Turncoat

As the red-scaled dragon waited in his car he looked at the rear view mirror to make sure that his tie was on straight, looking over himself once more before he let out a sigh. “Don’t be nervous,” the dragon said to himself as he turned on the car and began to drive out of the vacant lot and towards the gate house. “This is just the culmination of all your work, no reason to get anxious about it.”

Despite his self-affirmations the man found himself gripping the steering wheel as he drove up to the guard house, looking in to see the rather large cheetah dressed in a security guard uniform. When he pushed the button to get their attention the man stuck out his head and the dragon couldn’t help but swallow hard as he was looked at. “Oh yeah, you’re Bowen’s guy,” the cheetah said. “Rook, right?”

“That’s right,” Rook replied. “He told me to meet him here.”

“I see,” the cheetah stated as he reached in to open the gate for him. “In that case you don’t want to make him late.”

Rook just nodded and thanked him before driving into the shipping yard, feeling the breath that had caught in his throat finally escape. It had taken him months to get up to this point, to finally get past those gates with the blessing of someone on the inside. He was closer to discovering the secrets of the mysterious organization had infiltrated over year ago than any other spy, and the last thing he wanted to do was mess it up. The Order had been on their radar for a while now and as they were linked to high-profile disappearances including several other agents they had the dragon go into deep cover to try and figure out how they were doing it and what their intentions were.

For the first few months he had hit a road block, going to areas where the Order operated in order to try and get signed up as a guard or something for access. It wasn’t until he had struck up a conversation with a bull named Bowen that he had gotten his first chance. Rook knew that Bowen was a high ranking member of the Order and often had an eye for men that were not unlike him, though he hadn’t expected it to lead anywhere. Instead he had gotten his first chance to be part of the Order through Bowen as one of his personal entourage.

After that there was a lot of waiting around with a few parties sprinkled in. Though Rook wanted to find something to report back on he knew to be patient, especially with the way they seemed to easily make investigations, including the people attached to them, disappear. His superiors told him to play it slow and that’s what he did while also getting to know the bull himself. It was a balancing act maintaining his cover while also trying to foster a friendship, but he knew how to keep his identity a secret and maintain a profile.

Not that his real life was anything that needed covering up. With work taking up so much of his time he actually found himself enjoying his times out with Bowen more than during his off-hours. The cover they had built for him wasn’t exactly thrilling either and matched the monotony of his own life to the point he wondered if that would get him caught. He found himself spending more and more time with Bowen and the extra work started to pay off as he started to see stranger occurrences, like people dressed head to toe in rubber that acted as their servants or being in on meetings with someone that had been brought to the same shipping yard that acted completely different then before. He was pretty sure that whatever the Order was involved in had to deal with it and finally after almost a year Bowen asked if he wanted to join his inner circle and see some technology that put their organization the map.

It was that same bull that was waiting for him at the entrance to the large warehouse, Bowen waving him down and motioning for where he should park. “There’s my dragon!” Bowen said Rook got out of the car. “Right on time, as usual.”

“I do like to keep things punctual,” Rook replied with a grin, one that was genuine as the easy-going bull’s attitude was infectious. It also didn’t hurt that Bowen had a deep, baritone voice that rumbled in his very soul and that the dragon could listen to all day if he had the chance. “So this is the big secret of the Order?”

“Just one secret, mind you,” Bowen replied as he wrapped a muscular arm around Rook’s neck. “But considering that you’re being brought into the fold I assure you that what I have for you will not leave you disappointed. Plus I had the foresight to have some libations prepared so that we may toast to our new partnership.”

When the two walked inside Rook was surprised to see a faceless, vaguely lupine rubber doll standing there holding a tray with two drinks. The dragon already knew better and that these were somehow attached to what the Order was doing, but so did his organization. What they were far more interested in was how a group known as the Order of the Drone was actually able to make them. Rook could feel his stomach tightening as the bull picked up the glasses and handed one to the dragon before clinking them together.

Bowen tossed his back and Rook attempted to do the same despite his nervous, the liquor something he recognized as the bull’s favorite drink that they often shared. “Ah, that always hits the spot,” Bowen said as he put the empty glass down with Rowen mimicking him. “Now, onwards to see the magic happening.”

Rook nodded and wished that he could have smuggled in some sort of camera equipment to record this as he was led further into the building, though as he did he let out a slight gasp despite himself. “This is our shipping department where we load up the drones we have already created,” Bowen explained as Rook saw at least a dozen of the same type of creature as the one in the front hall, all of them with collars on and their arms bound behind their backs. “Most of them will essentially be sex dolls, others servants, all of them loyal to us first and foremost.”

“So… who are they?” Rook asked as he tried to get over his shock to do his job.

“Who they were is irrelevant,” Bowen said as he ushered the dragon forward. “Mostly criminals, debtors, other degenerates that someone wanted to get removed. They are turned into basic drones, sort of the stock model that we ship out in exchange for money and favors from others.”

Though it was quite the sight it was also something Rook knew about as they moved on. “So when you say that they’re basic drones,” Rook asked. “Does that mean that there are advanced drones?”

“Exactly, top marks,” Bowen stated as they went into another room, though Rook felt himself stumbling slightly as the potent alcohol was already starting to get him slightly buzzed. “Advanced drones are those that are made with a special process that has a variety of effects depending on what we need them for. Take the drone out front, I bet you couldn’t even guess who that might be.”

Rook found his head starting to get fuzzy and had to shake his head more than once as he rubbed his hand against his temples. “Uh… I don’t know,” Rook said as he tried to find somewhere to sit, only to see that not only was their no furniture in the room but also no more doors other than the way they came. “Bowen? What’s going on?”

“Ah, I told you that you wouldn’t guess,” Bowen said as his grin widened. “That was special agent Ronin, an arctic wolf that thought he could weasel his way into our business.” Rook felt his blood go cold as he recognized the name… Ronin had also been working the case but his cover was blown, which had him relegated to working on interdepartmental affairs like with his own agency. “The second that we called him out though he decided he’d rather serve the Order of the Drone then become its product, and as a result we use his identity to see who is trying to infiltrate us.”

He knew… Bowen knew that he was a spy, and the fact that he was telling him all this meant that he was gloating. Even when he worked under him he always knew when the bull had the upper hand in any competition because of how much he enjoyed showboating, and as he put his palms to his temples he found that the scales of his head seemed… looser, like they weren’t attached to him anymore. “You… drugged me,” Rook said as his fingers started to feel the same way, like he had his hands in a glove even though it was still just his own scaly digits.

“Actually I’ve been drugging you for months now, what you drank tonight was the activation serum,” Bowen admitted as he patted Rook on the back and caused the red scales of his entire head to shift. As his gaze was directed towards a mirror in the corner Rook saw that his eyes looked… askew, like wearing a poorly fitting mask while his gaze remained fixated despite his vision moving around. “Even though you’re working against us I find myself liking you Rook, and that’s why I haven’t reported your treachery… yet.”

Rook was having trouble focusing his thoughts, but he could still clearly make out what the bull was telling him even as Bowen rubbed against his face. Instead of being outed and becoming like those in the warehouse he was giving an alternate path. Perhaps the entire reason of showing him the loading zone was to influence his decision as he could feel his muzzle shifting around on his own face. It was like he was wearing some sort of rubber hood and the sensation was causing him to get even more aroused.

“I can see that you’re already starting to feel the influence of our power,” Bowen said with a grin as he moved down to the dragon’s suit and quickly began to take it off, pulling open his shirt to show that his entire chest and his muscle gut were sagging. “With my ranking in the Order no one would even question that you were already working with us, and with a few phone calls it’ll be like your agency never heard of you. Your failure would be swept under the rug, and I would have such a wonderful drone by my side.”

As Bowen continued rub up against his shoulders and biceps to make his scales feel increasingly loose on his body Rook knew what he was becoming, remembering the rubber creature that had been an arctic wolf he had spoken to a few days ago. The bull was being exceptionally seductive and probably had this plan all along as he began to feel really good as a drone. He could hear whispers telling him that it felt so wonderful to just be a blank rubber creature, to serve someone as powerful and charismatic as Bowen.

If he accepted he wouldn’t just be some sex toy like the others either, not from what his boss was promising him. Thoughts of being at the bull’s side and serving him, helping him with the Order business was causing his pants to tent before he felt them getting removed from his scaled thighs. In his delirious state he looked down to see his maleness was drooping like the rest of his body and when he tried to grab onto it his fingers felt strange. It was like he was wearing an ill-fitting glove and as he attempted to speak he found no words coming out of his mouth. Drones didn’t need to speak, they were just there to be admired and lavished upon by their masters as a surge of pleasure cascaded through his body.

No… no! Bowen was tricking him, deceiving him… he wasn’t his friend. But there were so many memories of them having a good time together, of having those drones serving him. He wondered if the drinks that he had taken before influenced his thoughts on becoming a drone, putting them in a favorable light. How many times had he went home and masturbated to this scenario, Bowen finding out about him and turning him into a rubber creature… while he couldn’t think of any his mind told him that such a lustful image had to have played out many times in his mind.

“Don’t think you’d be the only one either to be like his,” Bowen continued, Rook’s face sliding against what felt like rubber inside as he looked up to see the bull press a few fingers into his mouth to reveal black rubber underneath. “Part of the reason I’m keeping your body like this is so that you can be by my side even in public while still feeling the wonderful sensations of being a drone. Of course… if you don’t like what you’re feeling, you could always just leave.”

Just leave… as he looked over at the door Bowen walked over towards it and unlocked it before letting it swing wide. For a second Rook felt himself taking a step towards it only to stop as he felt his feet sliding slightly like he was sliding on ice inside his own feet. “There’s no traps, no tricks, and I’ll even cover for you until you get back to your organization where the serum will wear off after a few hours,” Bowen promised. “Of course… then we can no longer be friends, and your group will probably demote or fire you for not getting anything useful after a year, and you’ll have to go back to that miserable excuse of a life instead of continuing with me on this ride as a drone of the Order…”

Even if the bull’s voice wasn’t making him practically melt Rook found himself hesitating, digesting what Bowen had to offer. He knew even if it was a trap he should attempt to escape, to resist becoming a drone and tell his superiors… but if he left at that moment he would be done and this intense sensation he was experiencing would be over. His thoughts felt so clear and his mind unburdened by thoughts other then how good it was to be a rubber drone that it was hard to even think of coming back from this. He knew that if he didn’t leave and accepted Bowen’s offer that his life as he knew it would be over… but was that really a bad thing?

When Rook continued to stand there Bowen smiled and slowly closed the door again, locking it once more before walking over to him. He knew that his choice was made as Bowen pressed their chests together and he pushed his fingers into the mouth of the dragon. His tongue briefly slid over them before he could feel them pushing between the gap that had been growing between his head and the scales that had once adorned them. Rook’s entire body shuddered as his lips and snout were stretched back to reveal something beneath them, a black rubber face that was completely devoid of features save for a bit of a snout.

With the rest of his body hanging loosely off him all that pleasure that Rook got was being poured inward as it felt like a burden had been taken off his shoulders. As he continued to emerge through the mouth of what was essentially a scale suit he could feel all the anxiety that had come with that body being sloughed off as well. Those were Rook’s problems… Drone Rook had no such anxieties and could only feel the pleasure of serving this wonderful creature in front of him who was relieving him of his burden. It didn’t take long before the mouth of the dragon was stretched around his hips as his hands were extracted from the scaly sleeves, his pecs and gut replaced with a smooth, flat version of both.

When it got to his groin Bowen smirked and mentioned this was his favorite part as he gave what was the flesh of his cock a few squeezes. It felt like he was inside a flesh light and when it was pulled down further to reveal the shiny rubber of his groin. His benefactor had at least allowed him to keep his maleness, though as he could feel that bovine hand rubbing against it he could sense its mutability. The thought of this beefy, handsome creature molding him into the perfect drone only made the sensations of becoming one get even better as his own identity was slid down to his feet.

“This is just your base, by the way,” Bowen explained as he rubbed up and down the rubber body of the new drone, causing his back to arch while the bull began to take off his clothing. “We have adapted a few modifications that we can use on you since you’ll be one of our advanced drones, and I hope you don’t mind if I take the liberty of choosing a few for you.” All Drone Rook could do was nod and continue to listen as he saw the thick, half-hard cock flop out of his pants as he pulled them down. “For the moment though I’m ready to take my newly inducted drone for a test drive of his new body.”

Drone Rook shuddered in anticipation as he just continued to absorb those deep, dark words along with the mantras looping in his own mind. He wasn’t quite sure when he could actually understand them but he found himself agreeing; serve the Order, be a good drone, obey your masters. There was more to it but he was having trouble focusing as his featureless head looked at the thick cock that he was about to be spread open with pointing right at him. Just as the bull was about to start grinding up against the smaller drone he looked down at the skinsuit of the dragon just sitting there and his eyes lit up.

The Drone Rook watched as the bull stepped back and felt a brief sensation of loss at the other man pulling him away, only to watch his fingers start pushing between the cleft of his pectorals. The muscular man looked like he was searching for something and as he found it he pulled apart his own black furry skin, revealing the rubber underneath it. Unlike Rook the bull had opted for a chest entry skin and as the smirk on the bovine muzzle became permanently plastered on his face it fell backwards as the drone underneath emerged. He really was like him, the other rubber drone realized as he saw him take off the last of the bull suit and toss it aside.

“You should feel honored about this,” Drone Bowen said, his mouth able to make sounds as he picked up the dragon skin and opened its muzzle. “Not many know what it’s like to be fucked by their own forms, but consider this a special treat since we’re such good friends. Plus, I always wondered what it was like to be a dragon and now is my chance.”

All the drone could think about was how sexy the other drone already looked and how much better it will be to have him wear his own skin. Just the idea of it started to rile him up and as he rubbed against his own groin he found the area to be squishier than before. As he looked down he gasped to see that during his groping he had somehow covered them in a thick layer of rubber, his maleness sticking to his body and being coated with a layer of the substance. Even though he could see that his fingers were causing the bulge to form and lessening the sensitivity of his cock he was unable to stop himself.

When he heard a whistle Drone Rook looked up and gasped to see a pair of red-scaled legs standing right in front of him complete with draconic dick that jutted out from the recently covered groin. “Start sucking drone,” Bowen told the drone as he slowly moved the mouth of the suit he had stretched around his taut stomach upwards. “I want you to watch me take your identity while I take that new rubber muzzle of yours with your own dick.”

The drone practically fell down on his knees at hearing his master say that, grabbing the dragon by his thighs and licking against them with his rubber tongue. He could hear the other drone moaning and as he saw the muscled rubber arm slip into the maw of the suit it took him a second to recognize who it was. That was Rook… but wasn’t that him? As the drone continued to lavish attention on the cock in front of him it was hard for him to even care about something like that when he needed to continue to obey and serve.

He was a good drone after all.

Good drones served their masters.

This drone serves Master Rook.

“I can already see it starting to ooze out of ya,” Bowen said as he watched the blank rubber creature looking up at him while the tip of his new dick slipped into those shiny lips. “Don’t worry about it drone, pretty soon the only dragon you’re going to recognize is me, isn’t that right? But I’m sure that while we’re having this heart to heart you’re more than fine with me borrowing this from you, and maybe if you’re a good drone we can get you into something yourself… eventually.”

Yes, yes, he wanted to be a good drone so badly. Any semblance of his mission or what he was there to do slipped away from him along with his identity as he watched the mouth of the dragon slide up the chest and shoulders of the drone. It almost looked like he was eating him and in a way it was sort of subsuming the one that was covering it. The one that was Bowen was laying on the corner in a pile of black fur and hooves while the drone was slurping up and down on the ridged length of the dragon in front of him.

There was still a little semblance of his old form in his mind as the drone looked up to see his head wrapped around the neck of the bull-headed rubber man. Everything from the neck down looked exactly like Rook… well, almost exactly. As his blank muzzle bumped up against the groin of the other man he could see that unlike the muscle gut that he sported when he was Rook it seemed Bowen had a set of washboard abs under those whitish-red scales. He found himself drawn to it and in the back of his mind he almost wished that he could have something like that, especially with the way that the other drone wore his skin.

“Looks like you see a little difference in us that you like,” Bowen said as he rubbed his finger against the piercings in the nipples that came with it. “Perhaps if you’re as good a drone as you were my worker then we can modify your body so you get the same, that way I can make sure that when you’re back to being Rook that you always remember that lurking underneath is a drone ready to serve. But I’ve been making you wait long enough, it’s time for the final step.”

The drone found his gaze glued to the head of the bull as he grabbed the deflated dragon head and pulled it up over his own by the nose ring. It was like some sort of zipper and as the features of the rubberized bovine disappeared underneath it so did the connection that the drone had with his former self. He still recognized Rook… this dragon being the one that he served as he watched the lips push over the shiny rubber ones that had gotten it all started. There were a few moments where the bovine muzzle could still be seen before the dragon settled around it and as the new Rook looked in the mirror he gave himself a big smile that showed his fangs.

“Not bad…” Rook said as the drone between his legs continued to suck, the voice of the dragon deeper and sultrier than he remembered. Regardless he found it a huge turn on but as he bobbed his faceless head up and down the dragon’s cock he found himself unable to stroke himself. The layers of rubber he had coated over his groin had given him nothing more then a rather large bulge between his legs that quivered occasionally.

“Alright, time for the main event,” Rook said as he took the drone and pulled him off his cock. “You did enough of that mouth, it’s time this dragon took his new drone for a ride. And best of all I want you to watch while I do it, and I want you to know deep down that this is you rewarding yourself for being such a good, loyal drone.

The drone wasn’t quite sure what Rook meant by that but was more than happy to have the dragon take him, getting put in the position where he could see himself and the other man as he was taken from behind. “Ohhh, I forgot about that part,” Rook mentioned as he saw the quivering mass of latex that was between the drone’s legs. “Don’t worry, I can fix that… right after I get off.”

With his vulcanized hole it didn’t take much for the dragon to pop the head of his cock into him, the dragon commenting on how good he looked as he ran a hand over the horns on his head and down to the nose ring in his nostrils. The drone also agreed that he looked great even though he couldn’t communicate it. When he tried to make some sort of sound Rook grabbed him by the chin and pulled him back before pushing his tongue into his proto-muzzle. It was a strange sensation for some reason to be on the receiving end on such a powerful kiss but as it finished up he could feel it practically wiggling into his throat before pulling back.

When Rook tried to respond to exclaim his desire to his master all he let out was a muffled grunt, brushing his fingers up against his muzzle to find that the delightful kiss had left his lips completely sealed shut. “No need for words anymore, my lovely new drone,” Bowen stated, eyeing up Rook’s skin in the corner. “Though once we’re done here we have a few more things that we need to do for you so that no one will bother our new relationship. I really like this identity of yours and I think I may keep it for a good long while.”

There was a spark of remembrance as the drone watched the two of them in the mirror, the rubber creature groaning as his rubber cheeks were being slapped against by the scaly groin of the dragon. That was him… he was the one that was pounding his cock into his drone, but that was impossible because he was the drone. Though deep down as the dragon had said he recognized that he had been Rook up until a few minutes ago something about it just made the entire scene so hot. He hoped that he would continue to have other drones keep spreading him open with his own cock, letting them use this drone for their own purposes.

If his head had eyes they would have rolled back into his head as the feeling of the dragon’s scales became more delightful by the second. Yes Rook, grind into him, show this drone what a real dragon could do. The rubber creature couldn’t think about anything else other than pleasing this man and any others that would need him to be a good drone and obey. And as he relayed that to the bigger man behind him Rook just chuckled and said that this would be only the beginning, and perhaps one day he would let him wear his bull body just to see what a real man was like before becoming a drone once more.

But first, Rook whispered, drone gets his treat for being so agreeable. Up until this point with his cock trapped behind a thick wall of rubber there wasn’t much that the drone could do but continue to be edged while having his insides spread open. As Rook slid his clawed fingers around and rubbed against it though he could feel the shiny substance becoming gooey once more. The pleasure that had been building inside of him suddenly came crashing down around his mind as eventually the dragon had the rubber cock of the drone completely in his hand and after only a few strokes caused him to go off.

If Rook hadn’t been inside of him or his arm around his smooth rubber chest he would have practically collapsed to the ground from the force of his orgasm. With it came the clarity of what he had just done, but he didn’t care. Bowen knew what was best for him and he made a better Rook than him anyway, though he hoped that he could at least get his body back once when he got the abs promised to him. He was planning on being a very good drone, after all.