

Ketex Teri

Thumping of music, anthropomorphic men dancing, some dressed in casual clothing, others a bit kinkier, assless chaps, latex, and the like. A black scaled blue striped anthropomorphic Utahraptor sits at the bar, dressed in a mix of sleek black rubber latex pants, and tank top, with leather BDSM body harness and straps around his body. He sips his drink, green feather crest rising a little as the alcohol touches his lips.

The anthropomorphic raven bartender, dressed in a mix of professionalism and kink that the club represents, gives the raptor a little nod, "Not your day today, Teri?" he asks.

He looks down at his drink, taking another swig, "I was feeling really good today but since I got in here, I feel like something is off."

The raven tilts his head, feathers rising, "Off how?"

"I'm not sure, it's like I am trying to search for something, and I haven't found it yet," he says, looking out into the crowd with his predatory green reptilian eyes.

"Well I don't think you are going to find what you are looking for, just by sitting around here now, are you?"

"I know, I know. But there's this feeling I have in the back of mind? It's hard to explain that if I just wait here, what I am looking for will come. I just need to keep an eye out."

The crow shrugs, "I tried to help," he says, walking over to another patron.

"I know," he replies, looking out into the crowd, suddenly catching something across the dance floor in one of the back corner booths, "*Now that is a real kinkster,*" he thinks, the skintight white rubber shows off every inch of his rippling muscles and powerful pecs, "*I'm not normally into buff guys but something about you...*"

He makes his way across the dance floor, slipping through the crowd with a lightness on his step. No matter who he bumps into, his gaze never leaves that of his target, feeling a sense he's being drawn to him, called to his position. With each step more parts of this mysterious person's kinky attire becomes clear. His black and blue markings, with a barcode on his chest that he can't quite read yet but know it's there. The gas mask headpiece that appears to be seamlessly merged with the rest of the suit with a black glassy visor that prevents him from seeing his eyes. The black rubber tubes with blue stripes snake around his shoulders down to his back to a hidden backpack.

The wolf's tail wag quickens with each step he takes. Something in the back of Teri's mind beckons him forward. Now he's close enough to see that there's some kind of metallic band that goes from his visor, between his ears to the back of his head, "*What a curious look. He's going very all out with that attire, and I can't seem to get my eyes off of him,*" he thinks, reaching his table, "That is a lovely attire you have. I don't think I have seen anyone with something like that before," he says, unable to see the person's eyes through the visor but could get a sense that he was smiling. He looks over to the barcode catching the designation Ketex-13, "May I take this seat?"

He motions for him to sit, “Please, be my guest Teri. I’ve had my eyes on you for a while too,” says a vaguely familiar voice, muffled underneath the latex gas mask.

Something about the voice pulls him closer, drawing him into a state of relaxation, he sits down, admiring the smooth rubber form, his shorts growing a bit tight, glancing underneath, noticing a jockstrap rubber device around the guy’s crotch, that’s black rubber with a blue stripe that goes around his waist, and the bulge in the center has a blue lock on the front, its then something clicks in the back of his mind, that draws his attention back up at him, “Wait, how do you know my name? I never gave it to you.”

“We’ve met before. We were coworkers before I left the company as I felt they didn’t satisfy my needs.”

Teri’s feather crest rises a little bit, “Wait... wait...” he thinks through his head, trying to find the name, but it seems to slip through his fingers.

“Who you knew me as before was the old me,” he says.

“You may call me Black for now.”

The name sunk in quickly, washing away the previous name that he couldn’t recall. Something about him was certainly different, and that’s not the smooth rubber body before him, “Okay, Black. How have you been?”

“I’ve been wonderful. I’ve gotten a new purpose in life and things haven’t been better.”

Teri flicks his tail, something about those words, makes him pull his claws closer to himself, “You have? That must be nice.”

“It’s wonderful, and I have a friend to thank for it.”

“A friend?” he asks, leaning in closer, “What kind of friend?”

“His name is Kevin, and if you come with me, I can introduce him to you. I bet he could give you what you’ve been longing for too. With a bit of fun on the side,” he says with a little head nod.

Soft unheard whispers are spoken in the back of his mind, causing a tingle to run down his spine, “*Trust him.*”

“*Go with him.*”

“*You know you want to.*”

“*Nothing to worry about.*”

Black leans in close, placing his hand on Teri’s latex covered scaled thigh, “Come with me Teri, and I will give you a mind opening experience that you’ll never forget.”

The raptor stares into that black visor, seeing his own reflection in it. His feather crest rises higher, a weight presses on his chest, a tenseness in his pants grows, a sense that *this* is the thing he’s been looking for ever since he walked into the club overtakes him, “I’d love to. Lead the way.”

“Follow me,” he says, offering his hand, the raptor taking it without hesitation, whisked away through the club to one of the VIP rooms that overlooks the dance floor. One of those where you can’t look up at who is seeing you, but those inside can easily see those down below.

Teri takes note that Black's suit has a black metal backpack with a blue liquid in the center. His muzzle tubes attach to it, and the strap that goes between his ears, stops at the back of his head with a few glowing pink lights, "That is a very curious suit you have. Where did you get it?" he finally asks, the curiosity that has been bubbling in his mind, finally getting to him, just as they enter the VIP room.

Sitting in a chair, looking at the club goers before is a wolf in the exact same white rubber, blue and black marking suit as Black, though not nearly as buff, he's just as handsome in Teri's eye, his arousal growing further, the door behind them closes and locks, with him barely paying attention as he feels this weight of presence press down upon him.

"I've brought him, administrator," says Black.

The mysterious figure known as Kevin gets up from his chair, his crotch having the same locked bulge as Black, "Hello Teri. I've heard so much about you. And I wanted to see you," he says, looking over at him, his hands running across Teri's chest, making him shudder.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm not normally into full rubber body suits but... I can't keep my eyes off you," he says, keeping his gaze locked on him, only broken when Black steps in front of him, the bulge around his crotch is no more, replaced by a hard throbbing black rubber dick.

Black speaks up, his words with a hint of forcefulness that are too powerful to ignore, or to disobey, "Unzip."

Teri smiles, "Don't mind if I do," he says, freeing his purple raptor ribbed dick, which twitches and pulsates in the air, a little dribble of pre-cum at the tip, "I thought that was a null bulge," he comments, looking down at Black's dick.

Kevin runs his hands across Teri's body, his own bulge unlocking, his thick black dick running across the underside of Teri's tail, making the raptor hike it, giving better access to his tight hole underneath, soon pressing up against it, "You've done well 13."

"Thank you, administrator," says Black, stepping closer, the taller buffer wolf, presses his dick against Teri's, gently caressing the the two's hard twitching cocks together, making the raptor thrust up against him, pulling away from Kevin for only a moment.

"13?" asks Teri, enjoying the warmth of the two around him, their smooth rubber bodies causing him to tingle in delight that can be felt in the twitching of his tail, the flutter rise of his feathered crest.

"He's 13," Kevin responds, pressing up against him, closing the gap between them, pressing his warm rubber body against the raptor, pushing his length against the tight rear, sliding in. Feeling the raptor clench around his rod as he penetrates him, pushing into that sensitive rear, making the raptor let out a raptoric 'chirp' moan.

"Ahh... but why?" he manages to ask, his cock twitching, pre-cum oozing out which is then rubbed over his length by 13's hand. Teri finds himself torn where to give his attention, to the big buff one in front of him or the tender powerful one from behind. He splits his attention, one hand reaching back to squeeze Kevin's butt causing it to squeak loudly, the other reaching up to gently run his claws along that smooth muscular chest of Black.

“Relax, and don’t worry about that. You’ll understand soon,” says Kevin, thrusting up into the raptor, causing the scaled male to buck his cock up and against 13’s. Three distinct moans escape them as he starts to rhythmically thrust into the raptor with ever growing loving and strengthening force.

13’s massive powerful hands grip the raptor’s length, pressing it up against his twitching pleasure pillar, massaging them together, grinding faster, harder, the raptor’s dick starts to darken and turn black, which only heightens the pleasure they are both feeling.

“Fuck you both feel so good,” groans Teri, bucking against the two of them, hearing the soft squeaks of their smooth white rubber bodies against his scales, his latex, his leather. He clenches down on Kevin’s dick, bucking a bit harder, cock twitching, another gush of pre-cum before his new black rubber dick is completely enveloped by the spreading latex. White rubber wraps around his balls, caressing them, sliding across his black scales, consuming his outfit in the transformation’s wake.

Kevin’s hands glow with a power, tearing through his clothes, which send shocks of delight through Teri’s body, “You will feel even better soon, Ketex-23,” he says, thrusting harder into the raptor’s rear, a silver outline around the raptor’s hole forms, a nice tight entrance as a black rubber tube like them connects from his groin to his rear around his hips, the transformation growing with each powerful thrust.

“Huh? What are you...” his eyes widen, catching the movement down below, that his wonderful purple spire has changed into a black rubber like the sexy wolves between him, “What is going on? What are you doing to me?!” he exclaims looking up at 13, who he tries to push away but is far too strong for even him.

“You will know what we are soon,” says 13, reaching to the back of his head, grabbing the circular disk with the three pink lights, and with a simple tug he pulls a cone shaped cover out from the back of his head, revealing a blue glow coming from the back, the sight of which makes Teri squirm more, “Relax, and it will all be over soon,” he says, as slick blue tentacles shoot out from the back of his head. The sleek latex glowing blue phallic tentacles merge into one solid one and shoot right into the raptor’s mouth.

Teri squirms and struggles, biting down onto the rubbery invader in vain, the taste and smell of rubber overwhelming his senses as its driven further into his mouth. His teeth are completely useless to cut against it as it slides down his throat, through his passageways, feeling that sensation in his mind grow. His body in some odd betrayal only grows more aroused, clenching harder against the cock shoved into his rear, spreading its transformation rubber further. He looks up at Black... no 13, getting a sense he’s being brought closer to him than ever before.

“You want this 23. Teri’s life was incomplete. Administrator Ketex-00 will bring purpose to your life that you’ve sought for, for so long.”

Teri grunts, suckling on the tentacle as it slides in and out of his mouth, his cock growing harder, the black rubber length grinding against 13’s, while Ketex-00 pounds away into his tight ass, the glow of the administrator’s hands as it pushes the energy and power of being a drone into

the raptor's body, spreading the rubber down his legs, consuming more of his outfit, replacing it with his new *skin*.

Teri shudders, eyes going wide, *"What? No, this is not what I want. This is..."*

*"What you have been looking for your whole life. That missing part of who you are, isn't it? Haven't you **always** felt like something was missing?"* asks 13, his voice speaking with a truthfulness and a fearful comfort that only drew Teri deeper into his honey-soaked words.

White rubber rolls down Teri's tail, hiding away his black scales, the blue stripes now blue rubber stripes that go down the side of his tail and his legs. He squeezes harder on Ketex-00's cock, letting its glorious length push deep into him, hitting his prostate, making the pleasure bubble up higher. All the while he continues to grind and thrust with greater need against Ketex-13, gulping down the tentacle as the mental conditioning continues, *"But no. I have always been..."*

*"You've gone out night after night for some fun. Having sex with other handsome men, but you still lacked the **purpose** that you've been looking for. You have a nice job, but not the life you've been **wanting**, isn't that right?"*

He huffs, nostrils flaring, his body quivering against the two, the rubber creeping up his chest, and down his legs. The raptor's sharp sickle claws are contained in a thin layer of rubber that keeps their deadly look, but it is impossible for him to break through the confines of his new and better second skin, *"I... I have been searching yes. Wanting something more in life. This is true, but I don't think that..."*

"Relax, you don't need to think about that. Let it go. Administrator Ketex-00 does that kind of thinking for us. He leads us, guides us, loves us. We serve him with undying loyalty, and the idea of that drew you to us, didn't it?" says Ketex-13 into the depths of the raptor's mind.

Teri lets out a soft muffled raptoric chirp, unable to anything as the pleasure builds up in his loins, reducing his ability to fight to anything more than a whimper. In fact he's now humping harder against Ketex-00, squeezing that length, letting the flood for rubber essence flow into him, making him feel even better, his own climax drawing a bit closer, the spread of rubber along his back and upper parts of his body now nearly complete. His sharp claws still shining through the latex, perhaps they are even sharper now than they were before, all the while his mind dulls to 13's neural link, *"But I... it was..."*

Teri tries to pull together thoughts to contradict what is being said to him, yet the more he thought about it, the less sense it made to find a *reason* to be contradictory. He looks up at 13 with pleading, wanting eyes, on the verge of a climax, *"Your look. Something about you both is what drew me to you. And it's just... you both feel so wonderful and amazing."*

Ketex-00 caresses and rubs Teri's chest, the rubber moving up around the back of the raptor's head, the gas mask muzzle starting to take shape. He runs a finger under the raptor's chin, while taking his hand to caress both his and 13's cock heads, grinding them together, *"It's blissful to serve? Blissful to obey? Isn't that right? Just follow my instructions, and everything will turn out for the best."*

Terri shudders, gasping the mask forms around his head, the rush of the gas from the forming backpack floods straight into him, the tentacles in his mouth remain for the moment, the only thing penetrating the rubber, *“Y-yes. This feels how I would imagine it to be,”* Teri thinks, his mind piecing together the events that led up to this.

He ‘remembers’ coming to both drones, drawn to them. Finding their bodies so lovely, their cocks so wonderful, their cohesion and purpose. To be a drone like them? With their abilities? How could he not want this. It is a dream coming true. Ketex-13 continues his mental manipulation, *“Exactly. This is what you’ve really wanted. Isn’t it?”*

“Yes, yes. It is. It’s everything I have been looking for all my life. I am so glad to have found...” Teri’s trail of thoughts is cuff of by the tensing of his balls, the tight clenching of the wolf’s cock deep within his rear, reaching the pleasant climax, gushing out rubber like his companion, fellow lover, fellow drone Ketex-13 and Administrator Ketex-00 have done. The unloading of all his troubles, worries, cares... will to fight against his fellow drones, all slipping away in one blissful surge, *“I have found my place with those that can understand me. Administrator Ketex-00, I serve you. I obey you. I am loyal to you. The bliss of it is all that I could have ever dreamed about and wanted. Thank you for allowing me to join you and be a drone,”* he thinks, believing his thoughts as if they were his one true and only.

“Very good. I knew you’d come to understand what Administrator Ketex-00 is trying to bring forth. We will all fill that void of what you’ve been missing,” he thinks to him, pulling back his tentacles, letting the rubber complete the seal around Teri’s muzzle, also known now as Ketex-23. The barcode designation imprinted on his chest, his new name in life, matching his new purpose.

Teri watches the tentacles pull back into Ketex-13’s head. His fellow drone casually placed the seal back into place, the lights dining. Ketex-23, knows his previous life, his aimless life he led now he’s been given something so wonderful and grand, he couldn’t help but be *eternally* grateful to his Master, Administrator Ketex-00. The two drones pull away from him, his hard twitching raptor cock is pulled back into the rubber, soon forming the iconic black rubber bulge with a blue lock symbol placed on top.

He takes a deep breath, steadily regaining his composure, viewing the world through the glass visor, the HUD providing detailed information he needs to be of service to the greater collective. His mind runs a mile a minute, undergoing diagnostics, and checks over the abilities he was given to be of service to his Administrator. He looks at them, and kneels, *“I can’t thank you enough for everything you’ve done for me.”*

Ketex-00 grins, reaching down to caress the raptor’s head, *“I know you will be of great use for us. Please, show us the abilities granted to you that could help me further our goals.”*

With a muffled raptoric chirp he nods, standing up, *“With pleasure Administrator,”* he says, grinning under the rubber muzzle, taking in a deep breath, *“First I have this new ability that you have given to me that will help me sneak into places where you need me, or to get the jump on those who need to join us but just don’t understand the bliss that you are offering,”* he says,

and with a quick glow that follows the blue stripes and markings on him, the rubber ripples and he seems to vanish before them.

Ketex-00 clasps his hands together, "Very Impressive 23, a light bending rubber that makes you invisible to the naked eye," he says with much delight.

"It's limited in time usage before I need to recharge but it can be very valuable when used correctly," he says, appearing before them, "But I have more gifts," he says looking over to Ketex-13, "It's similar to his mind manipulation," he explains, not even considering for a second that he too might have been one of those manipulated.

Ketex-00 nods, "Proceed, show."

"When I get close to someone," he says, moving in close to the administrator, running his claws along his sides, teasing him, bringing his bulge tightly up against 00's bulge, "And I look into their eyes," he says, muzzle to muzzle, as if going for a deep passionate kiss, "I can draw them in," he continues, demonstrating a hypnotic pattern lighting up across his visor, "It draws their gaze, lowers their will, allows my voice to just *sink* into their mind. Making them *eager* to do what I say. Isn't that wonderful?"

Ketex-00's own visor protects him from the effect, but he takes the time to analyze the raptor's boast, finding them to ring true, "Excellent. You'll be an excellent Ketex drone in service to me," he says with delight.

Ketex-23 takes a step back, chuckling, waving his claw, "But Administrator. I have one more trick up my sleeve... or should I say, claws," he says, showing his claw tips, which for a moment appear to have punctured a hole in the impervious rubber, but in fact was dripping black latex into his palms, which begin to coreless into a black rubber sphere, "If you allow me to demonstrate. I'll need 13 to run toward the door as if trying to escape."

Ketex-00 looks to 13 and nods, "Proceed."

Ketex-13 takes off running toward the door with feigned panic.

"If by some chance someone tries to escape," he says, speedily moving through the room, cutting off the larger drone, "Please keep running for the demonstration."

With a subtle nod the other drone, slides and tries to run across the room in a vain attempt of escape.

"I have speed, and the ability to capture prey from a distance," he says, tossing the rubber spheres at Ketex-13. The first landing right in front of him, which the drone steps on. The other onto the small of his back. The black latex on the ground leaps into action, tendrils shooting out and wrapping around 13's feet and legs, locking them into a useless rubber ball, making him fall to the ground with a heavy thud. The drone tries to brace himself with his hands but the black rubber on his back unleashes its own tentacles reaching straight for the drone's hands, pulling them behind his back into a black rubber sphere, making them useless.

Ketex-13 grunts and groans, growling as he tries to fight against the rubber and with his immense strength, manages to stretch his limbs a few inches from the spheres, the rubber stretching and creaking but quickly snaps back into place.

“Nearly impossible to break free as you can see Administrator,” says Ketex-23, sauntering over to 13, “I hope you are alright; I didn’t mean for it to be that rough on you.”

“I’m fine, it is all in service to the Administrator,” he responds with a huff.

Katex-00 clasps his hands together, “Marvelous, but how do you free him?”

“Simple,” he says, reaching down to touch the black spheres with his claws, drawing the rubber back into his body, “Like so,” he says, turning to his Master, giving a cordial bow, “I am pleased you enjoyed my demonstration so much. Shall I give my abilities a real field test with someone down below?” he asks with a soft raptoric purr.

Ketex-00 approaches the end of the room, looking at the unsuspecting club goers, “Please, proceed, bring them up here so we may take part in your first conversion.”

Ketex-23, the former raptor known as Teri, who could in a moment shift back into his raptor form, hiding his new true identity, but while in the club, he could truly be himself, “With pleasure Administrator,” he says, heading off downstairs, ready to find his first of many new drones to bring into the collective.