

When was this going to end? It had just been one thing after another ever since he'd been hypnotized, and things had been growing in intensity since then. Being forced to tease and rub himself off, his body doing as instructed by another instead of his own commands. He blushed just thinking about how he was forced to smile, to look genuinely happy and excited to be putting on a show for hundreds of others behind computer screens while the suit edged him for hours on end. And then it was tentacles! They had strung the dragon up, ignoring his please to let him free and forced orgasm after orgasm from his tired, overstimulated body... But this? This took the cake. Lycan let out a soft whine, which was muffled by the heavy mask on his head. The dragon sat in a hard, metal chair, his bondage suit only providing a minimal level of padding. The shiny red material had flowed not only over his horns, but it had formed a seal around the edges of the gas-mask he now wore. Normally, this wouldn't be an issue, since gas-masks were supposed to have filters.

Not this one.

Lycan winced as, once again, fresh oxygen hissed in to the mask from the right canister, allowing the dragon to keep breathing. The reason this mask was so heavy could be found in the two canisters of compressed air hanging off it, keeping Lycan from suffocating. A much smaller, built-in filter at the bottom of the mask allowed air to pass out, but sealed when air tried to come in, which left Lycan dependent on that hissing. The mask was designed to limit his vision enough so he couldn't see how large the canisters were, but he had a sneaking suspicion the one on the right was going to run out soon. Those hisses had been getting shorter and shorter... Of course, things wouldn't be so bad if he was able to move. Lycan whimpered again and tugged his arms, still finding them secured to the chair by thick metal braces. The same went for his legs and tail, keeping him firmly planted in his seat while he waited. For what, he did not know, but he prayed whatever it was would appear before he ran out of air!

As if on cue, there was a loud static sound in Lycan's ears, making the poor dragon nearly jump out of his skin! The static crackled for a few seconds, Lycan twisting his head to try and discern its location, only to soon find the sound moved with him. It seemed there were speakers in the mask, and soon enough, a gruff voice was hissing in to his ears.

"Hello, Lycan. I would like to play a game."

Those words made him shiver, biting his lip. Silence followed for a moment, broken only by the canister giving a much weaker hiss than it had moments ago. The last one, more than likely. Despite the situation, despite his heart racing in fear, the dragon's cock twitched at the thought. Yes, he had been almost painfully hard this entire time, the suit not giving him a moment's rest, squeezed tight around the base to keep him from getting soft. Fear and anxiety had drowned out the arousal until now, but as

the hissing stopped, he could feel it boiling below everything else. Before he could try to push it back down, the gruff voice returned.

“You have fallen in to a clever trap, set up by someone close to you. Despite your better judgment, you let him ‘show’ you something, and soon agreed to have a night full of adult acts. You let them record you performing lewd acts for the enjoyment of others, and even after this, you wanted more. You threw yourself to the tentacles, begging for them not to stop, letting them bring you to orgasm after orgasm for your own sick enjoyment.”

Lycan let out a few muffled cries, shaking his head. What!? No, He’d been *forced* in to those situations! The hypnotism was pretty convincing, since it looked natural, but it was all fake! There was no way he’d have done that willingly! And yet, as he remembered, his latex-covered cock twitched in denial, causing the voice to return.

“Even now, your body demands craven pleasure just at the memories. I know what you enjoy, Lycan. That is why I’m giving you a choice. The air canister that has been keeping you alive is about to run out, and the one of the left isn’t going to take over for it. At least, not without your help. If you want to keep breathing, you will have to bring yourself to climax before you suffocate. If you enjoy breath-play as much as your previous experiences show, then this should be no trouble. You have three minutes before the canister seals on its own, suffocating you in the process.”

With a loud ‘snap’, the thick bands around Lycan’s arms suddenly clicked open, allowing him a bit of movement. The air canister gave one last, pitiful hiss before stopping, obviously out of air, and the dragon quickly took his last deep breath. Lycan’s heart was pounding, confusion and fear overwhelming him. He was expected to cum, under these circumstances!?! He’d only enjoyed breath-play before because it was a controlled environment, not because his life depended on it! And yet... His cock throbbed as he gripped it, grunting in to the gas-mask and starting to stroke and rub at a wild pace. For the first time in his life, Lycan was overjoyed that the suit had kept him hard aroused for so long. He already felt sensitive, and didn’t have to waste time getting up to full mast. Lycan stroked as fast and hard as he could, squeezing every time his claws passed the head of his shaft, biting his tongue. Mmh, it felt so good...

Lycan moaned before he could stop himself, biting his tongue harder and cutting it off half way. But the deed was done, and he had lost air with that single vocalization of pleasure. Was he really getting off on this!? A bead of pre forming at the tip of his rubbery cock was all the confirmation he needed, making his face burn hot beneath both the mask and the latex covering his face. He felt a tightness in his chest,

his heart sinking. Damn, he'd lost a lot of air with that moan! He stroked faster and harder, rocking his hips in to his paws as best he could, feeling something boiling deep within him. Yes, the beginnings of an orgasm! He redoubled his efforts, focusing on stimulating the sensitive spots as much as possible, hunching forwards slightly for ease of access. Seconds ticked by, soon building to a minute and a half. Lycan's lungs burned, and he simply couldn't hold his breath any longer. The dragon exhaled loudly, quickly trying to suck in a fresh breath of air, to fill his lungs with oxygen! But the seal did its job, and all he got was the effect of sucking on an empty bottle. He really was out of air!

This revelation made his cock, throb, and Lycan thrashed, feeling his orgasm creeping up. But his chest was burning once more, now from lack of life-giving air, distracting him from the building pressure in his loins. The dragon shook his head, desperately trying to suck in more air, the burn growing and growing. At the 2:45 mark, Lycan started to see spots, his paws slowing on his cock as unconsciousness gripped at his mind. He was leaking buckets, so close to cuming, just a few more good strokes from release! He clung to reality, forcing a few more weak tugs from his paws, darkness taking over his vision. No! He was right at the edge! But his arms felt like iron weights, dropping to his sides as Lycan slumped forwards...

Only to shoot straight back up, the left canister discharging! Lycan was caught off guard, taking in a giant gasp of air, his heart hammering hard in his chest. His life had started flashing before his eyes, but now his mind was filled with need. He grasped his shaft, moaning and grunting in to the gas-mask, his eye clenching tight as he- he... Didn't cum! Lycan let out a whine, tugging harder and faster to no avail. The damn suit! It was giving him juuust enough stimulation to teeter at the edge of orgasm, just a good, hard squeeze from an explosive release. But, the suit wouldn't let him have it, programmed to torment him for as long as he kept rubbing his leaking, rubbery pole. Lycan sat there for a few minutes, whining and thrashing and stroking, the pleasure flooding his mind. No, no, no! Just one more tug... No, one more! The next one HAD to be it, his body screamed, if only he went faster! But no matter how much he wanted it, the release never came. Lycan was so wound up after five minutes of this rigorous edging that he almost didn't notice when that gruff voice returned, only now much clearer and more natural sounding.

"Oh man, I had you going *good*! You were so damn scared, oh; please tell me we got all that on camera, KiRA! 'I want to play a game!' Gods above, how cliché! And you bought it, hook, line and sinker, and actually tried to get off to it! Oh, this is going on the internet, rest assured!"

Lycan whined, blushing hotter than he could ever remember doing so before. It was all a trick? Some sick, twisted joke!? He'd played right along in to it too, and blushed brighter as he realized he'd actually enjoyed it. The rush when he couldn't draw in a breath, how amazing it felt when he finally could, being

drawn back from the brink. The memories made him moan louder in to the gas-mask, still breathing hard, his chest still burning... But, something was off. As the voice went on about how clever it was for tricking him, Lycan tried his hardest to put his claw on it. He took in another panting breath, and it hit him; the air had a metallic taste to it, and almost felt like he was breathing in heavy fog, like droplets of moisture clinging to the back of his throat...

“Hoo, man... Give me a minute to regain my composure, and I’ll be down there to take the mask off. Heheheh, that was just too much fun...”

Wait, they were coming to see him in person? Lycan didn’t recognize the voice, not that he was really focusing too hard, what with his cock being the center of his life right now, but it was certainly strange... The dragon didn’t know how much time had passed when he heard the hiss of pneumatics, and the clack of claws on metal behind him. Lycan screamed in to his mask, begging to cum, to release, his cock making quiet a mess as pre oozed and gushed from the tip. But he was ignored for now, a set of claws coming to rest on the sides of the gas-mask. He soon felt a firm force tugging it away, and with a wet, sticky sound, Lycan took his first breath of fresh, clean air... Only to have the suit quickly muzzle him. Lycan shouted in to the latex, still thrusting and rubbing, his arms starting to burn from the exertion as he looked back.

“Sorry, Lycan, but I’ve got strict instructions to follow...”

Behind him stood a short anthro dragon, wearing nothing but an open lab-coat. A jet-black erection clashed with his white belly, and the purple scales of his back looked almost regal in the dim light of the room. Lycan shouted and thrashed, pleading as best he could, so very close to release... Only to soon freeze. His eyes were locked wide in shock, and soon not even they could move, the dragon forced to stare straight ahead at the blank wall. His hectic breathing quickly sifted to calm and even, even though his heart was still hammering in his chest. He stayed like this for a few seconds, his eyes watering as he wished he could blink, before suddenly his entire body fell slack! Lycan tried to move something, anything, to make sure he hadn’t just been paralyzed... And move he did, but not like he wanted. He slowly sat up straight, the suit peeling away to allow a grin to spread across his features. Wait, what!? Why was he smiling!?

“Nanites in place, Subject Lycan now in complete control.”

Why couldn't he move? Lycan tried to frown, to say something, to move his arms... But nothing responded. Instead, he was forced to watch as his paw moved on their own, raising before his eyes and flexing experimentally. Lycan's heart sank. No. No no no no no NO! It felt just like when he was hypnotized; completely aware but unable to control his actions! The dragon heard a few clicks, and soon he was standing without meaning too, his arms stretching high above his head instead of going back to stroking between his legs. He soon leaned forward, touching his toys in another stretch. His tail was raised, giving the purple dragon a clear view of his tailhole and heavy orbs. Lycan felt a rush of embarrassment as he winked and grinned at the other dragon, who grinned back in return, writing something down on his clipboard. Lycan, or rather, his body, soon approached the stranger, and it suddenly became obvious he was the runt of the litter. The other dragon was a good six inches shorter; not counting his curved horns, and looked to be sleek and feminine... Not counting the shaft between his legs.

"Mmm... Now that I finally get to see you in person, I have to say, that suit is *nice*! I've been trying to get my hands on Enduring Tech's work for quite a while, so this is two birds with one stone!"

Lycan could only blush (And his body grin) as the smaller male grabbed his cock, starting to stroke and squeeze gently. Oooh, yes, just a bit faster, a bit more! He was still close from trying to rub himself off, and this firm, gentle stroking was quickly sending him back to the edge. His heart dropped, expecting the suit to cut off the touch any second, bracing himself for the denial... Only to feel joy as the touch didn't stop, his balls pulling up closer to his body. Yes, Yes! He was going to cum! Both dragons grinned as he felt a rush, his orgasm coming... Only for them both to giggle as it didn't quiet finish getting there! Lycan screamed and thrashed in his mind, his cock twitching and pumping as if he were spilling his seed, but he was not. He had never felt this close to release without going over before, he'd never felt this crippling pleasure and denial at the same time. The smaller dragon soon pulled away, and Lycan's body giggled again, flexing his cock teasingly.

"Don't worry Lycan; I know the real you is still in there, and probably full of questions."

"Oh yes, he is! He's so desperate to cum, too!"

"Oh, I bet! But, there are questions to answer first... I guess I'll start with why you're here, what's happening, and who I am, yeah? So, your friend that started all this and got you in to this mess just so happens to be a good friend of mine as well! I think you and I might have met before at a party of his, actually... Whatever. Anyway, our mutual friend came to me asking for a few favors... Okay, a LOT of favors that I actually owed him. Again, whatever, not important! On topic; You aren't in control of your

body because that second canister of air was half oxygen, have nanites. You know, microscopic machines? There's hundreds of thousands of them inside you now, in your head, attached to nerves, manipulating muscles. Right now, there's a basic AI infused with your kinks in control, doing whatever I tell it to! I was a little distraught when our friend requested nanites, because they're pretty damn expensive! But I guess it's worth it, since I owe him, and he's not coming back for you for a while... Oh, right, sorry. He's loaned you to me for a week! That's right; you're officially Argus Labs property for at least the next seven days!"

At LEAST!? This was kidnapping! It was one thing to steal him away for a few hours to make a home porno and have fun with some tentacles, but a WEEK? Oh, he'd have some choice words for their mutual 'friend' after this was all over...

"Uh-oh, He's not too happy to hear that..."

"Not like he has any say in the matter. Oh, and our good pal has left me two check-lists; One for things he wants recorded and streamed, and one for things he wants to happen if there's time off-camera. Of course, I'm going to be recording everything anyway, but you'll have special nights to put on a show for a larger audience than just me and-"

"Oooh, if only you could see his thoughts..."

"Heheh, I'm sure I know what he's thinking. Anyway, if you don't remember me from the party, I'm Argus, owner and lead scientist here at Argus Labs. If you're wondering what we research here after what you just went through, well... You'll find out soon enough. Lucky for you, our friend requested you get the VIP suite after testing is done. Lucky for me, he didn't say testing couldn't continue in there!"

Oh, great. Fan-freaking-tastic, you get to be tormented all hours of the day...

"He's not pleased to hear that..."

"Again, good thing he doesn't get a say in the matter! The rest of your questions will have to wait for later, we're eating up time just standing here and talking! Get to studio two, on the double!"

“Right away, Master Argus... Oooh, he’s embarrassed again. Heheh...”

‘Studio’ was a bit of an understatement. Studio two was simply a large, heart-shaped cushion sitting in front of a deep-red backdrop, with a few scattered rose petals. On the far wall sat an expensive-looking video camera and a laptop, both of them on and running. Lycan would have face-pawed if he was able. This had to be some kind of joke... But it wasn’t. Lycan was unable to do anything but wait as his body grinned, sauntering out in front of the camera with an over-the-top sashay. Oh lord, things hadn’t even started yet and he already felt more ashamed than his night being hypnotized! He was forced to sit before the camera, legs spread wide, his cock exposed what were probably hundreds if not thousands of other people laughing at him right now...

“Good evening, everyone~ My last stream was a little... Dull, I know. But I’ve got a new director now, and I promise, it’s going to get so much better tonight!”

Oh, great. The tone he used was heavy and husky, a grin spreading over his muzzle as his tongue teasingly stuck out. Ugh, this was so bad! At least in his hypnotized state he didn’t have to talk, it was just pawing-off and looking naughty. But this was different, he could tell. It... Felt different than the hypnotism, like this was on a deeper level.

“Want to know why? As you can probably tell, I’ve got a special latex suit on, one right from Enduring Tech. Last time I kept going for hours and hours, and it’s because this tight, stretchy thing kept me on the edge of release. Mmmh, It felt so amazing, too, being so close but not being able to go over! I hope you all enjoy tonight’s show, I know I will~”

Lycan was blushing hard. There was no way he’d be able to go out in public after this, anyone who’d been watching this would see him and die of laughter! The dragon was incredibly relieved he couldn’t see the chat right now, probably filled with demeaning remarks or expressions of laughter. But his body didn’t care, sticking his tongue out at the camera again and giving a playful wink before suddenly turning away. Lycan raised his ass, lowering his chest to the soft cushion and spreading his legs. His cock twitched, and the dragon blushed brighter at how desperate he must look right now... At least he didn’t have long to think before crippling pleasure caught him off guard. His body was flooded with need, his

cock letting out a surprised throb. W-What!? These nanites could manipulate his arousal? Oooh, this wasn't good...

"Mmm, I wish one of you viewers was here to help me with this... I'm so needy, so aroused just thinking about it, picturing one of you taking me like the little bitch I am~"

Stop, please, just stop. Lycan didn't know what was worse; not being able to touch himself or the words coming out of his mouth. He was forced to wiggle his ass at the camera, his cock still throbbing, a steady stream of pre dripping from the tip. His body moved a bit, and soon he was staring right at the camera, giggling playful. Lycan could only watch in horror as his tail raised itself and curled around, soon moving to press against his tail-hole. For once, he was grateful the latex that made up his suit was slick, but he soon found another reason to hate this accursed, skin-tight layer of latex; it made his tail thicker. As the tip slowly pressed in, the dragon was forced to moan, his eyes clenching tight. Despite the shame he felt, despite the fear of not being able to control himself, his cock throbbed harder as his tail sank slowly deeper and deeper in to his tight little hole, and he let out a soft cry as it started to wriggle and writhe within him.

"I guess I'll just have to do things myself, then. Fantasize it's one of you making me moan and drip, denying me, taking me like I need to be..."

Lycan wished he could curl up and die, but his muzzle held nothing but a goofy grin, his tongue soon flopping lazily out of his mouth as his eyes opened again. He gave another naughty wink to the camera, his heart hammering in his chest, his face flushing hot. His tails soon nudged against his prostate, making his cock jump and nearly shoot a wad of pre in this heightened state of arousal. Lycan's wish for death only grew as he let out a light, girly moan, pressing in to the invading tail. His cock jumped at the stimulation, the tip of his tail tickling, rubbing and nudging that little button inside him! He tried to stop it, to take control of his body again, but nothing would respond. Lycan was forced to endure, his cock starting to tingle as he felt the start of an orgasm he knew wouldn't come.

"Aaaaah! Right there! There's my love-button, the juice-maker! It feels so good to tease to ravage it while I can't cum, it makes things so intense!"

'Juice-maker'!? Lycan was never going to live this down, not for as long as he lived. He was starting to dread the day he was taken back home, because he knew without a doubt that all of his friends were

watching this, laughing and rubbing one out... The thought made his cock jump, and soon throb angrily as his tail finally pulled back. It slowly pressed and wriggled, pulling half way out... Before roughly slamming forward! Lycan nearly blacked out from the intense pleasure, his tail having speared his prostate on the rough re-entry. He let out another high, effeminate moan, his hips starting to weakly thrust the air as his tail tip wiggled and teased his prostate, and soon pulled back and slammed in again! Lycan let out a louder moan, panting hard, his cock twitching as he started to approach the edge...

“Mmf! Oooh, yes, H-Harder, please, make me squirt!”

Lycan didn't even hear the words coming out his mouth any more, his cock the center of his reality right now. Just... One... More... Touch... NO! One more! He needed one last good press from his tail! Or a single rub to set him ov- Grrraaaaaagh! Lycan was starting to lose his mind, his frustration and need tugging at his sanity. But his body showed none of this; even as it reached down to start jerking his cock at a rapid pace, sending him to a whole new level. He could feel his seed boiling in his orbs, felt them drawing up close to his body in preparation to release... Only for dread to come crashing down on the poor dragon. It wasn't nearly as bad as when he'd first met Argus, but he couldn't go forward! He was right there, just a good squeeze from cuming! The intensity of the pleasure and edge grew as his tail started to thrust faster in to his ass, making him see stars.

“Oooh, I'm so close, I'm at the edge! I-It feels like my cock is g-going to implode if I don't cum! Oh, I love this feeling, I don't ever want to cum again! Aaaaah!”

His tail was slamming in to him as fast as it could now, making lewd slicking noises as it speared against his love-button. His paw was a blue on his cock, making it twitch and throb, demanding every stroke it received. He was so close, just one more! Another, please, that's all he needed! Grrngh, no, the next one has to push him over! Nooo! The pleasure was starting to tug at his sanity just as much as the denial, his vision starting to blur. Mmph, One more... One more.... Just... One... Please...

“Oh, he's back!”

Lycan would have groaned, if he in control of his body. He was still sitting on the heart-bed, with his tail still lodged deep inside him, pressed firmly to his prostate. The dragon could still feel his cock throbbing hard, his balls slightly aching from the intensity of the denial he had gone through... When had he passed out? All he could remember was how badly he needed to cum, to go over the edge, to-

“Oh, good, about time! It’s been two hours, you know, and our friend said he wanted you to feel as much as possible! Now, not only do I have the video saved for us to watch over and over again, but the nanites are currently sending me data about your mental state during the performance. You thought today was bad? Just you wait until I have a way to make you feel everything that happens while you’re unconscious!”

“Oh yes, he doesn’t know. We kept going after you passed out, and we got to be the second most-viewed video of the night!”

“Oh yeah, that was some good stuff! But I think we can do better! Unfortunately, the AI can only be in control for so long before both you and it need a break; So it can recharge, and to give your mind a break. It’s not healthy to keep you under its control for more than a few hours at a time. So, I guess I should give you a break, give you control back... AI, Head to the VIP room. Day one of your week here starts in the morning! I’ll be here for most of the night, reviewing the footage and making notes for the boys on the editing team. You’re going to be a porn star when this over, Lycan!”

P-Porn star!? They planned to put what he did in front of the camera on video and sell it!? Lycan felt his heart drop, even as he was walked out of the room with a forced skip in his step, tail still firmly planted against his prostate. The dragon couldn’t believe it. His mind was racing, being torn in two by crushing need and crushing terror. This was going to ruin him! He’d never be able to go out in public, no joke! He prayed, for his sanity’s sake, that Argus had been kidding. He was soon distracted as his body giggled and started to rub his cock, his need spiking a bit higher. The muscles in his lower stomach felt sore and tender, probably from all the flexing they did to make his cock flex. He couldn’t focus enough to remember where he was going, but eventually Lycan entered a room, and stumbled forward, his tail popping free of his tailhole.

“W-W-What...?”

He asked. Wait, he really did ask! He was in control again! Lycan looked over his body, tears of relief welling in his eyes... Only to moan and fall to his knees moments later. His claws flew to his cock, which

was quickly softening and sliding back in to his sheath! The slave-ball made sure to fill the pouch with latex, so when he was fully soft, he could still be teased. And teased he was. Lycan let out a horrified moan, rubbing and squeezing his sheath as it started to vibrate softly. At least he wasn't being edged any more, the dull vibrations more a distraction than anything. Lycan soon got to his feet again, and looked around the room.

It was nicely decorated; the walls had some sort of fancy trimming and wallpaper, and at the far side sat a large, round sofa. A huge flat-screen was set above a crackling fire-place, warming the room nicely as Lycan stepped into it. A few fancy abstract photos littered the wall, and windows on either side of the fireplace showed bright night sky. Lycan rushed towards them, hoping to get some idea about where he was, only to let out a startled cry and jump back. He was above the clouds! He crept up to the window again, biting his lip. It was like an endless ocean of dark-grey clouds, stretching out until it met with the star-filled night sky. Looking straight down revealed emptiness, like his room was suspended over the side of a cliff. Just where the hell was this place!? Lycan turned from the window, and noticed a second door on the other side of a rather large book-case. He opened it and stepped inside, finding a large master bedroom to greet him. A huge, four-poster bed obviously meant for larger feral dragons took up almost all the floor space, but left enough room to navigate. Another huge flat-screen sat on the wall right next to the door, over a set of dressers. Lycan pulled a drawer open, only to bush and quickly slam it closed. It was full of sex toys! The dragon made note never to open it again, noticing a third door on the left of the undecorated room. Just as he thought, it led to the bathroom. A large hot-tub took up the right side, with a toilet and fancy sink on the left.

The dragon sighed, walking to the over-sized bed and flopping on top of it. He crawled up to the top, slipping beneath the incredibly soft blanket and resting his head on the pillows. He tried to think clearly, to figure a way out of this. Was Argus kidding when he said he wasn't allowed to cum for a week, and about the video being mass-produced? Was he really stuck here for a week? What other 'tests' were in store for him?

Lycan didn't like the answer to any of these questions. He laid there, thinking, and soon his thoughts shifted to the never-ceasing vibrations between his legs. He squeezed his sheath, letting out a small grunt, and rubbed it slowly, reveling in the pleasure he felt. His body was so desperate for release, but he knew the suit would never let him, not while it was teasing him like this. So, with a disappointed sigh, he stopped rubbing and rolled on to his side, staring at the wall. Tonight was just a warm-up for a week of torture, humiliation and debauchery... Lycan let out a soft whimper, snuggling in to the blankets and trying not to think about it.

He soon passed in to a fitful, dreamless sleep, his last thoughts of how badly he wanted to go home, how badly he wanted things to just go back to normal...

And damn, how badly he wanted to cum!