The Blessing of Calamity

For a thousand years the kingdom of Miladon had been recovering from an event that was lost to the annals of time, save for ancient tomes that were gathering dust in the basement of some scholar tower or academy. Soon the only ones that would know about it were the oldest of elves and dragons and other exceptionally long-lived species, and most had other things that took up the forefront of their minds. With the shifting landscape, minor wars, and natural disasters even an apocalypse started to fade away. In fact the only ones that still had working knowledge of what even happened back in that day were several roving dragon clans that migrated through the northern wildlands that bordered the mountain ranges.

One of those was Nyxt, the black-scaled dragon flying in from the natural spring that his clan had found after settling in to the mountain valley that they would be holding over in for the winter. He was a shaman in training and as his green tinted membranes fluttered in the breeze he felt the solid ground under his feet and immediately put the heavy clay jugs down on the ground. “Another year of hiding in these mountains…” the dragon thought to himself with distain. “This is not how we should be living.”

Though Nyxt was next in line for being the head of the clan after his father this had not been the case; though they told him that he was too young the dragon knew the real reason why they didn’t want to put the reins in his hands. When his father, the former clan leader, had taken to the cursed flame of a demon instead of the traditional means of siphoning essence from a phoenix he had attempted an aggressive expansion of clan territory to the point of obsession. Though he had claimed that it was for the safety of his people the others were sure the cursed flame that he had taken into himself had changed him, but before he could get too far in his expansion he ran afoul of a phoenix named Falliant that maimed him to the point of losing that flame and driving the clan chief into exile.

As Nyxt walked back into the clan he could see the tent of the chief being set up, which only caused him to scoff in distain. It wasn’t that he didn’t have what was his, but as the black-scaled dragon caught a glimpse of the chief named in his stead what angered him more was the cowardice of his people to strip him of his power because they didn’t want him to continue where his father had left off. This was probably why they also delayed him going out to get his own flame, fearing what would happen if he found a relic as well. At this point he began to wonder if it would ever happen as he moved the water to a place where others had easy access to it, though his thoughts were interrupted when he saw a red-scaled dragon run up to him.

“Nyxt, you have to come quick!” the dragon said. “It’s Zelke… he passed away in his tent… we’re doing the ceremony for him now.”

The news hit Nyxt like a sledgehammer; Zelke was the shaman and oldest dragon in the clan, which also made him the loremaster. He had also been Nyxt’s support after the incident with his father, and to hear he was gone was like a punch in the stomach. It almost seemed impossible and he nearly knocked over the clay jug he was moving as he raced to the spot where he was told to go. By the time he got there however the ceremony for dragons who passed on was already taking place and he saw him laying there. It was a shock that he couldn’t help but stand there stunned as the chief performed the ritual along with the dragon that would be Zelke’s replacement.

After seeing that the rest of the day was a blur for the dragon, to the point where it felt to Nyxt like he had blinked and it was night. He found himself sitting in the shaman’s tent as though waiting for him to return. Soon the tent would be inherited by the new shaman and he probably wouldn’t ever get to come back in again, the two at odds with one another since the other dragon didn’t share Zelke’s mindset that he shouldn’t share in his father’s scorn, and decided to look around and see if he couldn’t find a few tokens to remember him by. With everyone else still eating at the remembrance ceremony there wouldn’t be anyone that would see him take a few things.

As Zelke looked for one book in particular he came across something that caused him pause, looking down at a note that was addressed to him in the shaman’s handwriting. When he opened the seal a pendant slid out of it, the black stone glinting unnaturally in the light before his eyes glanced over to the note that also came out. “I’m hoping this letter makes it to you one way or the other and that the seal remains unbroken,” Nyxt read quietly out loud to himself. “I was one of the few that believed in your father and also was an opponent to you losing your birthright because of it, and as such I had found something in the lore of this place that I think might be of interest to you.”

The rest of the note explained about a great calamity that took place that started in the region of the mountains they were in, and from the sound of it Zelke was going to tell him about it when he was old enough to go and get his flame. It also explained that the pendant was a piece of that powerful relic and if Nyxt wanted to follow in his father’s footsteps he could go to the spot unobserved by all. A spot unobserved by all… he wasn’t sure what that meant and looked at the piece of paper that had contained the two gifts for him. He was surprised to find that the shaman had torn off a corner of his map in order to seal these two items for him, something that he knew the old dragon wouldn’t ever do unless it meant something.

“A place unobserved by all,” Nyxt repeated to himself as his eyes scanned over the map, not seeing any markings or anything that would indicate where this relic Zelke hinted at would be. “Come on you bag of scales, what riddle are you playing with here.” As he continued to try and find something he suddenly noticed that one area of the map was completely blank that was higher up in the hills, surrounded by the lines of the mountains detailed around it that caused the dragon to smile. “Unobserved because it’s not marked on the map, very clever…”

The sound of feet making their way towards the tent door caused Nyxt to quickly sneak out from underneath one of the walls, clutching the map and the pendant to his chest. If the others knew that the shaman they respected had given him the means to find a relic to give him cursed fire he would never hear the end of it, plus they would probably take it away from him. He had to be careful and wait for the time to be right in order to leave, which would not be for at least a few days since most of the clan was occupied with setting up tents and other structures to last for their winter stay. With every day that passed Nyxt became more and more anxious until finally about a week later he found the ability to leave the clan without anyone really noticing and he immediately made his way towards the mountains as fast as he could.

As he used his wings to fly up into the air Nyxt could see some dangerous clouds forming on the horizon, but knew that they wouldn’t be a problem for him and that the weather would be clear for his trip. With the sun at his back the dragon flew for hours, stopping only to rest before making it to the spot on the previous shaman’s map. When he got there nothing appeared out of the ordinary as he landed on the cusp of where he believed the unmarked zone started and walked his way in. As he continued to walk however he began to notice that the snow-covered stones that littered the area were a little too symmetrical and that the ground he walked on was smooth and level.

Nyxt took his foot and wiped the snow away from the stones he was standing on and was shocked to find that beneath it there was a pattern in different colored panels that was beneath it. “These are ruins,” the dragon said as he looked around, seeing more outcroppings that could have easily been the foundations for buildings. “But what could have happened here that was so terrible that the shaman erased this place from the maps?”

As the dragon continued to walk forward he suddenly began to feel a pulsation of magic that was in his pocket, reaching in and grabbing the pendant that he had put in there for safe keeping. Though there was no light radiating from the stone, in fact it looked darker than ever, he could feel the thrum of arcane energy as it seemed to react to something in these ruins. At first he wasn’t sure where the source of it was coming from but as Nyxt began to move forward again he could feel the pulsing sensation grow a little faster. It was an astral beacon, the dragon realized in awe as he continued to follow it, feeling it grow faster or slower depending on which way he went.

Finally Nyxt found himself in the middle of a large empty expanse in the middle of a snow-covered field with the pendant letting out a steady hum of energy instead of pulsating. That had to mean that he was on the spot where it wanted him to go, but what was he supposed to do at the point? Once more he found himself moving around trying to see if there was some sort of marker, and as he double backed on himself he noticed that the stone beneath his feet was no longer stone. As he went down on his hands and knees to clear the snow away he saw that there was something translucent like ice underneath him, and when he looked down through it he could see something far below.

Glass… Nyxt glanced up and realized that he wasn’t standing in the middle of a bunch of ancient ruins, he was standing on top of them. That meant the route inside this building could have a number of entrances that are either hidden, buried, or otherwise inaccessible to get in. As he tapped the thick glass with his claw though he realized he might possibly have another idea and ran over to one of the nearest outcroppings. A few minutes later he came back with a loose rock that was nearly as big as his head and tossed it onto the exposed glass.

There was a loud thud and Nyxt could see the stone skitter to a stop a few feet away, which caused the dragon to frown as he went over to inspect where it landed. He began to fear that the ceiling was perhaps too thick for him to break, but as he got close he suddenly heard a loud cracking noise just in front of him. It was quickly preceded by another and soon the entire ceiling sounded like it was about to collapse, including the part under his feet. The dragon quickly turned and ran as the entire glass ceiling fell into the building from where the rock had struck it, Nyxt just managing to dive over to the roof itself as the floor literally felt out from underneath his feet.

The crashing continued for a few seconds after Nyxt had gotten back up, looking to see that the glass structure he had been standing on and subsequently destroyed was some sort of dome structure. As he looked down from the edge he could see most of the glass had fallen right in the middle of the building, and fortunately the opening was big enough that he could just glide down into it. After checking the location of the sun in order to figure out how much time he had left to explore he dived inside the building, using his wings to slow his descent and to make sure he didn’t fall on any of the glass. The second he was inside he pulled out the pendant once more, but to his surprise it was yanked out of his hand by an unseen force and pulled down one of the nearby hallways.

Nyxt quickly followed after it and was just able to keep up with it, eventually running into a room that was much deeper in the building that he had found. It looked like some sort of bathing area and was as warm as one, a sharp contrast to the snows outside as he could feel condensation drip down his scales. As he moved over to the pool he saw the necklace floating in the middle of it… except what filled the basin was definitely not water. The substance was shiny and black just like the pendant that was floating on top of it, and as he watched something seemed to bubble up from underneath it.

“Shaman…” a voice whispered, loud enough to cause the dragon to look around in shock before he realized it was coming from the pool itself. “It’s been… so long… since anyone has visited…”

Slowly the bulge that had been forming in the surface of the rubber began to take shape, a draconic head forming above the opening of the pendant before the neck rose up. Soon the piece of jewelry was resting against the muscular chest of the rubber creature, the shiny black latex accentuated by green highlights in a pattern similar to his own scales. As it continued to form from the poll Nyxt realized the dragon that was being created in the rubbery substance looked identical to him in every way, save for the scales being made of rubber and the fact that it’s face was completely featureless as a pair of clawed hands pressed against the pendant. It was strange seeing what was essentially a version of himself looking back at him, even with no eyes he could tell it was looking straight into him as though peering into his very soul.

“What… who are you?” Nyxt asked, using his shaman abilities at the same time to try and figure out if this was a friend or foe. “Why did our tribe’s shaman have that necklace?”

For a few moments the creature didn’t answer, then when it did Nyxt could see the entire muzzle and head of the rubber dragon ripple. “This place is an ancient font of power that was lost during the last apocalypse,” the creature explained. “I’ve laid here dormant for centuries, hoping that one day someone would find and return my lost amulet to me so that I may live once more. Since you have done that, my dear Nyxt, I wish to bestow a great gift of power to you.”

“Well that is what I’m here for,” Nyxt repeated before his face suddenly got serious. “Wait, how did you know my name? What type of arcane magic is this?”

“As I mentioned, it is a magic most primal in nature,” the rubber version of himself replied. “And I knew your name the second that you claimed this pendant as yours. I would give you mine but I’m afraid it’s lost to the ages, but when the world was plagued by the world ending those that knew me called me Lesharl.”

“I see…” Nyxt said, his curiosity spiking as he walked around the lip of the font and watched the rubbery dragon follow him. This was not the cursed flame of a demon that he nor the shaman thought that it would be, and though he felt slightly disappointed the fact that there was a different type of power being offered to him intrigued him enough to continue to stay and chat with this mysterious figure. “I don’t see why this place was taken off the map though, or why the previous shaman had been so hesitant to tell me the secret of this place.”

“It’s probably for fear that the power I can give to others might fall into the wrong hands,” Lesharl replied. “The gift I can bestow upon you is one that many have fought and killed for, and if your shaman was about to tell you he may have wanted to merely pass on the information on before he died or believed you were the one that was worthy of possessing it… perhaps for some great purpose. Unfortunately due to your actions the seal that was on this place has been cracked and if I don’t give this power to you I fear that those seeking it out will now be able to easily find it and potentially attempt to destroy the world with it.”

Nyxt found himself swallowing hard as he realized that going in with a rock probably wasn’t the best idea, but at this point the damage had been done and he had a choice to make. You couldn’t sense any malice coming from this creature, who seemed to imply was some sort of god or demigod, but at the same time it was hard to tell when it had no face and looked like him. He had come here for power in order to rightfully claim what was his, and though it wasn’t cursed flame it almost sounded better than that. Plus once he regained control of the clan he could possibly use it to continue to expand his clan’s influence as he asked the creature what the power did exactly.

“It’s rather hard to explain,” Lesharl stated as he reached out his hand. “All you have to do to claim it for your own though is to walk here and take my hand. You do this and the power is yours to protect and use as you see fit, and since you are one of the noble dragon clans I know that you will respect it.”

As he nodded and slowly got up onto the lip of the font Nyxt couldn’t help but feel a bit flattered at how much trust this creature was putting into him. It also affirmed his need to claim this power before anyone else did, especially since he knew of a number of dragons that would be terrors if they managed to get their hands on it. With the surface being completely shiny and opaque the shaman wasn’t sure how deep the pool was, but as he carefully lowered his foot into it he found that it was only a few inches. With his footing secured Nyxt put in his other foot and began to walk towards his own rubbery form, feeling a strange sense of warmth that was coming from the liquid as he made his way towards the other figure.

Along with the shiny liquid starting to make its way up his feet the dragon began to feel something else flowing up through his leg muscles. It was a power that he couldn’t quite describe, something akin to his abilities as a shaman but much more potent. There was also a darkness there, something that washed over him like a cold breeze as if he was still standing outside, but by this point Nyxt was committed to be the protector of whatever gift this ancient creature was about to give him. When he finally got to the point where he was able to touch the hand of his shiny doppelganger he carefully reached out and felt the smooth, shiny palm press against his own.

“Oh… what is happening…” Nyxt said as the dark energy that he had felt before surged through his arm while also seeing the rubber begin to crawl over his own scales. “Is this the power you were talking about? Why does it feel so… so…”

“Good?” the creature replied, its smile slowly shifting into a smirk as the rubber from the pool also began to crawl more quickly up his legs. “Because that’s what power is, it’s intoxicating to the senses and for those that have the ability to use it find the need to do so despite what others might think about it. As a shaman you might also be experiencing the fact that unlike the rest of the world this power is entirely… unnatural.”

An unnatural power… a dark desire… this was starting to sound a bit like the mythos of the Apocalypse that Zelke had told him about sometimes. He could hear a chuckle in his mind and when Nyxt looked over at the creature that had lured him there its entire body had started to deform while moving closer to him. Before the dragon could react the rest of the rubbery goo surged towards him and completely coated his body, causing the surprised shaman to let out a yep before some of it started to push into his maw. The energy surge that came with it was so intense that he found himself falling to his knees, which only allowed the rubber that was in the basin to add to what was already on his body.

Nyxt let out a moan as alien sensations and thoughts filled his mind, everything going black as the rubber completely covered his entire body. The shaman finally realized what this was… it was pure corruption, unfiltered darkness created by the ruinous god that was only briefly mentioned in the oldest of stories, and somehow he had gotten himself in the middle of it. As it coated his body the black goo also filled his skull, causing him to see just how potent this power was as it seeped into his mind…

…and it felt really, really good.

When Nyxt opened his eyes again the irises were a glowing green, framed neatly by the shiny black scalera as he looked down at his rubber covered body. As the substance continued to push inside him a perverse pleasure could be felt, especially as the rubber seemed to stretch open his tailhole in order to get inside and corrupt his insides. Wave after wave of power continued to show Nyxt the euphoria of embracing such darkness within him, and the more his mind saw it as a gift like the creature had said the more aroused he was getting by it. He groaned loudly as his muscles twitched and swelled with the rubber seeping into his scales and his legs practically quivered as he saw his glowing rubber cock push out from his slit and rise up between his legs.

As the glowing green shaft rose up before him Nyxt found himself reaching towards it, seeing his rubber hand glinting in the dim light of the room before he paused. This wasn’t right, he thought to himself even as his hands continued to drift towards it, he told himself he was the shaman of his tribe and to give in to this power he would be betraying them. Unless… once more he began to see thoughts that were not his own, images of dragons covered in rubber that were engaged in extremely lewd acts with one another. He could see the pure joy on their faces as the converted creatures were transformed by the god that had given him this gift.

A gift he could give to others, to the entire clan if he wanted.

The mere thought perverted his desires, twisted them to thinking that making them all into rubber dragons like him was the best thing he could do for them. A small smile curled up on his muzzle as he finally reached forward and wrapped his fingers around the sea-foam green rubber cock of his. Nyxt’s entire body shuddered in pure pleasure, not only from starting to stroke the increasingly sensitive flesh but from also succumbing to the power that was pulsating through his body. Any lingering doubts or concerns he had about this place were gone as the rubber inside of him completely assimilated his form, replacing the dragon shaman that had stepped in the pool with a black and green rubber doppelganger of its former self as his hips thrusted up in the air while his hands remained wrapped around him.

This gift must be spread, the thought repeated in Nyxt’s mind like a mantra as the last of the goo had absorbed into his new body leaving the stone basin completely empty. The sound of his squeaking body grew louder as his motions grew more frantic, feeling his power seem to increase the more pleasure he felt. His corrupted, rubberized brain linked the two together as how he could help even more of his clan as he came, his orgasm washing away the need to be a shaman for his clan as thick, shiny black cum came out and splattered onto his washboard abs. Once the wave of pure pleasure subsided Nyxt laid there on the cold stone and panted heavily, though his new body as the avatar of the god Lesharl no longer needed to breathe as his corrupted mind became open to new abilities that came with his body.

Once Nyxt had sufficiently recovered the new creature slowly pulled himself up, feeling new muscle underneath his synthetic scales that was stronger than the old as he got to his feet. As he looked down at himself he saw that other than a bit of growth and a slightly meatier physique the gift he had been given decided to keep most of his draconic body. That was just fine with him, the former shaman thought with a smile as he flexed his arms, there was nothing better than rubber dragons anyway and the rest of his clan would be easier to change that way. As he thought of that though he saw in his minds eye that he could augment his own form… as well as those that he converted as his own mind showed him a multitude of ways that he could transform others.

But first… Nyxt found himself with an intense need to see his new body in the mirror, to see the gift his new god had given him and how it had manifested on his body. It didn’t take long for the dragon to find one in the ruined building, which his new knowledge told him was the first temple that had been built by those that worshipped Lesharl in order to try and gain the power that had been given to him. He could feel his chest swelling with pride at that; feeling as though Zelke had wanted him to go on this quest so that he could be chosen to bring this gift back to the clan. But his mind was focused on other matters at the moment as his new eyes scanned for some sort of reflective surface.

It didn’t take too long to find one that was unbroken enough for Nyxt to look at himself, and when he finally saw his shiny reflection in the mirror he gasped at how beautiful he looked. As his glowing green eyes looked himself over he found himself fawning like a young dragonling, looking at his rubber body as he turned himself around to see every part of him. As he had thought he still looked mostly the same, but his new form was stronger-looking and seemed to have an aura of confidence and dominance around it that wasn’t there before. The biggest change to happen to him was the black rubber that covered the entirety of his scales, though the new dark voice in his mind reminded him that those were his scales now as he saw that the green on the membranes of his wings and back fins were semi-translucent and looked like the colors were actually moving and swirling around on them. The way the black rubber absorbed light reminded him of the pendant that had brought him there, and when he looked around his neck he saw that the stone was there but the necklace had taken the form of a green rubber collar.

The sight caused Nyxt to almost become giddy as ideas and thoughts ran though his mind for what he would do with his clan… but that broad smile quickly turned to a frown when he realized that they might not see what he was coming back to them with as a gift. Though the stories of the apocalypse were older than almost everyone in the clan they were still frightening to hear, to the point where if Lesharl had told him about it first he would have probably declined the offer. He was grateful that the deity had the foresight to bring him into the pool first so he could see all the merits of the gift, looking at his reflection once more and giving himself a grin as he flexed his body. Even so that meant that he couldn’t just come into the clan and tell them to submit, he was going to have to be clever and careful… he was going to have to overthrow the leader of the clan…

That meant he was going to need some help.

Part 2:

The rest of the clan remained oblivious to what was happening further up in the mountains, save for the blizzard that was starting to roll in on the northern peaks that two dragons watched forming. “What do you think Marin?” the red-scaled dragon asked his light blue-scaled counterpart. “It’s a little early for us to get snowed on.”

“I’m sure that if it was a threat Shaman Alicor would have told us,” the other dragon said as they continued to walk along the wide river that ran along the base of the mountains to the north of their encampment. “It’s still strange to say that instead of Zelke, I know that it’s been a few weeks and I do like Alicor, but I’m still going to miss him. Do you remember all the stories that he used to tell the clan when we had to wait out storm just like that one?”

“He certainly was an endless font of storytelling,” the red dragon stated with a small smile. “But I’m sure that Alicor will make a fine shaman, and it’s time to do our part. As long as that blizzard stays up in the mountains we should have a bucketful of fish in order to share with the rest of the clan, right Svreli?”

The other dragon merely nodded and the two eventually made it to their destination. The large lake in front of them was fed by several streams further up the mountain and had a rather large fish population that the clan would draw from during the winter in order to shore up their food supplies. It wasn’t the first time the two had come there to fish and believed they knew the best spot, a small rock outcropping that was near the other side of the lake. It took them a while to get to but neither dragon had ever left that spot empty as they used the wings on their backs to get them there.

Once they had arrived they set all their supplies down on the smoothest, flattest stone of the bunch, making sure that they had all the provisions needed to be there all day. If they had a good day they wouldn’t need to return to the spot for a week, especially with some of the big ones they had gotten out of this lake before. As they settled in and got started they found that the fish were biting today, and by the time the sun was completely overhead they found the buckets they had brought to transport them were already at their peak. The two dragons put their poles aside and assessed their catch to see that the four huge buckets had probably a least twenty fish in them with a few that were huge.

“Well, that certainly was an unexpected bounty,” Svreli said, the red-scaled dragon looking back at the lake. “No real need to fish out any more, at least not for a while, but I kind of don’t want to go back to the clan just yet because you know that Aya would just give us more work to do. Some reward for a job well done… speaking of which, did you ever try and court her sister Tali yet?”

“I… I’m planning on it,” Marin replied, feeling himself grinning sheepishly as he packed his rod away before quickly changing the subject. “Since we’re both not wanting to go back anytime soon, maybe we could go for a swim?”

“Water is going to be quite cold for that,” Svreli said with a shrug. “But I’m down if you are. There’s a small beach nearby that’s not as rocky as this place, once we’re done packing up we can go there and not have to worry about breaking our necks on the rocks.”

As the two dragons continued to pack up they were unaware that someone had been watching them nearly the entire time, Nyxt slipping back into the bushes that hid his body. He had overheard the two before his own trip say that they were heading to the lake in order to try and catch something for dinner. After escaping from the ruined temple of his god Nyxt had been contemplating how to approach them; even though there was only two of them if he let one get away then they would warn the rest of the clan and he wouldn’t have a chance to get them on his side, but since the two were always together it was hard to try and lure one out away from the other. Fortunately he had other abilities that he could use and as he heard them make plans to go over to the beach he devised an idea on how to potentially ensare both at the same time. The rubber dragon silently made his way over towards the beach they were talking about while his synthetic skin began to thicken on his palms…

A few minutes later the two dragons had gathered all their gear, including the fish they had caught through most of the day, and made it over toward the beach that was near the rocky outcropping. True to Svreli’s word it was mostly sand and relatively smooth decline all the way down into the lake they were just fishing from. After taking all their stuff and securing it in a nearby area they went to the beach itself while talking about what they were going to do after they got back to the clan. As Svreli began to badger Marin once more about possibly asking his crush out he stopped when he realized the other dragon was staring at something that was floating on the water.

“What is that?” Marin said as he moved forward, Svreli right behind him as they walked into the chilled water and saw the items in greater detail. “It looks like two sheets of cloth, but where would they have come from? The nearest non-dragon settlement is many miles from here and dragons aren’t exactly known for their clothing.”

“Perhaps it was something that was washed down from the mountains,” Svreli said as he poked at the material, only to watch it bob back up and continue to float there. “Doesn’t look like any kind of cloth that I had seen before, it’s shiny like metal. But if it is metal than how would it be floating?”

Marin just shrugged and picked up one of the two squares, slowly lifting it up by two of the corners and letting the water drain off of it. The two dragons were puzzled by the shiny black material and Svreli grabbed and lifted the other one, flipping it around a few times while the other dragon held his up to the light to see if he could gaze through it. After not seeing anything that might have been magical about it Svreli looked up at the mountains where the streams fed into the lake and wondered if something was up there and it was washed down from that location. There were miles upon miles of the mountain range though and even if he did know which stream it came from there was no telling from how far up it went.

As the red-scaled dragon continued to eye up the horizon of the mountain range he suddenly heard a muffled grunt and turned his head to see that the Marin had his piece of shiny black material stuck against his face, causing him to chuckle. “You are such a klutz,” Marin said, though his grin quickly turned to confusion and fear as the other dragon attempted to pull of the material only for it to stretch in his hands before snapping back on his muzzle. “What in the hells…”

As Svreli dropped the piece of rubber that he had been holding onto in order to help his friend he gasped when it seemed to fly from his hands to his groin, landing there with a loud slapping sound. For a moment the problems of the other dragon were forgotten as it seemed to suction to him, and as he put his hands to the edges in order to try and get it off he felt himself blush slightly as it felt like it was poking into his slit as a small wave of arousal came from it. When it was clear that he wasn’t getting off the material that adhered to him he went back to the other dragon instead, his eyes widening as he saw Marin’s muzzle open and the rubber seemed to push inside and completely coat his teeth and tongue. The same thing was happening to his nostrils and ears too and as the edges melded together around his neck the blue-scaled dragon suddenly quickly stopped fighting and just stood there even when Svreli shook him.

“I assure you that he’s quite alright,” a voice from the bushes stopped Svreli from shaking Marin, slowly turning his head to see a creature unlike anything he had ever seen before standing there on the edge of the beach. It looked a lot like their shaman Nyxt, but this dragon shined unnaturally in the light and his green eyes glowed with an intense light as he looked at him. “Hello Svreli.”

“Nyxt?” Svreli asked, the rubber dragon’s head nodding as the smirk grew on his muzzle. “What’s going on here, what happened to you? What’s happening with Marin?”

“Marin is merely feeling the joy that comes with the power of my new god flowing through his mind,” Nyxt replied, Svreli glancing at the other dragon to see that his head looked like it had second skin of black rubber that seemed to coat everything inside and out. Marin also had a blissed-out look on his face and as Svreli watched the rubber that was around his neck started to cascade further down and cover his bright blue scales. “I figured since you two are normally joined at the hip that you would want to be converted together, and while having that actually happen would be amusing to see I have more use for two rubber dragons than one.”

“What are you doing Nyxt?” Svreli said as he turned his attention back to the other dragon. “I thought that you weren’t like your father, that you actually do care about the clan…

“I do care about the clan,” Nyxt replied with a slight growl, watching with a bemused grin as the red-scaled dragon’s concentration was broken from the rubber that was starting to spread over his thighs and between his legs. “That’s why I need to change it, to spread the gift that had been given to me after being hidden for all those years by our former shaman. The problem is the stories that have been spread have said that this is some sort of curse, but if I have enough of you on my side then we can show all the others that we are the start of something great, of spreading this power throughout the entirety of the land…”

Svreli swallowed hard as the way his shaman spoke was eerily like how their previous shaman said those who wanted to usher in the apocalypse had, but it was starting to get hard to think as he felt his arousal spike. The rubber had turned to goo and was seemingly coaxing his cock out, which despite the situation was starting to harden from the stimulation coming from it, while the substance had also begun to push up inside his tailhole. As he bit his lip to try and not moan he could tell that there was more than just his insides being stretched open, it was like the rubber was actively pumping up inside of him and changing his walls while he noticed that Marin was also swallowing as though something was being fed to him. Part of his mind told him to run back and warn the clan but as soon as the thought crossed his head he found a pair of hands on his shoulders and saw Marin shaking his rubber-covered head at him.

“It appears your friend doesn’t want you to go,” Nyxt said with a chuckle as he moved into the water as well, shivering slightly at feeling it slosh against his smooth skin while. “I think that you two just need a little more bonding time, and while those little traps I prepared for you have started the process I’m afraid it’s not quite enough to completely convert you yet. Fortunately I have plenty more in myself and with your new addition Svreli you can help your friend get the body that he really wants.”

Svreli growled slightly, but it was tinged with lust as Nyxt walked around behind him. “You have to snap yourself out of it,” the dragon said, though it started to get harder to put the conviction in his voice as the rubber-covered head of his friend started to slide down and caressed his scales all the way down. “You have been corrupted…”

“You can call it whatever you want,” Nyxt replied as his green cock was already half-hard as he gave it a few strokes, his tainted pre dripping into the water as he watched the rubber continued to cover the scaled cheeks and tight hole of the male in front of him. “But Marin has already given himself to the gift and wishes you do the same. Plus then you can have the honor of corrupting your friend and being the first two to usher in this new age of our clan.”

Svreli found himself swallowing hard as he could feel his body trembling in pleasure, his own cock already pushing out of its slit and making its way towards the rubber muzzle waiting for it. He couldn’t believe his eyes; he knew that Marin had a crush on Llyni, a dragoness that served as the quartermaster for the clan, and that he had never mentioned anything about enjoying the company of males before. From the looks of it though that was exactly what was about to happen as Svreli found himself frozen in a mixture of curiosity and disbelief, watching as the rubber tongue of the other dragon slipped out and gave his throbbing shaft a lick. The sensation was intense and he felt his back arch in the air from it, and had Nyxt not been there behind him to hold him up he might have went down into the water from being so weak in the knees.

As the dragon was held up his entire body shivered as he felt the muzzle of the rubber dragon press against his neck, feeling the warmth that came with it while also experiencing the hot breath of his friend on his member. Even though he knew this was wrong there was a certain… excitement to it, something about it causing him to feel his heart race. As he began to feel the bigger dragon behind him start to slide something up against his inner thigh he could feel the sensation of rubber against rubber and the exotic feeling caused him to purr. If this was corruption… it was something he could get used to, especially as the tip slid back up and began to push into his already rubberized tailhole.

Nyxt found himself smirking as he could see the dragon in his arms softening up, the power of their new god seeping into their minds as the one whose head was covered in the shiny substance had started to engulf the rubber cock into his latex muzzle. With Marin’s entire head being covered in the powerful aphrodisiac the sensations were far too much for him, his mind being converted almost instantly the second the powerful lust flooded into his brain. For Svreli it was much more subtle, that was even more enjoyable to watch him succumb to his lusts while his shaman began to push into his tailhole. He was somewhat surprised that they hadn’t already been in this situation before, one of the reasons he had gone to these two first was because he suspected that the two were having secret relations outside of the clan.

But if it wasn’t happening now it would be, Nyxt thought as he felt every muscle in Svreli’s scaled body tense from Marin’s muzzle sliding over his rubber cock. The power that flowed through the shaman’s body intensified their libido but kept them from climaxing, feeling the dragon wiggling in his grasp as the rubber on his body spread further. Both males were ready to be brought into the fold, and after teasing down the bare chest of the dragon in her grasp Nyxt brought down his hands and used one to push Marin’s head completely down on his friend’s cock while he used the other to thrust his own inside. Svreli’s muzzle became frozen in a silent cry of ecstasy as he was plunged into by the black rubber cock behind him, feeling the corruption open like a faucet inside of him as Marin wiggled in the water.

There was a loud gurgle as the dragon on his knees in the water suddenly had the rubber cock he was sucking on surge with growth, lengthening despite being fully erect as it slid down into his throat while plumping up as well. Along with it came the cascade of rubber down his shoulders and chest, Nyxt feeling the dragon corruption through the one between them and watching his body start to swell with growth as well. It was the power of Lesharl and as more of the transformative goo was pumped into the dragon between them he was also undergoing a change. With every thrust of the cock inside of him his body became more malleable and his body became more… amorphus, the shaman watching as the rubber covering Svreli’s body became a bright shiny red.

For Marin his form was also changing, watching as his scales became semi-translucent while rubber webbing stretched out over his fingers. Just like his friend it was as if his form was becoming semi-solid to the point where he could see the outline of Svreli’s cock in his chest. At the same time the red dragon’s back began to ripple and swell, and as Nyxt grabbed onto his hips and thrusted into him tentacles of bright red rubber emerged between his wings and wrapped around his body while his wings became similarly synthetic. They wrapped around the shaman like snakes and two of them even slid their way down to his tailhole to provide more pleasure in thanks for giving them life.

Nyxt decided that they were ready and allowed them both to cum, the two rubber creatures letting out moans that might have been heard all the way up the valley towards the clan itself as they pumped their corruption into one another while Marin let loose his load into the lake from stroking himself under the water. When they were both finished Nyxt pulled out of Svreli’s tailhole and watched his rubber body jiggle slightly from it, though as he stood further back in the beach both he and Marin looked more muscular and handsome than ever before. Their thick cocks hung between their legs as their bodies shined in the light, Marin’s newly aquatic form almost appearing semi-translucent like the water he stood in while the tentacles that emerged from Svreli’s body reappeared back into his body.

“Very good,” Nyxt said. “Two eager acolytes for our new lord. Now I know you’re probably eager to gain more converts but just make sure the rest of the clan doesn’t know what we’re doing. Last thing I need is the chief turning everyone against me once more in order to try and keep his power.”

“Yes Master Nyxt,” the two replied in unison, creating a shiver that went down the rubber shaman’s back before Marin spoke up. “If you don’t mind however there is someone that we wish to bring into the fold next, or at least I would like to. I have had my eye on Tali for some time now and I think she would be more than beneficial to give her this gift, plus she deserves it.”

“Tali huh,” Nyxt replied, rubbing her fingers across her rubber chin. “I think we can make that happen, if I remember correctly she assigned herself a task that would take her out of the base of the clan.”

“Not only that, but then we can get a hold of Aya and her mate as well,” Svreli stated as he stepped forward, and evil grin crossing his muzzle as he Nyxt could sense what the corrupted dragon was thinking. “I know that this is supposed to be a gift but I wouldn’t mind putting one of my new tentacles in her maw just to get her to shut up for a few moments. Not to mention her mate is the quartermaster, we could get him at the same time.”

Nyxt found himself nodding as he thought over what the others were saying… Tali and Aya would be good targets if they wanted to get high-profile dragons from the clan into the fold. Plus Borel, the bronze-scaled dragon that Aya was mated too, would be easier to lure out as well. If they could get the quartermaster into their fold then they would have a considerable amount of power within the clan before even thinking about challenging the chief. A grin formed on the shaman’s muzzle as he nodded to the both of them and said that he was more than willing to go along with this plan of theirs.

The other two nodded as well and together the three flew off back towards the clan, which was unaware of the threat that was heading in their direction. With all three of them in their unnatural state they had to be careful on how they would interact with the others, though with the sun still high in the air it was unlikely anyone would be expecting them back until the start of the night. It didn’t give them much time to convert others though and the more that went missing the more that they would need to cover up their tracks. Fortunately after corrupting the two dragons Nyxt had gained a hold of more abilities that he could use, he just hoped they picked the right person to use them on…

Part 3:

Back at their new home the tribe was getting prepared to sustain themselves for the long winter ahead, putting all their provisions together while also making temporary buildings just in case the weather got bad enough it would put their tents in danger. All the dragons were hard at work, and any that weren’t got an earful from Aya. The emerald-scaled dragon was mated to Borel, who was the clan’s quartermaster, which meant that if you wanted anything you would have to ask him and Aya had his ear. Though she was a pain most people put up with her because of that, and the fact that her sister Tali was also one of the nicest dragons in the entire clan.

Though Tali could probably have gotten away with not having to work she continued to do her part, which at this point was making sure that they had a supply of fresh water that was being filtered into the clan. They did it by securing hollow tubes from a stream and running it through them to the clan itself where it would fill the communal basin, which was tricky since they had to make sure it was spot that wouldn’t ice over but was high enough along the mountain range to draw water down. Tali had taken on the role to prove that she could pull her weight and also because she wanted to get away from her sister for a while. Even though Aya didn’t bother her with having to get things done hearing her bother others to do tasks was something she didn’t enjoy seeing on a day to day basis.

As she climbed up a few rocks she could see her breath starting to freeze in the air and knew she couldn’t go much higher if she wanted to meet those requirements. As Tali stood there she also could see that there was a large cloud mass gathering in the mountains, something that threatened a lot of early snow if it decided to come down the hills. “Strange, Alicor didn’t mention anything about a storm coming this way,” she said to herself. “Must be nothing then, or at least I hope so.”

Tali sighed slightly as she shook her head; part of her knew her doubt was coming from the fact that the death of their old shaman was still fairly fresh in her mind, and though Alicor was fairly knew to being the shaman for the tribe he was doing a great job. Instead she focused her thoughts on trying to find a stream, especially as she continued to move forward and began to hear the sound of water. Though the rocks in the area were a little loose she finally managed to find the source of the noise in the form of a small brook that ran down a stony crevice. When she put her hands into the water it was ice cold, but she couldn’t see any crystals forming and the water was deep enough that it would satisfy the needs of the clan.

As she looked back at the clan and got mental measurements of where she was Tali suddenly noticed something behind here that wasn’t there before. She tilted her head in slight confusion as it appeared to be some sort of jewelry, and when she picked it up it was made of bright blue stones that looked like aquamarines. Had someone left this for her, she wondered, and if that was the case than where were they? She was the only one around and unless someone knew that she was going to be in this spot, which was unlikely since she could have gone anywhere in the mountains, someone had to be there to follow her.

As she put the gemstone bracelet around her wrist Tali thought it did look very pretty, the dragon admiring the way it sparkled as she turned it about in the light. When she put her arm down she suddenly saw something else that was glinting in a similar manner on a rock further down the cliff area the stream ran down, and after carefully climbing down she saw it was another bracelet with similar gemstones on it. Her head tilted in confusion once more and picked it up, seeing that it had the same construction as the one that was already on one of her wrists. Without thinking about it she put that one on her other bare wrists and this time looked around the rocks to see if there were more gemstones that were laying there waiting for her to find them.

It turned out there was quite a number of them that were stretched out like a trail of breadcrumbs for her to follow. After the two bracelets she found two more that she put around her scaled ankles, a large gemstone necklace that she put around her neck, and finally a circlet that fitted itself around her head. When she had found that last piece she was at the edge of a small pool that had formed further down the mountain that was fed from the stream she had found earlier. It appeared that was the end of the jewelry trail, which provided her no more clues on who had left such extravagant gifts for her to find as she stood near the water’s edge.

With no more clues to go on Tali decided to see what she looked like fully adorned with the jewelry she had found, walking over to the edge of the pool in order to see herself in the reflection. The gemstones paired perfectly with her scales and the more she looked at them the better they seemed to get. For a while she couldn’t even take her eyes off of herself, but as she continued to admire her new adornments she suddenly became aware of something moving about in the waters right where she stood. At first it was hard to see but as she took a step back a blue-scaled draconic head pushed up from the waters and looked straight at her.

“Marin?” Tali said as the dragon continued to pull walk up, the water cascading off his scales that looked unnatural to her. As she stared at them it was almost like they were similar to the stones that she wore on her body, but that had to be an illusion of some sort as she shook her head and looked at him again. “What are you doing there, you must be freezing.”

“Actually I’m quite fine,” Marin replied, still dripping as he walked over the stones towards her. “Nyxt visited me while I was fishing and taught me a few things that I wanted to share with you. For instance, how are you enjoying the jewelry that I created for you?”

“You made these for me?” Tali asked in slight shock, looking at the gemstones around her wrists. “But I don’t remember there being anything like this in the mountains for us to harvest, and we traded the last of our gemstones as a clan in the last human town we passed in order to get a few more supplies for the winter. How did you get them?”

“He said that he made them for you,” another voice chimed in, Tali turning around just in time to see Nyxt land on the ground behind her. “We’ve both been augmented with new abilities from a god who wishes to gift our entire clan with the power of these new bodies, and the first thing that Marin wanted after I gave it to him was to pass it on to you. I think he certainly has something for you to put so much effort into bringing you over into our embrace.”

 Tali found her confusion increasing as she looked between the two creatures, seeing their bodies both shining unnaturally in the sun as they walked towards her. There was something about them both that seemed… wrong, whether it was the way they smirked at her or the look that was in their eyes something felt very bad about the situation. “I… I think you for the gifts,” Tali said as she stepped away from both of them. “But I think I must return them, they are simply too much from someone that isn’t courting me.”

As Tali attempted to remove the gemstone bracelet from one of her wrists however it suddenly melted in her fingers, the gemstones turning to a clear gel that dripped over her hands and down her forearms. “I believe that Marin is courting you Tali,” Nyxt said as she tried to step away once again only to find that the ones around her ankles had done the same thing and adhered her taloned feet against the stone. “Of course since we’ve revealed ourselves to you we can’t just let you leave, but I think soon you’re going to see things from our point of view.”

Marin and Nyxt watched as the goo that had come from the circlet they had created for her began to melt as well, spreading over her head and pushing into her ears as the corruption had already started to seep into her mind. There weren’t many that would resist the will of Lesharl and they could already see the secondary effects starting to set in. Her eyes went from shocked and scared to confused as new feelings began to push out the old, the same ones that Marin had been exposed to after his own transformation happened. When she attempted to say something her breath came out in slight pants as she asked what they had done to her.

“We are merely letting you spread your wings,” Nyxt said as he ran his hands down Tali’s back, watching her gasp as her augmented desire caused her to gasp. “Look at Marin, don’t you want him?”

“I… yes, I do want him,” Tali said as he looked the rubber dragon over, his masculine body causing hers to quiver slightly as she happened to see the thick cock between his legs. “But the clan, Aya, there are rules…”

“Not where Lesharl is concerned,” Nyxt said as Marin stepped forward. “Now you have some of that goo that Marin gave to you, why don’t you go ahead and give it back to him while showing what you’re really feeling. Give in to your lusts, let the corruption inside change you to a creature that no longer needs to worry about silly things like the rules of the clan.”

Though everything the shaman was saying was not what was supposed to be said Tali couldn’t help but continue to watch Marin’s cock as it began to get harder, slowly stiffening in the air while she felt her own scaled folds get wet. Already her brilliant scales were starting to shine unnaturally like theirs, turning to rubber as her increased arousal eroded away her need to keep the rules of the clan. Her mind thought about how Aya would react to such a thing but as she thought about she imagined her as a rubber dragoness too, seeing Borel bending her over and thrusting his own thick rubber cock inside of her. Then as she let out a moan the scene changed slightly to Nyxt being the one impaling her while Borel was getting a blowjob from her muzzle.

As Nyxt pushed more lewd images into Tali’s mind through the connection of the goo coating her body he gave a nod to Marin, who stepped forward and bent the dragoness over until she was on all fours. With her mind saturated with lust the green-scaled dragoness hardly noticed what was happening, her pussy being exposed to the blue dragon as the goo covering her body seemed to push inside of it. Even though she was already being corrupted Marin wanted more, his body quivering as Nyxt and Lesharl were about to fulfill a dream he never thought would come true. As Nyxt stood in front of Tali he watched as he plunged his rubber tongue into her snatch, causing her to let out a cry of ecstasy.

“That’s it…” Nyxt said as he watched her body become rubberier by the second, her own tongue starting to push out from her muzzle as the one from the other corrupted dragon pushed far deeper inside of her than anyone else had ever gotten. “Looking good… why don’t you go ahead and put that to work.” The shaman didn’t have to ask twice and knelt down as Tali coiled her new tongue around the thick green rubber cock and drew it inside her muzzle. It was clear to Nyxt they had gotten another member of their own little clan as he spread his legs and pushed her muzzle down into his crotch until her nostrils bumped against his scaled groin.

With her altered throat Tali was able to take all of it easily while Marin switched it up, taking his tongue out of her increasingly sensitive folds and got on his knees as well. His cock was practically dripping with his corruptive pre and it didn’t take long for him to nudge it in, spreading open the pussy of the dragon even more as it clamped down around the blue cock around it. Nyxt relaxed back and let Tali continue to suck him off, feeling her get bumped forward by the thrusts of the dragon behind her as they continued to spit-roast her. Eventually the two of them saw the third of their group fly over before landing next to them, the red dragon smirking at seeing the rubber dragoness getting plowed from behind while her head bobbed up and down.

“I see your plan worked,” Svreli said as he ran a hand down Tali’s back and watched her shiver from the pleasure. “I scouted the encampment like you said and unfortunately there’s way too much activity to get to Aya and with her looking like that I doubt that she’ll fool anyone. We’re probably going to have to wait until nightfall and sneak in.”

Nyxt frowned at that and sat up, hearing a loud slurping noise as his cock slid out of the rubber maw of the dragoness. “I don’t like the idea of going into the night,” the shaman said. “Four dragons not coming home after going out into the mountains is going to raise some alarms that I don’t like, and we don’t have the means to convert everyone yet. If we could get to Aya and Borel then it would make things easier to makes sure the rest of the clan doesn’t rebel against us when we finally reveal ourselves, especially since Borel has control of the stockpiles.”

“There is one thing,” Svreli said. “I saw one of our scouts heading into the nearby area, and if you could get him to draw Aya and Borel into one of the storage areas near the outskirts of the encampment we could take them there.”

Nyxt nodded and knew what he would have to do in order to pull something like that off, taking the red rubber dragon with him and leaving Marin in order to continue to copulate with Tali. By the time they had taken off the blue dragon and sat back and pulled the dragoness onto his lap, stroking down her rubber chest and watching his cock plunge into her depths as they both moaned loudly. The shaman allowed them to revel in their newfound corruption and didn’t need them for the next part of their task, though he would definitely call on them later. For the moment though they had a dragon scout to find as they flew down into the nearby forest that bordered one of the forests.

Down beneath the canopy of leaves a purple-scaled dragon carefully walked through the woods, trying to see if there were any threats of note that might be lurking about. While he was one of the warriors for the clan his primary role was to just sniff out anything; if there was something he found he would go back and tell the others immediately. It wasn’t the greatest job in the world but the warriors went through a rotation in order to do it, and he came up with the first shift. Being one of the first out was the most nerve-wracking however as it meant that no one had explored yet and anything over the summer that had settled there was just waiting to be discovered.

As the purple dragon continued to move forward he suddenly heard something that caused him to stop and listen intently. It was the rustling of the leaves above him, he realized, and slowly drew his dagger as he tried to get to a tree trunk he could put his back to. If something had caught his scent he might have to fight since there wasn’t enough space for him to take off. As he continued to sit and wait there were more rustlings around him, but nothing came running out at him and he quietly called out to see if it was another scout that just happened upon his location.

“It’s me,” a voice he recognized as the once-destined clan leader called out from behind one of the bushes. “Sorry if I rustled your scales but I had detected a magical herb in the area and have been trying to find it for some time now. I hope maybe you’ve seen it?”

“Ah, sorry there Nyxt,” the dragon replied as he breathed a sigh of relief and put his dagger away. “I haven’t seen anything that might be considered a-“

The scouts words were cut short as he suddenly felt something wrap around him and pull him back against the tree trunk that he had been using as a defensive measure. He let out a sharp cry as what he thought was vines were actually bright red tentacles that slithered around his body and held him high enough above the ground his feet kicked in the air. “Nyxt, run!” the scout shouted as the attempted to wiggle out of his bindings only to find them tighten against his form. “There’s something in this forest attacking me, you have to get out and get help!”

“Now why would I go and do a silly thing like that?” Nyxt replied as he stepped out from his hiding place, watching the scouts eyes go wide as he saw his muscular black and green rubber body. “Svreli is just holding you there so I don’t have to hold you on the ground for what I’m about to do next. While I would like to have a bit of fun with you and properly introduce you into the fold I’m unfortunately going to need you to go undercover for a while to ensure that we can spread the gift of Lesharl.”

The scout had no idea what the other dragon was talking about and continued to curse and swear as he tried to get out of his predicament, only to find himself fully secured to the tree trunk by the tentacles. Nyxt smiled and gave Svreli a wink as he continued to add more of his appendages to the ones holding the scout and wrapping them around his head so that he would remain still. Once he was completely secured the black rubber dragon moved up and stretched his body until his muzzle was right next to the other dragon’s earhole, then opened it and stuck out his tongue. The shiny black tentacle slowly slithered into the scaly hole and caused the scout to buck slightly, but with nowhere to go all he could do was feel it push inside his skull and corrupt his brain.

Nyxt grinned as he could almost immediately see the features of the dragon fall as he pumped the thick goo directly into his head, making sure that none of it leaked out and started to transform the rest of him. Despite his best efforts he did see a few tendrils start to form in the scout’s eyes, but everything else seemed to remain inside as his tongue plunged in a few more times for good measure before pulling out. The rubber dragon quickly wiped the excess drool away and nodded to Svreli, who retracted all of his tentacles and let the purple dragon fall back onto his feet. It appeared that the scout was about to fall forward and Nyxt quickly moved forward to stop him, keeping him upright as he turned his head to look at him directly.

“Tell me,” Nyxt asked. “Whom do you serve?”

“I serve…” the scout said, his voice sounding like he was half-asleep as he blinked a few times. “Lesharl… and my Master Nyxt.”

“Very good,” Nyxt replied, hoping that the weariness that seemed to come with directly corrupting the dragon’s mind would fade by the time he got back to the village. “I need you to go to Aya and Borel and deliver them a very, very important message…”

A few hours later the emerald-scaled dragoness and bronze-scaled dragon walked into one of the store rooms that was on the outside of the clan encampment, the two of them looking around at the storage of personal items that were deemed not essential to have deeper in the camp. “I still don’t know why we didn’t tell the elder about this,” Aya said with a note of distain as Borel closed the door behind them. “Someone sending a scout to tell us that we need to meet them here just as the sun sets seems extremely fishy to me.”

“They said that it had something to do with Tali,” Borel replied with a sigh. “Do you really want to put something out in the open if it’s just something that maybe she wants to tell you in private?”

The dragoness rolled her eyes and Borel shook his head as they continued to wait around the makeshift building. “Well where are they then?” Aya said as she threw her hands up in the air. “We were supposed to meet at sunset and it’s sunset now, so what’s going on here?”

“Sorry, that was my fault,” Tali said as the two turned to see her come in while holding the hand of another dragon, both of them with an unusual shine to their scales and their bodies being lither and more muscular than they remember. “Marin was just busy stretching me out again before we got here and even with a latex vagina it takes a few seconds to walk straight after getting rutted like that.”

The words that came out of Tali’s mouth caused both to look at her in shock, their mouths hanging open at what the dragoness had said. To so openly brag about having sex like that, and to someone that she wasn’t mated with, was unheard of to say the least, and what made matters even more insane to them was that she had a hand on his junk and was playing with it while they talked. “Are you crazy Tali!?” Aya said angrily. “What are you thinking, and what the hell are you wearing over your scales?”

“That part is my fault,” another voice said, this one coming from the piles of goods that were stored in the building as Nyxt made his presence known. “As you can see Tali, Marin and I have decided to go with something different than the clan, and I would like to talk to you about joining us Borel.”

“The hell he is!” Aya replied. “I don’t know what’s going on here but I’m going to make sure that the elder hears about this!” As the green-scaled dragoness was about to storm off past the two that were at the door she suddenly let out a yelp as she was pulled backwards, red tentacles wrapping around her body and pulling her into he air as Svreli came out from behind a large sack of goods.

“You don’t know how long I’ve waited for this,” Svreli said as he took one of his tentacles and wrapped it around Aya’s muzzle, keeping the screams she was trying to emit down to muffled mumblings as Borel looked at the entire scene in confusion. “She’s definitely a squirmer, but I think I can hold her until Borel makes his decision.”

“Me?” Borel replied as he looked around completely stunned, his mind still attempting to make sense of everything that he was seeing. “Nyxt, what the hell is going on here? What has happened to everyone?”

“It’s a very long story,” Nyxt stated with a small shrug. “The long and short of it is that I found an ancient deity that gave me a measure of its power, and now we’re using it in order to take the clan as our own and spread the gift to everyone here as a start before going phoenix hunting. Now as I’m sure you can understand there are many like Aya out there who are not going to like this idea, including the chief, so I need you on my side in order to keep the peace until we can convince everyone to see things our way.”

“I’m not sure you’re making a very good start here,” Borel said as he glanced over at Svreli who continued to keep the dragoness up in the air, giving both dragons a small smirk and a shrug. “So what, are you going to hurt Aya if I don’t agree to your demands or something? Are you going to turn us both into rubber creatures?”

“Well the plan is for the both of you to become rubber dragons like the rest of us,” Nyxt explained as he motioned over towards Tali and Marin, who had started to make out now that their role as the distraction was no longer needed. “I don’t plan on hurting Aya either, in fact it’s going to be quite the opposite. Now everyone in the clan knows that she’s the one that’s in charge, so what I would like to offer is the chance to change that power dynamic for you.”

Even with the rubber tentacle in her mouth Aya continued to try and speak as she narrowed her eyes at Nyxt and Borel while still struggling. “I think you’re mistaken…” Borel replied, biting his lip slightly as he continued to look over at Aya. “We’re just fine together.”

Nyxt scoffed at that and motioned for the other dragon to come over to an area where they wouldn’t be seen. “Listen, I’m going to spell this out for you,” Nyxt said as he held his hand in the air, Borel watching as a glob of liquid rubber formed on it that he suspended form his hand before forming into a strap. “With my power we can have a bit of fun with Aya and you can be back on top, literally, while being with us. All you have to do is let me show you and you can see what sort of potential we have here.”

Even before the shaman had started to work his magic he could see that Borel was interested in the idea, and the more that they talked the more he saw the gleam in his eye. This dragon definitely wanted what Nyxt was selling, and it would only take a little push to get him over the edge. When the bronze dragon continued to waffle he rolled his eyes and finally decided to help him along with his decision, bringing him in and giving him a deep kiss. The fires of arousal that he had already started to kindle within the other dragon were quickly stoked and he could feel the surprisingly large cock start to poke against his latex stomach he knew that Borel was ready.

Meanwhile Aya continued to feel the corruption from the tentacles that surrounded her body, though the rubber hadn’t started to spread over her scales Svreli was more than content to continue to saturate her mind with pleasurable tingles that came from his tentacles coiling around her body. It helped that Marin had pinned Tali up against the wall and started to slide his cock into her snatch again, their rubbery bodies grinding against one another and causing even more lust to enter into Aya. Though she wouldn’t admit it her own pussy was starting to tingle and she needed something to fill it, even if it was one of the tentacles that had looped between her legs. Other than the occasional teasing glance along her folds she wasn’t given anything other than tactile stimulation of her scales and by the time Borel and Nyxt walked back she was wet between her legs.

As Borel approached Aya the black dragon behind him gave a nod and the red rubber tentacles lowered her back down to where she could touch the ground. “Oh, thank heavens you finally came back,” Aya said as the one around her mouth retracted. “You have to get me out of here right now!”

To Aya’s surprise Borel just took a rubber strap and wrapped it around her muzzle, which suctioned to it and caused her to look at him in a mixture of shock and confusion. “You don’t get to call the shots anymore Aya,” the bronze dragon said as Aya suddenly felt the presence of Svreli behind her, seeing the scales around Borel’s lips start to become shiny as his rubber tongue slithered out and licked them. “Don’t worry, you’re going to enjoy this.”

Nyxt watched with a bemused look on his face as the rubber from the strip that had been placed on her muzzle started to spread, and unlike the others that he had transformed it remained black while it did so. They could still hear her groaning slightly as Borel began to play between her legs, feeling just how intensely aroused she was and how much the corruption had gotten to her without actually transforming yet. He had told Svreli not to change her or doing anything until her mate was ready and it seemed that now was the time as he began to push up into her with his erect cock as she squirmed in delight. The shiny red tentacles continued to hold her body up, lowering down slightly upon the thick bronze shaft that spread her open as rubber immediately began to spread up her legs.

“I don’t think I’ve seen a prettier sight,” Svreli commented as the rest of Aya’s head became covered by the rubber, which Nyxt molded to become almost a featureless dragon hood that covered every aspect of her. “Hey, you mind if I get in on this?”

“Of course,” the corrupted bronze dragon said, his own muzzle curling up into a smirk as the white of his eyes became shiny and black. “She’s got a tailhole, and it’s probably rubberized by now. Go ahead.”

Svreli also smirked and began to push up into the tailhole of the increasingly corrupted dragoness, which had been vulcanized by the goo leaking down from the cock inside of her that was slowly turning to rubber as well. As Nyxt watched he could see that the already muscular bronze dragon was starting to twitch as the power of Lesharl began to blossom in him, gaining incredible power by turning his normally dominant mate into a subservient rubber dragoness plaything, but with time running out he needed to expedite the process. Fortunately Borel’s mind was so inundated with pleasure that he hardly even noticed the rubber dragon coming up behind him until he felt the tip of his cock pushing up into his tailhole.

If there were any reservations about being taken back there they were gone as Borel just gave him a snide smirk and lifted his tail out of the way so that Nyxt could have better access while thrusting his hips upwards into the pussy of his mate. As the black rubber continued to cascade down Aya’s body her arms that had been held behind her back from Svreli’s tentacles were sealed into place there by it, preventing her from being able to steady herself as the muscular chests of the two males penetrating her kept her upright. Even the shaman was slightly shocked at just how much they were getting off on it, particularly Borel as he pushed in even deeper when he felt the rubber cock of the dragon behind him slide up into his tailhole. The two were pumping Aya so full of corruptive ooze that it was causing her rubber stomach to swell while more of the goo ran down their legs and onto the floor.

With Borel thoroughly seeded as well Nyxt joined in and pumped his cock into the bronze dragon for a few more minutes until he pulled out, letting it flop down between his legs as he watched the others that were having sex in the room as well. Just as he was about to break them up so they could plan their next move however Nyxt suddenly felt the room darken and his own rubber figure stand in front of him. “You have done very well with my gift,” the god said in Nyxt’s voice with a smirk, his body much more well-formed then when it had first subsumed the shaman. “And soon you will take over the entire clan?”

“That is the plan,” Nyxt replied as he crossed his arms over his rubber chest. “Why, is that too many?”

“On the contrary,” Lesharl replied with a laugh. “I just don’t expect you to stop there. With the entire clan of dragons with my gift you can spread like the plague; just one of you entering into a town or settlement can turn them all into rubber dragons just like you, and once you’ve done that then you’ve added more to your numbers before finally you’ve spread to the entirety of the kingdom. There will be no one that has not been touched by you or your kind, all will bow down and worship you like a god.”

“A god like you,” Nyxt stated, realizing something as he looked at the other rubber dragons all around him. “So… you are a part of the Apocalypse all those years ago, they fought to make sure you couldn’t spread and take over the world like you want me to do. They saw you as a curse, a plague that would devour all the kingdom and leave only your kind.”

There was a moment of pause between the two and finally Nyxt saw a huff come from his doppelganger before he nodded his head. “There are those that believed that called me that,” the creature said. “As I started to spread the armies of the world rose up against me, found magics that repelled me and eventually managed to get back to the first temple that worshipped me and burned it to the ground. Even though they thought they had gotten rid of me a small piece had survived, as it always does, so a group of shamans took it and continued the tradition of telling my tale until it finally was gifted to you.”

“So Zelke knew all along that there wasn’t any cursed fire up there and that you were waiting for me,” Nyxt said as he rubbed the pendant that was around his neck. “I wonder why he decided to do this for me and unleash your power on the world again, perhaps because he didn’t approve of the clan’s treatment of me? Or maybe there was some darkness of his own that he didn’t have the courage to manifest himself.”

“It appears we will never know,” Lesharl stated. “So what now? Will you rebel against me, perhaps tell the clan leader what has happened as I exert my influence over you to try and get you to stop?”

To the ancient deity’s surprise Nyxt started to laugh, the corrupted dragon gesturing to everyone around him that had continued on. “Do you honestly think I would give up all this just because some people a thousand years ago were scared of your power?” Nyxt replied, giving a fanged grin as droplets of black goo dripped from his mouth. “There is nothing that will make me stop this, and if I can plunge the entire world into this enlightenment I will do so. I was supposed to be the leader of this clan before it was taken from me, so I am more than happy to become a god of this kingdom.”

“That is what I like to hear,” Lesharl said with a laugh of his own. “Go forth, Nyxt the dragon corrupter, and do what you’ve been ordained to do.”

A few moments later Nyxt once more found himself in the middle of the orgy of rubber dragons, Borel and Svreli still thrusting their cocks into Aya’s holes while the red dragon pushed one of his tentacles in between the bronze dragon’s cheeks to stimulate him further while Marin and Tali were still going at it on the ground. “I need all of you to stop fucking and give your attention to me for a second,” Nyxt said, immediately causing everyone to stop what they were doing and look at him. “I have been granted a vision by Lesharl, and once we take the clan we’re going to continue to spread to the rest of the kingdom until not a single person has been untouched by us. Our power will be so great that the trees and lands themselves will become corrupted by it, spreading out from this valley until it touches every inch of this land.”

“Now that’s something else I can get behind,” Svreli said as the others nodded enthusiastically. “You are the one that has brought us this far, what do we do now?”

“Now?” Nyxt said as he looked out at one of the gaps in the wooden structure and saw that night had fallen. “Now we make ourselves known to the tribe and take it for our own. Before the sun rises all will experience our blessing of calamity.”