The next night the entire club was filled with rubber dragons as usual, but instead of the usual music to get everything started off followed by the offering of the slaves of Dragon Heaven it appeared that there was something different happening this night. Rumors and speculation were flying as to what it could be as people sat at tables or the bar with their drinks. While music was still playing it was soft background stuff while the stage that was normally filled with cages and restrained males had a single screen on it with a countdown timer ticking down on it. Though that would have been strange enough the time that it would end was not any time that night, in fact it was set to get to zero around six in the evening three days from now.

There were also more dragons than usual because those that usually hung out in the Aviary were told that they wouldn’t be bound up for the night and to head down to the main club as well, something else that caused everyone to wildly speculate on what was happening. The consensus was an announcement was about to be dropped with emphasis on the new expansion that was clearly being worked on next door to the club itself. Other than that though the details were a mystery and if there was anyone who actually knew about it they were being either tight-lipped about it or they weren’t there. The only other thing they could guess was that it was good news given the general festive atmosphere and the fact that a lot of drinks were on special that prompted everyone to have a glass in their hand.

Eventually it appeared that all their questions were going to get answered as a rubber dragon came up onto the stage, one that most people recognized as the usual announcer for the stage shows. “Are all my rubber dragons out there having a good time?” he asked once he got the microphone, everyone in the crowd cheering and raising a glass in the air in response. “That is fantastic! Now I’m sure all of you are wondering exactly what is going on since we have gathered all of you down here and shut down our usual club amenities for the night, and the reason for this is because we have a huge, huge announcement that concerns the growth of our humble little Dragon Heaven.”

The announcer’s last statement drew a loud chuckle from the crowd along with a few hoots and hollers that he allowed to die down before continuing. “Now no doubt you’ve all heard through the rumor mill that Dragon Heaven bought the building next to us and has been renovating it for quite some time now, particularly our lovely dragon slaves that got a sneak preview,” once more a rowdy cheer went up from several of those on the floor. “I’m here to tell you all tonight that all of that is a hundred percent true, and that starting tomorrow when this countdown timer ends we’re going to be opening the Dragon Den Tavern, an eatery that will be open to the general public as well as rubber dragons to allow our two groups to better mingle. Not only that, but the second floor of that building has been converted into something else very special, something that I’m going to get off the stage and allow the one who is making it all possible to explain to you.”

A hush went over the crowd as the announcer moved over to the edge where Jiro had walked up on, handing over the microphone before leaving while Jiro moved to the center stage. “So I am Jiro,” he said simply, looking around at the room who was waiting expectantly for what he had to say. “For years now I’ve been working on something that I had hoped would not only be something that would help Dragon Heaven but also several of you out there that have had some rather particular fantasies. Who here remembers the feral dragons that were part of the Anniversary party for Dragon Heaven?”

“Quite a few I see,” Jiro stated when he saw a number of hands all go up at the same time. “Well what you saw there was part of an experiment that I’ve been working on for quite some time. You see those weren’t just rubber dragons playing a part and wearing some sort of bondage prop, they had gotten into the mindset of a feral dragon and had been changed physically as such. With the opening of the Dragon Den Tavern we’re also going to be including a feral dragon display, one that you are going to get a sneak peek of as the first of our two volunteers will be transformed before your very eyes.”

Almost immediately the crowd exploded into conversation as Jiro motioned for Shawn to come on stage, several in the audience hooting or shouting Shawn’s name as he walked up there. While almost everyone in Dragon Heaven knew of the Sealed Ones, those that had decided to become rubber dragons permanently, they never really publicly did such a thing on stage before. This time it appeared they were going to take it a step further as they watched the red and blue dragon come up on stage. Jiro introduced Shawn as one of the slaves of Dragon Heaven that was also one of the feral dragons that had helped him with his research, drawing rounds of applause as Pyre and Tundra came on stage as well to help him while being introduced as his handlers.

Though the main show was going to be the transformation itself it didn’t stop them from drawing out the preparation for it, Tundra handing Pyre a golden collar that he showed the audience before putting it around Shawn’s neck. Shawn could feel the heaviness against his shoulders as it was clamped shut and locked even though it was so big that he could have probably pulled it over his head. It also wasn’t actual gold, but it was definitely solid metal that was lined with a soft latex padding designed for maximum comfort while still being a snug fit… after the fact. It was the same thing with the metal cuffs that went around his arms and ankles as Shawn literally had to keep his hands held up or his fingers extended so they wouldn’t slide off, though that didn’t stop from it happening once or twice to the amusement of the audience.

“I think we’re going to have to get you on all fours already,” Pyre mused as they heard the clang of metal against the wooden stage once more. “We haven’t even gotten the harness on you yet and unless you want to keep your arms up the entire time and tire yourself up this is going to be the best way.” Shawn agreed as his limbs had already started to shake due to the exertion, sliding the wrist cuff once more before getting on his hands and knees. There were a couple of whistles and catcalls from the audience as Pyre and Tundra got the somewhat complicated body harness on him, trying to keep it as straight as possible even though it kept wanting to fall over his shoulders or slide to his side.

Finally after a few more minutes of fiddling they got the last two pieces of gear on Shawn’s body, a metal muzzle that he could almost completely open his jaws in and a harness for his privates that would help hide them once he was able to fit. The crowd erupted into laughter as someone shouted that Shawn wished he needed such a big cock harness, to which Jiro smirked and told them to wait a bit. With the last piece in place Pyre and Tundra carefully took the chains that connected to the cuffs and shackled them to the anchor points as Jiro took what looked like two cigar cases from his pocket. The jovial conversation people were having went dead silent as the white rubber dragon took one and cracked it open, revealing a large autoinjector that was ready filled with the serum that would turn Shawn into a feral rubber dragon.

“Hey Jiro,” Shawn said as he watched Jiro crack off the safety cap and removed the inhibitor to prevent it from accidently firing. “These bindings… how sure are you that I’m going to fit them? Like, there isn’t a chance I’m going to grow so big I bust these things, is thee?”

“Relax,” Jiro replied as he put the tip of the device to Shawn’s neck. “I used the last time you changed and extrapolated your size with the parameters of the new formula. Plus the padding gives you a little extra give if my calculations are off by a tiny bit, but there’s no reason to worry about it chaffing those scales of yours.”

Despite the reassurance of the other dragon Shawn felt his anxiety rise slightly as Jiro informed him he was about to do the injection. While he was more than ready to assume his feral form once again the fact that they were doing this in front of the entire public seemed strange. It was like he was about to bear a part of himself to the world that even he had only seen himself, and this time he was going to be even more aware of his surroundings when it happened. A voice in his mind reminded him that he was going to have to get used to it since soon it wouldn’t just be other club members that saw him like that as Jiro pressed the button on the injector.

The only thing Shawn felt was the sensation of pressure in his neck as he heard the device go off, letting out a low hissing noise for a few seconds before there was a second click and Jiro put the empty injector back in its casing. He could feel every pair of eyes in the building looking at him as he waited there on all fours, trying not to move and mess up the gear his handlers had carefully put on him. Everything was dead silent in the room save for the rubber dragon’s increased panting as his body began to feel warmer, starting at the injection site before quickly spreading through his body. His body began to quiver as the sensation turned into a tingling, feeling his already semi-hard member start to grow as he began to shake despite himself.

The first thing to change was his extremities, Shawn letting out a grunt as his hands and feet started to swell in front of everyone. It was as if he was having an allergic reaction to something, except instead of strangely puffing out it was clearly the muscles underneath his shiny skin beginning to thicken. Those closest to the state could be heard letting out noises of shock and surprise as they his toes merge and grow thicker, but it was his hands that got everyone’s attention. His normal fingers filled out like sausages, his middle and ring finger merging together as his thumbs migrated to the back of his expending palms. The restraints that had been able to easily fall off of him were no longer able to as he raised his arms, which popped at the elbows to go the opposite direction while his forearms and biceps swelled with new growth.

Even though Jiro had said that he had toned down the spike in libido that came from the transformation Shawn’s lust was going through the roof as his hindquarters thickened and grew while his legs, now his hindlegs, shifted into their new configuration. He found himself panting and groaning, trying not to thrash his head around in pleasure, especially as his throbbing cock began to lengthen. By this point his body looked almost comically small compared to his larger limbs, but that wasn’t going to last for long as the wave of growth cascaded into his chest. The moan that came from Shawn’s mouth steadily deepened in pitch and intensity as his bright blue chest barreled out, quickly filling out the harness and tightening the metal bands against his body while his neck stretched out to inhuman proportions.

Those in the crowd couldn’t take their eyes off the transforming male, even as their hands reached for either their own or another’s cock as the arousal that was coming from Shawn quickly spread through the crowd. As his body continued to grow Shawn let out a roar, which quickly became muffled as his muzzle expanded until the cage around it caused it to remain shut. That still didn’t stop him form looking at the crowd and rearing his forelegs up, exposing his cock as he thrashed his head with as best a roar as he could while still remaining bound as he came back down with a loud thud.

The sudden noise stunned everyone, Shawn whipping his head back and forth as he growled while snorting. A few seconds later a cheer came up from the back, which seemed to break the dam and cause everyone to start applauding and cheering as well. The noise was enough to snap him back and break him of the instinctive need to rut the nearest hole he could find, though his needy cock continued to remind him of how hard he was even as he returned to his senses. He could hear Jiro saying something into the microphone and recognized his name, but focusing on the conversation was very hard for him as he still found himself idly looking around for anyone in range to service him.

As Jiro went over some of the aspects of Shawn’s new body it gave the newly minted feral rubber dragon a chance to concentrate his thoughts and asses himself as well. While the instincts he had felt the first time still surged strongly through him he was clear-headed enough that he could make decisions… as long as those decisions weren’t too hard. When he tried to test his intellect by solving a math problem he realized the serum had affected him considerably when it took him a few seconds to remember what math was. His senses were sharper than ever though and he found that he could size things up and make judgements very quickly, possibly because he didn’t have more complex thought processes in the way for him to make decisions that he could still recognize.

With his mental state stabilized Shawn remembered why he was there and decided to put on a little bit of a show for the crowd, falling back to the state he was in before as he snarled, growled, paced, and strained against his restraints to the delight of the rubber dragons in attendance. It felt so good for Shawn to be like this, feeling filled once more with primal power while at the same time enjoying the delicious sensation of being kept under control. It was as if one sweetened the other and with his new mindset he could just enjoy himself without overthinking things, hearing another cheer as Jiro said something else that Shawn didn’t catch while walking over and kissing him on the muzzle.

“As you can see Shawn has taken to his role quite quickly,” Jiro exclaimed, once more causing those who didn’t have someone else’s cock in their mouth to laugh. “But I did mention that there were two feral dragons that were going to be on display for the opening, not just one. I have enlisted the help of two expert handlers to properly restrain our other volunteer, so if I could have Damion and Rayne come up and do so.”

There was an excitement in the air as Damion, a black-scaled rubber dragon with a neon red underbelly, and Rayne, a white-scaled rubber dragon with an electric blue underbelly came up to the stage. They reminded Shawn a lot of his handlers as he watched with earnest interest in who the other feral dragon was going to be… until he remembered he already knew. For everyone else though it came as a complete shock when the two rubber creatures took the third and began to put silver metal restraints on him, starting with the collar as they took the experience Shawn had and immediately had him go on all fours. As they continued to put the gear on him the announcer dragon from before went up and grabbed the microphone in order to introduce Jiro as the second feral that will be on display while crowd continued to be a mixture of applause and disbelief.

Since he was no longer the center of attention Shawn just sat back on his haunches, using his hind paw to scratch his behind his ear fin that caused several in the audience still watching him to remark on how adorable that was. This was also the moment that he remembered he had been waiting for, wanting to see how Jiro would react to having a strong, powerful body but still be completely restrained. It was one thing to hold back when you were smart and able to know when you were going too far and entirely another thing when you were nothing but lust and instincts. Either way it was going to be very entertaining as once the two handlers were done Jiro took the last autoinjector he had been holding and prepped it, then carefully administered the serum to himself before putting it back in the case and handing it to Damion.

Once more the crowd reacted with surprise and satisfaction as Jiro’s transformation followed a similar course to Shawn’s, though it seemed to start at his head and cascade down through the rest of his body. Had the harness not been around his maleness Shawn might have came right there as he watched the neck and shoulders of the other rubber dragon explode with growth, Jiro attempting to talk before he became overwhelmed with his transformation. He fell forwards slightly as all the muscle and growth of his shoulders and chest temporarily caused his arms to collapse under him until he was pushed up again by the changes that caused them to rapidly increase in strength. When it got to his hindquarters Jiro practically shook his thickening tail off his body before rolling over and humping into the air several times.

That seemed to get the entire crowd going as the action triggered Shawn’s need to rut again and his chains rattled as he attempted to get over to other needy male. People in the crowd began to chant to let them breed as the announcer tried to get the crowd under control, only for the horny rubber dragons in the room to increase the volume. The announcer looked over at the DJ in the booth, who just shrugged his shoulders, then back over to the four handlers that were all grinning and nodding their heads. With that the announcer just shook his head and with a grin told the handlers to let them have some fun, which caused the crowd to erupt into a jubilant roar.

Shawn blinked as he wondered what was going on as the handlers came back on the stage, thinking that maybe it was time for them to be moved to their new home. At this time it appeared that Jiro was coming back to his senses, scrambling back onto his feet as he looked around in what appeared to be slight embarrassment. That quickly turned to lust for both dragons as they felt the harnesses on their groins get taken off, blissfully freeing their members while the chains that they were restrained with were given more slack. It was just enough for the two ferals to reach one another, and when they realized that they nearly knocked over the ones in front of him as they ran forward.

The cheering grew even louder as the handlers worked to make sure the two dragons didn’t get tangled up in one another’s chains as both Shawn and Jiro had the need to be on top of one another. It didn’t take long for their true natures to bleed out however and despite the red and blue rubber creature being bigger he soon found himself on his stomach with Jiro growling on top of him. The roar of the crowd was almost deafening as the white-scaled feral mounted the dragon beneath him, Shawn’s head perking up as he could tell that the other male had definitely grown bigger. He found himself raising his but up in the air to give better access as he was dominated.

“You don’t know how long I waited for this,” Jiro growled in Shawn’s ear as he relentlessly pushed himself deeper inside, causing both creatures to wiggle and squirm from the pleasure. “The power, the need, the instinct… it all feels so… uh… right…”

It was clear that Shawn wasn’t the only one to have lost his higher mental functioning, though it did appear Jiro had more of his intellect then the one beneath him as he began to thrust into him. Soon neither one cared to talk, the only thing that came out of their maws were hisses and growls as Jiro pounded his cock deep. Jiro even attempted to nip Shawn in the shoulder, only to have the metal muzzle around his snout keep him from doing so as Shawn panted from the rougher play. Both males were so pent up from their transformation that they had both managed to climax after Jiro switched up and his thrusts became quick and shallow when he reached the brink of orgasm.

They weren’t the only ones having their fun, many had taken to their own pleasures while they watched the two majestic rubber feral dragons having sex on stage. Many even opted to go to doggystyle, many of them having sex as the music kicked up to keep the party going. Some attempted to get on stage to try and have their fun with Shawn and Jiro but the handlers that had remained while the two had sex kept them away. The four looked and nodded to one another before they got the leads that were attached to Jiro and Shawn’s collars and began to lead them away towards the back of the club and the elevator that led to the Aviary.

The tugging on the collar seemed to work in bringing out the submissiveness in both dragons, neither Jiro nor Shawn fighting as they made their way past the empty cages and into the other building. For Shawn it was like an instinct all on its own, something that he wondered they had managed to artificially create specifically for this purpose. With their lust satiated there was also an overwhelming tiredness that had started to infiltrate his bigger body, letting out a muffled yawn as they got down to the second floor above the tavern and led them into the private rooms. Pyre and Tundra in particular led Shawn into the one designated for him and once they were inside he saw there was something that had been installed in there that wasn’t there during the tour.

“Sorry buddy,” Pyre said as they locked up the chains to the anchors embedded into the walls. “Jiro specifically said that those new instincts of yours are settling in and that the serum can take up to a few hours to fully reprogram you to your new mindset. Just want to make sure you don’t get out and start terrorizing the city or something.”

“I und… er… I under… der…” Shawn shook his head as he tried to form the words in his mind before muttering them out under the muzzle. “I… get it…”

“Well one thing is for sure,” Pyre said as he took the key and unlocked the muzzle that had been on Shawn’s head. “You’re definitely not going to need this anymore. I don’t think that you needed in the first place but with your augmented jaw we didn’t want any incidents in case you got… bitey.”

With his head free Shawn just nodded, moving over to the bed and settling down on the latex covers. The way they had the chains set up he could access pretty much the entirety of the room, but only a few inches outside of it. There was really no need for it though, he thought to himself as he settled in, he had everything he needed her and he was sure that someone would come by soon to feed him. When he heard Pyre ask if there was anything that he needed before they left Shawn just let out a grunt and flopped down onto his side, the tired rubber creature quickly dozing off as the two handlers quickly but quietly exited the cavern.

When they got back to the main display area they saw that the other two were already there along with Riven. “I still can’t get over how strange Jiro is acting,” Damion said as the other two went over to stand near them. “When I asked him if he wanted me to turn on the television or something he looked at me in confusion, then asked me what a television was. He seemed to get it once I told him but that serum is definitely messing with his head.”

“Our guy can’t even remember simple words,” Pyre replied. “He seems more lucid then when we had him caged up and on display during our anniversary party but Jiro was right, we’re not going to get a whole lot of conversation out of him.”

“Luckily that’s not why they’re here,” Riven exclaimed as they walked over to one of the tables and sat down. “So all things aside I need to give a report to the higher ups on if this is actually going to work or if we should scrap the project, and to say that watching them nearly pull up the floor of the stage to bang one another didn’t instill them with a whole lot of confidence. Now I want your honest opinion, do you think they’ll be ready to perform in three… well, now two days when this place opens or do you think they might… overdo it?”

“I think that with a little extra conditioning they’ll be ready by then,” Damion spoke up, putting his hand down on the table. “I was actually one of Jiro’s test subjects and let me tell you I was in no condition to talk when I was under the influence of the early stages of his serum. From the fact they were able to recognize commands and seemed to respect the authority of the bindings around them they’ve come a long way from sex-crazed creatures.”

“I also think that part of the reason for what happened on the stage tonight was the transformation itself and the crowd egging them on,” Pyre joined in. “Shawn is a consummate performer and his time as a slave for Dragon Heaven has probably conditioned him that when he is on that stage he is there to get down and have a good time, especially when he’s chained up like that. Just like Jiro he calmed down quite a bit once we got him off the stage and into his room so I think in two days and with a little reinforcement of certain things we’ll have two dragons ready for display.”

Riven wrote down everything that had been said as the four handlers sat back and crossed their arms while waiting for the results, the deep black dragon putting in a few notes of his own before closing the folder. When he got up he told the others that he was going to file this with the higher-ups and for them to stay here and wait until he got back, reminding them that they had been chosen to be not only the handlers but also the caregivers to their charges. All four of them were quick to respond with various snarky affirmations before they watched Riven leave. As soon as they heard the door close the four immediately relaxed their postures and exhaled the breath they had been holding.

“It’s about time,” Damion stated, giving one last glance before looking at the two. “I forgot how much of a stick in the mud he can be about regulations.”

“I know, right?” Pyre said before leaning in. “So I think our guy is out cold, how about yours? You think he’s down for a little feral fun?”

“Ours is resting too…” Damion reported, causing both Pyre and Tundra to throw up their hands in disappoint before the other rubber dragon got their attention again. “No no, it’s alright, Jiro told us something last night when he made us his handlers for this thing…”

About an hour later Shawn awoke with a snort, blinking as he tried to get up like he usually did only to nearly topple over himself. When he stumbled around on the large latex bed he looked down at his hands in shock, wiggling the thick digits of his forepaws before the events prior to his falling asleep came crashing back down on him. When he looked below his new feet that had once been hands his gaze went further down t the golden shackles that were on his wrists. Jiro’s calculations had been right on the money as he wiggled the bindings to find they didn’t move an inch, yet they weren’t so tight that it was putting pressure on his wrists or ankles. He went from the shackles to the chains they were connected to and saw that they had been firmly attached to the wall, giving it an experimental pull to find that it was quite sturdy.

“Hey there buddy,” a voice said in the darkness, Shawn turning and squinting to see Pyre and Tundra standing there in the entrance to his cave. “How you feeling?”

“Weird,” Shawn replied simply, rubbing his head as best he could as the two walked in and sat down across from him. “Like I’m drunk without being dizzy or having a headache. Also… really good, strong…”

“Well you seem to be more here then when we brought you in,” Pyre replied as he took a hand and patted Shawn on his thick neck, hearing a low rumble of happiness come from him. “So in case you forgot we’re going to be looking out for you while you’re like this, you need anything…” Pyre’s hand trailed down the latex neck of the dragon while Shawn suddenly felt another one slide in between his flanks. “You be sure to let us know.”

Shawn could feel himself lick his lips as his erection returned, and thought the intense need he felt on the stage was no longer there he definitely felt the desire for pleasure as his hind legs shifted. “Well, if you’re offering…” Shawn replied. “I’ve had a lot of… um… uhhh… tension! Yeah, a lot of tension between my legs you can try and take care of.”

“I think we can handle that for you,” Pyre replied, nodding to Tundra who helped balance him on his back in the bed while he took the dual pairs of wings that were now big enough to wrap them both in and helped laid them out. “Now do we need to put the muzzle on you or are you going to be a good dragon.”

Being called a good dragon nearly caused Shawn’s hips to buck up into the air as he let out a low growl of contentment, even Tundra’s bigger hands unable to touch fingers around the base as he slowly stroked it up and down. “I think… I think I can be a good dragon,” Shawn replied, his head rolling back and his tongue practically flopping out as Pyre reached over and stroked his chest. “Nothing wrong with putting it on me though… you know… for safety.”