

Two dragons entered the room, a total of eight legs, with one set of claws tapping loudly and with confidence, each stride eliciting a creaking sound. The other dragon quietly followed behind. The taller of the pair, ice blue colourings flecked through what could be seen of his scales, was Draco and it was his home that he entered, followed by Raigan, a smaller, purple dragon.

Raigan was bared to the elements while Draco wore a shiny rubber suit, yet he wasn't going to remain the only one dressed that way for long. "There it is, waiting to be filled." Draco said, his snout gesturing toward a carefully laid outfit of pink glossy latex. A few lighter pink spots on it had been painted in heart like shapes.

"U-uh, you're sure about this? You're really okay?" Raigan asked with a light chuckle.

"I've got the thing prepared for you and you're asking if *I'm* the one that's alright? Surely I should be asking you, after all, it won't be easy to get back out of it when I'm done." Draco teased in a way that made Raigan all the more bashfully eager.

Raigan gulped but nodded. "Oh, I'm sure." He asserted.

"Then let's get started."

Draco had been pushy, as per Raigan's requests from before, veritably stuffing him into the outfit. It squeaked and creaked even louder than Draco's own limbs as with his claws he pulled it up and over Raigan's body and head. The purple dragon's mouth was filled with a sculpted pouch, lining his jaws. It opened up behind his teeth, allowing him to move his jaw and access his throat, less a restriction and more of a constant reminder.

Padded and shaped segments in the rest of the suit filled out to subtly alter Raigan's appearance, most notably around the shoulders and hips, smoothing it off to a more feminine outcome. This was added to by the long fake lashes attached to the masking hood.

Most of it was a single piece, though Raigan's wings poked out through holes, the purple all the more noticeable compared to his new trappings; Soft pinks with a rosy-white belly of scales. Raigan shivered, bent down on all knees as Draco pulled the zipper up his back, slightly off to the side. Even a ridge of rubber had been crafted to mask and soften his own. He'd hunkered down to hide his growing arousal, yet found the suit did that for him. In fact, in a feat of particularly devious engineering, the pressure of Raigan's growing member pushed air to a discreet pouch that puffed up around a hole that simulated where a dragoness' vent might sit.

Draco pushed a paw down on Raigan's haunches, making his knees buckle and letting him rub on the floor, the puffed air pushed back around the smaller dragon, making him moan softly. Draco's claws pulled the matching wing pouches closer, keeping one foot on Raigan at all times and possessively pushing down as his other limbs worked the pouches into place.

These came fitted with belts tightened and cinched to pinch the limbs folded up.

The end of the zipper was on the upper side of the wings and between Raigan's shoulders, two spots that were well out of reach no matter how he could have twisted. Draco wasn't letting him though. Moving from the bags to a short harness with a built in collar, fitted with a heart shaped tag. He had to get up to slide the straps under Raigan's arms, running the lowest band under his wings then another above them, further securing it all but notably running a strap that pinned and covered up all the zippers.

The collar band was the last to be secured and it clicked with a snap, locking shut and ensuring none of the suit could simply be removed.

"My, my, what happened to Raigan, and who is this cute dragoness under my claws?" He teasingly asked once the femsuited dragon rose to a shaky stand.

"Mrrf." Raigan replied, the enjoyment of their kinky situation stealing any sensible words.

"Mrrf? Is that your name then?" The blue dragon mocked as he stepped around behind Raigan in a slow circle.

"What, no I-" Raigan blanked, he didn't know what alias to use, whether he should insist on his current name or not.

"Ah well, not that it matters, because I paid good money for all this gear so it's going on someone!" Draco declared, his front claws moving, catching and hooking a muzzle over Raigan's snout.

The 'dragoness' squeaked, a solid shape inside the muzzle filled up the rubber pouch, stretching the jaw, working in around it. Draco pulled the muzzle straps shut until they clasped together with a click, straps leading from the latch between Raigan's eyes and around his cheeks.

"I still don't think you're secure enough, do you?"

"Hmmm? Hmm nhhm."

Draco turned to the surface grasping more rubber, this time shaped into round ball mitts. A set of four, not just for the front claws but also those at the back. They were of a sturdy make, obviously standing out from the suit, thick digits covers designed to look adorable while they made Raigan's claws useless. The fully suited dragon accepted the mitts, holding still as they were slipped in place and then tightened up above each ankle. A set of small locks was clipped over the buckles. Secure enough to dissuade Raigan's light tugs.

"That's the restraints on you, now to dress you up properly. If you'd like that, follow me." Draco told his charge, moving to one side.

Raigan wanted to see more. His curiosity was hooked and his passion lit, he followed with what he intended to be demure, dainty steps fitting his suited appearance but turned into

clumsy wobbles thanks in part to the mitt but his erected length, pushing against the discreet pouch, added to each step. "Mmmh~."

Draco stepped far enough ahead that he could encourage Raigan closer with an all too familiar sound, the rustling of vinyl trash bags, a set of blue ones lay already spread out. As Raigan drew closer he saw that Draco had already made some cuts to them. The dragon taking the lead directed Raigan to sit. A bag was pulled up and over his head, a hole lined up, wide enough for him to slip through, suited horns and all.

Two more holes left the way open for Raigan's pink coated arms to poke through, then the bag was drawn down as long as it would sit. The second bag, its bottom sliced through entirely, was dragged over the first then tucked into position where a smattering of tape pinned it to the bottom of the first. Covering from the midriff to over the tail as a kind of make-shift skirt. Raigan shivered, even though he couldn't feel the vinyl directly on his scales, knowing it was there, and prepared for him specifically, did more than enough to encourage him on.

"There, I have to say you're looking far more modest already. So it's time to make you immodest instead!" Draco pronounced, reading the mood. His front legs pushed on Raigan's shoulders, holding him on his back, the rubbery layers squeaking on the floor. One foot stayed on the ground as the other splayed and pushed under the vinyl skirt and against the puffed hole, brushing around over it until a claw found its way in, wiggling to further tease the slighter dragon's trapped length.

His rear foot pushed and brushed while his front legs brushed, taking his weight off the claws and onto the toes, he pulled to test the fit of the suit, it creaked and creased before falling back into place.

It was secured and the simple squeeze of the tape was enough to keep the bags in position, which meant that he was free to pleasure with a bit more passion. Draco got down, lying comfortably next to the smaller dragon. His dominant hand went down, slipping back under the skirt and finding the faux slit while the weaker slipped under Raigan's head, cradling it, tilting it up and giving him something to brace.

Draco knew the limits of that toy hole, enough that even after he'd buried one digit down to the knuckle, he started to slide the first joint of the next in. The pressure added up for Raigan, brushing over his hidden cock, kneading the underside and tip from how the air was moved, the smaller dragon's hips waved and quivered, breath gaining heat. "Mmmh, mmmm." He whined, hips starting to buck. Draco smirked, softening his touch, making Raigan work for it, then suddenly the larger dragon teased powerfully, his fingers plunging right in. Raigan started to stiffen, squirming around, getting so close-

"And with that we're all done now!" Draco declared before he stopped and slid his limbs away from Raigan, leaving the dragon quaking with arousal. "Oh who am I kidding, I still need to make sure this little latex nessie is nice and plugged under her tail."

Raigan quivered and peered up, “M-mmmh?” The question answered as Draco revealed two overt toys with highly obvious intentions for their use.

“If you’re a good girl and take these, I promise I’ll edge you extra hard in the morning.” He said, brows down in a devious and playful scowl.

Raigan didn’t move, he was already in the ideal position after all. Draco’s empty hand brushed down the front of the bags, pressed in under to rub at the belly of the suit, one thumb adding a last little knead to the delicate bump that hid Raigan’s length, then he stuffed the longer toy, a dormant vibrator, into the faux vagina of the femsuit. It caught on the puffy lips, where Draco left it for a time. The second toy stuffed into a slit Raigan wasn’t even aware of, a thin layer of rubber separating it from the flesh of his tail hole. That one slid into place most of the way before the wide base caught.

“Ready?” Draco asked, not waiting for a response before his hand dropped to a remote. Both toys leapt to life, thrumming and buzzing. His claws went to the base of each, using the vibrations and the gyrations of the ‘dragoness’ to inch them in further and further until they popped through the ridges holding them back. It would need a solid tug to dislodge them from their secured positions.

The dragon stepped back, grinning, looking at Raigan squirming and kicking in the air. “So that’s how it looks when a dragon’s all flustered and unable to do anything about it. I guess I see why I’m often a fun target for others now...” His eyes watched as Raigan rubbed with the mitten, trying to push into the plug to get it against his hardness. “Oops, don’t push too hard, wouldn’t want it to get stuck in there now.” Draco teased.

There was no danger of that but Raigan didn’t need to know.

The blue dragon’s tail twitched as he lay down beside Raigan. “Good girl.” He said encouragingly, kissing his captive’s cheek. “Keep on being such a good little latex princess for me and I’ll make sure you don’t forget this night or my plans for tomorrow.”

“Mmmh!” Raigan squeaked, encouraged all the more as he felt Draco press in behind, spooning close and hooking three of his four longer limbs possessively over each of ‘hers’ while the final leg surged forward, toying back with the vibrating plugs once again. Draco was already squeezing himself closer, the physical contact adding to the feelings of how trapped Raigan was. All while his head rested calmly above the rubber covered one, that lower foot worked forcefully to rub and tease, not letting up the edging for more than the minimum he needed to make sure Raigan didn’t accidentally go too far. It was going to be a long night....