

“Rrrfhh, let me go!” The dragon Orwell demanded of the trio who accosted him, pinning him down on the pavement floor. “Are you police? Are you arresting me for something?!” He asked in confusion as the first thing one of them had done was wrestle with his arms until they could snap handcuffs onto him.

“Police? Hell no.” The cuffing one said, a large, muscled canine. Flanked by a lithe tigress and stocky iguana.

The dragon had been walking, minding his own business, passing the three furs who were leaning on their van, having a quick smoke break from the look of it. They’d fallen quiet as he drew near, the tigress taking a final drag before dropping and extinguishing the butt, then they’d made their move, following him at a run.

He’d noticed but he hadn’t been quick enough to outrun them.

As the dog held him down, the iguana gripped his legs, pulling them together while the tiger quickly zip-tied them.

“What are you doing? What do you want!?” He shouted, loud enough to hope he was overheard, though if so, no rescue came.

“We’re taking you with us, dumbass.” The tigress said as she crossed in front. The dog grabbed a rag, already smelling of chemicals and thrust it into the dragon’s mouth. Orwell grunted and squirmed, trying to resist the tigress from adding a zip-tie over his jaws, clamping them shut before a simple cloth bag was thrown over his head and also zip-tied on.

“Mmmh! Mmmmmh!” Despite his fear of chloroform the rag was either too lightly soaked or just bore residue, still, that did little to help him in his struggles.

The tigress and dog carried Orwell with them while the Iguana opened up the back of the van. They threw Orwell in, with him landing on something soft and curved, another body that squirmed and whimpered, several other voices echoed around him. What the hell was going on??

“Who the fuck is this?” A new voice asked as a foot stepped on Orwell’s bagged head.

“A white dragon.” The iguana replied nonchalantly. “He just happened to walk by after we caught the final target and well, seems like a perfect rarity to add to the stock.”

“You dumbass, I don’t just have buyers on hand to-!” There was a rustling, something Orwell couldn’t identify as the tigress stepped forward, pushing her hand into their leader’s shirt and whispering low.

“Come on, one more to make it a happy payday, for me?” She said in a low purr. “The holidays are coming up...”

“Fine, but your cut will be smaller to compensate for the rush job I’ll have to do! Get him stripped and prepped with the others.”

Trapped in darkness, Orwell tried to struggle, but the ties were placed in ways that at best he could hop a couple of steps if they weren’t dragging him on. Soon the sounds of his grunts and those around him were muted over loud machinery as the captives were split up.

“This one’s free.” The dog said, turning Orwell sharply. He was led a few paces forward before he felt rough hands pull at his clothing. His white scales were bared, his shirt pulled so that it was caught only by his cuffed wrists. Heavy hands fell on his arms. “You’ve got nowhere to run, nowhere to go, and trust me, the security in this place doesn’t bat an eyelid at dealing with intruders or incautious upstarts. So we’re gonna uncuff you, and you’re gonna stick your hands where we tell you. Got it?”

The dragon wanted to yell and resist, but the risks seemed too great, with a small shiver he nodded. “Mmmh..”

“Good.” One cuff came loose, then the other, falling with a clatter that was still drowned out by the sounds.

The hands on his arms guided them, stretching them, until he felt the squeeze of new, firmer cuffs around his wrists. His arms were held out forward and above, with the zip ties cut through at his legs, everything was removed until he was bared. As the hood and ties around his mouth came off, he narrowed his eyes to compensate for the relative brightness. He was in a corridor of some kind with this segment made of metal, surrounded by nozzles with a tiled floor. His arms were cuffed to the walls, keeping him still.

“What now?” He asked.

“Shut up and wait.” The dog barked.

Warm water shot out, spraying over his body, the iguana seemed to have gone but the tigress and dog remained, practical and straightforward as they cleaned the dragon up. Snatched off the street and now washed? Orwell had a very bad feeling about what they planned to do.

The clean up was finished, with a towel and hand-held dryer taken to him to remove the worst of the moisture and then he was pushed forward as soon as the cuffs released him. His handlers walked him forward, the door opened, yet instead of seeing a room there was just a small raised bench in a cramped box, facing away.

“Lie on this.” They directed, pushing him onto the bench, chest down, a curved groove pushing over his length to hold it visible between his legs. “Arms in the holes you see.”

He hesitated as he felt the tigress' hands on his leg, pulling it to a corner of that bench like shape, cuffing it against the rear leg. "W-why?" He asked.

"Do it!" The tigress said, reaching her clawed hand up and raking it down his rump. He yelped before sticking his hands forward. A mechanical pulse tightened over them, holding him there as his other leg was secured. "Good. I'd tell you that making it easy for us deserves a reward." She said. "But that'll be up to your buyer."

"Buyer?!" Orwell gasped but too slow, the door shut behind him, casting him in darkness as that mechanical hum grew around him. "What's happening? What's going on? Hello?!" He asked the darkness as the walls and ceiling closed in around him. "Wha-whammhph?!" A stretching cloying feeling hit his face, rubber, being vacuumed over the top of him and the frame.

"Mmmhh! Mmmhhh!" He groaned in panic, the pressure hit from every angle, even catching his tail and bending it up behind his back before the vacuum squeezed it down. The kiss of cold latex hit along his back, his legs, his arms, even his face. But it skirted his rump, leaving that exposed, he could feel the tightness bite into his skin. A small, gently tightening vise pressed over his jaw, too. His chest was stuck, wanting fresh air to deal with the panic, air that was granted as the vise guided something between his lips, a pleasure-sleeved tube. That dispelled any illusion or misjudged notion as to what brand of fate they had in mind for him!

As he struggled and squirmed in the darkness, he felt a more solid pressure above it all! Having vacuumed him tightly, an inflated, soft lining was pressed down, filling the gaps between his body and solid metal. Sudden intruders came, sucking something over his balls and shaft, burying below the tail and plugging his mouth with a stopper that pumped in air that tasted like it was made in a factory.

Whatever was laced inside it, made him fall asleep, something he tried to resist. Soon he could not keep it up, lulled into induced unconsciousness.

To the dragon, it felt like he was out for just a single night, and awake in darkness for maybe a day, yet his head was cloudy throughout, his body wasn't showing much discomfort beyond the unmoving plugs.

In truth, it was close to a week before he felt a change in his stimulus. The plugs withdrew from all orifices, the slow draw over his length even teasing it to half-hardness.

"Oh for god's sake, another one?" A woman's voice called.

"What? They had a dragon! An actual dragon, and I'm supposed to turn that down?" A man spoke back.

“You’ve barely used the last purchase!” She said, more offended at the impact to her household’s funds than the violation of decency that the dragon and this ‘last one’ had been put through.

“Mmghh?! Hnghhaah?” Orwell grunted, trying to speak around the tube gag.

“Mmmh, yes, that’s the stuff.” The man said. “Well, I’m going to enjoy my newest toy, if it upsets you so much you’re free to leave.”

“Hmph, I might as well help you get your money’s worth. Just make sure the next one you get is one I can ride.” She said in response.

The words were confusing and frightening. The horror of being kidnapped off the street was one thing, but finding himself between an arguing couple that viewed him as a thing was terrifying.

“Mnngh, mhhhhgn!” He tried to speak, tried to struggle, arms tugging and muscles pushing against his restraint, yet the vacuum tight latex and solidly packed cube around him prevented a single vibration escaping.

“Hmm, never seen a dragon’s before.” The wife said, “I wonder how tender it is.” Slender fingers of a pampered hand closed around his length, working the exposed part of him while a handheld toy nestled in between his cheeks. Meanwhile at the front his buyer leant forward, crouching so that his prepared self was thrust down the tube, the thickness of it blocked Orwell’s airway, making him grunt and groan in desperation while after a quick hand stroke to bring him up, the woman thrust a buzzing vibrator, all while playing constantly with his rear hole.

Short grunts were all he could muster in the few gaps offered between thrusts.

After a few minutes he already felt like he could pass out before the tormenting use of his front stopped. The man quickly walked around the back, shooing his spouse out of the way, the woman giving one last teasing tickle with the vibrator before abandoning him.

Though Orwell’s rump had been prepared by the toying, the forceful stuffing still stretched and strained him, making him grunt and croon and cry out into the air as he was used until the man reached his release.

“Ahhh, that was good.” He said, sitting back on the floor.

“Oh, looks like our toy didn’t make it.” The wife said. “Well, maybe next time.”

As she said that she took the lead in closing the box, the sleeve tugging over Orwell’s length and plugging up his rump. They left his head as free as it could get for the moment, moaning through the gag.

“So, what should I do with the last one?” The woman said. “There’s not enough space to have two of them here.”

“Put her in storage with the others. That’s one thing about these boxes. They stack so wonderfully, haha!”

“Then you’ll have to help me lift it. I swear...”

“Later, dear. Later. Besides, it’s about time for your show.” He said, before taking her hand and walking out. “Maybe we’ll give the previous toy one farewell use. We’ve only had her for three days, after all.”

“That’s the problem with you, the next shiny thing comes past and you buy it and damn what you already have.”

Orwell whimpered as he heard their words and it painted a horrible picture in his head. He wasn’t the first or even the second they’d bought? And the rest of them were simply put in storage?!

With a shiver up his spine, his thoughts were sent down a new path, if he proved unsatisfactory they might spare him further uses, but then... What if they left these stored others? Was being left alone better or worse? And that aside, was there even anything he could do to influence their decisions...