Day 3:

Havok and Draconicon woke up once more to the smell of breakfast as they left their respective bedrooms, looking at one another and realizing that they had reverted back to their normal forms. Though they had expected such a thing to happen both lamented at the loss of their drone bodies, though that was quickly tempered by the excitement of what they were going to test today. Just as they began to pick what they wanted to eat there was a knock at the door and Havok went up to go and open it.

“I trust you both had a pleasant sleep,” Klaine stated with a grin on his goo muzzle as he walked inside, sitting down on the couch as the white-scaled dragon did the same. “We have an interesting set of aerosols that I wanted to have you two try out, a little more on the mundane side but after the day you two had before I figured it might be time to give you a chance to recharge.”

“Well I’m sure whatever we do is going to be amazing,” Havok replied before his grin turned to one of concern as he looked at Klaine. “Hey… are you alright? You look a little worn out.”

Draconicon turned to look at the gel raptor more carefully and realized that what his friend had mentioned was right; though Klaine appeared to be conscious and normal his body posture was slumped forward and his features looked slightly more sagged than usual. “I was hoping that it wouldn’t show,” Klaine said with a slightly embarrassed chuckle. “I am a bit run down, I was going to get one of the servants and take care of my energy issue but I hadn’t gotten around to it.”

“Energy issue?” Draconicon asked.

“Well as you know I’m a symbiote,” the raptor replied. “As such I require someone else to give me the energy that I need in order to continue to sustain my life. Most of the time they’ll wear me like a suit and depending on their disposition either I or them will be in control, not that it matters since as long as I have a host I can continue to recharge.”

“Wow…” Havok said in both surprise and curiosity. “So are you like some sort of vampire?”

Klaine thought about it for a few seconds before he looked up and nodded. “I suppose in some form or measure that I am,” he stated simply. “Better than being called a leech, though both definitions have the same problem. I usually only take the ambient energy that a creature exudes, which can be done through a variety of things… though I prefer one activity in particular. In exchange I can augment their body to a limited degree or form various rubber articles on them that they can use while heightening their pleasure… as you can imagine I don’t have a lot of trouble finding volunteers.”

The two dragons chuckled before a look of epiphany crossed Draconicon’s face. “Klaine… you said that you had arranged a rather relaxed day for us right?” he asked, the goo raptor nodding in response. “Well since we don’t have too much to do I wouldn’t mind being a volunteer to help regain your energy, and I’m sure Havok would be more than happy to offer his services as well.”

Havok quickly agreed and Klaine looked at the two eager draconic creatures with an impressed look on his face. “Well it was supposed to be a somewhat shorter day today anyway,” he stated simple as he stood up. “I’m also not one to turn down a free meal offered by you two, especially since given your rather lustful natures I think I’m going to feed very well this morning. Why don’t you two pick a bedroom and we’ll get going.”

After a slight discussion they decided to sue Havok’s room, the three males stepping inside before closing the door. Once they were ready Chrono gave them a brief instruction of what to expect while this happened and once the dragons responded that they understood Klaine put his hands together and seemed to focus in on himself. The two watched with wide eyes as the silver rubber that floated around inside of Klaine began to move towards the surface of the gooey skin that the raptor possessed. When the shiny substance finally leaked out it spread over the surface of Klaine’s body until it formed a full-body scaled rubber suit complete with a gas mask.

As soon as the last of the rubber covered the goo creature the suit began to deflate, the two dragons both jumping back slightly as they watched Klaine collapse to the ground. Neither freaked out though as the raptor warned them about what was going to happen, watching the last of the suit collapse in on itself. Soon there was nothing left but the rubber raptor gimp suit which laid lifeless on the ground as the two dragons looked down at it. They waited for a few seconds to see if anything would happen but like the raptor had told them the suit remained still.

“So…” Havok said with a shrug. “Who wants to go first?”

“I don’t know…” Draconicon replied, though from the look they gave one another it was clear they both wanted to try out this new experience first but were too polite to make a claim. “How about… flip a coin?”

Havok agreed and they found a coin, Draconicon flipping it in the air while Havok called it. The white-scaled dragon got it right and Draconicon frowned slightly but sighed and told Havok that it was all his. He practically skipped towards the pile of rubber and picked it up to examine it. What impressed him was that despite being a bit heavier than most rubber suits it looked exactly like one, even down to the flap in the back that would allow him to enter inside.

Even though he knew what was coming, or at least as much as Klaine was willing to tell them, he took a deep breath anyway and slid his foot inside of the latex suit. Almost immediately his scales made contact with something thick and slippery, no doubt the goo of the symbiote raptor as he made a face. Draconicon couldn’t help but chuckle as he watched his friend slide one leg of the suit all the way up to his thigh before maneuvering his body to get the other one in. With the slick nature of the inner rubber however his fingers that had been holding onto one side of the flap slip, which caused his other hand to slide partially into arm of the shiny suit.

For Klaine that was all he needed, Havok let out a slight yelp of surprise as what felt like dozens of tiny tendrils emerged from the goo that had made contact with his arm and slid it even further into the suit. Before his fingers were completely inside the gloves of the suit his rubber-encased arm suddenly began to move of its own accord and reach around. The same thing happened as he felt the foot he had put into the suit suddenly become suctioned to the rubber, feeling it grow tight around him while the goo provided a layer of cushioning that kept it from being too uncomfortable. He tried to grab onto the wrist that was trapped in the suit, which now sported an equally shiny silver cuff on it, but couldn’t stop it from moving down and grabbing his free leg to get it into the suit as well.

“Looks like you two are having fun,” Draconicon said as he watched the struggling dragon with a smirk on his face. “Can’t get him to stop?”

“He’s surprisingly strong,” Havok replied with a grunt as he tried to kick his foot back, only to have it get close enough to the inner lining of the rubber to have a goo tentacle stretch out and catch it. “He said that sometimes he has to capture others if he’s too low on energy, now I can see how he does it. This suit is way more-“

Havok’s words were suddenly interrupted when he felt a surge of pleasure radiate from his groin where the rubber and goo of the suit pressed against him. As more of the goo-lined rubber began to slide up against his scaly form he could feel the presence of Klaine in his psyche, the raptor becoming more prominent in his thoughts the more he wore him. The dragon let out a grunt as the rubber cuffs that had been somewhat undone on his forearm and bicep suddenly tightened, maintaining an even pressure on his body as he tried to keep his other arm from being caught. It was clearly not the first time the symbiote had captured anyone though as the empty arm of the suit animated and Havok shivered as the fingers practically slithered up his arms before a seam opened and engulfed them.

Just as his limbs were being engulfed in their entirety he felt another presence, this one far more physical in nature as he turned to see Draconicon standing behind him with a smirk on his face. Before he could ask what he was doing Havok felt the hands of the other male grab onto his tail and push it inside the tail of the suit, aiding Klaine in the capture of the dragon as Havok felt his toes curl unexpectedly. The second the tip of his tail hit the end of the suit it began to wag slightly, something that the dragon knew he wasn’t doing as the seam on his back stitched itself up now that all his appendages had been encased in the shiny silver rubber.

“Just thought that I would lend a hand,” the black-scaled dragon said with a smirk as he watched the rubber continue to creep up Havok’s form, soon only leaving the saurian shaped gas mask. “I definitely want to see what happens after Klaine completely covers you.” When Havok attempted to respond he found his maw suddenly filled with something gooey, looking back down into the mask to find that a tentacle of the bluish-green ooze had formed into a tentacle while he wasn’t watching and pushed its way into his maw. With Klaine in control of his hands there was nothing he could do but let it continue to pump in and out of his mouth as it brought the mask closer to his face.

When the gooey rubber pressed against the scales of his face it brought to Havok’s attention just how trapped he was, looking anxiously out of the lenses provided to him by Klaine he felt the rubber creep up the back of his head and merge with the gasmask to effectively seal him in. The dragon began to feel tendrils of goo wiggle and squirm against every inch of his body, either to continue to stimulate him or to feed off of his energy… perhaps both. What surprised him the most however was when he felt himself begin to move, his head looking down despite not telling to do so and looking down at his fingers as they were given an experimental flex.

“Not too bad,” a voice said, one that sounded like it was muffled by the gas mask before Havok realized that it was the gas mask. “Secretly I was hoping that I would get to wear one of you, now that it’s actually happened I’m glad it did. But I think it’s time to give this body a test run, don’t you think?”

Once more Havok felt his body act of its own accord when it turned to look at Draconicon, and though the other dragon looked like he was ready to take control of the situation the rubber-covered dragon could sense that Klaine had other ideas. He felt his arm stretch out and the bands that both dragons thought were merely for decoration on the raptor’s gimp suit form unclasped and the two ends stretched out towards Draconicon. It happened so fast that the black-scaled dragon could only put his arms up in defense, which proved to be not a good idea as the strips of shiny material looped around his outstretched arm and quickly coiled around it.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing?” Draconicon said as Klaine took his other arm and fired another said of the rubber restraints, this time coiling around his unaffected arm before using them to turn the dragon around.

“Feeding of course,” Klaine replied as Havok felt a surge of energy pass through his body and the rubber ribbons snapped, the two ends on the ones that were around Draconicon looping around and pulling the dragon’s arms until they were behind his back. “I knoy you typically fancy yourself the dominant one but I think that for now we’re going to have a little fun with your submissive side. Of course I’m sure that you’ll be able to convince me to turn the tables a bit, but before that I really must feed.”

With Draconicon’s arms restrained there was little he could do at that point as Klaine, now almost completely in control of Havok’s body, pushed the dragon on the bed and wrapped more rubber around his ankles. As the raptor took care of his partner the dragon trapped inside of him manage to catch a look at the mirror that was hung up in one of the closet doors that wasn’t closed to see what he looked like. What he saw was a strange amalgamation, while most of the features of the rubber were saurian in nature there were a few draconic aspects that still poked out of the suit, the silver still covering them though as Klaine flipped Draconicon onto his stomach.

“I remember what you had said when we talked,” Klaine said as his rubber hands stroked over the backside of the dragon. “Though you don’t remember it, so I’m going to make sure that you enjoy this as much as possible. I can’t wait to taste both your essences…”

With Havok only being along for the ride all he could do was watch as Draconicon continued to wiggle in the silver rubber bindings that were now over his muzzle and pressing his already restrained arms against his back. The two restrained dragons both shivered as they were brought under the control of the raptor, Havok on the inside feeling the symbiote manipulate his body like a puppet while it turned over the wrapped up dragon and put him on his back. Once Draconicon was exactly where Klaine wanted to him to be Klaine shifted and managed to straddle the black dragon’s hips while guiding the throbbing draconic prick up towards his tailhole.

Draconicon tried to say something but his words immediately became muffled as the symbiote raptor took his, or rather Havok’s heavy paws and put them against his muzzle, the rubber sliding against his mouth and head while he began to penetrate himself. Soon all the black dragon could do was moan loudly as those toes were pressed against him while he was being ridden by the silver raptor dragon. As Klaine slid down however the rubber that was around his rear began to shift, starting with a few dribbles that landed on Draconicon’s groin but increasing with every second. As the shiny silver began to spread over the black dragon’s body patches of the white-scaled dragon began to show; at first it was just tiny but soon Havok’s entire cock was exposed as his tailhole was spread open by a now silver rubber cock beneath im.

“What, you thought that I couldn’t take over the two of you at the same time?” Klaine asked through Havok’s mouth as Draconicon felt that thick substance continue to creep over his body. “It takes a little bit of extra work but I think you guys deserve my absolute best. Of course the effort is going to take a bit out of me, so won’t be nearly as talkative.”

The two dragons were hardly able to respond as the rubber on Klaine’s feet had shifted onto Draconicon’s muzzle, forming into a raptor gas mask with his draconic features just like Havok’s was as the rubber continued to shift between the two. At first Havok thought he might be completely uncovered because of this but as soon as the majority of the black scales of the other dragon were coated with silver the large areas of his body that revealed his own scales quickly began to shrink. He could feel the presence of Klaine growing fainter though, no doubt having to split his psyche between two bodies as two dragons soon became two draconic rubber raptors lying there in the bed.

As Klaine’s rubber merged with the straps that had been holding Draconicon he suddenly found himself able to move them again, his hands moving up to his face as he looked at the silver hue his fingers had. “Looks like I’m free…” Draconicon said, and though he waited for the raptor’s presence to assert himself on him he still felt completely in control. More than that even, as he flexed his fingers he realized the symbiote’s body wrapping around him gave him access to more strength than he ever had before.

On the other side of the coin as the rubber reasserted itself Havok felt his body reach forward to wrap his hands around the other symbiote-covered creature as Draconicon began to stand. Even though he could sense that the black dragon was in control of his suit his was quite the opposite, Klaine still puppeting his body as Draconicon was able to lift him up completely while his cock was still buried in his tailhole. Silver rubber straps formed on Draconicon’s muscular arms before wrapping around Havok’s waist and chest, anchoring him there so that he could thrust deeply into the dragon without losing his grip.

The two continued that way for quite some time, the symbiote feeding on the two as they tried a variety of positions with their augmented forms. More than once they did it in front of a mirror, watching their silver gimp-suited bodies flex and move with every thrust that Draconicon gave to Havok. Though Klaine remained in control of Havok for most of the time and Draconicon the opposite they did switch it up so that both dragons could experience the other side of things. Eventually the silver symbiote rubber receded from both of them and left two very exhausted dragons on the bed while Klaine stretched.

“That was one of the better feedings that I’ve had in quite some time,” Klaine commented as he helped the other two get to their feet. “Now I do believe that it’s time for you to get some lunch, and after what you all did I think you’re going to need extra helpings.”

“Lunchtime?” Havok asked as he felt his body still shake slightly when he got to his feet. “But we just had breakfast like,” when the dragon glanced over at the clock he let out a shocked yelp. “It’s already the afternoon?”

“Time flies when you’re having fun I guess,” Draconicon said with a chuckle. “I could definitely use something in my stomach, then maybe hit the sauna. I don’t think I could go another round if I tried.”

“Luckily I had such a lunch prepared should you decide to want to pitch in on my own meal,” Klaine said as he moved over to the phone. “Now if I can trust that you two won’t fall over and pass out let me call it in, we can talk about how much you enjoyed being inside me as we wait for them to finish prepping the extra food that you will need.”

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After Havok and Draconcion had gotten fed themselves, which became a rather sizable lunch after being famished by the feeding that they gave to the symbiotic raptors, and relaxed for a few hours they were led to the courtyard of the estate that they were living in. To call it a courtyard was a bit misleading, both dragons thought as they stepped through the archway, as it stretched out further than they could see and looked more like a small park. “This is the place that I thought would be the best for my next little concoction,” Klaine said he pulled out three cans that were not labeled. “Now I was going to describe what each one did but since I do enjoy surprising you two I think I’m going to leave it as just that.”

The two dragons rolled their eyes but knew that Klaine wasn’t going to give them any hints on what they were about to get themselves into. The symbiote raptor handed each of them one spray can and kept the third, which actually did have a small x marked into the bottom of it for himself. Klaine instructed them to just spray themselves wherever, though he recommended not putting it around their heads right away so that they could see what was happening to them. The two looked at one another once more but just as they were about to spray themselves Klaine quickly told them to stop and wait, then moved over until he was not downwind of them and backed away a bit before giving them the thumbs up.

Havok was the first to try his out, opting to go on his arm, giving a quick spray down from elbow to fingers. “Well… I think I have a good idea of where this is going,” he said as he watched the wet scales grow even shinier, pressing a hand down to feel that they had softened slightly and had a very smooth texture to them. “Going to be rubber twice in one day, how lucky is that?”

“Technically this morning you weren’t rubber,” Draconicon corrected as he examined the spray he was given. “Klaine just covered you like a rubber suit. Still makes me wonder if this is going to be something like the drone paint and I’m going to be a different kind of latex, or maybe even metal again.”

“Never know until you try,” Havok replied, though his focus was more on the finger tips that he had pressed against the affected arm and watching as the scales there turned shiny as well.

Draconicon shrugged his shoulders and sprayed himself with the can as well, opting for his chest instead of his arms like his friend had done. Once he went full circle with the spray he gasped and nearly dropped the can when his pectorals and abs ballooned out, the muscle thickening almost instantly as he had to arch his back due to the sudden growth. “Whoa!” Draconicon said as he felt his shoulders begin to thicken, following suit with his sides and back as the growth began to spread from the affected area. “What is this, instant bodybuilder spray?”

“Of a sorts,” Klaine replied through the gas mask of the gimp suit he continue to wear while the two transformed. “It’s a special spray that helps release your wild side, as it were. I was just going to have you try that on its own but I realized that it was compatible with the rubberization spray that Havok used on himself so I figured I give you guys a treat and do a two for one.”

“Well you certainly know how to spoil us,” Havok mentioned as he held up his rubber-scaled hands to his face. “Seems like this is a little more than just turning into rubber.” The dragon held up his hands to show that the latex had sealed them together, but when Klaine motioned for him to try and pull them apart again he was surprised to see that he was able to. As he wiggled the freed digits he saw that the latex had not quite lost its hold as the thin sheet that was attached to his fingers solidified to give his hands an almost webbed appearance.

When he brought up his transformed digits for Draconicon to see Havok saw that he was going through even more significant changes of his own. The scales on his chest had grown a patch of white fur that covered the significantly larger valley between his mountainous pectorals and went all the way down to his eight pack abs. When the changing black dragon tried to explain what he was feeling his words came out slightly slurred and he had a hard time thinking of what he wanted to day, his language becoming more simplistic as his teeth began to grow to the point they were poking past the lips of his muzzle.

“So I randomized who was going to get the predator spray and who was going to get the rubber spray,” Klaine explained to Havok as he watched Draconicon’s eyes glaze over slightly with a look of pure lust. “I was kind of hoping to see what a submissive little creature like you would do as you were packed with muscle but this is fun too. Hope you enjoy yourself and remember, if you run that just makes them want to chase you.”

Before Havok could ask what that means Klaine had already made his way to the door and closed it, leaving him with the increasingly muscular dragon male panting behind him. By this point the rubberization of his own scales had reached his chest and mouth, feeling the assimilate creep onto his tongue and down his throat. As his eyes looked down from Draconicon’s heaving chest down his furry abs and to his even thicker cock Havok had the feeling that he was going do need it as the girthy member was pointed straight at him. As the bestial dragon stomped towards him Havok reminded himself not to run, especially when those large hands pressed onto his rubber shoulders and pushed him down onto his knees.

Once he was down there Draconicon grunted, motioning with his head as Havok watched another set of horns push out past the first pair to give him an even more fearsome look. As the white dragon leaned forward he also noticed something happening to the other dragon’s hands, the rubber that covered his shoulders spreading upwards onto them. It appeared that while in the midst of the transformation at least the changes were contagious and he briefly wondered if that was the other way around before he felt a dull ache in his shoulders that turned to pleasure as they began to expand. As Havok opened his muzzle to try and explain to Draconicon what was happening the other dragon merely thrusted his hips forward and stuffed the head of his cock into the other dragon’s maw.

Unlike the slow transfer that was taking place between the two on their bodies the changes exploded like wildfire when Draconicon’s maleness pushed deeper into Havok’s throat. As the head of the cock could be seen stretching out the latex scales of Havok’s throat his high-pitched grunts dropped two octives into low grunts and growls as tiny rubber spikes pushed their way out of his rubber snout. At the same time when the beastly dragon above pulled out his cock it glistened unnaturally, the rubber member swelling slightly as it was once more pushed back into the growing snout of the dragon beneath him. As the predator transformation reached Draconicon’s feet and caused them to swell he dug into the ground while Havok did the same with his hands as they ballooned with growth too. Soon the latex assimilation was already on the washboard abs of the black dragon while the white dragon’s stomach shifted and morphed into a similar structure.

As Havok began to push his head deeper onto the cock he tried to wonder what was happening with their bodies while he watched the latex spread to Draconicon’s fur, but as he tried those thoughts began to get… hazy. Thinking soon became like he was trying to trudge through a swamp, and the more complex of an idea he tried to form the hard it was for him to focus on it. While part of it was due to the cock being pushed inside of him it was mostly because he could feel something else blocking those thoughts, urging him to think of more… primal things. When he focused instead on sucking the cock in front of him while he started to stroke that weight of thought was lifted and he grew ten times more into it.

Soon the two lustful latex behemoths decided that merely one of them getting a blowjob wasn’t enough, the black latex dragon pulling off his white rubber counterpart with a grunt and turned him around. It appeared Havok tried to say something but as his hair grew out into a wild mane and his tail grew longer the only thing that came out of his muzzle was a grunt. Soon Draonicon had his cock inside the other male and the two were going at it once again, both relishing in the instinctual need to rut and being rewarded with cascading waves of pleasure. Soon thinking became a bothersome entity to the two primal rubber dragons, their only thoughts were their cocks and what they could put them into next…

“It’s always fun to watch a plan come together,” Klaine mused as he and the two servants watched the two devolved dragon grunts slide their bodies against another and rut with a primal passion that came with such a transformation. “Two latex beasts… you know if they were willing I could make them quite a lot of money, though I’ve been specifically told that I can’t do such a thing. It’s a pity.”

“I’m sure it is Master Klaine,” one of the two servants said as they watched Havok pull back and let the hard latex cock of the other dragon slide out of his throat, the two beginning to wrestle one another to see who would be on top. “But there’s just one thing… you wanted us to go and serve them, but I don’t think they really want anything. What are we supposed to do-“

The servant’s question was interrupted by the sound of a spray can going off as Klaine took the aerosol he had been hiding and tagged them both with it. “Pheromone spray,” the symbiote raptor explained as he stepped back and closed the door behind them. “With those two being in as much heat as they are I’m sure you’ll make fine prey for them! Who knows, maybe it’ll even rub off on you!”

The two servants swallowed hard and looked at one another, though their eyes widened even more as the grunts and struggles the two primal dragons had been emitting had ceased. They slowly turned around to see two sets of eyes on them, their jagged rubber-scaled bodies sliding off of one another as their large nostrils heavily breathed in. The two servants had not been given the same advice that Klaine had given to Havok and turned to run to the other side of the house, prompting the others to quickly dig into the ground and chase after them. The two didn’t get very far… and it wasn’t long before the low grunts and growls of two primal creatures turned to four.