Puppet on my Strings

Talen hummed to himself as he made his way through the store, looking through the rows of video games to see if there was anything that might catch his eye for the weekend. The dragon was looking for something that could hold his attention for more than a few hours as he didn’t have anything else planned and was looking forward to some time relaxing. While he picked up one box in particular and looked at the back however it felt like someone was staring at him. It was a feeling that he couldn’t quite shake but when he looked up he found that there was no one around him that he could see.

After moving through two of the aisles the dragon turned up with a potential prospect, though once more as he finished looking at peripherals just to check the cost he found that sensation happening again. As his yellow eyes drifted up this time however he found that he wasn’t alone, looking down at the fennec fox that had come up to him. “Oh, hey Ratchet,” Talen said as he grinned at seeing his friend, the yellow and brown striped vulpine grinning back at him. “What are you up to?”

“Oh, you know, just enjoying the fact that it’s Friday,” Ratchet replied with a grin of his own. “Hey, I was wondering if perhaps you wanted to come over to my place for dinner tonight? I had plans fall through but already bought the ingredients, at least as long you’re not doing anything yourself.”

Both the dragon and fox looked at the game he was holding, which Talen promptly tossed back on the shelf. “I think I could be free,” Talen replied. “Sounds like a plan, do you want me to bring anything?”

“Only yourself,” Ratchet stated. Once the two had made their respective plans Ratchet smiled and waved at the dragon as he walked back down the aisle, only for the look to fall away on his face as another entity came up behind him. The fox-jay had been watching from the shadows as Talen shopped, waiting for the moment to send the enthralled creature out to bait his trap as his orange-furred hand patted against the green hair of the one in front of him.

“That was very good, puppet,” Steel said, licking his chops as he turned the creature around and had them look into his glowing eyes as the face of Ratchet slackened even more. “You will go back to your apartment and get dinner ready for our guest, I’ll be there in an hour to finalize preparations on my end. By the end of the night both you and the dragon will be mine…”

A few hours later Talen came up to the apartment door of Ratchet, the work clothes that had covered his dark blue and white scales replaced with a more relaxed set of shirt and shorts. While the two knew each other this was the first time he had gone to his friend’s place or done more then just hang out and converse with one another. He wasn’t quite sure what to expect but was glad to be hanging out with a friend as he knocked on the door. It opened almost immediately and Ratchet welcomed inside where he saw dinner was already waiting.

“Nice place,” Talen commented as the two sat down. “Do you live here by yourself or do you have roommates?”

“I was by myself for a while,” Ratchet replied, though unbeknownst to the dragon the one speaking was not the fennec fox as they went to the table. In the other room a glowing purple eye watched as his puppet lured in his prize, his fingers twitching as he silently mouthed the words that came out of the one he was controlling. “But I recently had someone that came into my life who is living with me.”

“Oh, a significant other?” Talen asked as he sat down, Ratchet pouring him a drink while the one controlling him tried to hide the devious smirk that was forming on his own muzzle. “Is this the one who the meal was supposed to be for?”

“It’s a bit complicated at the moment,” Ratchet replied. “But enough about me, let’s not let the food get cold.” Talen nodded and as the smell of the dish in front of him wafted into his nostrils he found it made his mouth water. He took a few bites and then washed it down with the drink as Ratchet asked to know a little more about him.

After about fifteen minutes of eating and talking Talen looked down and noticed that Ratchet hadn’t eaten anything off of his plate yet, instead just sitting there with his elbows on the table while looking at him intently. “Is everything alright?” Talen asked, though as he was about to point with his fork he found it slipping through his fingers. “Oh… that was strange…”

“Oh, don’t mind that,” Ratchet said as his grin widened when the dragon began to sway back and forth. “I had made the mistake of not telling my puppet to put in the additive until he had separated out a plate for himself. It was very considerate for you to ask though.”

Talen found himself blinking his eyes several times as the entire situation seemed to shift, just like the walls of the room around him as the door near the back of the apartment opened. Even with his vision starting to blur he saw a fox with the wings of a blue jay step out, a wide smile on his face that looked exactly like the one sitting across from him. “I wouldn’t fight it if I were you,” Ratchet said, though as he started to slump forward he saw that the lips of both creatures were moving at the same time. “Just relax… once you wake up we can introduce ourselves properly.”

As Steel put his hand on Ratchet’s head the fennec fox stiffened, no longer mimicking the one standing next to him as Talen tried to reach out with his hand. A few moments later there was a dull thud and the rattling of silverware as the dragon flopped down onto the table. The hybrid licked his lips as he looked at the creature he had caught, then looked to Ratchet and with a few movements of his fingers had his puppet stand up. The two then carried the unconscious creature into the bedroom where he had set everything up, his tail swishing behind him as everything was going to plan…

With the bait taken Steel no longer needed to keep direct control over his puppet, instead having Ratchet stand near his bed after putting Talen on the table that he had set up. Though he could hear the dragon groaning and occasionally shifted about the knocked out creature would be out long enough to get him prepared. The metal table had a set of restraints attached to it that he had designed himself, locking Talen in with the help of his puppet. It was the same device he had used to capture Ratchet, grinning to himself as he remembered all the conditioning that they had done here to make the creature into his perfect puppet.

That role would end for Ratchet tonight; with the entire reason he had snagged him in the first place finally coming to fruition he had other plans for the fox as he snapped the last of the restraints into place. Once he was sure that the dragon was secure he went to the nearby nightstand and got ready for the next step, his body practically trembling in anticipation as he got ready for Talen to awaken…

When the dragon’s eyes opened once more he found himself gasping as he saw an unfamiliar face staring down at him, Steel smiling down at him as Talen tried to get his bearings. “Wha…what’s going on?” Talen asked, looking to his side to see Ratchet standing there with a blank expression on his face. “Ratchet, who is this guy?”

“Who I am will become clear in a moment,” Steel replied, the fox jay still grinning as he took a few steps back towards the end table as he saw Talen try and move only to feel the restraints against him. “I wouldn’t bother, those restraints have taken bigger than you. Plus we’re not going to need them long, not for what I have planned for you and my puppet here.”

As whatever drugs were in Talen’s system quickly wore off he found himself strapped down to the point where he could just wiggle about while in the bedroom of his friend. He was also naked, something that was shared by the other two men in the room as Steel returned with a bottle of something that he set down next to him. With nothing else to focus on Talen just kept trying to get out of his restraints while looking over at Ratchet. When he tried to make eye contact with him to get his attention the fennec fox had a stare that looked like he was a million miles away while rubbing his hands over his naked form.

Talen gasped as he suddenly felt a hand press against his chest, feeling something getting rubbed into the white scales. When he looked back he saw that Steel had started to massage the area with some sort of clear goo while wearing a pair of black latex gloves. It was not what he had expected when he woke up strapped to a table and the more that it was spread over him the better it felt. He tried to keep focusing on escape but the longer that the fox-jay rubbed and massaged his scales the harder it was to keep his thoughts in order.

As Steel finished up with the chest he got more of the substance on his hands before working on the arms of the dragon next. Everywhere the goo touched the scales had become shiny, more lustrous then before as though polished. Talen began to squirm for a different reason as the pleasure was starting to build in his body, his maleness starting to rise up despite himself while the sensual massage continued. Somehow the goo that was being applied to his body made him look even better than before but also gave his chest and arm a slightly unnatural look to them. They started to look less like dragon scales and more like rubber, though they still retained their texture as Steel worked his fingers over everywhere from the shoulder down to the hand.

When the fox-jay began to rub and stroke along those clawed fingers he could see the real fun beginning, and as Talen looked up he could feel more than just the tingling of the goo seeping into his body. As Steel continued to rub his hand and wrist it felt like his skin was… loose, watching the scales move in a manner that wasn’t supposed to happen. The strangest part was that feeling them moving like that was only giving him more pleasure, to the point that he was completely erect and moaning slightly. The fact that he had been captured was starting to get pushed out of his mind as the dragon’s lusts were beginning to take over while he started to lose feeling in his arm.

“You can already sense it, can’t you?” Steel teased as he moved to do the other arm, watching as the rubbery shine on his chest began to spread unseen towards his back. “Your true form emerging, the mask that you had been wearing for so long being pulled away from you. You’re not a dragon Talen, or at least you won’t be soon, but I can see that it will take a little more convincing to get you to realize it.”

“Not a dragon?” Talen asked in confusion, though as he felt the same loose movement of his scales from the treatment he was starting to grow fuzzing in his thoughts. “What do you me-“ Talen was cut short of his question as Steel applied a fresh application of the goo and pressed his muzzle shut while applying it. The sensation of the strange substance seeping into his head had caused his eyes to nearly roll back from the application as the same sensation on his arms and his chest began to happen to his head.

His muzzle felt like it was being pulled down off of his face as Steel massaged down it to his neck, making sure not to miss a single spot. It wasn’t just there either; his horns felt like the were drooping off of his head and that his vision was starting to become distorted. It wasn’t until the fingers of his captor and masseuse reached his neck that he began to feel really weird as it felt like his scales were separating, but not in a way like he was getting wounded. With the application to his head finished and the fox-jay moving on to finish off his lower body the dragon had a chance to peek up at himself again…

…only to see the scales of his chest split right down the middle. Talen’s first thought was to panic, that he had just suffered some sort of grievous injury, but his muddled mind quickly calmed down as he felt only a surreal pleasure and a desire to see what was underneath. He could only catch a glimpse of something shiny and white and when he moved to try and see more the split in his scales could be felt growing until it reached his neck. It caused Talen to gasp and as Steel watched his smirk only grew wider.

With Talen already succumbing mentally to the treatment he decided to get Ratchet ready as well, letting the dragon feel the process happening to him that he didn’t quite understand yet. For his puppet for doing such a good job he had decided to go a somewhat similar route, taking a different vial that he had prepared and dumping it onto the head of the enthralled creature. He wanted to make sure his puppet was ready to transition into the next phase of his existence and as the goo spread over his green hair it turned to a neon blue. With a few motions of his fingers Ratchet knelt and began to nuzzle against the groin of his master as the rubbery substance began to trickle down his head and push into his ears and mouth.

While Steel watched as the rubber assimilated Ratchet and began to shift his enthrallment a low moan came from the table he had been working on. “Please…” Talen begged his words slightly muffled as his muzzle looked like it was being shifted to the side. “I need… release…”

Steel licked his lips and with a simple mental command Ratchet made sure not to be underfoot, instead rubbing against the back of the fox jaw while his yellow fur and assimilated and turned to black rubber. Both creatures were succumbing to his ministrations at a delightful rate, the hybrid mused as he moved to finish off the dragon’s initial treatment. It was almost a shame that they didn’t resist longer, though he was more than eager to move on to the next phase for both. With Ratchet already having been enthralled by his puppeteering it wouldn’t take much for him to move to being what Steel wanted, and as Talen trembled in pleasure he would probably be right behind.

With the goo already having the desired effect Steel worked more quickly on the lower body, granting Talen the release he didn’t even know he needed. When the dragon wished for it he had been thinking about the fact that his cock was throbbing and remained untouched but when Steel gave it a few strokes he realized there was something different. As the goo seeped into the sensitive flesh he could feel it started to slide out of place too just like the rest of his body, adding to the surreal sensation that was spreading down his legs along with the fox-jay’s hands. He didn’t need sexual release, Talen’s dulling mind found, he needed to get released from this form.

He had to stop being a dragon.

As soon as the thought hit him it caused his hips to practically arch up from the intense wave of euphoria that idea had given him. Steel knew that it was an indicator he was ready, and after finishing up with his draconic feet and feeling those large paws curl before sagging he started to release the restraints. Even though Talen could feel his limbs becoming free there was no inclination for him to move, his arms and legs feeling wrong as he looked down at them. The fox-jay just said that he would make him feel so good soon, rubbing against his groin and feeling his cock flop around like it was some sort of strap on that wasn’t properly attached.

At the same time a similar feeling of mind-numbing pleasure was happening to Ratchet as his eyes blinked a few times while the rubber covered over them. Up until that point he had been completely under the control of the fox-jay in front of him, to the point where he hadn’t had a thought in his head until this moment. The last thing he distinctly remembered was opening the door to the other man and him asking something, then everything grew hazy as he was told to look into his eyes. After that his mental visions were hazy images of Steel telling him that he would be a good puppet, lying naked on the bed with slow, methodical strokes to his maleness while subliminal messages were pumped into his head.

But there was something else filling his skull as Ratchet could see the rubber flowing down over his face and neck, his eyes turning as blue as his hair while similar colored stripes formed. With the momentary reprieve from the iron-clad grip on his mind he thought about what to do next, but he only thing he could think about was being a good rubber drone for his master. But as he stood there and was slowly stroking himself one more his mind had trouble deciphering who that was, mainly because his programming had gotten slightly ahead of itself. With the rubber assimilating his body though the creature being created was fairly certain that the situation would resolve itself while watching the fox-jay and dragon.

As Talen got to his feet he could already feel something wrong with him, and not just his limbs hanging to his side without his ability to control them. “You must feel so strange,” Steel said with a grin as his own anticipation was showing, his maleness practically pressed against the flaccid rubbery dragon cock. “Feeling the sensation that you’re wearing a mask, that this is a façade that hides the true you underneath. Fortunately for you I can expose your true self, and in doing so claim what rightfully belongs to me.”

The words of the fox-jay were spoken with such conviction that the enthralled Talen couldn’t help but shudder. Yes, his addled mind thought as those fingers pressed against the seam that had formed in his chest, he needed this creature to release him from this false identity. It was already failing on him and when he could feel the hybrid starting to push underneath his scales it gave him an exquisite feeling of euphoria. Strip him bare, the creature thought, finally give him the release he watned…

With one slow push the scales of the dragon’s chest separated, revealing a smooth, featureless rubber surface underneath. For Talen, or rather the creature that used to be Talen, it was a welcome relief as he could feel the back scales and wings starting to sag down. With Steel continuing to slowly pull more of his body underneath was revealed, first with his chest and abs all the way down to where the dragon cock separated from his groin. Though he would miss Talen’s maleness it wasn’t his, it belonged to his master who shifted around and began to pull from behind.

The seam ended just underneath Talen’s chin and as it pulled back there was one last gasp that came out of the dragon’s mouth before it became completely slackened and motionless. With the head pulled back a simple, shiny rubber head was revealed in its place. Though he could still see there were no eyes, no horns, and a small bump that was the barest of muzzles with no mouth opening. There was no need for any of that though, the creature knew deep down, not when he was supposed to be nothing.

Nothing but a blank, featureless creature.

A drone in service of his master.

One that would soon be joined by the other one transforming, which as the rubber finished coating over Ratchet’s head it left him with only slightly more defined features. Aside from the stripes and ears there was nothing else there but smooth black rubber adorned with blue stripes. For the briefest of moments his eyes glowed blue before those were enveloped as well, sealing in the power of his new master. Just like the blank drone that stood there getting the dark blue and white scales pulled off the last of his body, the creature raising his legs to allow Steel to pull it off his sock-like feet, he could still see and hear even though he didn’t have the features to do so.

But creating a blank drone wasn’t the only reason that he had picked Talen specifically, nor given him the treatment that made his scales so nice and shiny. He could have done that to anyone and had a similar effect; but ever since he had laid his eyes on the dragon he knew what he wanted, what he would be grabbing for himself, and as he looked down at what was essentially a Talen suit he smiled as he had it. While he told the two drones in the making to stand there he slowly took his feet and pushed them into the legs of the dragon skin.

The effect was immediate and once he had gotten his legs inside he could feel it adhering to him, changing his body and morphing it until he could wiggle those draconic digits like they were his own. In essence they were his, he had claimed this body as well as the identity that went along with it. When he looked over and asked the real Talen if he minded taking his body out for a spin he saw the blank creature just stare back at him unmoving. It caused the fox-jay to chuckle knowing that the former dragon probably didn’t even know that this was his body anymore, which made the hybrid relish the sensation even more as he got the scales up to his own furry orange thighs.

When he got to the groin Steel had to take a second to breathe, his body practically trembling in anticipation for what was about to happen next. As he had suspected the dragon was much bigger than him and as he slowly slipped his own maleness into what was basically a cock sleeve he let out a sharp gasp of pleasure. The material had suctioned around it and he felt his shaft bloat and form into the ridges of the dragon’s member. This was his cock now, and with the one that it previously belonged to watching him take it for himself he gave it a few strokes before focusing on getting the rest of the suit on.

His arms slid into the dragon’s like the sleeves of a coat and once more he felt the pleasurable wave of transformation as they bulked up as soon as they were inside of the suit. Though the wings were a bit of a hassle the rubber of the dragon felt like they were being guided inside, the blue and white feathers disappearing into the draconic ones that were coving them. This skin knew who its proper owner was, Steel mused as he looked back and gave them an experimental flap while the rubbery scales pressed against his backside. His tail had also gone a similar route and he could feel it thicken up considerably from his normal one, letting it wave about as he got to the last piece.

With how Talen’s scales had come of the last part would slide on him like a hood, which before he did Steel took a second to admire himself. Aside from his fox head everything from the neck down was an incredibly handsome and shiny dragon, flexing his muscular body. This was the form a creature like him deserved, and as he took one last breath through his vulpine muzzle he grabbed the dragon hood and pushed it down. There were a few muffled grunts as it slid over him and when his muzzle popped into the dragon’s it stuck out for a moment before it closed completely and opened again to reveal a normal maw.

Steel slid his fingers over the bottom of his chin and felt the seam seal up, rendering his act almost completely undetectable as he stared at the two standing there. “A new body and two new drones,” Steel said, growling in approval at hearing his new voice as he motioned for the fennec fox. “You first, I want the blank to see his new master in his proper form while breaking in his former puppet.”

The blank merely nodded at his master’s command and shifted to the side of the bed as Ratchet was put on all fours. The rubber had completely engulfed his body at this point and as the last of his hands and fingers merged together it formed into a set of three fingers with glowing blue claws. As he was placed on his back he found himself looking up into the glowing yellow eyes of the dragon and knew that this was his master, his own blank head nodding as though in response. Even without his own eyes the power that Steel wielded over him continued to cement his role into him, which would be aided by the thick dragon cock starting to nudge up between his legs.

With the rubber fox being enthralled by his dragon master the only thing the blank could do was watch. When it tried to rub his groin there was nothing there but a slight bulge, and though it didn’t know why seeing the dragon spreading open the legs of his drone was so sensual he continued to indulge in it. He knew that Talen was his master, that he owned both him and the one he was slowly sinking his cock into, it felt like a fact that had always been there. As he heard that familiar voice let out a low moan it only made him hornier, letting his new fate sink deeper into the recesses of his mind that was clear of identity and purpose other than serving his master.

While the blank continued to watch Steel molded and shaped the one underneath him mentally just like the rubber had done physically, though he found himself enjoying the notion of being Talen. This was his body after all, the former fox-jay mused, why shouldn’t he reap all the benefits of it? As the sound of their bodies grinding together filled the air he pressed his hands against the large rubber ears of his former puppet, a grin forming on his face. He could sense that the conversion had already made his mind completely susceptible to what would come next, combined with his tailhole being stuffed with the impressive draconic dick sliding in and out of him.

“You did so good, my drone,” the new Talen stated as he slowed his thrusts so that he could properly program them both. “You will serve your dragon master in this form while presenting yourself as normal outside of this apartment. Even when this rubber has receded you will still feel it, binding you to your master, understand?”

“Yes, Master Talen,” Ratchet replied, his words clear despite not having a mouth as his body writhed from the sensations. Talen was deliberately sliding their rubbery bodies together and in addition to his own glowing blue cock being sandwiched between them he was also incredibly sensitive everywhere else. “I am a rubber drone, I live to serve you.”

“Good drone,” Talen replied as he stroked down that blue hair and pushing his maleness in extra deep to give Ratchet more pleasure before turning to the blank. “As for you… since your life is being stepped into already your place will be here with me, as any blank creature would. You are merely an extension of me; my thoughts are your thoughts, my commands are your desires, and your body is my plaything just like this one is.”

The blank merely responded with another nod, once more pawing at his groin as Talen grinned. No doubt the blank was starting to feel a bit pent up, but unlike Ratchet he would be like that for quite some time. Considering he made his point though the new dragon motioned for the blank to join them, which they eagerly did and came up behind the dragon. As he felt himself get sandwiched between the two he could sense the lust of both of them, but not for any sort of carnal desires.

No… they were there to serve this powerful dragon as the blank began to grind his crotch against his tailhole, and as Steel basked in the feeling of his two drones ready to do his whims he knew that once they were done here he would be putting this new form to very, very good use…