer needed, the rubber dragon remaining perfectly upright as the vac-rack kept him in state of constant full-body pressure that wasn’t strong enough to be suffocating but still made it impossible to move even a finger. Despite the situation it was an intensely erotic experience and when the sergal continued to rub over every inch of his body from his athletic chest down between his legs and even his trapped tail it all nearly caused him to orgasm right there. But the doctor seemed to sense this and pulled back right before he went over the edge, causing the rubber dragon to huff from the denial as Dr. Bren chuckled.

“Looks like someone is enjoying themselves,” the sergal said with a smirk as he reached down and gave the clearly-outlined draconic dick a squeeze and several strokes while the rubber was suctioned together. “I told you that you were going to have fun, and it had just begun. Soon you’re going to be the best rubber dragon slave that we’ve ever produced.”

A slave?! Newlyn had no idea why Serathin would think this was what he wanted but at this point even with the drugs wearing off now the combination of the restraints and the rubber of the vac-rack made it impossible for him to anything but wiggle around. It was clear this amused Bren as he went over to the table of items and brought out what looked like a metal muzzle that looked like a half-mask that also had a hose that came out of either side. Even though he couldn’t move his head that much he could see enough that the scientist was putting tubes into nozzles on the wall.

The other ends of the tubes were put into a metal mask that was shaped much like the draconic muzzle that Newlyn’s face had turned into, the sergal finishing the installation before moving towards him. Even though by this point most of the drugs that had been used to knock him out had cleared his system he found himself not struggling as the gleaming metal came right towards his face. “Ah, a perfect fit as always,” Dr. Bren said gleefully as every inch of the mask pressed against the rubber all at once. “I see that they followed Mr. Sabertooth’s specifications perfectly just as I did…”

Serathin… the evidence was quickly stacking that this was not a mere order mistake and that the wrong person was in this suit. In fact the rubber dragon quickly suspected that this whole thing had been set up in order to lure him in here and turn him into a rubber dragon slave! Newlyn’s mind began to churn with all the things that he would do to the sabrewolf when he found a way to get out. The sabrewolf will wish that he had been the one transformed when he… when he got… he got done with…

Newlyn’s eyes began to droop as the mask that had been affixed to his face began to pump more gas into his body, which the sergal explained was similar to what knocked him out only without that particular effect as he made sure the metal had properly bonded to the draconic muzzle. “I have to admit that sometimes I get rather envious that you get to go through such a wonderful experience,” Dr. Bren stated as he held up a visor. “Of course all Factory employees have to go through their own training session but it’s not nearly as intense as what the slaves go through, from the way you all wiggle and moan I have to imagine that the pleasure is the most stimulating thing that you ever go though.”

With the drugs coursing through his system Newlyn didn’t expect to hear the doctor’s words so clearly, all his senses remaining as sharp as before or even with more focus as he came over with the visor. Even without the restraints and the rubber suctioned tight to his body like a second skin he didn’t feel the need to move as it clipped into place on the bottom section of the mask, the rubber dragon also feeling something getting pushed into his ears that caused him to twitch. Once more the sergal made sure everything was tight and fit well before going back to the desk area and writing down something on his notes.

“Hmmm… I feel like I’m forgetting something…” the doctor said as he looked Newlyn over, looking at those half-lidded eyes before snapping his fingers. “Of course! I almost forgot about the external stimulation sensors, just give me one second.”

Though Newlyn tried to say something the combination of drugs and the metal mask on his face meant that only a small muffled mumble was able to get through as he saw the sergal went to the walls and pulled out six smaller cables. The dragon hazily wondered where those could possibly be going as he watched, looking down as he saw Dr. Bren once more at his groin, but this time it wasn’t to, at least directly, stimulate him. Newlyn watched as he took three of the cables and pushed them into the rubber that was stretched out by his cock, the ends forming into little ports as he did the same on the other side. When he was done he gave each a light experimental pull, once more causing the trapped creature to shudder from the jolt of stimulation, and then gave a small nod once all six had been tested.

“Looks like you’re all ready to go,” Dr. Bren said as he went over to the desk and picked up his tablet. “Just relax and enjoy yourself, I’ll come back for you when you your training is complete.” Newlyn watched as the sergal turned off the lights, then pressed another button on top of that before looking back at him with a smile. “I look forward to seeing you on the other side.”

With that the door closed and left Newlyn all alone in the dark, though that wasn’t for long as the clear glass on the visors in front of his rubberized eyes began to light up. As he heard the earbuds click a couple times colors began to appear in his vision, quickly filling the display in a rather recognizable swirling pattern. Though he knew that this was some sort of hypnosis or brainwashing he couldn’t bring himself to really… care, the drugs being fed through the two tubes in his mask keeping him completely docile and receptive as he started to hear buzzing noises. At first he thought this would be it, that he would just stare at the screen and hear what was likely subliminal programming until he was completely brainwashed, but was surprised when a semi-translucent picture of a raven appeared in the middle of the swirl.

“Welcome new slave,” the bird said as he seemed to look straight at Newlyn through the screen. “Thank you for choosing Raven’s Factory for all your rubber needs… and if you weren’t the one who chose this, make sure to pass on my thanks to your new master. Please relax and enjoy being introduced into your new life.”

The Raven’s picture fell away and the colorful swirls once more dominated his vision, making Newlyn practically dizzy as his eyes continued to get drawn towards the center of it. There was literally nowhere else to look as the visor covered his entire field of vision and the more he found himself staring into that singular spot in the center the harder it was to pull his vision away. That, combined with the sounds that he was hearing through the buds in his hears, began to make him lose complete focus of any thoughts that he had attempted to form in his head. All the muscles that had been already relaxed by the gas aiding in his enthrallment seemed to release even more tension to the point where Newlyn believed he would have hit the floor if he wasn’t suspended in the vac-rack.

As Newlyn continued to get lulled into a deep trance he felt his eyes begin to close, only to have them open again when another picture appeared on the screen. This was a picture of a dragon, either comprised of rubber like him or in a suit, with a muzzle around his head and a leash attached to his collar. It was a very subservient pose and as he looked at it he could see the words rubber slave flash before his eyes. More words began to go by but he was only able to catch glimpses of them in his altered state, along with pictures of more rubber dragons in similar positions.

At first the pictures started off rather innocuous, starting with doing things like serving meals or being walked, but as the time grew longer Newlyn was exposed to lewder and lewder material. “You are a rubber dragon slave,” a deep voice said above the hissing static noise that he had been listening to since the show began. “You are the property of The Factory, who will give you to your Owner.”

It was fairly traditional hypnosis, the voice continuing to reinforce commands like the first one he had been given as the images continued to flash on the screen. As time went on he began to hear an echo to the various commands that were being given and he realized that it was his own mental voice that was repeating them in his own voice. Strangely the more that he felt the programming imprint on him the more pleasurable it felt and he felt tingles that coursed through his entire form. He wasn’t sure if it was because of the programming or something in the vac-rack but every time he saw one of the slave dragons in the pictures being touched he felt the exact same sensation in his own body.

Just when Newlyn thought that he was going to be brainwashed in this manner the entire time, the scene that he saw in front of him changed and he saw a very familiar body standing in front of him. He watched in awe as the purple and black rubber dragon stood there, though with the twitching tail and the blinking eyes he knew it wasn’t a picture. But this was… impossible, the scene was set in a bedroom that looked like it was in a resort and there was a silver rubber raptor standing there. Though it was hard to think with the whispers still in his ears and the edges of the scene still swirling with rainbow coloration he knew he had never been in such a scene or met such a person.

“Time to get to work, my dragon slave,” the raptor said, Newlyn watching in rapt fascination as he, or a creature that just happened to look identically like him, nodded and went forward. “First thing first, how do you refer to your owner?”

“As Master, sir!” the slave dragon replied, Newlyn once more shocked at what he heard. “Master takes care of me, it’s only right that I call him as such!” The voice that he heard the dragon say was his voice, and not just his voice but the slightly altered voice that he had gotten when the suit had completely covered him. The rubber dragon didn’t know how this could possibly happen as he watched the raptor motion for him to come over.

Newlyn felt his real body shudder and watched the rubber dragon do the same when he felt a tingle on the top of his head. Though his entire body was completely restrained in the latex of the vac-rack that remained suctioned tight to him he began to feel sensations of movement and touch. Whether it was an effect of the gas, the vac-rack, or the video he felt the sensation of his limbs moving around in a similar manner to the one that he watched on the screen. It was such a bizarre situation to be feeling things that he saw a facsimile of himself do while still in the third person.

As the scenario continued Newlyn sank deeper and deeper into the scenario the more the line between the Newlyn that was inside the vac-rack and the fabricated Newlyn that was being shown to him became more blurred with every second. It was far more powerful technique to condition him, this wasn’t just random dragon slaves and words being spoken into his ears, in his drugged state his brain couldn’t tell that the Newlyn that it was watching do all those things wasn’t him.

All of that was ramped up to eleven when the training went from simple commands to more erotic acts, feeling the cock of the raptor in his mouth as his trainer told him how good it was to suck on his owner’s cock. Newlyn found himself nodding in both worlds, his subconscious soaking up the pleasure soaked commands like a sponge. On top of that he was receiving additional stimulation directly onto his cock every time the mask that was monitoring his brain waves could sense when he was accepting of the commands being given to him.

“You’re such a good slave,” the raptor cooed as Newlyn suddenly saw the perception shift, going from watching the two in the act to now being at eye-level to the synthetic silver-scaled groin of the saurian. “But I want to hear it from you, and every time you do I’ll make sure to reward you properly for being so obedient.”

Newlyn shuddered in pure delight as he could feel his head pull off of the thick cock, then his whole body got shifted so that he was sitting on the bed while the raptor settled in between his legs. In the back of his mind he knew that this wasn’t him but the realization just evaporated before it could materialize, making him think that he was there with his cock resting against the saurian’s muzzle. “I am a good rubber dragon,” Newlyn said, the one sealed up in the vac-rack not sure if that was his voice or the one in the video. “I serve my master to the best of my abilities.”

“Good…” the raptor replied, though his lips didn’t press on it he did give it a few looks. “But not quite all the way there, you are missing one very important thing… and I won’t give you the pleasure you seek until you figure out what it was.”

At this point the stimulation that was happening onto his cock was not enough to orgasm, the raptor, which was actually the sensors that were attached to his maleness through the vac-rack, continuing to tease through nuzzling and licking as he tried to think of what it was. It also gave him time to think about his situation, a small glimmer of realization piercing through the simulation and bringing himself back to reality. This wasn’t real, Newlyn tried to rationalize even as he felt like he was staring at the rubber raptor and the tactile sensations between his thigs, and yet somehow he was still trying to figure out what he had done wrong. Even when he tried to analyze that all he could think of was that he had responded perfectly, even though it wasn’t him that responded, until suddenly he came up with an epiphany.

“A slave!” Newlyn exclaimed happily. “I’m a rubber dragon slave!” Almost immediately after he made such a declaration the rubber raptor slid his maw down on the sensitive flesh of his shaft. In the real world Newlyn’s body was practically spasming in the rubber of the vac-rack suit as he was stimulated in both the simulation and in the real world. Anyone on the outside would have seen the sealed up rubber dragon with the mask on practically spasming as the stimulation brought him to orgasm for the first of what would be many times.

“Very good…” the raptor replied as he stood up after Newlyn finished shooting his simulated load into the muzzle around it. “Now let’s lets bring in your new master so that you can get acclimatized to his presence.” The trainer went over to the door and opened it, and even though Newlyn knew who it was going to be he watched eagerly as the draconic sabrewolf stepped inside.

Though Newlyn wanted to ask Serathin some questions the trainer quickly told him there was no talking to be had and was reminded that good rubber dragon slaves don’t speak unless they were spoken too. Just like the raptor had done personally he walked Newlyn through his paces along with Serathin. By this point there was no way that the rubber dragon could discern the different between reality and simulation, his bound body completely forgotten to him as he found himself on the bed with the sabrewolf’s cock buried deep in his well-trained rubber tailhole.

“It looks like you’re taking to your master very well,” the raptor said as he began to rub his hands along the stimulated dragon’s body. This is your natural place, serving him in any way that he wishes. Of course lets see how well you respond to his commands.”

Whether these were commands from Serathin himself or they had done something similar to what they had done with Newlyn’s voice Newlyn no longer cared, all his thoughts were occupied with were following exactly what he was being told to do. Every time he successfully carried out a command he was once more rewarded with pure, full-body pleasure that given to him both through the suit and from the simulated sabrewolf. This continued for quite some time until the raptor had said that was enough and after one more round with the rubber dragon being on his back and the sabrewolf over him the hybrid was dismissed. His trainer instructed Newlyn to sit down on the bed and he did so obediently, no longer even giving it a second thought as he moved forward.

Once the trainer was finished Newlyn watched as the raptor went and turned on a rather large television, the rubber dragon slave watching as a swirling color pattern appeared on it. He slave felt himself fall even deeper into trance, which dragged him down even deeper since he had already unknowingly been in his hypnotic state the entire time. “That’s it,” the raptor hissed in Newlyn’s ear as the one in the vac-rack twitched from the pure euphoria from being put under yet again. “Once we’ve gotten you softened up we’re going to do this all… over… again…”