

“Hey Draco, you in?” Blake called, wandering into the ice dragon’s lab using a key he’d ‘borrowed’ from his last venture inside. The fox heard a few taps and clicks in the distance, either Draco had heard him and was ignoring him or he was deeply engrossed in his work.

He wandered closer to the nearby desk, hands roving over the top of a few assembled inventions and a few that were obviously still in progress. His fingers hesitated over a remote, this one was unmarked, probably not worth the risk to push buttons, at least not this time. He might take one or two of them for an impromptu test when he was done in the lab.

Moving away from the desk led him to a control panel, one that had a new button installed on it. This thing often led to seeing fun new treats. The button was labelled as ‘Lizzie’s dream’.

That made Blake all the more curious. Lizzie was a friend of Draco’s who Blake had met a few times. The ambiguity of the label hinted that it could either be something that would recreate an ideal fantasy or something wacky that popped unbidden into her head. If it was odd enough for Draco to program... Eh, it couldn’t hurt right and it wasn’t as dangerous as the fully unmarked buttons he’d prodded in prior intrusions. With curiosity spurring the fox onward, he pushed the lowest button.

Immediately a small mechanical arm responded; descending from above with a rounded glassy tip, lights from within blinked as it quickly scanned over him. “Identified as Blake, recalibrating.” A disembodied mechanical voice chimed.

The fox snickered. “What does that mean?” He watched the arm retract with a smirk across his face, though now the device was starting to whirr, preparing to enact whatever programming had been set up.

“Huh?!” A voice called, Draco’s, confirming he was in as steps thudded closer, alerted by the mobile machinery.

As the fox looked across waiting for Draco to come by an arm descended behind him. Rather than a scanner, this one bore a heavy and wide metal clamp which latched abruptly shut around the fox’s torso, squeezing his arms tightly to his sides and making him cry out in shock.

“Ahhh!”

Draco strode into the room, he recognised that voice. “Blake?! What the hell. You know I lock this place up for a reason!” He said, striding round the corner.

“Second subject located.” The mechanical voice called, two more arms shooting out at speed to grab the dragon’s wrists. Sharp-tipped claws followed over both figures, making neat cuts so that the pair could be effortlessly stripped of their clothing, Draco’s lab-coat fell to the floor, followed by his pants.

“What did you do?!” Draco yelled trying to back out of range, the machine responded by yanking upward, pulling him onto the tips of his toes and walking him closer.

“Nothing!” Blake cried back, “I just pushed a button, it’s not like it’s my fault you invented whatever this is!” The fox protested, squirming as his own attire was severed and trying not to think about the naked dragon he saw in front of him, hoping the machine didn’t turn Draco so that he could see.

“Which button did you press?” Draco asked, brain trying to figure out exactly what might be about to happen.

Another hydraulic whirr alerted Blake of a fresh arm approaching with a gloved-hand at its tip, the hand cradled a syringe which, given the brace holding him still, was something the fox could do nothing to avoid. “Gah!” He cried as it stabbed him in the neck.

“Blake? Which button?”

The fox didn’t answer, instead letting out an inarticulate mumble as the chemical hit him, whatever it was immediately felt both relaxing and soothing. “Identified as Creator Draco, recalibrating.” The voice chimed, alerting Draco to the scanning arm that had passed above him.

“Oh no. Tell me it didn’t scan you first, you of all people...” The dragon said as the machinery shifted him around. “Oh boy...” He said, the sights confirming it. Blake had a dazed expression, tongue almost lolling out of his mouth and above him several more arms descended, two of them carrying quite overt shaped tips.

The empty handed arms massaged Blake’s head and scalp, brushing his ears to the side while the overt ones moved closer, then slid the phallic tips into the ears. “Aaaaah!” Blake mewled in happy bliss as his chemically manipulated thoughts welcomed the push.

Being made of some manner of rubber-like goo lended Blake a certain malleability which the machine certainly exploited, able to literally mindfuck the fox while causing only joy and welcome sensations. As one dildo speared the left ear, another was tugged out of the right, pistoning back and forth between them as they worked over him.

Draco couldn’t pull himself away from looking either, not just because the machine held him but the morbid fascination of how his invention had scanned Blake for such a short time and yet had already reached the conclusion to treat him in that manner. “Blake, wake up, tell me which button.” He asked, voice half between singsong and concern, knowing inside it was already pointless to try and ask.

A distant look had fallen over the fox’s eyes, quite taken in under the spell. More arms moved near Draco, delicate fingers pinched the base of his exposed cock. The feeling made him tense up, inadvertently growing as a result, his tip bumping as a stretched sleeve of rubber was brought over the top and folded into place. A long narrow tube was connected to it, yet his

attention was snatched away as he felt something cold and liquid, something which was spreading over Blake too.

A growing chemical substance of 'living' latex, spread from the points of application, flowing and growing as it slid over his scales and the fox's fur. The clasp around Blake bent him forward, walking him closer to Draco, who was spun around.

"Computer, abort! Uh, halt! Stop!!" Draco tried, desperately trying to remember what he might have set up in such emergencies.

"Override disabled due to whims of both subjects." The computer commented back.

"Oh so you've grown a sense of humour now? Not funny! Abort!" He insisted, trying to pull his head away as the gooey rubber enveloped his chest and started crawling down his arms and up his neck.

"Override disabled due to whims of both subjects." The voice repeated.

Draco opened his mouth to argue yet was interrupted as two hands, those of Blake, clapped against his thighs and held on just below his rump. His tail felt the brush of Blake's head underneath as the fox pushed forward, yet while he was struggling in shock from that the machine didn't give him a break.

The narrow tube from earlier, the one attached to the sleeve that had only grown tighter as the spreading rubber both stirred his feelings up and pressed down with increasing firmness, was buried into a deep, phallic plug. The plug in turn was being shoved into Draco's lips, filling his mouth and preventing further commands. "Mmmh! Mhnhhh!" He groaned as the moving latex swept behind his head and over his cheeks, connecting to the gag, covering over behind it.

The tube was also collected by the rubber spread, which had met the flow from Blake's hands, linking them while burying his waist. The machine whirred on, attaching a few more items, a webbed harness to stabilise and hold the weight was pulled together before the rubber seeped on top, covering it up.

From where he bent over Blake was happily lost, the flow had covered his own cock, keeping it excited and pent up. All the more wonderful was that he felt Draco's tail drape across his back, felt it lashing in panic then growing still as the rubber coated it and Blake's torso, glueing them together.

The fox's head was already cast in darkness but hands pressed in, kneading him, working his head like dough, squashing it and then rolling it. The coating was closing in, giving the machine little time to work.

Draco felt the motions then felt something soft and squishy press not just against his rump but between the cheeks. The clamping hands suddenly thrust Blake forward, his softened

head pushing *inside* of Draco's ass, as filling as the thickest dildo and vibrating with each of Blake's vocal grunts.

The coating continued over his shoulders, with the rubber thickening and layering on itself as it hid most of his curves away then dripped down his legs to finish encasing him. Draco's hands had been released from the machine and in one last desperate battle of resistance, they tried to tug the face covering goo away from his head or tried to push in and dig to get a grip on the cock tube, yet it was fully out of his reach. Instead his panicked huffs caused the tube to squeeze and clench over him, to even get access to air he had to suck on the phallus, giving a long pull before a hidden valve would let breath circulate. If he pulled too much though he would risk flooding the tube!

The situation was intensely dire and worrying, especially as the rubber sealed over the last tip of his wings, folding them and hiding them against his back. Yet the truth of it crept into his mind, the machine had scanned him and Blake and come up with this method. As he tried to stumble forward, feeling Blake as a counter balancing weight who also stepped in time with him, jostling around below his tail and further teasing him, he realised what button must have been pressed!

"Ghdd Dmnnnht Blhnm!" He yelled, of course the fox would be attracted to the button that wasn't fully configured. His hands squeezed blindly at the rubber along his back, it was already hardened and solid there. The machine had at least cleared out a passage in front of his lips to ensure he could get air, though it revealed a plush tight hole that just invited anyone who might walk in to help themselves to, yet otherwise the dragon was stuck.

Outside of the dark latex shell, a chemical scent grew as the machine started to decorate it with paint, spraying lines and tinting them in colours.

The mechanisms decided that Draco's struggling was also too much, zooming forward and grabbing his wrists, this time cuffing them together in front of him. Blinded and restrained, he was unaware as a small mouthful of paste, laced with the drug that had made Blake compliant was pushed into the mouth hole, forcing it in.

By the time he tasted it, it was too late to resist. His legs buckled, kneeling, as did Blake's, making him sit as though he were in fact the feline-taur that he was being painted as. With the pair pacified, the machine pressed on, finishing the job.

Hours later, Blake was the first to snap out of his stupor, though he was hit with panic and confusion. His body was bent forward, arms raised and stuck, gripping something that moved. He couldn't release his grip or straighten up, while his head was trapped in darkness and felt something unfamiliar, yet strangely... recognisable squeezing around his neck, in a too tight

grip. Worse still, his body filled in enough blanks to tell him this was an intensely arousing situation.

He throbbed in need even as he tried to stand, yet with his awkward position he couldn't find his footing. "Mmmh?! Mmm, mhhhh! Drhhe, hmmlph!" Even to Blake those noises sounded distant and subdued, his head was buried in something that squirmed around him whenever he emitted any vibrations. He tried to plead, remembering he'd seen the dragon, that he'd pushed the button. His cheeks blushed, with no accurate recollection he surmised that he'd done this to himself and better yet he'd accidentally got Draco involved too.

He tried to strain and stretch the rubber, tried to kick and tug it off his legs, yet it was solid and firm, barely even budging before overpowering him and returning to shape seamlessly.

The paint had set, the machine had claimed some costume pieces and put together some new ones too which it rolled into place. A long sleeve with thick white and thin black stripes was pulled up Draco's right arm, matched by another on Blake's left leg.

The machine built an asymmetrical look, tight clothing, an AI-melded idea of punk styles and gothic colours to suit the dark-painted feline. The paint hid some of the rubbery shine too, making it glossy but more subdued. It had even stuck a mask with a fixed toothy smirk over the mouth hole, hiding it away.

Below the surface Blake had contextual clues to go with as his legs were lifted and dressed, the light tug of the attire dragged on. More confusingly, Draco was seemingly *happily* enjoying it, at the very least he wasn't giving any aid to Blake's struggles.

Draco's lack of fight strongly weighted Blake down, the fox managed to shove with both legs but that just caused Draco to fall onto his front, his hand wandering below his waist in his confused state. The solid floor pressed so close to Blake's face that the fox realised where he was embedded, fully within the dragon's pelvis. In that posture he was even more helpless, until Draco woke from his stupor, Blake would be stuck in this awkward helpless position.

*"Whoa, that's incredible, how are you managing that?"*

*"Yeah Draco, when you vanished for a while we thought some mishap had struck."*

"Nah guys, just working on a new project." Draco replied to them, prancing and showing off.

*"Your voice is different, dog, new mic?"*

"Something like that." He responded, glad that his muffled moans of 'Mmmph' and 'hmmph' were too quiet for the microphone to pick up. Instead a voice synthesiser he'd crafted and tucked into place was able to produce what he really meant to say. Making the best of a

strange situation, Draco had rigged and adjusted his 'new form' to a VR avatar, adding motion trackers to his arms, legs and the rear legs that were technically Blake's.

The fox still protested, giving muffled "mmmphs" from below. Even now each protest made Draco quiver, yet as far as the dragon saw it was all his fault, thus he was deserving of little mercy. More people were wandering over, people beyond Draco's friends started crowding around, fascinated and curious with how the legs managed to look so lifelike and react in real time.

*"How did you make that work? What the hell?"* One asked and soon Draco's avatar was the centre of attention for the entire lobby.

"Sorry guys, not ready to share my secrets just yet." He replied with a laugh. Stretching out and stepping back. He hadn't made any announcements or teasers about this new form's debut on the virtual landscape and from the response he received it was a good thing, else he'd have been positively swarmed. It took only an hour for him to have fully depleted his social battery and have to hop into a private world with his friends for the flagging few minutes before he had to pack it in.

"Ahh, that went well." He concluded as he took off his headset, putting it down beside the controllers. "And now the cameras are off and no one's watching, this is for prancing around and making the thing look bugged." Draco pronounced as his hand went to his cock, rubbing and squeezing the length while clenching his rump hard, he played with himself, exploiting an accessory that the machine had attached to the suit, a one way transfer of force. "And this one's for trying to yell loud enough to be heard."

Any time Draco received stimulation, the accessory passed the stroking onto Blake, too, meaning with one hand the dragon half of the goth-cat centaur could tease them both. The one-way aspect also meant that Blake couldn't tease Draco back beyond his desperate murmurs, nor would the dragon be otherwise tormented when he did things, knowingly or not, that excited the fox.

"It might have taken me months but hey, now people will calm down and stop asking if I'm dead, again." Draco said when he had punished Blake enough. "That said, I'm not a monster, we might be able to hit off a real surge of attention with this heh, 'avataur' project of mine. Actually you know what, since I couldn't do it without you I'll credit you. That sound fair?"

"Mhhh, mmmhm nhmmhm!" Blake mumbled into Draco's crotch.

"Good, good." Draco said, taking it as an affirmative. "Behave yourself and maybe I'll program one of these voice things for you, eventually."

Blake squirmed within. In the first week and a half, Draco had tried a lot of things, struggling in the suit, fighting to get himself free, to sort their bodies back to normal, then abruptly he'd seemed to give up. The fox suspected that Draco felt he was on the verge of

discovering the way out of this and stopped his research to just relax into being this way, treating it as the new normal.

That meant absolute frustration for the fox. During the months that had passed between him pushing the button and now, Draco had reminded him many more times that he only had himself to blame.

The fact that Draco was enjoying it became clear when he started inventing new things relevant to this form, the first of which he stepped into now. Stepping onto a plate, the many armed machinery he was prone to building came down, stroking over the cat-taur form, gently and soothingly with the front half, yet always feeling deeper than it needed to with Blake's end. Squeezing glove-like hands brushed fresh polish into the rubber coating, double checking for any blemishes and spots, keeping it looking as pristine as its application.

One vibrating buffing brush was always pressed between Blake's legs, making him whimper as he was teased to excitement and held there.

When the polishing was done, Draco would begin some stretching exercises to work out their bodies and keep them limber. If Blake ever hesitated, more grabbing arms would descend to work his legs and hips for him. With the routine finished came the part that Blake both dreaded and longed for.

The dragon walked him over to a stand then started reversing. Blake took a deep breath, preparing himself, it seemed he was to be rewarded after all, despite the mishaps.

He was suddenly eager and willing to please, backing up. Like the mechanism that polished their body before, this one was also designed for their needs, in a very specific way. Hoisting arms waited for Blake's feet to pass a mark, then a bracing pedestal rose to hold his torso and take the weight off his legs. The legs were then folded up and out to the side, exposing him as a pumping device was slotted over his rubber-sleeved length. As it began to work on him the machinery also slipped a ribbed dildo into his rump.

Blake had no idea what the machine did on Draco's end but the squeezes it relayed backwards were, on their own, teasing and exciting. When the pumps and pistoning toys were at work it was more than what was needed to bring ecstatic joy to the fox. The devices thrummed, thudding in and out, squeezing over him, passionate speed testing his stretched hole which the cat-taur outfit both protected and kept tight.

He dimly heard the voice-synthesiser crying out in joy, panting hotly. He was too focused on his own wonderful ravishing to care. His hands tensed, gripped tightly to his draconic muse, idol, friend and now controller. When he thought of it that way, that he'd become a part of Draco's life, his to toy with, it all became intensely more arousing and welcome, something to make his knees quake, proving the need for the holding brace.

Draco let out a powerful yell as the climax took him, Blake able to sense it from the tighter squeezes at his cock which sent him to join in moments later, even his hands joined in passionately, trying to squeeze Draco's hips further around his head, as if that were possible.

With a few more sighs and pants of exertion, Draco gave the command to turn off the machinery. "I'll give you five so that you can stand properly. Good work today." He said, the grin evident even in the distorted voice. "Unfortunately our debut was such a success that I might need to really see where it's going before I change anything up but don't worry, I'll keep our little maintenance ritual going every day."

Blake's throat whined out at the proclamation, yet ultimately the truth shone through; even he couldn't deny that there was a blissful edge to it.