

Temp Job at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino

“Stay calm. Stay cool. The agency says you got a job at a casino. They failed to mention which one. But relax. You can do this Arrc,” Arrcrao thinks to himself, the lithe red, black and yellow, anthropomorphic dragon. Unique for his species with relatively short wings, broad tail, two toes, three clawed fingers. His brown eyes look nervously out to the casino strip, heart racing, *“Which one will it be?”* he thinks, claws tensing, seeing the Golden Dragon Egg casino. *“That has to be the one,”* his shoulder slump.

With a little wing flutter, they pass the casino, the pace of his heart picks up, swallowing a lump in his throat, *“No... perhaps? Wait no, I can't get ahead of myself. Stay calm. Keep your cool,”* he thinks, the driver pulling down a side road and down underneath the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander casino.

“No... I can't be this lucky, can I?” Arrcrao wonders, seeing the tall statue of the one known as the “Mistress” in the front of the casino, the water fountains flowing around her just before disappearing out of view, the driver pulls up to a small service elevator where a sleek shiny rubber-looking salandit with his light grey body, darker grey head, soft pink eyes, with red fire stripe along their back, it was enough to make Arrcrao swallow a lump in his throat, *“I really got put here? I can't belie--”* his train of thought is interrupted by the taxi driver.

“Here you go.”

Arrcrao jumps a little, dressed in a simple black and white dress outfit, “T-thanks,” he replies stepping out of the taxi, approaching the salandit, “H-hello, I'm here for the job? I hope,” he says in a soft voice, eyes looking toward the ground, occasionally over to the shiny salandit a third his height.

The salandit looks up at him in a strong female voice she says, “Arrcrao?”

“Yes, though you may call me Arrc for short,” he replies, claws gently rubbing against the other.

“Name's Marilla, and I'll be in charge of you,” she says looking him over. “You are a unique looking salamander, never seen one with wings before.”

“I'm actually a dragon.”

“Oh, apologies. It says you are a salamander on your portfolio.”

Arrcrao sighs, “I told the agency to fix that.”

“No matter. You will work just fine here. Come, let's get you checked and scanned in, before getting your uniform. Did you read over the job description?”

He nods, “I did, though, it was worded rather weirdly for a simple customer service job.”

Marilla smirks, “That is why it's an advanced customer service job,” she explains, guiding him through a set of hallways. Salazzles, salandits, and a menagerie of other anthropomorphic people move about in this unseen part of the casino. “Step onto this stand here, so we can scan in your biometrics.”

“Okay,” he says softly, eyeing everyone around him, gently rubbing his hands together, stepping up onto the pedestal, “Like this?” he asks, looking to the salandit. A soft sweet aroma lingering in the air, helping ease Arrcrao’s nerves only slightly.

“Yes, now don’t move. This will only take a moment.”

“What’s this for?” he asks.

“This is for us to record your biometrics, so once we couple you with a service collar you can access areas of the hotel as needed. If an area is restricted the doors won’t unlock, but places you are allowed to go will automatically open as you approach,” she explains typing into a nearby computer console, standing up on a step stool to reach the keyboard.

“Oh... this isn’t going to hurt is it?”

“You tell me, it’s already done.”

Arrcrao blushes, looking down, “Oh... sorry.”

“Don’t be. Honestly, I think you have the most fun job in the casino, but that’s just me. I’d do it but I’m a little too small for it,” she explains, hopping off the stool guiding him over to a small stall.

“What do you mean?” he asks his wings folding back, stepping into the stall.

“Well you get to try out our advanced suits to service our hotel guests. A lovely treat if I say so myself. This will check you in and give you your temporary collar. It’s active till you clock out for the day. You will need this collar when you clock in for your next shift. This is an essential part of the uniform. Otherwise you will be denied access to the employee only parts of the hotel.”

Arrcrao gulps, nodding, shivering seeing a quick flash of light, and a black, pink, and blue outlined collar drop into a small cubby hole near him, “I w-won’t forget,” he replies softly.

“Please see that you don’t. Those aren’t cheap and it will reflect badly on your report if you have to get it replaced. Now put that around your neck, adjust for comfort.”

“S-sure, sure,” he replies, slipping the collar around his neck, his claws gently running around it, once fully adjusted. His heart racing, anyone looking at him, makes it painfully clear to him that there is a collar around his neck. Wings fold back tightly against his back, tail curling up a bit, “This is a normal part of the uniform?”

“Yup!” she says with a big grin, proudly showing off her collar, “It’s a sign we work for the Mistress.”

He shivers, rubbing his hands together, “M-Mistress?”

“Oh, right, temp. They don’t give you a lot of information at that agency?”

He shakes his head, “Nope.”

She sighs, shaking her head, “Figures. The Mistress runs and owns the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino. She is the most wonderful salazzle anyone could ever hope to work for,” she says dreamingly, “I hope one day to be a salazzle, but these things take time.”

“Well, I wish you the best of luck then,” he replies with a smile, keeping his head low, looking around at others nearby picturing them looking at him, his collar when he’s not looking, despite the physical evidence that says otherwise.

Marilla grins, "Thanks. But now, your job. Come. Follow me, you will be working in the storage area. Where your job is twofold. First your job will be to keep the work area clean, and that the suits and toys remain cleaned, and polished."

He feels a cold shiver run down his spine, swallowing a lump in his throat when he manages to squeak out, "S-suits? T-toys? T-that wasn't in the job description."

"Sure, it was. Under duties, keeping work equipment clean and ready for use."

"Oh..." he says, following the salandit, like a lost puppy through a chaotic jungle, hoping his guide will lead him to where he needs to go. They reach the end of a hallway where two elevators, and another big door sit on neighboring corners of the wall. The elevator door opens, and a salazzele pushing a food cart steps out of the elevator moving down the hallway towards the kitchen. This area is a constant bustle of activity.

"This is one of four service elevators that we use to reach those staying at our hotel. You will use these to reach your destination, but where you will be working when you aren't needed is over here," she says, guiding him to the other doors, which buzz click open as she approaches, "Come, come. It's easier to show and explain."

"O-okay," he replies, following, eyes going wide the moment she steps through the door. Eyes averting toward the floor when he notices the rack of rubber latex suits, along with a wall of rubber salazzeles and salandit full bodies toys, standing silent and idle. Each toy is on their own stand with a number by it going in numerical order. He stands there speechless, hands gripping themselves, wings fluttering.

"Cool place, right?" she asks with a smirk, looking over at him.

"W-what am I to do here?" he asks softly.

"When not in service yourself. You will be polishing and taking care of the suits and toys. Polishing them. Cleaning them. Checking for any wear and tear. Though the salandits and salazzeles are new, so there shouldn't be much of that. They in theory could take care of themselves, but the Mistress prefers to keep them only active when needed. But if you are in need of quick aid, I have been told that we have permission to activate the toys as an emergency behind the scenes help. The Mistress prefers that we don't get mistaken for toys."

"W-wait. Those aren't you?" he asks.

Marilla gives him an evil eyed look that causes him to recoil, lowering his head more, wanting to cover his face with his small wings, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

"Marilla smirks, "Relax. It's something that any of us shiny salandits and salazzeles have to deal with. The Mistress including. A key difference between us and them is we don't squeak. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Ah, well, I was not really paying attention," he responds Marilla rubbing her thigh with her hand, "See, no squeaking."

"Ah, right, yes I can see that, well I mean hear. Sorry."

"No need. So, you will maintain these things. Also, if a suit is to be rented for customer use. This screen over here will light up and flash green."

“Flash green, got it,” he says, looking over at the small display over by the rack of various rubber suits, and smooth faceless rubber dragon heads that sit in their own shelves.

Marilla explains, “There you will be informed which suit is requested and you will package it in a box be picked up by a bellhop to deliver to a customer’s room.”

“Seems easy enough. What about them?” he asks head motioning over to the toys, keeping his eyes low, not to look at them directly.

“The salandit and salazzles toys, their stalls will flash green when they are requested and ordered. And will be red when they are out in use, yellow on return, purple of maintenance, pink when idle. Not a big thing you have to worry about, as the toys themselves know what to do when called upon. What you need to be considered about is when this screen highlights blue.”

Arrcrao rubs his claws together, “What happens when the screen highlights blue?”

Marilla smirks in such a way that makes Arrcrao’s wings flutter, “That’s when you get to have fun. Speaking of which. You’re clean right? It says you are on your portfolio, but I have to check.”

“W-what? I-I don’t do drugs,” he responds looking down pivoting one foot.

“Not drugs, though that’s good to know. Any STDS?”

“Huh? No, n-no, no, no, no. I’m actually a viraaahhh well...” he responds with a cough, looking down more.

She chuckles, “Good enough for me. Don’t worry, that won’t be an issue for you much longer. The viraaahhh part that is,” she winks.

He stiffens looking at her, tail extending outwards, “What?” his voice soft raised whisper.

“As part of your job you will be servicing hotel guests as they require. Though this is not a primary source of our entertainment or for that matter income, such interests do arise, and the Mistress likes to keep a tight regulated control. Sometimes patrons like to order our suits and hoods for the fun, other times they require someone. That is where you come in.”

“B-b-b-but I don’t know, wouldn’t know, never tired, should I would be bad at this.”

Marilla walks up to him, gently patting him on the butt in a way one would pat someone on the shoulder, the touch causing his tail to stiffen, “Relax. The only one you’d be wearing if needed is the Cynder hoods. They are the only one regulated and tested to be safe for such a commercial use under the consumer trade guidelines of this fine city. And the best part is the hoods will do all the thinking for you. You’re simply the body needed to get it done.”

“I don’t know what you mean by that...”

“You’ll see. The screen will tell you which hood, they are marked. Currently we have five. 0069, 0690, 6900, 6969, and 9696.”

“Why not numerical like the toys?” he asks.

Marilla shrugs, “Probably for teasing affect. You know how horny people get about the number sixty-nine.”

“No, I don’t.”

“You’ll learn soon enough. Polish and cleaner are over here. If you need more supplies, press the button over here and we’ll get it right to you. Please keep track of the stock so we can order supplies as needed. Anyway, that’s all, good luck. I’ll be back in a few hours. Don’t hesitate to call if you have any questions.”

“Wait that’s it? You’re just leaving me?”

“You’ll do fine. Hardly anyone will see you down here, and if you are out on duty, no one will know its you. Total anonymity. You have the easy job.”

“I wouldn’t call that easy...”

“You’ll do fine. Have confidence. Toodles!” she yells waving to Arrcrao as she leaves.

Arrcrao gives a small shy wave, “Bye...” he turns to the screen, taking a deep breath, “Looks like nothing going on now. I guess I’ll polish or something,” he says looking over to the toys, “Oh maybe I’ll take inventory. Yeah inventory,” he mutters to himself, getting to work, but no more than an hour into his *very* meticulous inventory count does the screen buzz, catching his attention, flashing blue.

Arrcrao’s tail curls, wings pull up against him, heart skipping a beat, speeding up three-fold, hands shaking, steadily approaching the screen, “Okay Arrc, you can do this. Just maybe a miss call? Or this will be done in no time,” he mutters seeing the call is for Cynder Drone 0069, to room 1621, four hours paid, to be delivered in thirty minutes.

“F-four hours?” Arrcrao mutters almost feeling faint yet a repressed excitement, builds within him. His heart pounds harder, faster, he looks to the shelved hood, which is lit in blue lights, illuminating it. A war within him wages, one fought by his overpowering shyness and the guerilla warfare fought by his arousal.

His claws touch the smooth faceless dragon hood, he lifts it, wings twitching, surprised by the heft of the hood, “Now she said all I have to do is put this on?” he mutters looking around, looking at his nice clothes, “But don’t I need to... ahh... hmm, let’s try it without first. If there is a problem, I’ll call. Yeah, call, good idea Arrc.”

He turns the hood around seeing the smooth glistening rubber interior. With a deep breath he slips the hood on which slides across his horns with surprising little issue, with a sleek rubbery schlunk, delivering his vision into darkness. His wings flutter, smelling the thick scent of rubber, empowering his arousal to new heights, hands moving down to cover his crotch, his pants easily hiding his current level of arousal.

A few lights flash in front Arrcrao, hearing a soft spoken monotone voice, “Registered user detected. Welcome to Toys-4-U Cynder Drone series drone hood. Settings have been set by the owner: The Mistress. These settings cannot be changed. Duration of use, 5hrs. Pre-programed settings uploaded. User set.”

Arrcrao pants, shivering more, wings fluttering at the oddly soothing voice.

“Initiating stage one. Physical Cynder Droning,” reports the voice the rubber squeezes along his head, formfitting, air holes providing cool air circulation, the rubber dripping down his body.

“What? Conditioning?” he asks, his words muffled by the hood, rubber flowing into his ears, his mouth, hood expanding more to fill every inch of his scales, wings fluttering feeling the rubber sliding across his clothes, and his scales, covering him in rubber, while “consuming” his clothes at the same time.

The rubber grips his body, coiling around his tail, around his sensitive exposed flesh twitches, he would moan as the warm rubber envelopes him if it wasn't for the fact his mouth is completely full of the liquid providing him everything he needs, his body twitching, the rubber shifting, churning, forcing him slowly forward, landing on all fours moment later.

With a soft squeak he feels the weight of the rubber spread around him, the head growing lighter, wings spreading out, the rubber covering them, enlarging them, feeling a weight to his wings he's never felt before, yet at the same time, he is lifted up off the ground, the rubber on him tingling, the cool air of his work space running across the fresh sleek shiny rubber skin, a red jeweled gem showing, a collar around his rubber neck, connecting to the actual collar he is wearing.

“This feels so weird cool... but I can't see anything!” he thinks, swaying his thick heavy feral dragon tail, *“I never felt so big before...”*

“Initiating Stage 2. Cynder Drone Indoctrination,” the suit whispers into Arrcrao's ears.

“Indoctrination?” he wonders shivering when a sudden white haze appears before his eyes, white noise filling ears, “No thoughts are blissful. Good drones do not think. Drones obey. Drones follow orders. Pleasure in thoughtlessness...”

“That is nice, but how is that... supposed to...”

“No thoughts. Pleasure from thoughtlessness. Thoughtlessness is pleasure. Do not think. Obey. Equality is bliss.” The words sink into Arrcrao's mind, his arousal growing, hardening, the rubber spreading around, tightly gripping his masculinity in the process yet his crotch to the outside world remains smooth and featureless.

“No... thoughts... pleasure from...” in a brief moment Arrcrao stops thinking, a surge of pleasure fills him, shivering in delight his hips buck against the air, becoming accumulated with his new smooth faceless feral form, *“Equality is bliss.”*

“No thoughts. Do not think. Only obey.” the words state the pleasure dropping off.

Arrcrao's body instantly desires the pleasure to return, his cock twitching, body beginning to ache, heart racing, mind being overcome, over washing his shyness in a tidal wave of pleasure and hypnosis.

“No thoughts... no thoughts...” he manages to steadily stop his thinking the pleasure returning, encouraging him to simply listen. To give up his will of thought, to not worry about what to do. That people will see him. To not worry that he is about to perform for another person. His worries, concerns, care, fade into the etherealness of his pleasure. The hypnosis growing stronger. The words, the voice, the commands, doing the thinking for him, he is becoming a simple tool of obedience. All he has to do is simple. Don't think. Get rewarded. What he is told, he does. No need to question. Simply obey. One of many Cynder Drones. Completely equal to the other. No individuality. No need to be shy if people are looking. They

aren't looking at him. No, they are looking at Cynder Drone. Not Arrcrao. His mind processing the information, his consciousness thinking less and less till there was no thought at all. He stood on all fours, sleek powerful, faceless. In front of the cubby hole that he took the mask. A salandit walks by looking at him as he undergoes his conditioning. He looks at the screen, takes note of the time, nods, walking off to do other duties.

When no thought was detected for a sufficient enough amount of time the red jewel around Arrcrao's neck glows, he speaks in a soft feminine monotone voice, Cynder Drone 0069 ready for service."

The visor lights up, showing Arrcrao the world once more, his vision fishbowl, with data streaming in front of him, telling him what he should do, thinking out his own thought processes for him so he would not have to.

"Cynder Drone 0069 will now head to room 1621 and wait for user," he states, turning around, body moving as it was his naturally born body, that he's always walked on all fours. He walks proudly, mindlessly out of the room toward the elevators. His faceless feral Cynder Drone head reflecting in the silver doors, an elevator heading down. When they open a salazzle with a food cart is in the way.

"Step off to the side, let salazzle pass."

Without a thought, Arrcrao does so, the salazzle looking at him with a curious grin but continues on her way, he is stepping onto the elevator, taken to the appropriate floor automatically thanks the salazzle collar around his neck. The sweet soothing air around him growing sweeter and would relax him more if he wasn't already utterly relaxed, eyes glazed over, pleasure overtaken him. His smooth crotch feeling delightful in the air, sensitive as his aroused flesh, yet conformed in a way to completely lock away his shyness. There is no way to be shy if there is no thought of all the eyes that would be looking upon him as he makes his way to hotel room. The door automatically unlocking, allowing him to easily enter, move onto the bed, lay across it like a proud feline, arms crossed, looking toward the door but out of view of the hallway.

Arrcrao simply waited, staring. Mindless, emotionless. Pleasure overriding everything else, keeping a steady distracting flow to keep him in a state of perpetual mindless bliss that allows him not to let any building worry about what he is about to do for the patron. Anything they want of course. He is a drone. He obeys. He is Cynder Drone 0069, obeying the Mistress, servicing her will, blissfully equal to all other drones.

When the door finally cracks open, the patron approaching, there is no rush of excitement, simply readiness to serve, simply ready to obey, ready to do what is commanded of him by the suit. No thoughts, no will, nothing obey obedience, and Arrcrao *loves* it.

When his service of his patron is complete over four hours later he will head back down from when he came, using the service elevator, body squeaking softly, wings folded proudly along his back, down to the service room where he will move in front of shelving where currently only one other drone hood is residing.

“Bringing registered user back to a full cognitive state,” the hood said, steadily, Arrcrao’s mind is brought back from the brink of total mindlessness. Thoughts return, pleasure steadily subsiding but in a not punishing way, allowing the events to unfold in his mind.

Arrcrao shivers and moans, his arousal quickly suppressed by the returning thoughts of what he just *did*. All the acts the kinks he performed.

“I can’t believe that I...” he thinks, the rubber shifting back so he can stand back on two legs once more. He rubbed his squeaky claws together, the rubber receding, climbing up his scales, his clothes, revealing his original clothed body once more. His heart races, shivering the wings fluttering pressing up against his body, tail curling more, *“I did... I...”* he thinks, shivering, panting the rubber fully withdrawing back into the hood.

The hood suddenly says causing Arrcrao to jump, “Please remove the Cynder Drone Hood. We hope you enjoyed your experience of the Toys-4-U Cynder Drone Hoods. Please visit our website for our wide selection on drone hoods and toys for your adult pleasuring needs. High quality toys at a high-quality price.”

Arrcrao scrambles to pull the hood off, gasping for air, panting, placing the hood back, looking around to see if anyone sees him, a soft sigh of relief comes over him when he notices no one.

But what he doesn’t know that he was noticed. Up at the top of the hotel, surrounded by a dozen salazzles, some laying around the base of the bed, others providing back support, the Mistress looks at the newest review given by a rather happy customer of the new Cynder Drone experience they received. The Mistress takes a long deep puff of a tube, attached to a gas masked salazzle. She grins, “It appears this winged salamander has potential. He might be good hire on a more permanent basis.”