

Change of Management

“Please... I have good credit, I am willing to put my house up for collateral– I just really need this loan,” she begs, Kirisha, an anthropomorphic green scaled, stripped Utahraptor. Her yellow eyes were on the verge of tears, which she manages to hold back when she hears,

“I’m sorry but I can’t offer you a loan at this time. Not with the lean from the government on your business.”

“That is why I need the loan to pay back these sudden back taxes!”

“Sorry– goodbye,” the call ends, cutting off quite abruptly.

Her heart sinks down, “God fucking damn it!” she growls, tensing.

“Are you okay, love?” asks a soft-spoken, blue-scaled wingless anthropomorphic dragon, her blue eyes staring at Kirisha. She’s dressed in revealing sexy leather attire, much like Kirisha’s own.

The raptor falls into her chair in the office, letting out a long, drawn-out sigh, “Sorry I lost my temper there.”

“I can understand why.”

“We’ve done our taxes correctly, yet they say we haven’t. I’m getting a damn refund from those accountants.”

The blue dragon sighs, approaching her, giving her a hug, “I know this is out of the blue, but we’ll think of something. We’ve been through tough times before, we can do it again,” she says, giving Kirisha a nuzzle and a soft lick.

The raptor smirks, “Aqua, you always know what to say. How did I get so lucky to find a girl like you?” she says, leaning up and giving her a returning nuzzle.

“I’d say it’s more the other way around, when I applied for the job,” she says with a blush, her scales turning purple.

“True,” Kirisha says, returning the affection, “Either way, I will be home late. I need to see if I can find someone who could loan us the money, otherwise it’ll cost us way more in the long run.”

“You could always ask your friends for some money.”

She sighs, “I prefer to keep our friends out of our financial troubles unless absolutely necessary.”

“Just think about it, okay?”

She smiles, “I will.”

“Good, and don’t take too long, I’ll be eager to help you relax when you get home,” Aqua says with a bit of a wink.

“Okay, who took my shy Aqua and made her such a tease?” her love asks with a smirk.

“I-I... was I too forward? I’m sorry I just wanted to...” her words are cut off by a soft tender kiss.

“Relax love, you’re doing fine, and I appreciate it. You have a safe trip home and tell the other girls not to worry. We’ll figure out something.”

“Okay, I’ll see you home soon hun.”

Kirisha smiles, “As soon as I check if there are any other options– but I may be late, so don’t worry if I pull an all-nighter, okay?”

“Okay,” Aqua says with a nod, leaving Kirisha there to continue to work, and peruse the internet for any good options... when suddenly, there’s a knock on the door. She tilts her head, “We’ve been closed for hours. Who could be knocking?” she wonders aloud, shrugging it off, but the knocking continues every so often. Kirisha finally relents, “Fine, I’m coming,” and growls, getting up from her desk, and exiting the office. Going through the restaurant, the chairs are all pushed in and tables cleaned, the lingering aroma of cooked meals still hanging in the air. The lights are dimmed, allowing just enough visibility to move around– but making it clear they are closed.

Kirisha sees a well-to-do, finely dressed dragon with white scales, and a red coat. His wings are neatly folded behind him, his two lightly wavy black horns jutting out from the back of his head, barely visible amidst the wild ebony hair of his. His eyes give a soft blue glow that draws her to him as he raises his clawed white hand in greeting. The sense of anger she had at first to tell him to go fuck off, fades at once with his friendly smile, where instead Kirisha finds herself asking, “Hello? Can I help you?”

He clears his throat, pulling out a black, red-trimmed business card like a magician, “Ah, there we are. Do forgive my determination to interrupt your evening, Ma’am. I just so happened to catch wind that you were having a few... financial issues, yes? I happen to be here to see if I cannot alleviate you of your troubles,” he asks with a strong, soothing voice, which feels like it's dripping with honey, sweet and alluring, resonating in a way her brain just seems to... like.

She feels a rush through her, a chance of a way out of her conundrum? But then her sense returned to her, and she shook off her momentary daze, taking a defensive posture, “It's the middle of the night, why are you here?”

“Why, to speak with you, of course. The sun and moon are just objects in the sky, to me What’s the difference between noon and midnight if we are both awake and able to chat?”

“Okay... so how do you know about my troubles?” she asks, looking at the held business card on the other side of the door.

“Financial institutions talk, and I find what is happening to you to be just dreadful. Our business is a... *generous and magnanimous* entity. As such, of course I had to come as soon as I was able.”

“How did you know I was here?” she asks, unlocking the door, opening it just enough to grab the card, reading it, “Dire Straits Loans. A subsidiary of the Mefiac Conglomerate, Ltd.”

“A little birdie told me.”

“Shit– Don’t tell me the mafia knows about my problems...” she asks with an exasperated sigh.

He waves his hand dismissively, “Oh no, no. Nothing so bad as all that. It really was only a turn of phrase. May I come in, so we might discuss things properly? I offer rather competitive interest rates, and more than enough to cover your expenses.”

She looks at the card then back at him, drawn into that smile... And that gaze. Something about the light his eyes give off. Something about it is just... she can't put her claw on it, but it feels... her inability to pinpoint the sensation leads her to shake off the feeling in the back of her head, "Please, come in. We can at least discuss the proposal," she says, opening the door.

"Of course, my deepest gratitude for hearing me out. I assure you, you will not regret this decision," he says, stepping inside, moving with a strength and authority that slightly rubs up against Kirisha's own, yet that gently glowing... smile soothes the friction instantly.

"It would be nice, but I have to see what you have to offer."

"Oh, I'm sure it would take some time, but we have all the time in the world. Perhaps we might make up some coffee as we talk? It is rather late."

"Sure, let me get a pot."

"Please— allow me, on your watch of course. This is *your* place, after all."

"Sure, why not, let me show you where it is."

"Why thank you," he says, the coffee being made and taken back to Kirisha's office.

The raptor takes an evaluating sip. Still perfectly hot enough to barely stand a hair away from scalding her throat, it suffused a warmth through her body that felt refreshing... though not so refreshing that an odd subtle quality of flavor could be ignored, "Hmm, it tastes different."

"Ah, excuse me, I am used to brewing my coffee in a more particular fashion. What do you think, does it meet your approval?"

"It's rather good, yes."

He smiles, "Wonderful. Now let us talk about the loan. We'll need some collateral against it. Would you be against offering up this business?"

She sighs, "What are the interest rates?"

"We go anywhere from... say, five-point twenty-five percent, seven at most, depending on your credit."

"Ah... that isn't too bad, and I won't have this place without it, so those terms are acceptable," she says, going over the loan details, reading through the massive paperwork, sipping more of the coffee, "I think I could agree to these terms."

"Lovely, just sign here, here, initial here, here, here, and sign there, and we'll be in business."

"You don't know how much this loan means to me," she says, going through the papers, signing them.

"In fact, I'm aware of *exactly* how much it means— being that I happen to be the cause of its necessity as well," he says, his voice growing darker, grin a bit more devious.

"Huh? What?" mutters Kirisha, as she feels her heartbeat grow heavier, pulsing as she suddenly feels a rush of nausea. For a moment she wonders if she's about to puke, but just as quickly as it comes on it subsides— taking her appetite with it, "What are you talking about?"

The pearl-white dragon takes the contract, rolling it up, and like a magician makes it disappear between the palms of his hands, "Now that you've signed the contract and ingested my essence, there's no further reason to hide it— it won't matter to you soon enough. Alas, I am the

reason why you had the trouble, and no loans would be lent to you in the first place. Being... something of a demon, I have a bit of pull in the financial system. So many promise their souls to me, but when the time comes, they will do just about *anything* to get them back,” he lets out a hearty, if subtly sarcastic laugh.

Kirisha stands at first in outrage— then stumbles back, clumsily landing in her chair, her body feeling numb amidst the suffusing warmth she couldn’t stop feeling even after the coffee should have cooled inside her, “What did you do to me?” she asks, reaching out the dragon, her gaze locked with his.

“Goodness, did you not read the document I presented to you? I’m sure your mind was in a fine haze, but here, allow me to read this section here: ‘I, the party signed below, agree to pay, immediately and in full, the above amount owed to the Mefiac Conglomerate, at the time of signing. If insufficient funds are presented at the time of signing, I agree to relinquish ownership of my company, authority over my employees, and myself, to the Mefiac Conglomerate, until such a time that my debt is considered fully paid by my hereafter owner.’ There, you see? In nice, plain language, *I own you*. And being your new owner I am, as we speak, making changes that are fitting for my newest... *asset*.”

“But you can...” Her words slur and slip from her suddenly, as her consciousness experiences an almost hypnagogic dip, passing out and then suddenly back into awareness, as one would to stave off sleep. Her hand clumsily drops, the flow of time starting to slow more and more in her perception, to the point that the world is practically frozen in place.

“*What is going on? Why can’t I move?!*” she thinks, trying to will her body to move with her thoughts. Yet perhaps due to how slowly time was passing, or something else that was blocking her conscious intervention, she was struggling against her body to do anything.

A deep, resonant chuckle rings out through Kirisha’s mind, “Pardon our *invasiveness*, your body is currently being converted from the inside-out, and now the process is beginning to reach your brain. Your mind is being changed and perfected to the way that *I* see fit. Time is not slowing down— rather, your perception of it is speeding up. By the time... Oh, let’s say, by the time your hand hits your thigh, you will be wanting every physical change that will happen next. It will be so lovely to watch.”

“How is that possible? I’m just trapped in my own mind?”

“Feel fortunate that I didn’t elect to simply burn your mind away into nothing,” his chuckle resounding in Kirisha’s head such that there almost isn’t enough *space* in her brain for her own thought, before her captor continues, “I told you, I am the closest thing you’ll know to a demon. My essence is what is talking to you— primordial black matter, too acrid to be ingested without notice... Unless its flavor is masked by something else. My physical body, meanwhile, is simply watching this process play out in real time— finding it so *arousing* to watch the struggle fade from your eyes, I might add. Really, just think about it: A sweet dominatrix lesbian into a completely *gay* shemale dragon drone? How could anyone not find such a reversal of principles *delicious*?” he snickers in sick pleasure.

“What? I can’t– no, better yet I *won’t!*” Despite her defiance, she doesn’t even consciously acknowledge that her eyes are locked onto the dragon-demon’s gaze. Unable to move, unable to look away, Kirisha can’t stop finding that blue glow so... mesmerizing. She can’t pull away, the vivid azure light seems to *tether* her mind in place, and her body doesn’t respond. In place of that lost control, her mind is racing at a pace that allows this time burst to happen, mustering up an... oddly *passive* response to the invasive voice, “I am not even attracted to guys. I’m into girls. I’m married to my love Aqua, a sweet sea dragon.”

“Oh? What, do you have something against being gay?” he asks, a flash of imagery of the dragon, his hard throbbing twitching white and black striped dick, dripping with pre-cum. It sends a ‘shiver’ through her– though what part of that is actually her, and what part is the invasive consciousness inside her, is getting hard to tell apart.

She growls, shaking her ‘head’ feeling this strange sensation of being able to move an ethereal, ephemeral body, while still seeing her real one motionless before her. She’s reminded of the idea of phantom limbs and can’t help but imagine that her mind is beginning to conjure this dissociative feeling all by itself. Moving invisible even to herself as if suspended in a void, she is beginning to adjust to her changing mental state while getting a sense and feel of the demonic presence speaking to her, “Are you dense? I *am* gay. I’m a woman that likes women, *only* women. It’s the only thing I find attractive. If this wasn’t such an outlandish thing to just happen to me, I’d be insulting myself with that one.”

He gives a out hearty laugh, “So feisty and defiant. You’ll be a wonderful puppet dom, I just *know* it. You’re already proving so *agreeable*– having acknowledged how *gay* you already are. Gay for men– males, and their *shafts*. anyone with a dick attached, you’ll just find yourself loving.”

Her ethereal form takes a step back. Each mention of a guy or his masculinity forces an image of it to flash in her mind, again, and again. Different males, mixed in with the dragon... and another figure, one that looks exactly like Kirisha, only far more alien to herself, a *male*, with a twin set of glowing blue eyes. The budding of arousal is felt for a passing moment within her loins, a gentle warmth being stoked, “I’m a lesbian– *that* kind of gay. I barely have any kind of interest in guys,” she says, although something about the ‘words’ she spoke to him felt off, but she’s unsure in what way.

“So you say, but your mind betrays you, and your body will follow suit. Every passing microsecond, you change. Your thoughts are altered, rearranged. Aspects of your self, *subtly* tweaked. You may struggle all you like, but your change is as good as done. You simply have yet to realize it. Ah, but when you do...” his chuckle echoes all around her.

“No, no, no. I am not going to fall like that.”

“Are you? Your confidence is entertaining. Perhaps we can test its mettle.”

“Its mettle...? What if I pass the test?”

“Hmm? Do I hear the sound of you, willing to make another *deal* with me?”

Kirisha’s mind begins going into overdrive to take in everything during this relative time dilation. She sees that her claw has barely moved a hair during this, yet it is still clearly moving,

no matter how slowly. Eyes lock immediately to that dragon's grin that seems to transcend time and space, responding to him with such an unconscious stream that she didn't know whether she actually spoke it, or just thought it, "Are you telling me there's a chance I can circumvent my current situation? To get out? To prove to you that I am what I say I am?"

The raptor feels as if the demonic voice has taken more definite form within her mind, able to see the invader of her thoughts in her mind's eye, as he snidely smiles, "Oh certainly, the possibility exists, it is non-zero. But to be willing to risk losing my catch... You had best be prepared to offer me even more should you fail."

"What more could I lose than I seem to be already?"

That devilish chuckle echoes out in twisted delight, sending shivers through her spine as she looks at the demon. Something within her was bubbling up... hatred? Anger? Or perhaps it was something else, something beyond her mental grasp, as she listened to her invader's voice "I can do so much more with you than just claim you as my own. Your very conception of a 'self', your sense of individuality— these are things that your mind does not strictly *require* to serve my will. It may seem distressing in concept, but I think it brings a group so much closer together, don't you? I mean, just think about being so close to that sweet dragoness of yours."

She tenses, letting out a long growl, feeling her phantom claws twitch, "Don't you dare touch Aqua!"

"Goodness, aren't we touchy! Do you doubt that you will prevail? Why else would you so certainly make claims about what I can and cannot do *after* claiming you?" he asks.

"No, I can beat you... I am just protective. Aqua has nothing to do with this."

"Ah, but she has a *great* deal to do with this, in fact! She's an employee here, at the restaurant that *I* now own, don't you recall?"

Her claws twitch, "Whatever happens, do not touch her."

There's a pause, a hum of thought coming from the demon, "...*Very well*. I swear upon all that I am, that I will not touch your love without your direct, *explicit* permission. Does that assuage you?"

"You'll never get my permission."

"*Of course*. Which means you have nothing to worry about, beyond my idle musings, isn't that right?"

She lets out a huff, nostrils flaring, "I guess so," she says with a smirk, feeling a surge of confidence, "How long will this last?"

"Are you asking how long the process would take?" he chuckles, "I admit, when you exist as long as I have— and as long as I *will*— time becomes a fleeting phenomenon more so than most. Still, at least you show enough awareness to evaluate your situation. I cannot help but be impressed... and I'm a reasonable demon. If you can manage to resist the influence compelling you into becoming my sweet *completely* gay controlled dom by the time your claw drops and hits your thigh, you're free. I will give you the money, absolve you of this debt, and we'll never see one another for the rest of your life. Should you lose? Well... you already know what you'll be losing."

“I understand,” she says with a growl.

His mental image holds out his hand, “We have a deal then?”

Tentatively she reaches out grabbing the dragon’s strong powerful claws, which send a surge of delight and pleasure through her, “It’s a deal,” she responds with the small subconscious thought, “*Does it always feel so good to touch him I wonder... no, no, focus.*” Kirisha sees her hand, falling down ever so slowly, barely noticeable, but in the end that’s the thing, it is noticeable, “I just need to hang on, and not become some *gay* whatever that this demon wants me to be.”

The moment the words slip from her mouth, another image forces itself into her mind, a visual of herself crotch deep into the dragon’s loins, suckling that thick delicious meat. Another shiver runs through the raptor, pleasure bubbling within her just a little bit. Whether engineered or entirely of her own volition, her captor certainly didn’t fail to notice.

“My, my, was that the unmistakable look of your mind wandering off? Did you have a little fantasy about *me*? I certainly couldn’t blame you for that– you have no *idea* how many creatures seek after my body like your mind is now.”

“Shut it, demon. I will not listen to your taunts.”

“It’s hardly a taunt, for now at least. Either way, there is little you can do about it,” her mind’s eye, seeing him move closer, reaching out to touch her invisible muzzle. It feels like such a *trained* bodily response for pleasure to come surging into her mind, into her ethereal body, as his touch which she tries to resist in her thoughts as he continues, “Perhaps we’ll do a little test to see how your preferences are progressing.”

“Show whatever test you’d like, I’ll pass it,” she growls.

“Goodness, you show such *spunk*– and once you are filled with *mine*, I think that could only improve,” he says with honey-soaked words that inexorably linger in Kirisha’s head, a sudden flashing vision of her sucking that dick, the warm flood of seed glazing down her throat– another flash, of having her rear taken, that girthy draconic cock pounded mercilessly into her, sending aching pleasure into her body, as his warm seed flows into her body while her hot, hard, aching di– ...the sensation passes, as she finds herself unable to grasp what she was going to think next. Shaking her head, her sex twitches, burning hotter.

“Was that it? All that you have?”

“Oh no, no. That wasn’t even the test. It was nothing more than a fleeting vision of your future,” he teases with finality. Suddenly he shifts– in what way, Kirisha can’t really quantify. Their eyes in this ethereal realm are locked, the demonic dragon now soft, blue, tender scales, ocean blue eyes... it takes only a moment for the raptor to recognize Aqua standing before her. Her heart flutters.

“You’re showing me the one I love. How is this a test?”

“She is such a stunning, captivating figure, isn’t she?”

“Of course, she is, the best dragoness I could have ever hoped to meet,” she says with a happy trill, feeling a calm come over her, not even noticing that she has immediately dropped the

animosity she expressed to her captor, experiencing only a warming delight, with an additional bubbling arousal.

“Such admiration! Do you admire her? Given the choice, would you make yourself *just like* her? Would you find yourself craving to be a *gay* dragon too?”

“What are you talking about? I’m a raptor, she’s the dragon.”

“We’ll see about that when I am done with you– but look closer at her, are you sure you aren’t *gay* for her in the way you think?”

“Of course, I am *gay* for her. She’s a girl,” she huffs, moving in closer, reaching out to touch and caressing Aqua’s warm loving scales, the dragon returning the touch. Kirisha shivers, the pleasure building up.

“I am so glad you love me for who I am,” says Aqua in a sweet alluring voice.

“I know this is not–... it’s so good to hear your voice right now, love,” she says, leaning in closer.

“Kiss me Kirisha, show me that you still love me.”

“I could never not love you,” says Kirisha, moving in about to kiss, but something hits her thigh that makes her look down. A shudder runs through her, her sex tightens, a positive response from her body but a mental shock from her makes her jump back.

“What’s wrong Kirisha? Don’t you love me anymore?” Aqua asks, the dragon’s breasts from a small A/B sized now E or larger... but what is really catching Kirisha’s attention is the massive, pink, twitching draconic dick hanging between her legs with a set of orange sized balls attached. The cock glistens with pre-cum, dripping in perfect mirror to Kirisha’s arousal from the tip.

“Y-you’re not Aqua.”

“How am I not? I’m still the same dragon aren’t I? You said you’d love me no matter what,” she says, sounding down, depressed and sullen, “Am I not sexy anymore?” she asks with a quivering voice, that tugs at the raptor’s heartstrings, “Am I not good enough?”

“N-no, Aqua. I would love you no matter what you look like. I love you for you,” she says, pulling her closer to her.

“I want to be with you– hold you, touch you, but you jumped away. What’s wrong with me?”

She shakes her head, immediately forcing her instinctive objection out of her mind, “No, it’s not like that. I want you to be safe, happy, content.”

“Then why do you pull away?”

She looks over Aqua seeing that loving happy face, and then looking down at her change down below, the twitching aching dick down below, that makes her tense. Another shiver of pleasure down her spine, “This isn’t you. This is a fake. One the demon made to trick me.”

“But you said you’d love me no matter what. No matter what anyone else said, or thought,” says Aqua, the words hitting deep within Kirisha’s mind, recalling the scene that brought that, which brought them closer together.

“I do. I really do Aqua,” she says feeling emotions swell up within her.

“Aren’t you *gay* for me Kirisha?”

“I love you regardless, Aqua. Yes, we are *gay*,” she responds, shuddering and grunting, the image of her close up, a dick between her legs rubbing up against Aqua’s length, sending a surge of pleasure through her. She wouldn’t acknowledge the emotion when it arises, but she is beginning to *enjoy* the idea of that firm, hard length her arousal growing, her ethereal sex feeling tighter.

“Then accept me... and accept yourself as my *gay* lover Kirisha. If it doesn’t matter, and you’d do anything for me, do this. *Please* Kirisha, accept yourself, and what you love...” Aqua beckons with a sweet, if nervous voice. Her lack of confidence pulls at Kirisha’s heartstrings even harder, wanting to move in, hold her, caress her, protect her.

“I love *you*, Aqua,” she says moving in closer, another image, this time of them together kissing, holding each other close, their dicks pressed up against one another, twitching, dribbling pre-cum, being spread across each other’s lengths by their shared claws. Kirisha’s clit grows harder, grows bigger, growing more used to thinking about having a shaft from these repeated images being inserted into her mind, her sex sealing up at last in this ethereal visage.

“Come to me Kirisha. Accept me. Accept yourself so we can be together, *forever*.”

Kirisha pants, moaning, drawn closer, her claws touching Aqua’s, hands clasping tightly together, facing one another. Kirisha is drawn into those soft glowing blue eyes, “I love you so much, Aqua.”

“I love you too. Please, kiss me and say you’ll have me.”

“I’ll have you... now and forever,” she says, moving in to kiss Aqua. At the same time, she feels a swelling pressure between her legs as a pair of balls grow between Kirisha’s legs, while the sealed, shrunken sex begins to swell out, turning into a hard, firm, *sensitive* cock. The sheer feeling of this wholly new ‘appendage’ was overwhelming, she felt every inch of it in her mind, images of dicks flowing into the raptor’s mind, looking all the more delicious.

The demon’s voice again resounds in her head, heard in her mind as if a whisper in her right ear, chuckling, “Have you begun to adjust to your changing nature, Kirisha? Are you willing to concede your attraction to your new shaft? Your claw has barely dropped an inch since we started this wager.”

Kirisha growls, breaking the kiss, looking in the offshoot direction where her actual body is looking, toward the demonic dragon, “I love Aqua for who she is. The rest doesn’t matter. That doesn’t make me the *gay* you’re talking about.”

“Does it? I wonder about that.”

Kirisha’s dick twitches and aches with each utterance of the word ‘*gay*’, sounding sweeter, more inviting. Of course, she was already *gay* before, just not for males... But this was Aqua, she was a girl.

...She *was* a girl.

Aqua grabs Kirisha’s claw, “Relax, Kirisha. Don’t mind his taunts. Just focus on me. I’ll make it better. He can’t touch me without your permission.”

She nods, her attention turned back to her, “Yes, that’s right... We made that deal. He can’t touch you.” It took her a moment to even recall that much, and she wasn’t sure that she could recall the memory more definitively than that. It was all just a haze...

Aqua smiles, centering Kirisha’s attention again, away from what’s happening in the background of her mind, “Then please, Kirisha. Touch me. I need you *so badly*,” she says, taking the raptor’s hands, bringing them down to her twitching, aching length.

“Wait, Aqua please– this is just what he wants.”

“Kirisha... this is what *I* want. To give you relief, focus. Focus on me, focus on pleasing me, love. I need it so badly,” she says with a soft draconic whine.

The raptor’s claws were tenderly made to wrap around Aqua’s twitching dick, gently caressing it, feeling the warmth, the need, which made the raptor’s arousal grow, “Aqua, I...”

“Love me Kirisha. Accept me. Forget about the demon and focus on me. Let’s beat this together.”

She smiles, “Right love. Together we can beat this demon,” Kirisha says with a soft, delighted trill, gently clasping and rubbing her lover’s dick. She etched in her mind the slick texture of her lover’s shaft; it was like well-lubricated rubber. Was her own just like that? The thought makes her cock twitch and instinctively drip with pre-cum, as she leans forward, making the heads of both of their shafts *kiss*.

Aqua moans, arching her back, breasts pressing up against Kirisha’s, “That’s it love, please, more... I need more of your love,” she says, bringing her breast up to Kirisha’s muzzle.

The raptor kisses Aqua’s left breast, licking across the nipple... when suddenly, a new urge enters her mind. Tugging at the nipple with her teeth, Kirisha starts giving it a nice, firm suckle as their dicks grind against each other. More images of cocks no longer feel like invaders, as she accepts them to accelerate her own arousal. New sex positions and the unceasing bombardment with images of dicks flow into the back of Kirisha’s mind, feeling better, and better, stoking her arousal.

“That’s it Kirisha, take me, suck me off. Show how much you love me. Show that demon how much you love me! How much you love my dick!”

She pants, huffing, “Yes, yes love,” she responds, their eyes locked, giving a tender kiss... before Aqua’s claw softly clasps the top of the raptor’s head as she pushes Kirisha down onto her knees. The twitching, throbbing length loomed in front of her. She knew that the cock felt warm against her claw when she gripped it, but feeling it in front of her face now was entirely different. She could almost feel the hot, humid air exuding from that cock against her face as it merely loomed an inch or so from contact. She breathed in, taking in the heavy musk, generated by an arousal that had been suppressed up until now. It was like a jolt directly to her brain, and that jolt was telling her dick to get rock-hard, and for the urge to suck Aqua’s dick to get *unbearably* intense. Right there, before she even musters up the awareness to think about it, Aqua guides Kirisha down to suck her dick. The raptor’s tongue coils around the member, savoring its warmth as it slides down into her muzzle. The sweet taste of it filling her senses, the delicious smell, unable and unwilling to resist.

Each slurp feels better than the last as that girth fills up her maw and throat, tenderly massaging that length with her warm, soft throat. It was as if she always knew how to do this, and it sent her cock aching, twitching, and throbbing. Her sexuality is warped and twisted further as images of dicks flow into her mind, looking better, more arousing. She feels safe and delighted as Aqua's claws caress the back of her scaled head.

"That's it, love, accept it. Love me. Show how much you love my dick as yours knows what it likes. We are gay for each other's love. Gay for hot dicks, our dicks, aren't we?"

With firm deep suckles she is lost in the delight of the moment, the warmth and ecstasy of taking her lover's dick, unable to answer vocally— so instead she just takes the entire length, all the way down her throat until her lips are kissing Aqua's balls. It feels all the more right, all the better. Her member's twitching, aching, and throbbing is so hard that it cannot be ignored by Kirisha anymore. With one hand she fondles her lover's balls, while with the other she tenderly rubs her length, keeping her arousal at an all-time high.

"I guess that means you are really gay for me," Aqua chuckles... as her voice began subtly shifting, "Accept my essence, as you've accepted the love you hold for my dick. We are quite nearly done," says the demon, Kirisha now realizing she was sucking the demon's draconic length. Her mind wants to pull away, but her body won't listen. It keeps in her hazy thought the memory of its taste and its scent, as those sensations flood her senses again in real time. No matter her distress, her mind was being conditioned to love this very experience. It keeps her sucking as the powerful, dark entity consuming her mind purred in a deep, *bestial* hunger, before cascading into a powerful moan— a *roar* of ecstasy that completely overloaded her mind. His dark essence was laced powerfully in every drop of cum which had gushed down the raptor's throat, as her captor climaxed, every identity-corroding drop flowing into Kirisha's mind. She felt another hypnagogic pull, the sensation of her consciousness being invaded enthralling her deeper under his spell. The raptor's eyes go wide for just a moment... But she no longer has the will to resist, not as she might have if she had started the test right here, in this position. Instead, she happily sinks under his will and then happily suckles the seed down. Gulp after gulp of the thick substance floods her senses with bliss, holding her cock on the verge of climax, ready to blow as she's left tenderly suckling her *Master's* dick, enjoying every moment of it. She thinks she wants to climax... But then realizes she doesn't want to climax, so much as she wants to be *told* to climax. Her brain was craving orders from her Master already.

"*Very good.* That's a good servitor. Come, rise— you may decouple yourself from my shaft. We have one last test, to measure just how gay you are," he says, pulling Kirisha's head off of his still-hard dick.

The raptor looks up at him, her once-golden eyes suffusing with a soft blue demonic glow, "Yes Master, that sounds lovely," she purrs in a half-sleeping tone, standing back up, pressing herself against him, their cocks frothing against one another, as their hands caress each other's length.

"What is it, Master? What can I do for you?" she purrs.

“Come closer, so our balls can touch. You mortals say that it's not gay unless the balls are touching, right?” he chuckles.

“Right Master, not gay until the balls touch,” she moans, only half-registering the idea outside of the context of her Master simply telling her about the phrase— something she passively accepts without thought. Bringing herself to touch her balls against his, their claws move together to rub and grind, assaulting her senses with the combined feeling of that slick, sensitive flesh and her own, sending the raptor over the edge, “Master!” she exclaims, her eyes going wide, the yellow now at last utterly purged from her vision, replaced by the same soft blue as her Master’s.

The demon chuckles, “I suppose that means I win this wager. Do excuse me for taking some of my prize *as* you were losing, rather than before. I felt it wouldn’t have made all that much of a difference, letting you keep all your autonomy. I imagine... *that you’ll completely agree.*”

Time returns to normal, as the raptor’s claw falls in half a second to her thigh. Eyes glowing a soft blue, they are locked completely onto her Master’s, “Hello Master,” she purrs.

“Greetings, my loyal drone. Just relax for now, your new body is forming as we speak.”

“Yes Master,” she moans, arching her back, as rubber slides up from below her, between her green scales, covering her in black and a dark shade of blue. A set of four firm, flawless dragon horns push out from the back of her head, eliciting from her moan. Her sex sealing away for the second time— and this time for real, a pair of balls ballooning out while her breasts gain a full cup size. It feels exhilarating, and *right*, oddly used to the sensation after going through it in her own head once before. The raptor’s length twitches and aches in delight as she becomes more draconic, voice tuning itself down just enough, such that it sounds ambiguously gender-neutral, though still barely hinting towards female... Though *his* identity was beginning to say otherwise.

His new cock aches, as *he* looks down at it with delight. A thick posture collar forms over his neck, forcing him to tilt his head up just the smallest amount, before a big metal ring emerges, forming on the front. The latex slides across his claws coating them in a thick, securing layer, while a rubber mask begins wrapping around his face, becoming part of him. It took away his ability to facially express— but this didn’t bother him, had he been asked if he minded, he surely would have said that the only emotion he has to express is devotion. Lenses calmly covered his vision, as his breathing cut off only for a moment, while vents opened up at the end of his gasmask, already settling in as a perfect face for a servitor in his own mind, “Thank you Master,” he says with a huff, as visible from his breath is a thick dark blue haze, a corruptive smog that escapes his lungs when he exhales... And which he gets a full dose of with every inhalation.

“I see you have finally acclimated to my essence. It is flowing well through you— you are taking this just as I predicted, *M-758*,” he says with a pleasant chuckle.

The new name at once sinks into the dragon’s mind, replacing the old as irrelevant, useless, a name that he only felt himself dissociating from more and more, so much that he

eventually no longer recalls that there ever was an old name to forget in the first place. That however, would come in time, for now focusing his mind on the authority before him, “Thank you Master,” he says, his cock twitching in delight at the sensation of the latex covering every inch of his scales. It felt cool to the touch at first, but the firm, slick, elastic material warmed to the dragon’s body heat, feeling like an insulating second skin. Like material *superior* to his organic flesh. The wingless dragon stands up as breathing tubes form out of his mask, attaching on their own as if alive, to a pair of light metal air tanks forming on his back, storing and concentrating the corruptive haze that he now produces. A small pink secondary tube attaches from one of the air tanks right back into the dragon’s gasmask face, allowing him to revel in the same gay corruptive gasses that he now produces. Every breath of his own concentrated corruption burned in his lungs for the smallest moment, before being numbed and overtaken by euphoria, feeling his head swim and rush with increasingly lowering inhibitions. Swelling with new strength and power, the dragon with a hefty set of breasts looks feminine— thick and voluptuous in its proportions, albeit with an unmistakably masculine musculature. Their skin is now rubber: shiny and glossy, reflective, slick and smooth, with clear rubber ‘scales’ in the front that merge into their gasmask head. It has all formed perfectly around their body, with the mask appearing to be more like their actual head than some gear they are wearing. It all looked too tight and perfect to be taken off— and certainly wouldn’t be able to be.

M-758 has no means to know this but feels passively aware that the inside of their body is more or less the same— corruptive otherworldly matter which molded itself to replicate a rubbery structure. The last vestiges of the green raptor are gone, even the mental image of that old identity fading away, leaving nothing but the aroused, cock-twitching, aching gay dragon drone. His dark blue lenses glow, hinting at the unmistakable control of his eldritch ruler underneath. He looks at his Master, smiling though impossible to see from the rubber, “How may I be of service Master?”

The white dragon chuckles, rubbing his claws along the new dragon’s face, and his cock rubbing against his newest drone while his shape loses its initial definition, changing into the unnaturally inorganic creature Kirisha saw earlier in her visions— but which M-758 only regarded as *perfect*. His Master’s silky pseudo-flesh, the tendrils of his hair of the same material that the drone ingested to begin with, and of course, those eyes, three on each side, none of which could be ignored as his *Lordmaster* instructed him clearly, “You will prepare the restaurant for your employees— and your employees for service to their new owner. They have to be ready and accepting, M-758, no less than yourself.”

With a huff he nods, “Yes Master, it will be done.”

The stygian entity grins with rows of pearly fangs delighting in the direct response, chiming back with an eager, “*Excellent.*”

The following day Aqua and the other girls come into the restaurant to get ready for the day. The blue dragon most of all comes in looking concerned, “She didn’t come home last night, I hope she didn’t work all night...” she says, looking at a note at the front of the door that reads.

“Hey girls! I made this new pot of coffee I want to try for the restaurant. I want everyone to try it and let me know what you think. Also Aqua, sorry I didn’t come home but I found a solution to our problem. Please meet me in the office. Don’t worry about waking me. I’ll be happy to see you. Love you!”

Reading the note out loud Aqua sighs in relief, looking at the other female scaled beauties, “Looks like we have some good news finally. You all can go ahead and try the coffee, I want to see how Kirisha is doing before anything else,” she says, rushing into the office, popping her head in, “Hello, Kirisha?” she calls out looking around, not seeing her initially.

“Did she fall asleep on the floor again?” she mutters to herself, peering over the desk, though not seeing her, “Did I miss her?” she wonders aloud, before hearing the door closing behind her with a click, making her jump, “Eee!” she exclaims, turning around seeing a strange rubber dragon creature with a raging hard dick between their legs, “W-who are you?!”

“Don’t you recognize me? It’s me, your love, M-758,” he says.

“I-I don’t know who or what that is.”

Another voice speaks up from a corner of the room— one that Aqua swore she checked and was empty, as a dark, deep voice resounded from its shadows “Alas, my dear, Kirisha no longer recognizes her old name. Don’t feel concerned, though. Soon enough, *neither will you.*”

Aqua takes a step back from the dark presence of the Lordmaster, imposing down upon her, “Who are you? What have you done with Kirisha?!”

“She— rather, *he* underwent the very same process that will happen to you. Of course, as per my agreement. I am not permitted to touch you... but *he is*,” he says motioning to M-758, who wastes no time or thought in taking this opportunity to jump Aqua.

“Let me go!” she exclaims as her clothes are torn from her person by the powerful drone.

“Relax love, it will all be over soon,” M-758 says, his smooth rubber body holding and caressing Aqua, not trying to be rough in any way. As the drone breathes out naturally and passively, a deep blue haze washes over Aqua’s face, which floods her lungs with a similar burning heat that quickly begins to fog her mind.

“No... Kirisha... please... h-help...”

“I *am* helping. I am the property of my Lordmaster, but I will not abandon you, my love. We will be together, forever, as gay lovers should,” he says, slipping his length into Aqua’s rear, making her grunt as she’s taken so quickly, yet lovingly. Another wash of haze comes over the organic dragon’s face, her eyes beginning to have that same blue glow.

“Kirisha...” she moans, the process starting to overtake her. Aqua’s eyes become a greater darker blue glow, while she’s being thrust into. Perhaps in her own mind, Aqua was undergoing the same corruption M-758 underwent in those bare microseconds. Her newly converted lover’s moans are muffled behind the mask, but nothing reduces the sensitivity of his cock, as he thrusts in harder and harder, until finally hitting climax. Hot dragon essence flows into her body, causing Aqua the smallest fleeting moment of discomfort as her body is being eaten away from the inside by that assimilative matter... and after a few minutes, she responds with a pleasant draconic purr.

“Oh love, I see now. I love it. I want your fate as my own so deeply. Please, let’s be together, through *all* of it,” she says, nuzzling and kissing M-758. The flood of corruptive haze and the potent seed spreading inside her is speeding up the process as the wingless dragon’s sex seals away, soon replaced with a matching hard throbbing dick. Her body is unmistakably shifting, changing to be a perfect match of her fellow drone, an *exact* match of the draconic shape M-758 adopted. Yet, a new sensation to the both of them begins to appear as the changes take place: they feel their minds begin to touch, connect.

It was beyond either of their description— and being that both were aware of the contents of one another’s minds, that was a statement they felt with confidence. It was so much more intimate than it could be imagined, having immediate access to not just one’s own stream of consciousness, but the conscious thoughts and deep memories of those around them. A new mental connection between them forms, their love growing as they have never been so close before. Thoughts shared, slowly synchronizing between them, focused on serving their Master. The Lordmaster watches with delight, seeing the two gay dragon drones stand up, and present themselves to their Master, their minds adjusting to the sensation of instantaneously communicating through thought, and of hearing their partner’s conscious thoughts at the same time as their own. They began adjusting and mixing in with each other, becoming harder to distinguish one’s thoughts from the other, to themselves and certainly to the outside world. In their already-eroded minds, they already were beginning to forget which between them had been Kirisha and which had been Aqua... before concluding quite logically that it *didn’t matter at all*. They were of one mind now, together forever. That was all that mattered to the identical duo.

“Such a fine, flawless pair of drones. Your fellow units will be coming online any moment now. I could hear their moaning and groaning from here. It was sweet and delicious— but you will know that yourself quite soon,” he chuckles.

“Yes Master. Thank you Master,” M-758 and M-759 in unison. Inexorable feelings of pleasure, love, service, and obedience flood their minds, feeding into the other, making their programming and conditioning stronger than ever. It was as if one was constantly ensuring the other’s compliance. Then the other girls come online, their consciousness joining the new collective. The base of this new hivemind was formed by the pair of lovers, but they too add to it with their knowledge and experiences. As they connect, it begins spreading the pair’s love for each other amongst one new drone, after the other, and another... and another. Being spread thin, the love for each other begins normalizing into just a feeling of belonging and obedience like all others— just a tool of the Lordmaster to ensure their compliance. Their sense of individuality reduced to a fraction of what it was before.

The drones, even while at a physical distance, are able to act singularly— but focused on the greater whole, serving their Master and owner. These two standing before him, however, will be the ‘core’ of the new drone collective. The eldritch mind-eater approaches, running his claws along M-758’s dick, before approaching M-759’s shaft, watching the drone tense up in anticipation... But the Lordmaster stays his hand, turning to M-758 and asking, “May I touch

him?” while M-759 whines, desperately wanting the same delight, even despite partially feeling it in the periphery of his mind.

M-759 moans longingly, “Please, let Master touch me.”

M-758 nods, “Yes Master, you may touch him. Thank you for sticking to your word.”

The Lordmaster touches and caresses both dragon’s lengths, reaching farther down and giving their balls a firm squeeze, enjoying the desperate muffled moans, “Of course, my servitor. I am an Outer God of my word, after all. Now, let us get to work. Rebranding this restaurant as the Dragon Drone Den is going to take quite a lot of work, from all of you.”

“Yes Master!” they respond in unison, in the office, and every part of the restaurant such a unit could be found. The dark eldritch god, the Lordmaster Mefialtez grins all too happily at the sound of all those voices brought together under his vision, as he has claimed another set of souls in his long campaign to consume all reality... Just as he completely consumed the realities of every *gay dragon drone* that was here and would be hereafter.