About an hour later Klaine walked through another door of The Factory with Newlyn in tow behind him on the leash, except that the rubber dragon behind him has some additional adornments after they had left the mirror room. Newlyn looked around with his head hung slightly down, his draconic muzzle secured with more of the similar ice blue rubber straps. He also had a number of bindings on his biceps and forearms, ones with multiple rings attached to them so that they could be bound behind him. At the moment though he was completely free and able to move normally as they moved to another section of the factory floor.

"Now while you have certainly gotten the look of one of the boss' factory dragons you still got quite a few of those pesky thoughts running around in that brain of yours," Klaine said with a chuckle as he motioned for Newlyn to move up next to him before taking the muzzle off and letting it dangle down. "For instance, there's the whole thing about you talking while we were having sex, that's something that we're going to tweak a bit."

Newlyn couldn't help but swallow hard as he looked out at all the creatures, mostly head to toe in rubber, all had some sort of mental conditioning going on. "I... don't think it really needs to go that far, does it?" The rubber dragon asked as he looked around nervously. "Can't I just, I don't know, get my orders and follow them around? It seems like having to put me in one of these tanks to do that seems like a waste of resources."

"Oh it's no problem at all," Klaine replied with a wave of his hand. "Think of it like an additional perk of your new job, now follow me."

They continued to proceed through the facility until they reached one of the tubes that was unoccupied, the glass receded into up into the ceiling as they walked up to it. Two more rubber creatures, which Klaine identified as drones of the factory, were there to help him get set up inside of the tube. The middle of the platform contained a standing bondage rack with a number of straps on it, though as he got up there he found that the straps on his body matched up quite well to the positions on the rack. Newlyn found his breath catching slightly in his throat as he felt his arms and legs get bound to the supports there.

At first the restraints felt a little loose on his body but as he continued to get worked on by the drones Klaine reached out and tendrils formed on his arm that once more wrapped around each of his biceps. At this point Newlyn was not surprised when he found himself lifted up once more and the second his feet were off the ground the drones got to work securing him in suspension. He could feel the cold metal pressed against his rubber skin while they slid the last of straps through the rings that were attached to the ice blue latex on his body. Though he had a glancing thought that the harness might not hold he found that it was more than capable of holding up his body as he wiggled in his restraints.

"That is extremely hot..." Klaine murred as he rubbed his hand against Newlyn's chest, causing the dragon to wiggle in his bindings. "There's nothing quite like seeing a handsome latex specimen all bound up and restrained. I'm so glad I have my job... how are you feeling there?"

"Um... I'm doing alright," Newlyn replied as he continued to test the restraints that now held him completely immobilized. "I'm still not sure about all of this. I mean, I just slipped in a puddle and now I’m about to be stuffed in some sort of tube to get brainwashed."

The goo raptor chuckled and stepped up on the platform, motioning for the drones to get off while he finished off the restraints. "Don't think of it as brainwashing," Klaine reassured as he focused on the straps around his crotch. "That's such a negative connotation to it, think of it more like additional programming. You are still going to be you of course but there's also going to be a bit of the boss in you as well so that you know exactly what being a Factory dragon is all about."

"Did you have to undergo such a thing?" Newlyn asked nervously.

"Oh no... at least nothing I remember," Klaine replied with a chuckle. "Since I work outside of the facility and don't do much inside the factory itself I don't need such an intensive initiation. You're going to get quite an induction, though it's nothing like what the guards or those who are receiving punishment get... now you want to talk about a mindwipe there's where you look. Luckily you're not here to receive such treatment, in fact I would almost think of this as a reward."

While Newlyn wasn't sure whether or not to consider that a good thing he suddenly felt his entire body shake slightly as those fingers glided up and down his maleness. He looked down as best he could to see that Klaine had once more piece of equipment to be put on him, an ice blue ring that was in one hand while the other had grabbed his cock. At first he thought that the rubber raptor was just going to put it on him but with a smug grin on his face he took the circular object and put it in his muzzle before doing the same onto Newlyn's latex member. The entire rack that the synthetic dragon was lashed to shook all the way down to the base as wave of pleasure coursed through his body.

Thanks to the semi-translucent nature of the raptor's head he was able to see the pink rubbery length get completely engulfed in the gooey mouth and watch as the ring was secured down to the base of his groin. Even with the band of rubber around the root of his cock he continues to slide up and down the entire length of it, getting the former snow leopard to moan loudly as the raptor continued to pleasure him. He was so wrapped up in it that he didn't even notice the goo tail stretch up and wrap around something that was hanging above his head. The second that the rubber mask attached to his muzzle his eyes opened wide as it suctioned to him and sealed it completely.

There was nothing that Newlyn could do but watch as the rubber stretched around his face and head to help keep the mask. It was attached to a tube that reached up to the top metal section that was framed by the glass tube. He realized that it was likely going to be where he got his air supply, though there might have been something else in there as well. He was curious as to what is about to happen the strange gel maw wrapped around his muzzle caused those thoughts to get pushed to the side, his mind a haze of lust before Klaine backed away.

"Still thinking that being a factory dragon is a bad thing?" Klaine asked, Newlyn shaking his head as his body shook in need and wanted nothing more than to have the symbiote saurian continue to suck on him. "Looks like you're ready to go, so let's go ahead and get you started."

Klaine waved at the rubber dragon and continued to grin as he slowly stepped off the platform, leaving Newlyn to his fate as the sound of the machine slowly came to life. The tube of glass slowly began to descend down around him until it settled down into the grooves, the rubber in there suctioning down and sealing into place. Once that had finished Newlyn could hear himself breathing heavily in the rubber mask as he waited for the next phase of the conversion. Though he wasn't uncomfortable, the drones and Klaine doing an amazing job of securing him, he still began to feel his anxiety ramp up as he heard nothing.

Suddenly a number of holes opened up in the metal ceiling of the cylinder, green liquid raining down on him. Even though it dripped easily down his synthetic skin he could feel an almost electric tingle that coursed through his body from each drop. When he looked down he could already see that the liquid had already started to pool from the base of his tube and quickly rose until it was sloshing around his ankles. His body began to shudder as he felt the liquid continue to rise up, feeling electric bolts going up and down his latex skin in pure pleasure as it moved over his groin and caused him to jerk.

Just as the liquid got to Newlyn's neck it stopped suddenly, leaving his restrained body partially suspended as his body got used to the strange liquid that surrounded him. He realized that he hadn't been completely suited up and when he raised his head he saw what looked like a visor that was slowly lowering down on his head. The goggles were lowered down until they were pressed against his head and to his surprise he found that they were suctioned to his face until they were completely around his eyes. As soon as the visor was secure the rain of electric green liquid continued, filling up the rest of the way until it hit the top.

All sound became muted, even the breathing in his gas mask as he waited for what to happen next. The goggles maintained their translucency for a few more second before they suddenly went completely opaque, Newlyn's draconic head shifting slightly as he tried to see around him only to be shrouded in darkness. Then with all of his senses blocked there was nothing for him to do but wait, though there was definitely something that he could still feel as the liquid cascaded around him. After a few minutes the visor suddenly came to live, hearing the voice of Raven speaking into his ear.

“Hello there,” Newlyn heard as colors began to swirl in front of his face. “If you are hearing this then you have been selected to become one of the newest in a proud line of rubber dragons here to serve the needs of the Factory. As you have willingly chosen a live of service in exchange for the blissful feel of my rubber on your body the occupation comes with certain responsibilities… and perks. For now though why don’t you just relax… take in my voice and the pretty colors as we get you into the proper mindset for your new body.”

While the rubber dragon wasn’t quite sure how he would define the term willingly he did feel his chest swell with pride at the adoration that the voice of the Raven seemed to give him. When that happened the liquid that he was submerged in tingled around him and he felt a sensation on his latex maleness that was akin to someone stroking it. The feeling was brief but intense and it made him want more, something the machine seemed to sense in him as it began the process of molding him. For a few minutes the swirl of colors continued to flood his vision as the voice began to put him in a highly suggestable state, the soothing words lulling the draconic creature as he relaxed even more in his bindings.

By the time the swirls of color and the voice stopped Newlyn’s entire form was like jello in the restraints that he had been put in. Though he was hyper-aware of his own body he could no longer feel the bindings that had been put around him, nor the gel that the tank had been filled with. His mind was completely open, softened by the hypnotic images given to him and further kneaded into a more pliable state. It wasn’t long however before he found the visor changing once more, though this time instead of colors it was what looked like some sort of bedroom. As the camera swayed slightly it felt like his own head was swaying back and forth as a combination of the mental programming plus the sensations given to him through the goo made him think that his head was following the one portrayed in the visor.

The strange sensations continued for Newlyn as he saw his hands come up to his face, the purple rubber flexing as their real-life counterparts twitched while in the bindings. Had he not been strapped down like he was his hands might have mimicked the ones that he saw in the visor, but it felt like he had done it all the same before they went back down to his sides. Even the things he couldn’t see, his tail, his feet, his member, all of those sensations were fed to him through the gel so when the movie did have him looking down to see where his feet were they were exactly in the position that the gel told him they were in. Of course even if Newlyn had been in the right mindset to consider how such a thing would be possible it would have been shocked out of his system when he saw another rubber dragon enter into his field of vision.

“You must be the new recruit,” the creature said as he adjusted his latex skin, showing off the bulges of his muscles as he gave Newlyn a cocky grin. “Are we ready to begin?”

Even though Newlyn hadn’t thought about nodding his head his vision suddenly did so, and though he wasn’t technically in control of it the movement felt right for him. “Let’s start with something simple,” the dragon said as he moved over to the bed, Newlyn doing the same as he felt his muscles respond exactly as he had been doing so. “Having a longer muzzle made of rubber might be a new experience for you so let’s get you on your side so you can see what I’m doing, then you can try and repeat it. As I’m sure you can guess all factory dragons are experts in being able to give pleasure, rubber does make us rather horny after all and there is no shortage of it here.”

Even though Newlyn heard everything that the dragon was saying the statement about rubbing making them horny seemed to resonate in his mind, echoing in his skull as he watched the other dragon begin lower his muzzle on his ridged length. The sensations were directly translated to his real cock and his restrained body jumped slightly, though in the simulation unfolding in his mind it was a much bigger reaction complete with a loud gasp. Newlyn could only watch as his trainer continued to passionately slurp and suck on his member while the pleasure radiated throughout his entire body. This continued on for a few minutes before he suddenly stopped and slid down the length with a long slurp before pulling off with a rather loud pop.

“Why don’t you give it a try there,” the dragon replied with a grin as he moved his hips forward slightly to help motivate Newlyn to do the same. “You do a good job and I’ll even throw in a special treat as a reward.” That sounds good enough to him as the purple and black latex dragon tried his best to mimic what the dragon had been doing to him. With his new rubber tongue he could feel it stretch longer than it should have normally, which while it was boon to have he began to have trouble coiling it around the cock in front of him as he also tried to keep it in his synthetic mouth.

“Not too bad,” the other dragon said with a slight grunt as he motioned to look down once more. “You seem to be having a bit of trouble with your tongue though and that’s one of the most important assets for factory dragons such as ourselves. Try to follow along with me if you can.”

Newlyn did his best as the two rubber creatures began to suck one another and the longer they did the more he began to get the hang of his new body. It didn’t take long before they both had forgotten all about the lesson that was being taught, instead both creatures were content to lick the throbbing rubber members of the other male while their hips pushed into the maws of one another. The sounds of rubber squeaking filled the air as the two slid up and down each other’s lengths, driving up the lust of the other which in turn only caused them to suck harder on their partner. It soon became a loop of pleasure as Newlyn felt the other dragon grab him by his latex rear and push him until he was deep inside the maw of the other dragon.

It wasn’t a surprise when Newlyn came first, in fact even as he shot his load into the maw of the other dragon he pulled out without finishing himself to leave him panting. “Not too bad newbie…” the dragon said as he quickly spun around and pushed Newlyn over until he was on all fours. “In fact I think you definitely deserve that treat that I promised you.”

As the cock of the other dragon immediately began to circle around Newlyn’s hole he began to focus on something other than the creature behind him. The newly minted rubber dragon felt so natural on all fours with another, bigger male ready to impale him under his tail. It also didn’t hurt that the dragon was pulling on his various harnesses that Klaine had attached to his body, causing no small amount of pleasure from that too as he felt the other dragon take control. When he remembered that the silver rubber raptor had given him such things he remembered for a brief moment that this wasn’t real… that he was in a rubber dragon suit suspended in a fluid that was causing all these sensations.

A moment later though Newlyn was groaning loudly as any thoughts he had were drowned in the pure lust of the dragon cock pushing past his ring of muscle, which also felt like it had been completely covered in or assimilated to latex as it stretched out. Whether it was simulated or not it all felt extremely real to Newlyn as he stretched out his arms and clawed the bed. At that moment even if he had gotten a perfect mental picture of himself strapped down to that rack in the tube of goo with a dildo being shoved up inside him that didn’t matter, all he could see and feel was the scene playing out in front of him as he managed to turn back and watch those shiny thighs push forward. His factory dragon trainer grunted and put his hands on Newlyn’s sides as he slid inside him, walls spreading open to let that throbbing cock go deep inside him.

“Oh yeah,” the dragon said with a grunt as those hands pushed Newlyn’s chest down on the bed. “You were born for this position, weren’t you? A needy rubber dragon with his backside in the air just ready for another of The Factory’s creatures to use you?”

“Yes…” Newlyn nearly hissed, the words leaving his mouth before he even had a chance to think of them. It did feel so good, like his place was right there with the other rubber dragon, or really any creature for that matter, to be on top of him. With the harnesses and collar and cuffs he looked truly like the submissive rubber dragon he felt at that moment, and as though to reinforce that thought he soon received a shot straight to his prostate that caused him to nearly jump out of the bed.

For the next few minutes Newlyn was lost in the haze of pleasure as he heard the dragon pounding his tailhole how it was so good to submit while at the same time continuing to pull on his cuffs and collar. It felt so good to do what he said, to be moved when he looped one of his fingers around to pull at his hand or sides, that the dragon’s manipulations became his entire world. Though he still remembered himself as Newlyn the snow leopard part of him became lost in the blissful words of the dragon, replaced with the knowledge of how Newlyn the rubber factory dragon should act. Soon being a rubber dragon became his entire world, something that he was fine with as he was quickly build up to orgasm.

His legs tensed as his rubber cock came for the second time in as many hours, leaving him a pleasured heap on the bed as the other dragon quickly pulled out of him. “I always do enjoy training the new factory dragons,” the muscular male said as he hopped off the bed and encouraged Newlyn to do the same. “Perhaps once you get done with your proper training we can meet up again and you can show me just how much you’ve learned with the others.”

“The others?” Newlyn asked in slight surprise. “You mean you’re not going to train me the entire way?”

“Unfortunately no,” the other dragon replied as he shook his head. “I guess they used to do that and then the factory dragons would imprint on their instructor, unable to do anything without them present. Sir Raven wants to make sure that all of us are able to do our jobs independently, that’s what separates us from those drones or… the guards.”

“I suppose that makes sense…” Newlyn replied, sighing slightly as his hands went up to his rubber muzzle. “Of course given that you’re a simulation I don’t suppose you’d even be able to see me anymore, this is all a ruse after all.”

“Is it now?” the dragon chuckled. “We’ve passed the pre-programmed part of this training a long time ago, why don’t you go ahead and raise up a number of fingers?”

Newlyn quickly realized with slight shock that he was not only able to raise his fingers into the configuration he wanted but that he was able to do so under his own power. “Three fingers,” the dragon replied. “Now I could go into all the details about how the technology that you’re immersed in learned how to read your neural network and then adapt to that so that you now have control over your avatar but I think I’m just going to leave you with this.”

The dragon pulled in Newlyn and kissed him deep, his trained tongue able to keep up with the other as they made out. Then with one last wink the dragon suddenly disappeared and Newlyn was left alone in the room as it suddenly dissolved into the factory floor that he had seen before. “Time for your next lesson,” a familiar voice called out as Newlyn looked behind him and saw Raven standing there with a grin on his beak while he remained perched on the shoulder of a guard. “As a factory dragon you are expected to do certain things, such as helping those that are being converted from one place to another. While this is certainly not one of the fun parts of this enterprise I’m sure you can handle it, can’t you?”

“Uh…” Newlyn said as he looked around. “I… I guess?” The Raven just shook his head and suddenly the rubber dragon found himself unable to speak, his lips sealing together as his fingers went up to his muzzle in shock. When it was done there wasn’t even a crease where his lips had been as he looked up in confusion.

“Failure to address your superior as such…” he chided as the guard walked closer. “It’s a good lesson you’re learning right now… your body was created by me and with your willful submission you belong to it. Ergo you belong to me now, do you understand?”

Newlyn quickly nodded and not only did he fell his maw return but he also felt a burst of pleasure that came from his entire body that caused him to fall to one knee, a posture that was reinforced with yet another, smaller cascade of blissful sensation. “You catch on rather quick,” Raven said as Newlyn remained panting for a few seconds. “Ready to start your training?”

“Yes Master Raven,” Newlyn replied, this time the jolt of pleasure bringing him down to all fours as it felt like a million rubber tendrils had rubbed over his body all at once. “Oh god…”

“You don’t have to go quite that far,” Raven replied with chuckle. “For the record sir and boss are also fine, though I do enjoy your previous address as well. Now let’s get to work, shall we?”

Hours passed before Klaine walked back to the tube that had contained his latest subject, chuckling slightly as he saw the restrained rubber dragon twitching and writhing in the tube from what was likely the latest in the stimulation courses he was receiving. While there were other things that he had no doubt learned such as loyalty to The Factory and Raven in general a lot of it was pleasure-based in order to help ensure that that other reprogramming stuck as well. When he took a look at the readings of their latest acquisition he nodded in approval at the new thought patterns that had been distilled inside Newlyn.

With a few button presses and the pull of a lever the fluid immediately began to drain out of the tube, leaving the shiny latex creature hanging in the restraints as the simulation ended at the same time. Once the gel was completely gone the raptor called over two drones in order to help him get the limp male down out of the restraints and back onto his feet. As soon Newlyn was on his reptilian feet it seemed to perk him up a bit, looking around as he got his bearings back now that the goggles and breathing mask was off him.

“Are we feeling like we can stand on our own two feet?” Klaine asked, the rubber dragon taking a deep breath before he looked at the symbiote and nodded. “Can you tell me your name?”

“My name?” Newlyn replied as he blinked his cyan eyes. “It’s Newlyn.”

“Good,” Klaine replied, nodding as he made sure that the original structure of the former snow leopard’s personality remained intact. It meant that they didn’t have a drone on their hands, which while it didn’t happen too often it was always something to look out for as he went on to the next series of tasks. “Now what is your designation?”

“My designation…” this question took Newlyn a few seconds to access the freshly programmed parts of his brain until he found the new information. “DRN31N.”

“Perfect,” Klaine said with a grin as he checked it off his list. “Do you know what your assigned task is DRN31N?”

“My tasks are…” there was once again a few seconds of pause as Newlyn tried to remember what his tasks were before he just shook his head. “I’m sorry sir, I do not seem to have any tasks assigned to me. If you would like to give me some I’m sure that I could work on them right away.”

“I’m sure the boss will have something that you can do,” Klaine said with a wink as he slid over and placed his hand on the draconic male’s rear. “For now though it’s time to see how well that training of yours was… in my room. Come Newlyn, let me be the first to welcome you to your new life.”

“Right away sir!” the submissive dragon replied as he wagged his tail eagerly, the rubber raptor once more forming a silver leash before he led the eager male through another hallway, once more the rain splattering on the glass as they passed by. Just as Klaine moved towards his private quarters he spotted something out of the corner of his eye, on the other side of the fence was what appeared to be some sort of feline pressed against the chain link fence of The Factory, causing him to pause enough for Newlyn to ask him if something was wrong.

“Oh, it’s nothing,” Klaine replied as the smirk on his muzzle grew. “Just thinking how it might be nice for you to have a friend… and accidents definitely can happen in the rain, things getting slippery when they’re wet…”