Making the Grade

Mortdecai sighed as packed up his things in his dorm, the human sitting the cardboard box on top of the others that he had put on the cheap bed that had served as his for the few months. He had been attempting to get his Master’s Degree and then roll right into a Ph.D, but halfway through his second term the scholarship that had been paying for it all had run out of funds after the benefactor that was refilling it went to jail for embezzlement. While he was thankful that he wasn’t taking money that turned out to be dirty anymore it did mean that his academic career was cut brutally short as a result of it. It hadn’t been for a lack of trying, but it being the middle of semester meant that most grants and scholarships had already been given away and he wasn’t about to put himself into massive student loan debt just to get a piece of paper when he already had one that was sufficient for most jobs.

With his last box packed he was ready to pull his car around and get ready for the long trip home, walking out of the dorm and towards the parking lot. It was quite quiet on the campus, most of the students either hard at work in classes or sleeping off the night before if they had went out. It was almost a depressing sight, as though he were completely alone in what was happening to him as he unlocked the door to his tiny vehicle. Just as he was about to step inside though his pocket began to buzz, Mortdecai pulling it out to see that it was the student services number for the college. He felt his heart pounding in his chest as he answered it and identified himself while standing outside his car.

“Would you be able to come into our offices as soon as possible?” the woman on the other end of the line that he recognized as the director of financial aid said, an ocelot that had been helping him to find any other avenue of payment. “I reached out some feelers to some of our independent alumni and one of them says that he wishes to speak with you about potentially taking you under his wing. He says he’s on campus right now visiting some teachers so if you can get here in a few minutes you can meet with him right away.”

He quickly said that he would be there before hanging up the phone and closing the car door without him stepping inside. While he could drive there it would just be easier to walk across the campus, though in his case it was practically sprinting as he crossed the distance in a few minutes. When he got to the building itself he slowed down and remembered that he was about to meet someone that could save his entire future, taking a few seconds to make sure he once more looked presentable before opening the door. Much like the dorms and parking lot the area was mostly empty save for the occasional human or anthro that walked from one place to another. The student services building was on the third floor and he opted for stairs instead of the elevator to get up there quicker, though he found himself out of breath and practically wheezing as he stumbled towards the office.

When he got there he nearly stopped dead in his tracks with what he saw, his eyes going wide as standing in front of the female ocelot was one of the biggest, most muscular men he had ever seen in his entire life. He probably would stand head and toes above a professional basketball player and his suit was tailored to meticulously to his body that he could see every curvature of his pectorals and abs through his shirt. But that wasn’t what stopped the human, what had caused him to almost gasp in shock was that the man in question was not only a dragon, a rare breed of anthro in itself, but it looked like his dark blue scales were unnaturally shiny under the light of the office. When he found himself going over and shaking the man’s hand they felt strange too, like his skin was made of rubber or latex as he was ushered to have a seat next to him while the student services director took her place on the other side of the desk.

“Mortimer, this is Maximillian Sartos,” she introduced. “He runs a fellowship grant for the university here and when he heard you were in dire straits he asked to meet your personally to see if you were a good fit for his program.”

“A fellowship grant?” Mortimer asked, looking over at the dragon who was smiling at him. “Sir, while I am really grateful that you would consider me for such a thing you have to know that I haven’t even started my thesis and for me to even begin my research project it’s going to take years-“

“I’m quite aware of how the system works Mortimer,” the dragon man replied, his voice low and deep but not gravely, like something you would hear on a radio advertisement as he leaned back in the chair that was already struggling to support his muscle weight. “Or can I call you Morty? I do prefer the informal and you may call me Max.” the still slightly shocked student just found himself nodding as he waited for the other shoe to drop. “Morty, I find students such as yourself that show a lot of potential and foster them through the process myself to give them any sort of aid they require, whether it’s financial, academic, or anything else you might need if you accept my fellowship grant then I will make sure you have a Ph.D in your hands.”

“I… don’t know what to say,” Mortimer stated, stammering slightly as it sounded like all his dreams would come true. “I would be honored, but what are the requirements?”

“The first thing would be that you have to have a perfect GPA in all the classes that you are currently attending,” Max explained. “The second is that you would need to have a particular interest and path already somewhat fleshed out, and from reading your report on new-generation prosthetics and the fact you’re going for mechanical engineering I see that won’t be a problem either. Finally in order to benefit fully from this program I would require you to live with me and a few others I board at my estate, which as part of your tasks besides maintaining your academic progress you would be expected to work in lieu of room and board. I know that last one can sometimes be a deal-breaker but let me remind you that I am giving you your education for free, I think some simple housework to maintain your study space is a reasonable trade-off.”

That was what she meant by taking him under his wing, Mortimer thought to himself as he suddenly found a contract in front of him specifying the rules of the grant and his acknowledgment of the rules. Everything was coming at him so fast it was making his head spin, to the point when he tried to read what was on the piece of paper he was having a hard time even understanding basic concepts. The entire time the only thing he could think of was if he wanted to be what sounded like a maid for the rubbery dragon creature in exchange for paying his way though the rest of college. But was that really something he wanted, trading his dignity just so he didn’t lose out on his degree or have to owe several… hundred… thousand… dollars…

In the next second Mortimer suddenly found a pen in his hand and his signature drying on the last page of the agreement, Max smiling and standing up while putting the contract in his briefcase. “You’re not going to regret this one bit Morty,” the dragon stated as he shook the human’s hand once more. “Since you don’t have classes tomorrow I’ll be sending a moving van to your dorm promptly at eight in the morning in order to move your stuff, all you have to do is let them in and they’ll take care of the rest. Then once you’re all secured you’ll drive with them to my estate, it’s just off the campus so it shouldn’t be too hard to find but let me give you my address anyway just in case…”

The next morning Mortimer was already up and dressed by the time he heard the knock on the door, his other roommates poking their heads blearily out of their rooms as they saw several men take his boxes of stuff and bring them downstairs towards the truck. When they asked him what he was doing he just said he got new accommodations and couldn’t help but smile at the confused looks on their faces before following the movers down. While they weren’t bad roommates it felt like he was getting a new lease on life, the ones taking his boxes bringing him somewhere where he could make a fresh start. Although technically he was driving himself, he thought as he got into his car and punched the directions into the GPS on his phone.

When Max said that his estate was close he wasn’t kidding, only taking about two minutes to get from the edge of campus to where his house was located to the point where it could be considered walking distance. This surprised Mortimer because the only real estate that close to the campus was the oceanside property… which turned out to be exactly where he was going. The young man gasped as he saw what could truly be called an estate, the sprawling building surrounded by trees and had a gate he needed to buzz through as well as get waved in by a security officer. At this point he felt a little pathetic driving up to such a majestic house in his beat-up little car, suddenly becoming worried that he was going to leak oil on his nice driveway or something as he pulled up to the front door with the moving van and his stuff behind him.

The second that Mortimer walked out of his car he was suddenly greeted by the rubber dragon man, who seemed to be dressed in his usual form-fitting business suit. “Welcome to my chateau,” Max said as he once more took the human by the shoulder. “For the next few years consider this place to be your bastion of study, the place to make all of your dreams come true. Unfortunately I have to go to work soon but I think I’ve got enough time to give you the tour while the movers take your stuff in.”

Max and Mortimer walked to the back of the truck and watched as they opened the door to reveal several cardboard boxes that looked rather small in the otherwise spacious truck. “Travel light,” Max said as he patted Mortimer on the back. “I like that. Come on, let me show you to your room, most of your new roommates are off sunning themselves or something and you can meet them later.”

When he was shown his room Mortimer was surprised, while the place was nice he sort of expected to be stuck in some cupboard under the stairs but the room he was given was probably bigger then the entirety of his last dorm complete with a bed and actual mattress. While his boxes were being stacked meticulously in the corner of the room Max gave his new lodger a few ground rules as well as a list of tasks that he would be expected to complete. Mortimer once more thanked him for the opportunity and the dragon just winked at him and said he was going to do great things before walking out the door. Then, just like that, Mortimer found himself alone in a strange room in a strange place owned by a strange man holding a chores list.

That was when the human looked down at it for the first time, and much to his surprise it seemed to revolve around serving the others in the house instead of cleaning or cooking like he expected. From the look of the list it appeared there were five others that lived there aside from Max, and now him, and as his eyes went down the list he couldn’t help but wonder at some of the tasks he was being told to perform. One of them near the bottom said that he was to oil down any of the others if asked… just what had he gotten himself into here?

Mortimer decided that the best place to find out would be to see if he could locate the others that were in the house, going off of the clue that Max had said they were likely out sunbathing. As he looked around he saw a lot of entertainment and exercise equipment in the rooms, save for one of the biggest rooms that was clearly Max’s office as well as a few doors that appeared to lead to bedrooms, and there was even a fully-stocked bar that looked like it could belong in some nightclub… not that he had ever been to one. It looked more like a party house then anything else, though as he was about to reach the back foyer that led to the backyard and beach he found a set of double doors. When he went over to open them he found them to be locked, not only with a standard key but also a keypad and what looked like some sort of biometric scanner.

“Maybe I should have read that contract a little more carefully,” Mortimer said, stepping back from the heavily secured door before he heard the sound of a voice coming from the outside through an open window. “The others might know what’s going on, could just be freaking out over nothing. Well… here goes nothing, first impressions Mortimer.”

But when Mortimer stepped outside and saw his fellow housemates for the first time he found himself standing there with his jaw hanging down to the floor. Nothing could have prepared him for seeing five rubber dragon men lounging around the pool area, all of them muscular hunks just like Max but instead of business suits they were wearing swimsuits, or rather the bare minimum of swimsuits as the speedos left little to the imagination. Their scales practically gleamed in the light to the point where it was almost blinding as they seemed to take notice of the human standing there on the stairs ogling them, or at least one of them did as they hopped up from the pool with ease and walked over to him. The dragon man said something to the human that he completely missed, his mind still in awe over the bizarre sight he was seeing before the motion of a hand waving in his face snapped him out of it.

“Hello, anyone in there?” the teal-colored dragon said with a small smirk as he knelt forward and looked down at him, even his eyeballs looked synthetic as he stared at him. “You must be Mortimer, Max said that we were going to have someone joining the family but he didn’t say when. My name is Collin.”

“I’m… Mortimer…” Mortimer managed to reply as he felt his hand getting shaken.

“Yep, already caught that,” Collin said with a grin as he took Mortimer and guided him down towards the pool area where the others continued to either sit or swim while looking at him. “The gold-scaled guy in the pool is Keto, the grumpy purple one in the beach chair is Subra, we have Golgi rocking the stormy grey scales, and finally is our resident red named Byte.” The others gave him some semblance of a wave, save for purple who seemed content to flip off the one making the introductions. “Well that’s everyone… have any questions?”

The very statement Mortimer just heard seemed to clash with his brain as his mind was filled with nothing but questions at the moment. While Max had shown a similar unnatural shine to his scales he thought that perhaps it was some sort of polish or something that maybe looked strange under the lights of the office. These creatures were clearly nothing like he had ever seen before and stranger still they all seemed rather nonchalant about it, like there had always been rubber creatures in the world and this was something as natural as breathing. Before he could ask any questions about it however he was suddenly hit in the face with something wet and when he pulled it off his face he saw that it was one of the skimpy speedos that they were wearing.

“Dress code bro,” Keto said with a grin, pushing off of the wall and revealing exactly where it had come from as his naked body glinted under the water. “You want in on the patio you’re going to need to adhere to it.”

“I don’t think that they make sunblock in the hundreds,” Subra scoffed, the others laughing as they started to settle back in.

“I think we can find something for Morty hear that hasn’t been hugging your nuts all week,” Collin replied as he tossed it back, smacking the gold rubber dragon in the face and causing him to sputter and flail to the delight of others while Collin turned to the still flabbergasted human. “He is right though, if you’re going to be out here you got to dress the part, and given that list you’re holding I’m guessing that you are our new servant so… you kind of have to be.”

When the human went back inside the house with the teal dragon and was given a box that was part of their housewarming pack his brain was still buzzing as he told Collin he would go to his room and change. Not only was there a similar speedo to the one that had been tossed at him, though more fitting of someone of his spindly stature, but also a couple more lists of things that they expected him to do while he was in their house. They were ready to treat him like their personal servant… was that the only reason that Max had picked him? He wanted someone desperate enough for money that they would stick around and tend to the needs of these odd creatures for him while he went off to work?

Part of him debated calling up the blue-scaled dragon and telling him that this wasn’t worth it, but even when he had the phone in his hand he couldn’t bring himself to do it. It would only be for a few years, he told himself as he put it away and started to take off his clothes, and once he got his Ph.D he could blow out of here with no debt to his name and more constrictions. He also found in the package other articles of clothing and a huge jug of high-strength sunblock that caused him to frown slightly. A debt-free life, Mortimer thought to himself as he took the thick white substance and rubbed it on himself before once more joining the others outside.

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As the months past Mortimer found that the initial first impression of the five had been slightly skewed; though they did expect him to basically do everything for them and acted like frat boys all the time they were actually rather nice. When he attempted to ask about their rubbery nature and how they came to live at Max’s estate they all just gave him a similar answer akin to saying that they’ve always been this way. Then they would quickly change the subject and ask him if he wanted to play video games or their favorite activity of hanging around the pool. They were out there so much he had nearly gone through the entire jug of sun screen to make sure he didn’t get cancer and became slightly envious when he had to go off and study while they were still partying.

A few weeks into his living there he also found out just how close the five were to one another. After picking up take-out food on his way home from class, which resulted in him trying to carry six incredibly full bags to his car and then into the house, the other three had quickly grabbed their meals and told him that the remaining two were in the weight room working out. It was another common place that he could find at least one of them and he sighed before taking the last two meals and bringing them to the weight room before having to study for one of his finals. When he got close he heard the sounds of rubber squeaking together as well as labored breathing he assumed was from the work-out, but as his brain put two and two together he had already opened the door and nearly dropped the food.

Subra was on the weight bench on his back with Golgi standing at his head, but instead of spotting the other dragon lifting weights he had his exposed cock practically all the way down the purple dragon’s throat. As Mortimer stood there in shock he saw the grey rubber dragon look up at him, his hips still flexing forward and pushing his shaft into the muzzle of the male beneath him while the completely erect purple cock jutted up into the air. “Hey Morty, didn’t fancy you for a lifter,” Golgi said while panting slightly, leaning forward and patting the purple dragon on his washboard abs causing Supra to jump. “Got a spot open if you want to double team, hole or pole is up to you.”

“I… food…” Mortimer said as he sat the food down. “Studying… going now…” With that he took the bags and set them down, his eyes never leaving the two synthetic males before he shut the door and quickly walked back to his own bedroom. He couldn’t even make eye contact with the others as he went there and quickly shut the door, locking it behind him and going over to his desk.

While the act had been shocking all into itself it was the way they responded to his presence that caused him the most distress. It was almost like they wanted him to see, that they were proud of getting caught as the mental image of one dragon blowing another continued to replay in his mind. This wasn’t how normal people acted… and combined with all the secrecy that surrounded them in the first place he decided that enough was enough. If something was happening here he was going to find out what it was.

So for the rest of the semester Mortimer kept a far closer eye on the creatures he was supposed to serve, watching them interact with one another as he did what was required of him. It soon became clear that they either felt freer after he caught the two or he had just been oblivious but they began to show more displays of affection to one another, either groping one another on their buts and groins or even making out on the couch. But that still didn’t explain how a group of horny gay rubber dragons came to live together or what Max’s role in all this was. There was also one more mystery that he couldn’t seem to crack either, and that was what was behind the security door that he had never seen anyone enter or leave out of as of yet.

Finals had come and gone and Mortimer was still no closer to the truth then before. He had been congratulated by the blue rubber dragon when his scores came back as nearly perfect, then was asked what his summer plans were. That was when Max revealed that the five had taken a liking to him and requested that he could stick around if he didn’t feel like going home. Though that meant that Mortimer could stay near campus the entire time and get ahead on his research work he would also have to stay in a house he knew nothing about. He ended up telling Max he would think about it and the rubber dragon said he had until the end of the week to decide.

The day before his deadline Mortimer found himself unable to sleep, staring at the ceiling and wondering what he was going to do when he suddenly heard the sound of metal hitting stone. It was enough of a noise that it caused him to get up from the bed and open his door to peek out. With his room being closest to the kitchen he was able to hear a lot of what was going on but it normally stayed very quiet during the night hours. This time however he saw Byte and Collin carefully putting several pots they had bumped over before continuing on, motioning for one another to stay silent as they did.

It was suspicious enough that Mortimer decided to go out and follow, gently closing his door behind him before moving out. It appeared that his presence had not been noted as he trailed the two in the dark hall, his heart racing as he thought that he might finally get some answers to what was going on. That hope was quickly dashed when he realized they were in their speedos and heading to the patio, likely for some midnight swim or to have sex with one another in the private beach area. He stifled a sigh and was about to head back to his room before he noticed that the two weren’t heading towards the back door… they were moving to the locked door near the back!

Mortimer found himself practically trembling as he watched the two muscular rubber dragons punch in the code to the lock, pass the biometric, and use their key in order to open the door. The plot was definitely thickening as the two disappeared, likely walking inside whatever room they had just opened, and left the human alone. He had originally speculated that just Max was able to get inside, but it turned out all six were likely able to do so at their leisure. But with all the external security and the fact it was just them in the house then why bring in a potential security risk that you had to hide your actions around?

As the human continued to contemplate what was going on he noticed something that caused him pause, a thin silver of light that radiating from the area where the door was. Given the nature of the door’s construction there shouldn’t be any light that could get passed it… unless…

…the door was still open a crack.

As swiftly and quietly as he could Mortimer went over to the door and found that the latch hadn’t been engaged properly, which meant that the security system was still off-line until the door was closed. Very carefully he slowly opened the door, keeping his fingers on the edge to make sure it didn’t slide shut until a bigger crack formed. When he was able to slide all the way in he opened it and revealed a set of stairs that looked like it led down into a basement that he didn’t even know existed. He could also hear faint voices coming from the bottom of the stairwell and he slowly snuck down until he could look over the edge of the railing and see what was going on as the voices became clearer.

“I’m telling you, you can’t use an electromagnet to try and control the velocity of the turbine here,” one of the voices he recognized as Collin stated, the human craning his head down to see him and Byte pointing to a very complex schematic posted on a board in the middle of other whiteboards that were filled with complex calculations. “If you have a voltage collapse on one of the transistors you’re going to cause the entire thing to spin out of alignment. You need the consistency that rare-earth magnets brings.”

“That could take months, maybe even years to find the proper alignment for that to happen,” the red rubber dragon said. “A vector analysis concluded that with the proper amp regulator you can keep something like this going for at least a year without even needed to check the voltage levels!”

“Oh come on guys,” Subra said from a nearby couch, a rather weighty looking tome pressed against his abs. “I’m finally getting a chance to start catching up on Voltaire, and if you don’t knock it off with your deep space engine alignment arguments I’m going to beat you both to death with this tome!”

Mortimer was stunned at what he had heard… he had pegged these guys as some sort of rubber dragon himbos that Max had somehow gotten as eye candy, but as he saw the other two writing down advanced logarithms on a different board while the others continued their discussion on deep space mechanics he realized that he was completely wrong. These rubber dragons he had been oiling up and cleaning after weren’t just smart… they were all geniuses!

“Perhaps we’re looking at this problem the wrong way,” Collin said finally, putting his clawed hands to his chin. “You know who would be able to help us with this problem?” Suddenly Mortimer saw the dragon turn towards him, the other four stopping what they were involved in and doing the same. “A mechanical engineer.”

It was then that Mortimer realized that creatures as smart as this didn’t just let people stumble into their secret think tank… which meant this had all been a trap to lure him in all along. “Yeah, you can come on out now,” Byte stated as he and Collin motioned for the human to join them. “We’ve known you’ve been looking into us for quite a while now.”

“I… uh…” Mortimer said as he found himself moving forward, waving his hands in the air. “I can pretend I didn’t see anything, you can tell Max that I just broke the rules or something and I’ll just leave!”

“Leave?” Collin stated in feigned confusion. “Why would we have you leave when you were invited here!” Both him and the others laughed as the human continued to look at them in slight confusion. “Plus if we made you leave now then you wouldn’t be able to hear our invitation.”

“Invitation?” Mortimer repeated. “Invitation to what?”

“Why, to join us of course,” Keto interjected, causing Mortimer’s jaw to drop.

“Look, you already have guessed that our bodies aren’t exactly what you call natural,” Collin said as he led the shocked human over to the couch and sat him down before the others gathered around him. “This was actually a process that was created by Max; the dragon had invented it to try and cure an extremely rare auto-immune disease he had, and while it worked he found out that the process had a few… side-effects.”

“It turned him into rubber for one,” Keto said. “Who would have thought that messing with the signal receptors in your DNA would cause such an odd mutation.”

“It also made him much smarter,” Byte chimed in. “So much so that he feared if his research fell into the wrong hands it could create a problem for the rest of the world. That was when he got the idea that if he found people who were already very smart and, after a rather rigorous testing process, dedicated to the process he could turn them into rubberized versions of themselves with increased intelligence to try and solve all the world’s problems.”

“You’re saying that Max is creating some sort of… think tank?” Mortimer summed up, the others nodding. “So where you all dragons before you got this treatment?”

“Of course not,” Keto stated with a grin, the others giggling at that. “It appears when Max used his own transformation to help streamline a viable application for general use it picked up quite a bit of his genetic markers, which then mutates the DNA of those that we use it on to look like this.”

“Could do worse,” Subra stated as he flexed his muscles.

“I… I guess,” Mortimer stated before he caught something that caused him to look back at Keto. “Wait, those you use it on? It’s not just Max that can turn others into smart rubber dragons too?”

“That we can Mortimer,” Collin stated as he stood up, putting an arm around the shoulder. “Ever since Max created me, the first of his projects that was suffering from a similar immunodeficiency disorder who was also going for their Ph. D. in particle physics, we realized that we were on the cusp of greatness here. That’s when we started to recruit and turned the others, people who showed great potential not only in their fields but also that they would stand behind the cause of using our newfound intellect and bodies to try and help the world.”

Collin explained that ever since Mortimer appeared on the radar after losing his scholarship Max and the others had been studying up on him so that by the time the blue rubber dragon extended their invitation they already knew almost everything about him and his history. When Mortimer asked what everything with being their servant and how they acted like dumb frat boys around him the rubber dragon explained that due to their condition they had to live here almost twenty-four hours a day, which meant that if he was to join them they would be around all the time. They needed to be sure that Mortimer could handle them at their worst, not only to see if they would quit when the going got hard but also that they could handle such tensions. There had already been a number of people that have come in through their door that didn’t fit and would either snap and be bitter at them, quit, or get too into the frat scene which would be counterintuitive to their missions.

As the others began to gather around them once more Golgi, who turned out to have Ph.D’s in neuroscience and genetics and working on a third, told Mortimer that there was also another side-effect besides rubber scales, muscles, and enhanced intelligence. Another thing they exposed Mortimer to was their heightened libidos, and since they couldn’t exactly leave or bring people over that meant to satiate their increased lusts they had to use one another. They already knew that Mortimer was gay, but they had to be sure they showed him all aspects of their life and made sure he didn’t run for the hills. Finally after all the explanations are done they had one last question for him… did he want to join them?

It was a lot of process for Mortimer and he found the world spinning slightly, the five helping him to sit down. It was then as he suddenly became eye level with their groins did he realize once more that they were all naked, their glistening latex members practically pointing at him waiting for his decision. He had been told the perks and pitfalls and he began to think that he could do worse then being in with a bunch of rubber dragons, and part of the reason he had been attempting to get his degree was to help people. As he continued to think he looked around at their secret workspace, seeing all the equipment that Max had provided his charges that definitely put the university labs to shame…

“Alright, I’ll do it,” Mortimer said, the rubber dragons all grinning at one another.

“We thought you might say that,” Collin replied as he went over to one of the tables and pulled open one of the drawers, taking out a tray filled with different colored pills. “As you can see we have a variety of colors for you to choose from, though Keto and Golgi have been working on means to shift one’s hue we’re currently stuck in the monochrome for the time being. Then once you decide you have two options; you can either take the pill yourself and let the changes happen slowly over the course of weeks, or you can let one of us take it and as it metabolizes in our system we can give it to you in a more direct fashion and get immediate results.”

“You can thank me for that,” Keto spoke up. “Since our bodies are so radically different in morphology I was able to make it so when we took another dose of the treatment it synthetized with the proteins in our cum to make a fast-acting serum. I highly recommend taking the latter course of action, while it’s engineered not to be painful there are some problems with having asymmetrical feet or a partially grown tail.”

The others looked at him eagerly as they waited for him to make his choice on both accounts, his eyes eventually settling on a forest green pill that he picked up. With his first decision made Collin put away the tray and as Mortimer stared at he couldn’t believe what was actually happening. It was like one of those ads that is all over the internet where a simple pill could make someone smarter or their penis larger, but the proof was standing right there in front of him in the form of five hunky, shiny, extremely intelligent dragons. He almost started to wonder if he was worthy of such an accolade, standing in front of multiple Ph.D holders while he was still attempting to get through his masters.

As he continued to hold onto the capsule he suddenly gathered that there was one more choice that needed to be made here, which dragon did he want to give it too if he decided to go that route. It was clear that he was going to have to be penetrated by whomever he gave it too, though as his mind flashed back to all the times they asked him to oil him down or watched them goof around in their skimpy speedos he found himself quite desensitized to the notion. It was as if they managed to break down the notions society had given him about such things… no doubt a cleverly contrived plan by Golgi who was currently studying psychology.

After a few minutes of standing there he finally reached out and put the pill in the palm of the hand made of teal rubber, the others groaning as Collin gave them all a smile and a wink. “No fair,” Byte said as he crossed his arms across his muscular chest. “He probably just imprinted on you because you got to him first.”

“Well you snooze you lose,” Collin replied, taking the pill and popping it into his muzzle before looking at Mortimer. “Alright Morty, get ready to have your life changed in more then one way. The serum is pretty fast-acting, and since we’re looking for speed and efficiency in the absorption rate it’s not going to be something that you’ll be taking orally.”

“Plus we love watching when the transformation goes from back to front,” Subra said with a smirk.

The other dragons got a chuckle out of that, and though Mortimer attempted to laugh along he could feel his stomach doing butterflies. He soon found himself surrounded as the others began to strip him of his clothing until he stood there naked, their glistening rubber bodies the only thing they saw as they began to put massage his body with his hands. In the back of his mind the human realized with how flirty and amorous they were this was the first time he had been touched by any of them in this manner. As the red rubber dragon leaned in and kissed him he could feel another hand press up against his half-hard member while something else began to push up against his rear.

Somewhere Collin must have produced a bottle of lube, Mortimer thought to himself as he felt the slick tip press between his cheeks… or was it something to do with the pill he had taken? Either way it seemed to have a slight numbing effect as the others continued to hold onto him, keeping him steady as the teal rubber dragon was about to take him right then and there. Though the others weren’t going to have the same pleasure they seemed content to rub up against him, letting Mortimer feel their supple, almost impossibly smooth bodies as their cocks pressed into him. Though they were all getting some semblance of pleasure out of it the main thing that the others were providing was a distraction, Mortimer suddenly jumping in their grasp as the head of the teal dragon’s cock slid inside of him.

“First step to your new life,” Keto growled into Mortimer’s ear as the others started to back away. “Enjoy the journey.”

All the human could think about was the growing presence of the thick cock spreading him open as he felt a hand grab his thigh, Collin holding him to help ease the insertion. Even with the lube Mortimer was practically panting as the dragon man slowly continued to slide into him, telling him that for best results he had to be completely hilted. That was easier said then done, as they stopped to take a break Mortimer managed to twist around to see the thick shaft that still had yet to spread him open. The lube, which Collin took credit for creating, seemed to work wonders though and before long he once more felt himself getting penetrated.

“Almost… there…” Collin grunted as his free hand went to Mortimer’s shoulder, holding him there as both their hips began to shift forward as the human could only gasp at this point. “Got it!” The second that that rubber groin pressed against his rear Mortimer felt something release inside of him and a cool sensation spread quickly throughout his body. It was as though the dragon behind him had just cum ice into his belly, but as he looked down at himself as the feeling went to his throbbing cock he saw that the serum that had just been introduced into his system was going to do a whole lot more then just make him shiver slightly.

Mortimer grunted as the skin of his member quickly turned shiny, then began to swell even more like it was growing erect a second time. Had the cock of the bigger dragon not been inside of him he might have fallen to his knees as a burst of bliss came from his morphing shaft as the rubber began to form ridges, something different then the smooth member inside of him as the human flesh of his groin went from pale to a green while becoming shiny as well. Though the others were clearly getting aroused as well they didn’t approach the transforming human, instead slaking their lusts on one another as the transformation continued. When the strange sensation of numbing coolness reached his abs Mortimer was in for another surprise as the somewhat pudgy stomach he had gotten from hours of studying flattened as though someone had sucked it in with a vacuum before bumps pushed out the rapidly rubberizing skin.

 “God, I could watch this every day,” Keto said as Mortimer began to feel his entire body begin to quiver, the transformation surging into every cell of his body. “Speaking of which, we’re recording this right?”

“Of course,” Subra replied before pulling the gold rubber dragon to him and bending him over. Seeing the other dragons having sex right in front of him only made Mortimer hornier, though he suspected some of that was the side-effect they were talking about as he felt his neck thicken. With Collin no longer needing to keep hilted to make sure the serum took hold he had begun thrusting into him, going slow and deep as the transforming male’s rubberizing insides made it easier to take the girthy length. Soon he could feel the slap of the teal rubber dragon’s groin against him every time and as his taut, latex-scaled rear took it he felt something pushing its way out from the bottom of his spine.

It appeared his changes were literally coming to a head as he reached up and felt his face beginning to push out, the human flesh being assimilated to rubber as he caught his biceps and forearms exploding with growth. The same was happening to his feet, his new latex talons scrapping against the floor as his feet became more draconic in appearance and was able to stabilize his increasingly muscular body. He could feel Collin’s hands rubbing over him and the rubber muscles of his body seemed to swell under his touch like he was sculpting his body as Mortimer could feel his calves tense while they bubbled out and became rock-hard. The sensation of pleasure was quickly becoming too much, his panting continued to increase in frequency as new teeth pushed out of his stretching face and his nostrils merged with his lower jaw.

Both Collin and Mortimer came in unison as the last of changes happened to the new muscular green rubber dragon, the former human vaguely feeling horns pushing out of his skull as the others quickly finished up as well. Byte pulled his maw off of Golgi’s groin and went to get a mirror on Collin’s request, coming back to reveal the handsome, ripped physique of the shiny green dragon while a teal one kissed his new neck. “Well…” Collin whispered as Mortimer stared at himself, the green dragon’s hands roaming up and down his new synthetic form. “What do you think?”

The other dragons stopped and watched as their newest member continued to stand there silent, watching Mortimer examine every inch of himself including giving his new cock a squeeze. Collin pulled out of him in order to allow him to turn himself around and see the new tail and wings that had grown out of his back just like the others. “I… I think…” Mortimer said, blinking his reptilian eyes a few times before looking at the whiteboard. “I think I know how to solve your turbine problem…”