

Joining a New Team

Zazin waited at the back of the bus while the rest of the bus load of rowdy football players got off, the well-built tiger watched until the last of them went into the stadium before he stood up. It was more a ritual with him than anything, a chance to get a little alone time. He rubbed a striped finger against the scar on his jaw as he stepped off into the fresh air of the outside; the weather itself seemed primed for their first game of the season. A light breeze ruffled through his fur, the whole scene would have been extremely tranquil if not for the cheering sounds he heard from the stadium.

He picked up the pace a little bit and walked into the locker room, where the rest of the team was in various states of undress. Some had their pads on already, while most were relaxed in the half hour before game time. The players had settled into their own groups, he drifted over to where the offensive line had gathered in their own little corner and set down next to their quarterback, a young, green-scaled dragon named Cyprus. He was only a sophomore in college, but so far in their preseason they were undefeated because of him.

Well, their success was only partly because of him. Granted he had an excellent arm and quick response, but the big reason was because so far the offensive line prevented anything from even touching him. Most of that was thanks to the shadow that was suddenly casted over him. That shadow belonged to Ralcus, their star center and an absolute behemoth of an Alaskan malamute. He stood almost a head above the tiger, probably almost seven feet tall and extremely well-packed with muscle that showed through his tight t-shirt and sport shorts.

"You ready for this buddy?" Ralcus said in a smooth, husky voice as he clapped him on the shoulder, which felt like someone dropped a ton of weight on it. "First game of the season!"

"Hell yeah!" Zazin replied cheerfully. "But are you? I mean... after what happened last game." The tiger cringed as he asked it, which dredged up the memory of that game. It had been the third quarter of their last pre-season game, and they were annihilating the other team by almost forty points. The defensive line hadn't penetrated the whole time, and it started to get so embarrassing their coach was going to put in the second string after their next possession switch. They were about fifteen yards away from yet another score when a desperate blitzer grabbed Ralcus by the facemask in an attempt to bring him down. At the same time another blitzer who tried to get through the hole slipped and smashed into the huge malamute, and he heard a sickening squish sound as his neck was twisted almost completely back and his body fell to the ground in a heap.

Zazin thought for sure Ralcus was done for, but to everyone's surprise he started to move around even before the trainers got to him. Then he managed to get to the sidelines almost under his own power, and he showed up to the next practice two days later. "I told you guys that I'm fine." Ralcus said cheerfully before he leaned in closer to the tiger's twitching ear. "It's because I have a secret to my success... something that I've been meaning to tell you for a while now. Would you like to see?"

"Um... sure..." Zazin replied, a little unsure. He had wondered for a while how the malamute managed to outstrip him in physical fitness; they had started in relatively the same shape at the same time, but

where the tiger had decent muscles and a good physique, the malamute looked like a greek Adonis in both looks and body. "What do you need to tell me?"

"Not here man." Ralcus said as he looked around before he smiled back down at Zazin. "Come on, I know a place where we can talk in private." Zazin tentatively got up and followed Ralcus through the bathroom and hallway into the girl's shower, which was empty due to the big game. As they got there and Ralcus turned to face him, Zazin was unsure if he had to make the right choice to follow his curiosity.

Zazin leaned up against the cold tile wall as the malamute just smiled at him. "So... what's this big secret of yours?" The tiger finally asked. "You're not on steroids or something, are you? You know that shit will mess you up."

"Of course not." Ralcus replied with a deep chuckle. "I would never do anything like that, you know me better than that... well, actually you don't. But I aim to fix that right now..." He smiled and quickly kicked off his shorts and shirts. Zazin suddenly became extremely uncomfortable as the naked malamute walked over to him, his muscles flexed fluidly under his fur as he got very close to him.

"I'm... I'm not gay." Zazin managed to say as Ralcus towered over him. He just smiled down at him as he towered over him, the tiger felt so... small compared to him. It was a rather odd feeling; normally he could just push his way out of this sort of situation, but with Ralcus' bulk it would be impossible without using some sort of force. The malamute just shook his head and closed his eyes, and he appeared to concentrate on something.

For a few seconds they stood there in silence, the tiger slowly started to slide along the tile wall towards the exit before he noticed something shiny and black on Ralcus' fur. Zazin could only stand there in stunned silence as the shiny patch spread out before his eyes, the malamute's fur seemed to melt into it as more and more of his body was consumed. It only took a minute before the black material completely covered him, a faint smell of rubber wafted into Zazin's nose as Ralcus opened his now black eyes and looked down at him with that same grin.

"Well, what do you think?" Ralcus said, his voice even deeper and smoother than before.

Zazin paused; he looked longingly at the exit before he turned back at the black figure before he answered "um... that's a neat trick." He tried to slide his way along towards the exit, but two muscular, black arms were on either side of him, which prevented any sort of subtle escape. He had two options at that point; either break out and make a run for it, or wait and see if there was an opening where he could escape this bizarre situation.

"It's no trick Zazin." Ralcus explained as he leaned in even closer, a drop of blackness oozed from his mouth and dripped down his chin. As Zazin looked down he noticed a small puddle of black had formed between them, as well as Ralcus' erect rubbery cock which had started to drip a copious amount of the black stuff. "I've been changed into something so amazing, so wonderful... I mean, look at me Zazin. We had the same training regiments for football, had the same diets, and yet suddenly I seemed

to shoot ahead of you in growth? It was because of this, because of what I am now..." there was a sudden pause, Ralcus leaned past Zazin's face and whispered into his ear "...of what I want you to be."

Zazin's body shuddered as he felt a rubbery tongue lick his ear, he decided now was time to make a break for it and quickly ducked under the malamute's arms. He thought he had made a clean break, but just as he managed to reach the door something wrapped around his ankles and pulled him roughly to the floor. The tiger was then quickly dragged back, his fingers clawed desperately against the slick floor before he was effortlessly flipped onto his back. His panic suddenly turned to horror as he saw the two thick, black tentacles from the creature's back wrapped around his ankles.

"You disappoint me." Ralcus said, his voice reverberated with an otherworldly quality as his rubbery features turned serious. Zazin tried to scream, but a third tentacle quickly shot out and engulfed his muzzle, which prevented anything but a muffled cry from the tiger. "I thought out of all our team you would have been the most receptive to this gift." Zazin attempted to claw the tentacles around his legs but almost before he could react he found two more black tentacles wrapped around his wrists, and suddenly he found himself being lifted into the air by them. "I've been watching you; I see your reaction when you change into your lycra training gear. This could have been right up your alley."

If the tiger wasn't so scared out of his mind, he would have blushed at the comment. Rubber and lycra did make him feel strangely aroused, but he always assumed it was because it was something slick that rubbed up against his junk. "Nevertheless," the rubber Ralcus continued, "now you know of my secret, so there's no turning back. I need to convert someone, I have to..." The last comment carried something Zazin managed to pick up on, perhaps regret? But he had no time to think about it as a multitude of small tendrils erupted out of Ralcus' chest and wrapped around his own, a strange pleasure tingled through his skin as they rubbed past his fur.

The only thing Zazin could think at that moment was how screwed he was; completely immobilized by his captor and the fight quickly sapped out of his body. Suddenly the tentacle around his mouth penetrated into it, which quickly formed into a large, canine dildo that stretched his jaw as tendrils around its base quickly enveloped his mouth into a muzzle. He whimpered as his tongue was forced around it and he could feel the veins throb like a real cock as it continued to fill his maw. As his mouth was violated the tentacles moved his body effortlessly into a bent over position, the tiger could see an almost sinister smile from the malamute before he was faced against the wall.

Zazin could feel more and more tendrils branch out from the tentacles around his wrists and ankles; they began to crisscross against his skin and join together into a solid rubber black as it quickly covered his hands and feet into mitts. There was a pressure against his tailhole, the tiger's body shuddered as he felt it begin to spread his cheeks. At the same time another tentacle wrapped around his member, which, despite his dire situation, had become shamefully erect. If he could he would have groaned out in pleasure as the slick appendage began to lavish its attention on his throbbing member. Soon his cock became completely engulfed by the black tentacle, which began a sucking sensation as tendrils invaded his sheath and balls.

All that was to distract the tiger, as suddenly his eyes shot wide open as a thick, hard, rubbery canine cock was unceremoniously shoved up his ass. It burned like fire; he writhed in pain as his fuzzy cheeks

were split apart by almost a foot of rubberized meat. As it started to thrust into him the pain cooled, replaced by an almost delicious pleasure as the cock in his mouth began to fuck his muzzle. All the while the tendrils continued to wrap around his body and coat him in a rubberized shell, the rubber that covered his arms and legs quickly coated his six-pack and pecs, an electric tingle shot through his body especially as they covered his nipples.

Zazin quickly became lost in a haze of pleasure, all previous thoughts of revolt and escape dissipated as the rubber tentacle that formed his muzzle laced up his face. The rubber coated his eyes and ears; his only sense now was of touch as the rubber flowed down his neck and joined his body. He was now completely coated in rubber, lost in a sea of black bliss as the cocks in his orifices grew even more. He could vaguely feel thin tentacles penetrate into his skull, followed almost immediately by an overwhelming presence...

Obey... Zazin heard faintly in his mind, which snapped him slightly out of the feral mating he was receiving. He tried to shake his head, but the rubber completely immobilized his body. Obey and serve... he heard again, even stronger this time. The tiger's mental resistances quickly eroded under the alien presence. Obey and serve your master... now it continued over and over like a mantra, and Zazin finally caved and gave himself completely over to it.

Both he and Ralcus were rewarded with an earth-shattering climax as Zazin's conversion was complete. The former tiger felt the twin cocks surge and flood his insides with a thick, slimy substance that he greedily swallowed down. Tentacles erupted out of the tiger's new body and mingled with the malamute's, who released his new recruit as the tentacle around his cock drank the last of Zazin's natural seed before it became a similar black substance.

"I am so sorry Ralcus." Zazin said as he quickly recovered and stood up to face the rubber Ralcus. The tiger's eyes sparkled with joy, and he could feel the bond of happiness and obedience towards him. He knew the tiger would be the same, but towards him he would be his pet and lover forever, it was ingrained into his psyche now. "I should have listened to you, I feel so amazing now. How could I ever repay you?"

Ralcus smiled and rubbed his paws over the studly rubber tiger's body, slightly surprised at the white stripes and white scar on his chin. "I can think of a few ways, my new pet." He murred seductively before he kissed him on the lips, their tongues and prehensile cocks entwined and rubbed against each other with a slight squeak. "But not now, now we have a game to win." With that the two instinctively morphed back into their original forms, Zazin could already tell he had gained a bit of muscle to his frame, and went back to the locker room to prepare.