The bus ride back to the corrupted city was rather uneventful as Chaos sat and watched the scenery go by, everyone on it extremely quiet. Even though the ones that had captured them didn’t specify that they needed to be silent no one felt like talking, especially the husky. His mind was still reeling over the fact that his former friend had been stalking him the entire time he had been trying to flee the city… but he didn’t have any reason to believe that his friend was lying. Eventually he had to turn his back from the window as he started to recognize familiar landmarks just as the sun began to set over the horizon.

“Hard to believe that all the time we spent traveling is being undone in a matter of hours,” a familiar voice said, Chaos looking over at the fox sitting opposite him. “I guess that’s one of the perks of being in control of everything, don’t have to stop and wait for traffic.”

“I guess…” Chaos replied, sighing and fiddling with the collar around his neck. “All this time I thought that getting turned into one of them was going to be the worst thing, but meeting Newlyn as one of those creatures definitely takes the cake.”

“Well you didn’t know that after he was converted that he would take a couple of other Assimilators and hunt you down specifically,” Trevor explained. “Plus I doubt this bus was here just on his command, we weren’t moving fast enough to avoid the assimilation. Perhaps its your connection to your friend that kept us all from being made into regular drones and having them move on with their conversion.”

At this point all Chaos could do was nod, the husky’s brain burned out with how many times it had looped around on the same thoughts and what if statements. There was no point in any of it right now, the fact of the matter is that they had been caught and be converted and that was the end of that. That idea was even more pronounced when they crested over a large hill and saw the glowing purple lights of the corrupted city. It was the place where it all began, and for the canine it was where he would last be flesh and blood as the bus continued to careen towards it at top speeds.

When they got into the city proper all of those captured from the convoy looked out of their windows in awe. Everything had been completely cleaned up and except for busses similar to the ones that they rode in the only thing that occupied the street were shiny rubber creatures. Most of them looked remarkably similar, the Sabredrones performing some sort of task, while others still had unique features on them that helped with their differentiation. What they all had in common however was they were all made of rubber and they all had the same teeth sticking out past their upper lip.

It was truly the city of the Sabredrones as they were shuttled towards the tallest skyscraper in the entire city. The windows burned with purple light before it disappeared out of sight as the bus went down into an underground parking structure. Already they could see other buses that had gotten there before them, all of them filled with unfortunate souls that the Sabredrones had gotten their claws into. Everyone there had the same look that they did, all of them with downtrodden or looks of futility on their faces as they were funneled into various parts of the skyscraper.

Most of the convoy got pulled off into another larger group of people that they heard was called general processing. Chaos, Trevor, and a few others that were pulled from other groups were told to go into another, smaller area. It was clear that they were all selected because they had some sort of special treatment, either like Trevor who surrendered himself without running or Chaos who had been chosen from a friend capturing them. While he supposed that he should be thanking Newlyn for not being turned into a regular Sabredrone, Chaos still wasn’t thrilled with the idea of being here in the first place.

When the drones that had been escorting them got to their destination they left, finding themselves along for once inside what appeared to be an office space that was converted into a living area. “I suppose they really don’t have to worry about us trying to make a run for it,” Trevor scoffed as he went over to one of the couches and sat down, tugging on the collar around his neck. “Collared and in the middle of the corrupted city, not exactly ripe with chances to escape. Not that I really want to anyway…”

“Really?” Chaos replied as the others began to filter throughout the room. “If given an opening you’re not going to try and get out of here? We could attempt to take one of those buses and try to use them like camouflage to try and smuggle ourselves out of the city.”

“And then what?” Trevor asked. “You keep forgetting about the collar, and the fact that the second they catch wind of you the full force of this city will come crashing down on you. Trust me Chaos, it’s over, we had a good run but its time to face up that the Sabredrones have won this one.”

Chaos left the vulpine to his own devices and continued to take a look around to see if there was any ways that he could do to slip out of there. To his surprise he found that the exits were all unguarded and there wasn’t a Sabredrone in sight. It appeared that they shared Trevor’s sentiment, especially since these were all those that had given themselves over with some amount of willingness. The husky wasn’t quite ready for that and after checking to make sure that the coast was clear he opened the door and moved out of the living area and into the hallway.

As Chaos made his way through the passage he found that the walls were covered with either spray paint or rubber in various designs. It was clear that the Sabredrones were in control as he moved through the purple-lighted areas, holding his breath every time he saw a shadow or heard a squeak. Though he attempted to retraces his steps back down to the parking lot underneath the place was built like a labyrinth and with one wrong turn he found himself in an atrium that appeared to be at the core of the lobby. As he looked up his mouth dropped open in shock as he saw dozens of creatures handing from the side of the balconies and atrium walkways in rubber vac-racks and sleep sacks.

The husky was so preoccupied with looking up at the wiggling creatures that he failed to notice the liquid rubber dripping down from ceiling until it landed on his head with a wet splat. That was when he made the mistake of looking up and getting a face full of the shiny ooze, finding his sight completely obscured as he felt the thick liquid running down his fur. As soon as it made contact with his fur the rubber seemed to come alive, the sticky substance caused him to fall to the floor and when he tried to get himself back up he found himself stuck to it. Soon his arms went the same as his head as more of the substance drizzled over him until he felt like he was completely cocooned in it.

“Looks like someone wandered off and found themselves in a bit of trouble,” Chaos heard Newlyn’s voice say as the rubber tightened around him, making it feel like he was wearing some sort of heavy gear as he found himself getting pulled up to his feet. “Good thing that I was around to keep track of you, if you were here much longer you might have found yourself joining those that had been so distracting. Let’s go ahead and get this off of you, I have something that I think you might want to see.”

Chaos felt something press against his head and a few seconds later the thick material pulled away from his eyes until he could see again. At first the husky thought that he was going to get rid of the rest of the thick black rubber on his body but he found the Assimilator pulling away and beckoning him to follow him. As he started moving however the excess latex fell away from his body, cracking and peeling until it left him with a more mobile, but still very thick, rubber bodysuit.

The entire time that Chaos walked with Newlyn he could feel the rubber continue to attempt to convert him or at the very least try to stimulate him. It was doing its best at the latter though as he felt his clothing getting dissolved underneath the shiny substance, tiny tendrils rubbing up against his skin. At this point the rubber especially against his rear was starting to push inside him while the coating against the sensitive flesh of his cock was stimulating him. It would have been jutting straight out had the latex hadn’t been holding it up against his stomach.

“I can see that you’re already enjoying one of the perks that comes with being a Sabredrone,” Newlyn said with a smirk as he looked back at the growing outline of Chaos’ maleness in the thick rubber wrapped around him. “Of course that’s not even you being transformed yet, this is just a little trap in case there were those that slipped the leash happened to wonder around where they aren’t supposed to be. I’ll make sure that you’ll be able to get your conversion soon, but like I said there was something that I wanted you to see first.”

As Chaos continued to follow his friend through the tower he saw others in the process of conversion as well. Some who resisted or were actively struggling had a treatment similar to him where they were just covered in rubber. Others were getting far more involved, from the ones that were actively having sex while they were being converted to those who were being slowly molded into something other than the normal drone. Newlyn explained that a surprising amount of people, when explained what was going to happen, find themselves embracing their new roles and as such the Overlord makes sure that they experience as much pleasure as possible.

Chaos wasn’t sure why Newlyn was emphasizing the point so much until they got a set of doors, Newlyn opening one of them and allowing the canine inside. Once he was there he saw that it was similar to one of those police interrogation rooms that was actually two rooms with a piece of one-way glass between them. He found himself on the police side staring into the other room that was decked out more like a bedroom, though it did have a table as well. Sitting at that table were two creatures; one of them was a creature that the husky identified as a Corrupter, a Sabredrone that could disguise itself and infiltrate communities to make people mentally succumb to the will of the Network, but what really shocked the husky was who sat on the other side and what they were saying.

“So do you have anything to say now that you’re in the corrupted city?” the Corrupter asked.

“Yeah, it’s about time,” Trevor replied, tearing the collar off of his neck and sitting back with his naked body. “When you came up and made me that offer I didn’t think that it was going to take so long for you to finally finish off the convoy. With the information I fed you guys I didn’t even expect us to leave the state, much less get close to the coast.”

“You were a victim of your own success,” the Corrupter explained. “When you interacted with other caravans we made sure to pick them off first before coming back for you. You might still be out there if an Assimilator didn’t ask for our help using your information in order to track them down, but even so you have a lot of stripes coming your way for all those that we captured thanks to you.”

“Well at least it’s finally done,” Trevor said as he got up and moved over to the Corrupter, kissing him on the lips. “I have to admit it was hard not to just run up to one of you and get on my knees before this, seeing those sexy shiny bodies of yours occupied my thoughts for many nights when I was alone. When do I get one of my own?”

“The process has already started,” the Corrupted stated as he put a finger to the vulpine’s lips where the black rubber had transferred, running a clawed finger around his muzzle as a pair of rubber saber teeth had already started to grow in. “But why don’t we move this to some place more comfortable where we can really get you inducted into the Sabredrones.”

Meanwhile Chaos sat fuming as he watched the fox eagerly walk over to the bed area and get on all fours, raising his tail into the air as the Sabredrone behind him began to rub his cock between his rear. “We wondered how they always seemed to crop up in our path, even when we tried to take alternate routes,” the husky said with gritted teeth. “That traitorous vulpine…”

“You really can’t blame him,” Newlyn tried to explain as he ushered the angry husky out of the room and back into the hallway, Chaos looking back one last time to see the black and purple rubber slowly spreading over his former friend’s body. “Once a Corrupter gets his hooks into your mind it’s hard to shake them off, if you even have a kernel of curiosity or lust towards Sabredrones they magnify it by a thousand until it’s all their prey can think about. Trevor had probably been exposed early on, maybe even while he was still in the city, and that made him very easy to manipulate.”

Though Chaos understood that the powers of the Sabredrones he couldn’t help but feel a bit betrayed. While it made sense that Newlyn came after him, he was completely under the thrall of the Sabredrones after being converted in the initial wave and he couldn’t fault him for that, Trevor had the chance to tell someone what was happening to him. Was that going to be how he acted as he got transformed, the husky wondered as he was led to the elevator and told to get on. Would he have gone so far to betray those that trusted him just so that he could get the promised pleasure of becoming a higher-ranking Sabredrone?

The entire time that the husky had been thinking about what he had just seen he hadn’t been paying attention to where they were going as the elevator that he had stepped on continued to go up. Eventually he noticed that the numbers on the screen were going very, very high. “Wait, where are we going?” Chaos asked, which caused Newlyn to smirk. “Where are you taking me?”

“To see a friend,” Newlyn replied with a smirk. “I would like to make you an Assimilator, and though normally one has to be a drone for a while first there those with special circumstances, like Trevor, that can expedite the process. With his permission I’m going to bring you into the fold of the Assimilator… but not like that, we’re going to have to clean you up a bit.”

Chaos found himself swallowing hard as the rubbery creature went over to him and began to strip the latex off of his body, exposing the bare fur underneath it. Though the husky was grateful for the freedom as he saw his white fur and blue stripes once more he started to also feel naked without it. Not just because he was actually naked, though that didn’t help the situation, but because he had gotten used to the constant pressure against his body. He also felt himself blush a little bit when Newlyn got to his groin and his cock sprang free after the rubber was removed from it.

By the time the elevator reached its destination of the top floor the husky was completely stripped down, save for the collar around his neck as the doors slowly opened. Chaos was a bit surprised to find himself on the roof of the skyscraper, the wind audibly whipping around outside even with what appeared to be glass all around them. When he looked up he saw the stars in the sky but no moon, which shrouded everything with darkness as Newlyn began to approach while beckoning him to follow. Though he was very hesitant he found himself moving forward under the collar’s influence towards the creature that sat near the back of the room.

“So this is the one that you’ve told me about,” the one known as the Overlord of the Sabredrones said, leaning against the side of his rubber throne as his glowing green eyes pierced the shadows. “My name is Serathin, though you can and probably will call me Overlord, and this is my humble abode. You are Chaos, correct?”

The husky found himself nodding as he stood before the powerful latex creature. “I know this is probably futile, but…” Chaos started to say. “Since I have your ear I was wondering if, just this one, you would allow me and my friend to go? You have more than enough Sabredrones, I don’t think you would even notice just letting two go to live their lives.”

To his surprise the Overlord grinned and looked over at Newlyn. “Well he certainly has a stalwart spirit about him,” he said as he glanced over and gave Chaos a wink before turning back to the Assimilator. “Would you like to leave the Network? It would be a shame to lose all those stripes you earned.”

“I wouldn’t think of it,” Newlyn replied almost instantly. “The Sabredrones are where I belong Overlord, I can’t imagine a day where I couldn’t be your Assimilator.”

“Well of course he’s going to say that!” Chaos stated loudly. “You’re inside his head pulling his strings! Let him think for himself!”

The Overlord paused briefly before standing up, Chaos feeling a tremor of fear running down his back as the rubber sabrewolf approached him. “I don’t think you quite understand how all this works,” Serathin stated as he gestured all around him. “All of these Sabredrones have the capacity to think for themselves, I only tell them what to do. I mean I do tweak a few things here and there, lower the inhibitions and buff up the loyalty, but it would be tiresome to have to keep everyone in such mental shackles.”

“But… your drones…” Chaos tried to rebuttal. “The ones who are unwilling…”

“Often come around after being one for a while and get used to their new forms,” Serathin replied. “But as I said I don’t control their minds, which is why those that give themselves willingly are often the ones that are different ranks than mere drones…” the Overlord walked over and patted Newlyn on the head as though to emphasize the point, watching the immensely happy smile form on the Assimilator’s face. “Speaking of such things it’s time to assess where you will be joining in my little flock here, this conversation has been very enlightening and I believe that I know exactly where Chaos should be.”

“Will he be an Assimilator?” Newlyn asked eagerly.

“While I appreciate your input I don’t believe he’s quite right to join the ranks of my elite hunters,” Serathin explained once he was back on his throne, Chaos watching the hopeful look on Newlyn’s face fall slightly. “However this one has a fondness for something that I think would greatly benefit the Assimilators, there are some that enjoy the thrill of the hunt… and then there are those that enjoy being the hunted. Your friend is the latter of those two and therefore will be a Sabredrone of the Assimilators, serving you specifically for training purposes and also to help with insight on where your prey might be hiding.”

As Newlyn nodded in agreement and turned to Chaos, who had started to back away from the both of them instinctively when he saw the predatory look in his eyes. “Wait… wait just a second…” Chaos said as he continued to back away. “I’m not going to be like Trevor and just help you find other survivors.”

“We’ll see about that,” Serathin replied as Newlyn continued to slowly approach the husky. “For now though I think it’s time that both of you get to indulge in your desires.” The Overlord sat back and suddenly Chaos felt the collar slip off of his neck and fall to the floor. “Go ahead and see if you can’t be caught Chaos and Newlyn, well, you do what you do best.”

Though Chaos wanted to try and talk to the Overlord more his eyes widened when he saw the Assimilator leap towards him! Immediately his fight or flight response kicked in and he darted out of the way just in time to avoid the pounce. The rubber hunter quickly recovered though and in seconds the husky found himself running once more as his friend chased him around. As the Overlord sat and watched the spectacle with a bemused smile the husky continued to zig and zag back and forth in order to keep the Assimilator off of his tail for a few seconds to allow himself to think. When he got back to the middle of the room he turned and saw the glint of the elevator doors and saw that the car was still on this floor.

With Newlyn crawling around on the walls in the shadows Chaos decided to make a break for it and sprinted for the door. With no collar on anymore if he could somehow get all the way down to the basement and escape there was nothing the Sabredrones could do to stop him. The Assimilators would probably still hunt him but with the highways clear he would at least make some progress before they got to him, but all that still depended on him getting into that car and the doors closed before the latex feline Sabredrone caught up to him. The way looked clear though and his hand was already outstretched to push the button when the rubberized hunter dropped down from the ceiling and landed between him and the door.

Chaos fell backwards as Newlyn took a swipe at him, and at first he thought that he had managed to avoid it but when he looked down he saw four streaks of rubber across his chest that started to spread over his body. “Quite the demonstration,” Serathin stated as he clapped his hands together, watching the husky look down at the synthetic substance while he laid there on the floor. “I think you’ll be quite the asset to the Sabredrone Network indeed.”

Though Newlyn continued to slowly approach him it was no longer with the look of a predator in his eyes, it was genuine excitement as white fur was slowly replaced with purple rubber. When the latex reached the blue lines that accentuated his body he thought that they would disappear, but surprisingly the purple turned to a glowing blue before continuing its spread and becoming black. One thing that the transforming husky had not braced himself for was the sheer pleasure that came from his assimilation, especially when he rubbed his own hand on the still slightly gooey surface and it clung to his fingers before spreading once more. The process seemed to be one of the slower ones that he had seen, though it was starting to speed up as that same corrupted hand reached up to his face where it immediately began to coat his muzzle.

When the husky tried to say something his mouth felt strange to move, especially when the Sabredrone rubber coated the inside of it while tendrils continued to creep across the outside. When he was able to speak again he found himself only able to gasp as new information began to flood his mind, sensing the thoughts not only of Newlyn standing before him but of others in the area as well. He knew in his mind what was happening, his corrupted mind forming a link to the Sabredrone Network as two of his front teeth began to push past his lips and continue to lengthen. As his now completely rubberized hand pressed against his new saber teeth his other one, which had also managed to get the slick substance on it, moved down to groin and began to stroke himself.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Newlyn commented as Chaos found himself whimpering from the stimulation of his own touch. “Just ease yourself into it, let your new Sabredrone self-take the lead in your assimilation.”

New Sabredrone self… it all came crashing down on Chaos all at once that he was succumbing to the very thing he was trying to avoid. It all felt so good though, especially when the latex once more formed a bulge around his maleness that he could stroke and squeeze while still rubbing his hand up and down his latex abs. The sensations he got form it were so intense that it began to drown out his inner voice, though there was another to quickly replace it as he turned on his side when he felt something forming on his back. As his new wings began to flow out from the rubber of his back he found himself starting to actually enjoy the conversion of his flesh and fur to the shiny, smooth rubber that his body was becoming.

But as he felt his muscles begin to grow it startled him enough to once more realized that this was what the Overlord wanted from him, to want the lust that came with his body so much that he would do anything to get it. He could imagine aiding the Assimilators, running along side them with his augmented body as his physique became toned and lithe just like the one standing over him. Imagining finding survivors, then being rewarded for being such a good drone by his pack. It was all so wrong but at the same time he found himself wanting that, desiring being amidst their squeaky forms as they used him for whatever needs and felt their gratitude for doing so.

“I think he’s getting the idea,” Serathin stated as Chaos flipped over onto all fours and groaned in pleasure as his canine tail was stretched and thickened into a proper reptilian. “Why don’t you put him in one of the racks to help him marinate in his new feelings before you set him loose on the world, I think he could use the private time.”

Newlyn nodded and picked up the still transforming male, Chaos squirming not in defiance but in the pleasure that their bodies rubbing together caused. Once he was hoisted over the Assimilator’s shoulder he could no longer see the rubber cascading down to his feet, but he could feel them growing into something more draconic in nature just like the one carrying him. By the time they got out of the elevator and to the core of the building where Chaos had previously been to Newlyn was holding onto a fully converted Sabredrone, though there were a few slight modifications as the blue lines that were on his body continued to glow with a soft blue light.

Once they were on one of the skyways connecting the central column to the rest of the building Newlyn put Chaos down, the husky not even realizing it was on a rubber sheet until he shifted his body around and felt it on his new wings. Though he continued to squirm for a little while in pleasure it wasn’t long before the second layer was put on top of him and the two were quickly sealed together. For a few seconds Chaos felt like he was in a full body rubber suit placed in a rubber bag… until the suction began. It was clear that Sabredrones didn’t have to worry about things like breathing as his muzzle was immediately sealed shut by the suction, his transformed body being stimulated by two layers of rubber now instead of just one as he found himself rendered immobile.

For a few minutes Chaos could feel Newlyn getting his fill of teasing him, the vac-rack shaking slightly every time the Assimilator trailed his fingers down his restrained form. With the suction completely restraining him the former canine could feel everything about his new body, from the wings pressed up against him to his new tail and feet. The last thing that Newlyn focused on was stroking his head, pointing out not only the saber teeth he sported but also the new horns that had sprouted from his head without him even realizing it. It cemented in his mind that his fate had been sealed just like the vac-rack, though he knew he would have some time to think about it as he felt his body get moved over to the edge…