Damage Control

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\*WARNING WARNING WARNING\*

This book is extremely adult in nature and therefore should not be read by minors. If you are considered a minor in your state or country or is uncomfortable with such material please do not read.

Contains the following:

* (new)

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**Chapter One – Transfer**

Serathin hummed to himself as he made his way across the atrium of his workspace, the SHIFT Institute brimming with its usual activity as Shifters made their way to their timeline chambers while other researchers and scientists went to their respective labs in order to continue their work. It was the former that the draconic sabrewolf was heading to himself; the hybrid had quite a few active timelines and given his propensities he was able to do a lot of things that the others didn’t, such as allowing himself to be transformed into a giant bug alien or become a rubber gryphon alchemist pet… for science. It didn’t always work out in his favor, or at least the previous version of himself as he reminded himself of Slypher the phoenix out there in the multiverse somewhere, but for the most part he considered himself to be good at his job.

At least he thought he did, until he heard his name being bellowed across the courtyard that caused not only himself but everyone within earshot to stop and look over at the admin offices. Serathin slowly turned his head to see the bull that stood there snorting and pointing for him to come into the office, which caused the hybrid to slump slightly and make his way over while everyone else went about their business. More than once his green eyes looked over to see several of his co-workers snickering as they looked in his direction and it made him wonder just how much trouble he was in. Once he got to the door the bull that was also his supervisor pointed once more for him to head into the private counseling office, or the yelling room as most liked to call it as he trudged past the large man and walked inside.

Inside the frosted glass cube was a single desk with several uncomfortable chairs around it made of molded plastic, one of which Serathin took while the bull moved around him and sat on the slightly nicer swivel chair on the other side. “So, Serathin,” the bull said with an icy cold demeanor as he tapped the manila folder in his hand against the desk. “Do you know why I called you in here today?”

“Um, to give everyone in the courtyard ear damage?” Serathin replied with a smile, though the glare he got back quickly banished it. “Hey Murray, I really have a lot of work to do, I don’t suppose you could e-mail me whatever you’re mad at me about?”

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about your work schedule,” Murray said as his face twitched slightly. “We’ve frozen your timelines, you won’t be able to access any of them.”

“Wait, all of them?!” Serathin replied as he stood up. “You can’t do that!”

Murray responded by taking the folder and tossing it in front of the irate hybrid, which when it opened showed several photos of him in an extremely compromising position… with himself. “How many times do you have to be written up for this?!” Murray shouted back. “You are not allowed to go into other timelines and have sex with yourself!”

“Where in the rulebook does it say that?” Serathin exclaimed.

“It’s THE FIRST RULE!” Murray bellowed.

There was a moment of silence as the two just looked at each other while the bull waited for the draconic sabrewolf to respond, which after a bit just crossed his arms over his chest and turned his head with a huff. “Well, it doesn’t EXPLICITLY say that I can’t do it,” Serathin deflected, only to look back down when he heard a loud thud and saw the bull with a thick tome in his hand. “You actually brought the Shifter Guidelines book?”

“Rule number one, a Shifter is not allowed to cross timelines in order to engage in any activity with oneself that could potentially result in a paradox,” Murray read from the book before slamming it shut. “I would say that going doggystyle with yourself is engaging in activity, wouldn’t you?” Serathin looked away for a second, and as he was about to say something the bull once more cut him off. “Oh no, you’re not going to say that you transformed someone into a clone, or engaged in some sort of time travel rebound, this was not twinning and even if it was you definitely didn’t have my authorization!”

“Oh come on!” Serathin said as he threw his hands up in the air. “You let Slypher get away with this stuff all the time.”

“Slypher is an independent contractor, not a Shifter employee,” Murray replied as he sat back down, smoothing his tie as he moved the book to the side and gathered up the photos once more. “Plus that is a rather bad example considering that you didn’t follow the proper guidelines and enabled his creation when your former self had to be cut using the Ouroboros Protocol. I’ve been able to cover your antics before because you bring in a lot of good data, but this time you really ruffled the feathers of management and they have seen it fit to punish you.”

Serathin let out a groan and rubbed his hands against his head as he flopped back down on the chair, putting his shoulders against the desk. “So what, they’re suspending my shifting privileges?” Serathin asked. “I don’t get to work anymore to give me some sort of lesson?”

“Oh no, you’re going to keep working,” Murray said as for the first time a grin crossed his bovine snout, the evil nature of it causing the hybrid to balk slightly. “We had someone that needs to take a little time off from quarantine and I thought that you would be perfect to take their place for a while. You’re going to be working in the Damage Control department for the foreseeable future.”

“Damage control… really…” Serathin said with a groan. “That’s a glorified observation post! No one wants to be on damage control duty!”

“It’s exactly why you’re going to be on it,” Murray stated simply. “You don’t realize just how much your actions cause problems for this organization; now you’re going to be the one that is going to take care of all the paradoxes and loops that are accidently caused by the other Shifters. Maybe you’ll realize just how much we have to watch out for things like multidimensional creatures and artificial intelligence that might start breaching timelines if you take a little time to protect them yourself.”

For a few moments Serathin attempted to say something to Murray, only for the bull to stop him every time he tried to offer up something to the point where he just huffed and leaned back in the chair. “Fine, whatever,” Serathin said. “I still think this is stupid, but if it gets management off my back I’ll do it.”

“That’s the spirit,” Murray said in mock enthusiasm as he signed a piece of paper before handing it to the hybrid. “Now get out.”

Serathin snatched the paper and stood up to leave, but as he took a few steps out he quickly turned his head back towards his boss. “Hey boss?” Serathin asked, prompting the bull to look up. “Don’t suppose I could get a copy of those pictures?”

“Get out!” Murray bellowed, prompting Serathin to quickly leave the office area and head back into the Institute itself.

About thirty minutes later Serathin was still mulling about in the food court area, his head resting against his hand as he looked down at the order sheet given to him. It gave explicit instructions to go to the Damage Control center, but since it didn’t give him a specific time he thought he could see if there was a way to wiggle out of it. Even if he could though his Shifter privileges had been revoked and trying to get around them would be more trouble than it was worth. As he picked at the lasagna he had ordered he finished reading the paper for the third time before he sighed and finally put it back in his pocket, which as he did he felt a heat on his back that caused his frown to deepen.

“I heard that you were on the ass end of an ass kicking,” Slypher said with a chuckle as the bluefire phoenix sat down next to the draconic sabrewolf. “What did you do this time? At this rate you are going to give Murray an aneurysm.”

“Shut up Slypher,” Serathin replied, looking down at his food even though he knew those glowing cyan eyes were staring right at him. “It’s bad enough my ears are ringing from having Murray yelling at me without you here rubbing it in. How did you even know that I was in trouble anyway?”

“I may not be connected to your timeline anymore but I can sense when it’s been altered,” Slypher replied. “I do also interact with some of them so having your timelines all frozen creates a significant ripple. Plus the fact that you’re a deviant is not exactly a secret.”

Serathin rolled his eyes and took a bite of his food only to realize it had cooled significantly, which after giving a look to the phoenix he had Slypher warm it up for him. “Well I am looking at a living result of it,” Serahtin said as he started to eat the now piping hot lasagna. “I can’t imagine what you’re getting up to unfettered.”

“I could show you if you would like,” Slypher explained as Serathin suddenly found the phoenix behind him, feeling his fingers push into his shoulders as one hand ran down his chest. “If it’s yourself that you’re looking to engage with I would like to think that we’re close enough, and while I’m not to permanently alter any of your timelines it doesn’t mean that we couldn’t have some fun.” Serathin felt the heat rising on the back of his neck as the beak practically pressed against his ear. “And we could have so much fun.”

“Nice try, but I’m not risking triggering a second Ouroboros Protocol,” Serathin said as he grabbed his tray and wiggled out of the grasp of his other self. “Plus you have enough fun with me as it is, I don’t think you’re going to need any more toys after the collection you’ve been gathering. Oh, and do say hello to Tana for me the next time you visit him in that cell of his.”

Slypher just smirked back and disappeared in a flash of blue fire, leaving Serathin to deposit the tray after wolfing down the last of his meal. While there was plenty more that he could do in order to stall he decided it was time to face the music and try to get his punishment over as soon as possible. He walked out of the food court and into the campus buildings, frowning slightly as he passed by the Shifter hub, until he got to the building that served as the main engineering and control center for the technology used on the campus. While he had been in there a handful of times it would be the first for him working there as he opened the doors and walked inside.

After getting turned around twice and finding himself in several departments that he knew he shouldn’t be in Serathin finally made it to the door marked Damage Control Center, which when he opened the doors he was immediately greeted by a wall of monitors that took up most of the circular room. Desks were curved and arranged facing out towards the walls with people working on them on raised stages, the further in one went the higher up one was until Serathin saw that the top most section seemed to have one large desk that went almost completely around in a circle. That was likely where he needed to go report in and used the sunken walkway to make sure he didn’t get in anyone’s way before finding the stairs that led upwards. When he got to the top he found that the desk was empty and he wondered if he should wait or go before he heard someone come up behind him.

“You must be our temp for Jerry,” the naga said as she slithered around the draconic sabrewolf and situated herself. “My name is Elenore and I am the head of the Damage Control Center. I have to say that we have quite the file on your antics, I have been looking forward to meeting you Serathin.”

“Oh come now, my file can’t be that-“ Serathin paused as the naga reached down and pulled up a stack of papers that were enclosed in a binding that practically strained at the spine. “-bad.” Serathin found himself grinning sheepishly as the naga tapped her claws against the profoundly large file. “I mean, I have had quite the tenure around here.”

“This is the file for the current year,” Elenore replied. “That’s to date, by the way.”

“Oh, I mean, well,” Serathin stammered slightly. “Surely it’s not all bad, right?”

“It is,” Elenore replied curtly as she shifted her coils and began to type on a computer. “We’ve got an entire alarm code section dedicated to you, sometimes I’m surprised you haven’t caused the collapse of the entire multiverse. When we heard that you were coming down here we were actually able to give some of our people vacation time; in any case here is your desk and access code, you’ll be our floater so any division that needs an extra hand will pull you on board in order to fix whatever problem is happening.”

The naga slithered back and gave him a plastic card with his new temporary credentials on it, Serathin looking at the card that had his temporary reassignment as well as some sort of code at the bottom of it. When he looked back up to ask what that meant Elenore had already moved on to some other piece of work with her back turned to him. It was clear a signal as ever and the draconic sabrewolf made his way down towards the bottom level of the chamber. From what he gathered through observation each level dealt with a specific kind of problem that the Shift Institute might have with the ground floor, which was where he was directed to go, being where the general help was and each one of the ten raised platforms being one category of the damage control.

When Serathin got to his desk he could see that the previous occupant still had a lot of his stuff there, though the draconic sabrewolf had no intention of getting comfortable as he took the picture of the troll and his family and slid it into the desk before using his card to get access to the computer. As soon as he did he saw the desk shift and a holographic screen popped up, which as he looked at the other desks and didn’t see the same must have had something to make it only visible to him. There was a moment where a bunch of codes flew by the screen and then he was brought to the main menu, which appeared to be mostly a bunch of clerical and investigation work that he was being told to do. Boring… Serathin sighed as he looked at his message board and found nothing of interest there, but when he saw that he could look up incident reports by name he grinned and typed a name into it.

Almost immediately the familiar face of the phoenix he had just encountered popped up, but when he tried to access any of the incident reports that he could use to make fun of him later on Serathin found that he didn’t have the clearance to see any of them. That figures, Serathin thought to himself, and on a whim decided to look up himself just out of curiosity. This time he saw his own face pop up and about a dozen tabs, which made him scoff that the naga was pulling his leg about the amount of cases he generated… until he clicked on one and realized that they weren’t files but categories that generated a somewhat long list of subfiles. Maybe Murray did have a point about him being a little too cavalier when it came to the rules, Serathin thought to himself as he chose to sort by date and picked the one on top to review.

Serathin gasped as he suddenly found himself standing in a familiar freight elevator, looking around as it slowly rose up to its destination. As he looked down at himself he found that it was still him, but also that he didn’t feel completely in control. It felt like when he had shared a memory of one of his timelines, and as the elevator reached its destination he suddenly felt himself moving towards the door and opening it even though he didn’t consciously think to do it. Interesting, Serathin thought to himself as he used the same operating procedures that his Shifter technology had and suddenly found he was beside his own body.

So Damage Control Agents had the ability to review incidents as either the one involved or from a third-person perspective, Serathin realized as he watched the door to the apartment open and saw an identical version of himself open it. This was the incident that got him in trouble in the first place and he wondered how many people reviewed this particular stunt he had pulled as he watched the version of himself lean in and kiss the identical draconic sabrewolf. Though he already knew where this was going he decided that it was worth a second look, especially if now one was going to stop him, and once more entered into the perspective of himself from a few days go. The second he did he felt the tongue of his alternate timeline jamming itself into his own mouth with their scaled hands groping over one another’s bodies while they made their way to the bed…

Suddenly everything went dark and when Serathin blinked again he found himself looking at the holographic screen once more. When it felt like something was burning the back of his neck he slowly looked up and saw Elenore looking down at him with a stern look on the naga’s face. It seemed that he was on a tighter leash than he expected and gave a sheepish wave to his new supervisor before he went back to the screen. So help others with what their problems are… at least with what he saw he got a primer on how to handle the technology given to him, though as he looked down at the corner of his screen he saw an exclamation mark flashing that turned out to be a tutorial.

When he clicked on the screen Serathin jumped slightly when he saw the face of the naga once more, this time on his screen as he almost expected to be scolded again. It turned out to be a video recording and it went through a basic primer of how to use the technology that was in front of him in order to help stop, prevent, or even if needed cause a temporal or dimensional event to occur. Aside from being able to actively review cases in order to determine what steps were necessary in solving it Serathin found that he can also get jumped into a timeline using the ABC suits, which would essentially allow a version of him that never existed in that timeline to appear to help out. It was strange seeing events that weren’t tied to him at all but he guessed that was the point, especially since he couldn’t jump into his own alternate forms even if he wanted to.

Just as Serathin finished up the tutorial he suddenly found a number of requests starting to pile up in his inbox. As Elenore had said they were from all different departments and needed his attention to help out. “Well, I guess when in Rome,” Serathin stated as he clicked on the first one from the department of temporal feedback. “Let’s see what we can do here…”

**Chapter Two – End to Beginning**

Deep in a facility built into the mountains a group of humans worked tirelessly around the clock, all of them with the sole purpose of defeating a scourge that had completely enveloped the world. Looking back it would have been impossible to predict that humanity would come to an end, much less finding itself brought to heel by werewolves. Yet after the first werewolf attack several years ago in a mall at the heart of Louplande the spread of the creatures was unstoppable; within the first few days most of the city had been infected and turned into the monstrous beasts and from there it was impossible to stop them. Even when they had turned to containment the mysterious nature of how the condition spread caused injured to be medivac out, only to turn while in the hospital and start a fresh hotspot that only expedited the problem.

At this point there was no way to stop the werewolf plague and humanity was down to just a few huddled in bunkers, military installations, and other places that were at least somewhat self-sufficient so they wouldn’t have to deal with the packs of roving werecreatures that hunted for those that remained. Instead humanity had one last hope in order to save their species, which was to ensure that the attack never happened in the first place. One of the mountain bases had actually been a research center for temporal studies and after they sealed themselves off started to work on creating a wormhole, a bridge between time to send a team to stop whatever had happened in Louplande. While they didn’t know the specifics they knew the date and general time that the spread started to happen, and since they wanted to try and capture whatever had caused it they looked to send a team back about an hour beforehand to lock down the mall for containment purposes.

Rakan was one of those men chosen to go back in time to stop the Louplande infection along with a dozen others, which was believed to be the maximum that they could send back without causing too much of a temporal shift. The entire squad had been called down to the briefing room where one of the scientists was waiting for them to sit down. “Alright gentlemen, it appears that the time for humanity’s reckoning is at hand,” the scientist said. “The final calibrations are being completed and soon we will create a wormhole that will allow you all to go back and stop the werewolf invasion from happening, but before we get you ready I wanted to ask if there were any final questions.”

“Yeah, I have one actually,” another of Rakan’s squad said as he raised his hand. “I know we talked a lot about exposure and affecting past events, but if we’re successful then won’t that completely change the timeline? And if it does what happens to us?”

“We believe that should you succeed then one of two things will happen,” the scientist said. “Either this timeline will continue on and you will be stuck in that timeline, or more likely this timeline will cease to exist along with this version of yourselves. I know that it means some semblance of a suicide mission but I’m sure your other selves would thank you if they knew of the sacrifice you’re about to make.”

“Screw my other self,” another man said. “I watched my friends and family get turned into werewolves at the battle of Beacon Ridge, I’m doing this for them.” There was a round of cheers that came up from the group until the scientist had them all settle down.

“I’m glad to hear that you’re in very good spirits,” the scientist exclaimed. “Now remember that we will only have one chance to open this wormhole, which means that your mission is critical in succeeding the first time. Remember when you go back in time that no one will know what you’re doing there and you have no idea who the enemy is, which means you are going to have to get creative with trying to shut the mall down while keeping everyone inside and remember what you’re dealing with.”

The squad nodded to each other at that, the group had been well-versed on how to tell when someone was turning into a werewolf and what to look out for. There were a variety of ways that someone could get infected; in the heat of battle it was often a bite, or potentially their claws, and while a deeper chomp would result in a quicker transformation as soon as the venom was inside someone it was too later. It was clear from the security footage that the werewolves didn’t attack people to kill them and in most cases the hulking anthropomorphic beasts would bite lightly just to get someone infected. From the security footage part of the reason things got so out of hand was that the initial werewolves that seemed to come out of nowhere just nipped at several people, but as others went to help those that were injured they found themselves on the receiving end of a bite themselves.

There was one other thing that seemed to indicate an infected individual too, which was that most become incredibly horny after being exposed to the werewolf venom. While Rakan hadn’t been part of that team there was a group that had gone into quarantine after a supply run when several of them sported erections, and it wasn’t long until they had a sick bay full of werewolves that attempted to bite those that passed by their cells when they weren’t rutting one another. The squad had been supplied actual video tape of that and while they jeered at seeing an increasingly muscular soldier grab onto his transforming squad made and stick his reddening dick inside their butt they were quickly reminded that this caused the fall of the base that housed them. It was just another example of underestimating their opponent since it looked like that infected squad had gotten bitten during the night while they were sleeping.

Once the briefing was finished Rakan and the others were told to head down to the squad bay in order to get ready for the jump. “Hey, you alright there?” Rakan said as he looked over at one of his squadmates, a slightly younger man with his hair a shaved brown similar to his own style. “You’re not turning on me, are you Jesse?”

“Ha, no, of course not,” Jesse replied. “Just nerves I guess. You’d think traveling through time would be more momentous of an occasion but we’re doing it out of pure survival of the species.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Rakan replied. “But think about it, if we do this it’s likely that we won’t even remember this happening, so while we don’t get the accolades for saving humanity at least we won’t know it.” Though Jesse chuckled he was still clearly anxious, but while Rakan didn’t show it he felt a knot forming in his stomach as well. It was unlikely that anyone on their team didn’t have the same thought that if they failed it wouldn’t just be a loss for them, it would mean that they will still have the same future full of werewolves and a flickering light of humanity that will likely go out very soon.

As the group made their way down towards the squad room where their packs and weapons were the hallway they were walking down suddenly went completely dark. Rakan and the others found themselves in the pitch blackness with nothing to guide them down the modified cave tunnel, but as they continued to scramble for their flashlights the security lighting eventually kicked in. While it was much dimmer than the standard overhead lights they could all see the look of trepidation and a little fear on one another’s faces. They had been told that the experiment would potentially kick off the power, but that wasn’t supposed to happen for another two hours.

Though their gear was only down a few more corridors the protocol stated that they were to immediately regroup in the main testing chamber, which was also where the wormhole would be created in the first place. They immediately double backed down the hallway and towards the large blast doors that would separate the testing chambers from the rest of the facility. As they got to the other side the group wondered if they should engage in the lockdown; if this was just a power malfunction they would be cutting themselves and everyone inside from everyone else, but if there had been a security breach then it would keep the infection at bay and everyone inside safe until the experiment was complete. Just as one of the squad was about to push down on the button they heard a loud shout and saw the scientist that had just briefed them run in with his hands waving.

“They’re inside!” the scientist shouted.

“How?!” Jesse asked as they watched the other man practically dive for the controls in order to shut the blast doors.

“I don’t know, but they didn’t trip the perimeter alarms!” the scientist exclaimed. “Must have went through the sewers, clever bastards, waited for the tanks to purge and had to have swam upwards. We need to protect the experiment!”

Before any of the squad could do or say anything the irate man hit the lockdown button, which caused the steel door to slam down with such force it caused the stone beneath their feet to shake. As the squad looked on at the metal barrier that all their tactical gear was on they realized that what they had on them was what they were going to use to save humanity. Though they couldn’t see or hear what was going on inside the facility they imagined that the werewolves were spreading like wildfire, Rakan and several others had seen what happened when only a few fully-developed werewolves got into a space and if it wasn’t for those blast doors they would probably have those creatures on them in minutes. As they turned to thank the scientist the man just waved them off and wiped the sweat from his brow as he continued to pant.

“This is not good…” their squad leader said once they had a chance to catch their breath. “The werewolves knew to disable the generators, which means they might be trying to stop the experiment. Luckily the generator that runs the wormhole is in this sector… Doc, do you know if the other lockdown protocols were enacted?”

“I… I don’t know…” Doc said as he put a trembling hand to his head. “Last thing I remember I was heading back to my office, and then I heard this low, terrible noise coming from further down the hallway. I looked out and saw… something, but then the power went out and I made a run for here…”

As the scientist paused for a moment to swallow he looked up to see that the squad had started to back away from him, which caused him to look at them in confusion. “I’m thinking Judas Sheep,” the squad leader said to the others, which Rakan knew was a term for someone that had been bitten in a way he didn’t realize it and then were released to run into areas of uninfected population. “Doc, I need you to stay right there, everyone else start moving inside…”

“What, no, I can’t be,” the scientist replied, though as he took a step forward his entire body shook slightly. “I wasn’t bitten, I would know!”

“You know as well as I do that a werewolf bite has anesthetic properties,” the squad leader said as he held out the only weapon he had on him, his taser sparking. “Doc, just calm down, if you’re not bit I’ll personally buy you a steak dinner, and if you are bit getting riled up just makes the venom spread faster.”

“No… this is impossible,” the scientist said, shaking his head in denial even as his lower jaw began to push out and his teeth began to lengthen. “I… am not… a werewrrraaggghhh!” As the body of the scientist suddenly filled with muscle and his jaws extended into a long lupine muzzle the squad leader shouted for everyone to retreat back to the experiment chambers. As Rakan moved into the next room with the others he watched as the one with the taser moved forward and pushed it into the increasingly furry neck of the mutating human, which was returned with the transforming scientist clamping his sharper teeth down into the soldier’s shoulder.

The squad leader managed to push the scientist away but already the others could see that fur was sprouting in the areas of the ripped uniform as the infected man turned to him. He motioned for them to continue on, though it was interrupted as his finger joints popped and his hands lengthened while claws pushed out from his nails. Rakan was the last to leave and as he did so he could see that their squad leader was already losing it, his pants tented before he ripped them away to reveal his thickening cock that was growing erect. There was still enough human left in him to turn and pounce on the mostly werewolf scientist, trying to pin the creature to the ground even as he was turning into a monster himself while the others retreated back.

Unlike the blast door the one that separated them from the two fighting creatures would not hold them back for very long, and after having everyone do a quick bite check like they should have done on the scientist they quickly made their way into the central chamber. There were several more doors that they locked and attempted to barricade along the way but they could already hear the two werewolves now working together to get past them, and between their augmented strength and sharp claws their efforts would buy them minutes a best. As Rakan helped Jesse put a bank of lockers between them all he could hope was that they started the process of opening the wormhole already. Eventually the ten men made it to the final gate, but just as they turned to seal the airlock door shut they heard a loud roar that was definitely not their squad leader.

The control room was besieged by several of the creatures that had somehow gotten in before them, and as those that were inside frantically worked to create the wormhole all they could do was watch. The control room and the wormhole manifestation chamber were both separated by a wall of plasteel that was supposed to protect against any potentially harmful radiation. That was where they found another problem; there were werewolves sniffing about the platform where the portal would manifest and if they started the wormhole now it would be them sucked through instead of their squad. Two fully formed werewolves in the mall would cause the infection to spread much more rapidly than whatever actually happened, which meant they had to lure them out while another group bought the control room some time to actually activate it.

With no time to waste they quickly divided into a team of four for the control room and a team of six to lure out the werewolves from the main area. The first team quickly went inside the blast shield and activated the locks for them so they couldn’t get back out, then grabbed whatever weapons they could in order to try and feebly fight off the powerful creatures. While it meant that soon there would be four more werewolves to try and break into the station they only needed to give the control room enough time to start the process before they were turned. Back down in the chamber one of the bolder squad ran into the wormhole chamber and shouted to get the beast’s attention, then quickly ran back out while the others hid behind the other threshold.

All the werewolves in the room suddenly found themselves distracted by the fresh humans that were in the area, and as the ones in the control room quickly launched themselves down at the four to bite them the others left the chamber to chase the soldier that provoked them. But before they cleared the room one of the squad started to head to the safety of the chamber before it cleared, and everyone recoiled slightly as the monster turned to look at them with glowing green eyes. At this point it was now or never and the five rushed to try and get into the chamber as the one that had made the misstep got pounced upon. Unfortunately the space between the two shields was rather small and as the other four tried to get past the werewolf lashed out at them, especially after he had bitten the one on the ground in the thigh.

“Get in the chamber!” Rakan shouted as he tried to push Jesse forward, only to suddenly feel a yanking sensation as the werewolf’s fangs caught his belt and tossed him backwards like a rag doll. Jesse quickly rolled underneath the werewolf and managed to get underneath his head while another soldier reached out to stop him, only to get pulled backwards by the one behind him. As Jesse helped Rakan get to his feet they saw the one who had gotten pulled from behind had the jaws of the other soldier sunk into his bicep as their nose turned black and their ears lengthened into points.

With there being no way that the two could push forward Jesse and Rakan retreated back and made their way through the airlock, slamming it shut before the werewolves could regroup. “Things… things are not going well…” Jesse commented before both of them had to step back as the already transformed werewolves had started to slam into the door. “Listen, you remember where the infection started, right?”

“Yeah, third floor bathrooms to start and a secondary outbreak at the second floor nurses station,” Rakan repeated. “Why?”

“Because you’re going to have to save humanity,” Jesse said as he pointed to a lip that the airlock formed. “The control room doesn’t have long and they won’t activate the wormhole generator if there’s not a human in it, when they break through the door hopefully the entire pack they created will chase me and you can sneak through to the other side. You didn’t get bit, right?”

Rakan checked over himself and didn’t see any torn clothing or bite marks, which Jesse confirmed with a quick look himself. He quickly crawled up onto the airlock port, nearly falling off when it shook from the force of the werewolf’s hit, and then braced himself as he watched Jesse step back to avoid the door. Less than a minute later there was a loud crunch as the airlock door flew backwards and hit the opposite wall, and as soon as it did Jesse made sure that he had the attention of all the creatures on the other side before making a run for it. As expected the monsters gave chase and when Rakan counted the last one he hopped down and went back inside, only to turn when he heard another loud bang and saw Jesse run right into the arms of a hulking beast with the tatters of the squad leader’s uniform hanging from his muscular body.

With the way cleared Rakan ran up into the wormhole chamber and sealed the door behind him, breathing a sigh of relief even though he wasn’t out of the woods yet. When he looked up at the control room however he saw the glass had been broken and the werewolves that were around it were no longer there, but as he called up to try and get someone he saw one of the researchers poke their head up and went to the intercom to explain that everything was prepped and ready. Rakan told him to activate the wormhole and then stood in the middle of the platform where he could already feel the tingling of energy from the metal around him as the researcher worked diligently on the other side of the blast shields.

It wasn’t long before the countdown began, and just as he gave a thumbs up to the researcher his eyes widened as he saw several werewolves appear behind him. The other man didn’t even know what hit him as he was suddenly pulled down out of sight, but at this point it was too late for them. He could feel the power swirling around him as several of the werewolves from the airlock began to pour in and claw at the barrier, including one half-formed blonde one that Rakan recognized. Even though he knew that the creature probably didn’t recognize him anymore he saluted Jesse, who just responded with a snarl as he pressed his nearly naked body up against the glass in attempt to bite him before the entire chamber was filled with a blinding light.

For a few brief seconds it felt to Rakan like he was chewing on tin foil as the bright light enveloped him and he felt like he was being swirled around in a tornado, but when the sensations stopped and he opened his eyes he found himself face down on a freshly cut lawn. His entire body felt like it had ran a marathon and when he slowly got up he heard something that he hadn’t in a very long time. It was a crowd of people, humans of all kinds walking about and talking or laughing to one another. Rakan couldn’t believe his eyes; they had done it, he had managed to travel back in time to before the werewolf attack occurred.

But when it suddenly occurred to him that he was alone Rakan found that he had a problem. Even with twelve people it was going to be hard to close down the mall, now he was by himself and he had no idea when things got started. As he quickly got up and walked into the building he could see that there were probably hundreds of people in this place and any one of them could be the werewolf that was waiting to strike. As he went to the middle of the space and looked about at the kiosks he went to one and used his card to make a purchase, something his past self would be confused on as he grabbed the hunting knife he had just bought.

He was going to have to kill the werewolves himself.

The one thing that Rakan had going for him was that he knew where the attack first took place, his gaze going up towards the third floor where he saw the same bathroom sign as what had been in the footage. As he carefully obscured the blade he made his way over towards the escalators while wiping the sweat from his brow. It was quite warm in the mall and as he went up higher it seemed to only get worse, though he had no idea what the weather conditions were so this could have been normal. He put any mild discomfort out of his mind and instead made his way up to the third floor, stopping to check the nurse’s station just to make sure that the second werewolf hadn’t arrived yet.

After checking to make sure the doctor was clean he left the office and made his way up to the bathroom, feeling his heart pump hard in his chest. This was it, Rakan thought to himself, even though he hadn’t explicitly prepared for this he knew there was the possibility it could come down to him having to do this. He could only hope that the timeline would erase him so that he didn’t have to go to trial, but even if he did it was worth it to stop the werewolves from taking over. Even as he approached the door he could hear someone inside and as he looked at a clock that hung over one of the shops he knew that in a matter of minutes whoever it was would likely become a hulking beast.

The bathrooms were rather small with only a single stall and two urinals, which he saw the man he had heard using one of them. As he grabbed onto the blade though a thought came over him that caused him to pause his motion. He was about to kill someone, what if this wasn’t the werewolf? What if the werewolf was about to come in but then sees him doing this, which would cause him to run off and transform somewhere else?

Rakan found himself panting as he once more wiped the sweat from his face, and as he tried to clasp back onto the knife the handle slipped through his fingers and fell to the floor. The noise alerted the man that was just finishing up his business and when he turned around their gaze met and he could see the look of confusion on his face. At first he thought it was because his breathing was growing shallow but then realized that the eyes of the other man had gone downward. As Rakan followed his line of sight his eyes widened when he saw the front of his fatigues were completely tented and they were practically pointing right at the other guy.

No… suddenly the pounding of Rakan’s head could be practically heard in his ears as his vision started to swim, though as he brought his trembling fingers up to one of them he gasped as the flesh started to stretch. He could heard the guy say something but he couldn’t understand it, but he did feel the hand of the guy reach over to his forehead. Rakan felt his body react almost instinctively and before he could stop himself he suddenly found his teeth had bit down on the man’s hand between his thumb and index finger. The warmth of the blood in his mouth snapped him out of it and when he looked in shock he saw the guy clutching onto his bitten hand with a wound not made by human teeth, at least not completely human.

Before Rakan had a chance to stop him the bitten man ran out of the restroom with his shirt wrapped around the bite wound, and as he watched him leave all he could feel was… extreme satisfaction. In the back of his mind he knew what he had just done but as the venom coursed through his mind the only thing he could think of was how this happened. Even with his mind growing fuzzy he remembered the events leading up to this point and as he remembered the fight outside of the wormhole chamber, but he hadn’t gotten bit… had he? He quickly pulled off his shirt and went to the mirror to see if there were any marks, and while Rakan hadn’t found any at first as he turned to examine his back he saw that there was a dark brown fuzz that grew just above his belt line where there were several deep scratches.

Rakan asked and pulled down his pants, revealing the long angry red line that steaked down his left butt cheek. It had only been a scratch… but that had just delayed the venom, and when his adrenaline shot up at the thought of having to kill a werewolf it got his heart pumping. While he already knew what was happening seeing the wound put everything together as he felt his teeth starting to lengthen, his fangs dripping more of the potent venom into the sink as he looked at himself in the mirror. As his feet shifted he felt the knife against the toe that had burst out of his shoe, but as the white fur sprouted out from the torn leather he just kicked it aside since he didn’t need it to kill the werewolf…

…he was the werewolf.

Suddenly there was a loud bang and the bathroom door opened once again, which as Rakan slowly turned he used his thickening leg muscles to tear the pants that had been around his ankles to get the offending garments off of his transforming body. The one that had walked in was unusual, or it would have been unusual if a thick mane of dark brown hair wasn’t cascading down his head and a tail was starting to push out from the base of his spine, with long purple hair, vibrant green eyes, and a pair of pointed ears. “Hey, I’m looking for anything… unusual…” the man said as he looked up and down the transforming man’s body whose lips curled up into a slight sneer. “Ah, well, I can at least check off how the timeloop here got started… uh… name’s Serathin, yours?”

“Rakan,” the werewolf said as he walked forward, the soles of his shoes remaining on the floor as he reached forward and grabbed the elven creature before he could turn to run as his increasingly canine nose sniffed up and down him. “Mmmmrrr… you will help… spread…”

“Actually, I-“ Serathin’s words were cut off as Rakan bit into the shoulder of the other man, which caused him to yelp even though the werewolf knew he wouldn’t have felt anything. Even though he was still changing the werewolf could sense that this one was more than willing to embrace the change, especially as he saw black fur start to sprout where the bite healed up as the elf let out a grunt. “Okay, guess I’m helping, I’m sure the naga won’t mind…”

Rakan wasn’t quite sure what Serathin meant by that but at this point he didn’t care as his muzzle lengthened, brown and tan fur growing on his increasingly muscular body that started to grow taller as he pulled the clothing off of the other man. While he could have just left this one to change he knew that if he wanted them to be like him that he would have to increase his heart rate, and since Serathin was already half hard he knew how he could make that happen rather easily. Plus he was hard as a rock as well, his muscular chest heaving up and down as the strength and power of his new body grew with every second. With his meaty arms Rakan pulled Serathin over to the sink and had the elf brace himself there as he took his drooling member and began to slide it between the cheeks of the other man where the stub of a tail had already started to grow.

As Rakan saw himself in the mirror behind the one he was about to plow he saw that his eyes had shifted in color, turning a sky blue as his ears migrated to the top of his head. With his fading humanity he found a clarity in it, one that was helped with pushing the tip of his growing cock into the one in front of him. The way the one in front of him seemed to enjoy the changes happening to him, watching as Serathin licked his lips as they darkened while his new fangs grew in, made him wonder if this wasn’t the future he had been sent back to make. As he found himself flexing his arms in the mirror he began to thrust his hips forward, slightly at first but as more of his shaft disappeared into the growing rear of the creature the more lustful he felt.

As the growing werewolf growled and the last of his human flesh disappeared under the cascade of fur that was growing down his flexing shoulder and back muscles he watched as each pump of his hips seemed to push the muzzle of the other man just a little further. He found himself fascinated, intrigued by the rather elegant transformation of his first true packmate. The mouth of the elf remained open even as his jaws stretched and Rakan could hear his voice deepen with each thrust as he managed to hilt himself. The sensations were so intoxicating he wanted everyone to feel this way, spurring on instincts that he hadn’t had before that imprinted itself onto the very venom that had changed him in the first place.

As black fur continued to spread over the new werewolf they both began to snarl and growl, Rakan pulling Serathin back and rubbing a hand down the thick purple fur of the beastly creature before pumping on his erect cock. He couldn’t take his eyes off the two creatures in the mirror, especially himself as he saw his thick brown tail wagging behind him while his stature continued to grow. With his feet already turned into thick lupine paw pads he hardly noticed when his ankles pulled upwards, extending his legs to make him even taller while turning him into a predator. As he licked his lips though the venom had taken a markedly different path, instead of creating a feral hunger to devour flesh the actions of the two created a carnal instinct instead and an intense desire to spread their newfound form to others as the elf’s body grew furrier and with more muscle every time he was bounced upwards…

Back in the shopping mall those that were on the third floor were unaware of the happenings in the bathroom, and while some had their experience disturbed by an angry man that had run down to the second-floor infirmary it was quickly forgotten. Eventually those that were closest to the bathroom door however heard a loud series of growls and snarls that were punctuated by a short but intense howl, which was enough to get the attention of those nearby. As a few people gathered around some wondered if they should get security while others just shook their heads and moved on, but just as people were about to disperse the wooden door was smashed open and two muscular furry beasts practically flew out into the crowd.

There were a few that screamed but Rakan didn’t care, instead he found the first person closest to him and sank his teeth into their upper arm. The man instantly recoiled but it had been a shallow bite and with the anesthetizing agent produced in their saliva they weren’t even sure anything happened even as they gripped the spot. Serathin was quick to do the same and before the people there could do anything they had each bit four or five people before sprinting further down into the mall. While the creatures both had a fierce look about them both werewolves hadn’t mauled or gored anyone like the movies, which make those that had gotten nips and bites on the arm wondering what was going on instead of frightened.

One couple that had gone off as the chaos continued further down the mall’s atrium, the guy looking at the bite that he had gotten on his forearm while his girlfriend examined it. “For the size of their teeth this is a shallow wound,” she said. “Does it hurt?”

“No, not at all,” the guy replied, which as he looked past her and towards the group they had just left he noticed that a few of them had started to sweat as he felt the same thing. “I do feel… really strange though…” As the girl was about to say something his fingers suddenly flexed, taking both of them by surprise as brown hairs began to rise up from the spot where he had been bitten. As the guy’s fingers and hand began to swell while his fingernails darkened she told him that they should probably get to the nurse’s station, only to be stopped dead in her tracks.

“I… don’t think I need it…” the guy said as she turned back to see a grin spreading across his face, revealing increasingly pointed teeth as what looked like saliva dripped from his fangs. “I need… I need you…” the girl let out a shout as her boyfriend lunged on top of her and bit her on the shoulder, which was a scene that was playing out all over the mall as Rakan and Serathin continued to go around biting whomever they could get in range of their jaws. Though the venom had burned out most of Rakan’s human life he still remembered that eventually the police would respond and be overwhelmed, followed by the military that the past version of himself was a part of with the same result as their kind spread over the land…

…the age of the werewolf had begun once again.

**Chapter Three – Finding Common Ground**

It had been days since the military incursion to try and control the spread of a mist that was engulfing several city blocks failed. As several people sat around a table they watched as the outpost that had been set up just outside the affected zone no longer contained the soldiers that were there to try and stop the creature known as Minos, instead there were a number of shiny rubber faceless bull drones that were all led by a version of Minos in hunter green rubber. What made things worse were the two Minos that had come out of the mists and made contact with them had managed to leak out the information on the plans to blow up the magically affected area and also that the drones within the affected city blocks were happy with their new forms and lot within the maze of buildings that made up the pocket dimension.

While one of the people that was around the table was a man dressed in a military uniform most of them were not, and as they sat there in the high-rise that one of them owned the skunk man that sat at the other side of the table leaned forward with a displeased look on his face. “So it seems that your idea to, as you put it, blow them all to kingdom come failed General I do think it’s time to look into alternatives,” the skunk said with the slightest hint of annoyance in his voice.

“What alternatives?” a cheetah woman replied as she motioned to the video. “This was not some tape taken from a secret surveillance satellite, they put the entire conversion and their little speech about how they turned the worst neighborhood into a rubber bull paradise right on the internet! We’ve already seen a fifty percent increase in the size of the maze since this came and with the military perimeter overtaken there’s no way we can cover all that to keep people from going in.”

“Unbelievable… people are actually willfully subjecting themselves to this Minos?” the General asked.

“Oh yes, in droves right now,” the skunk stated. “And not just from this city either but all over. If we don’t find a way to contain this soon the mists will consume not only the entire east side but potentially the entire city, and I don’t know about you but I don’t think I’m ready to have a pair of hooves and horns just yet.”

As the others nodded and began to discuss ideas for containment no one could seem to think of a way to stop what was happening, especially with the Minos coming out of the maze and practically inviting everyone to join their little pocket dimension. Aside from the spreading of the boundaries of the maze there was also the problem that as the wealthy elite they depended on those that were below them to keep them that way, but with those people choosing the carefree life of a rubber drone it was also causing their productivity to dip and their profits to shrink. In reality those that sat at the table could care less about the citizens of the city, but when their self-interests were threatened it had forced them all to come together in order to finally do something. When the hours passed and there was still no consensus on what could be done that didn’t make them look like villains the skunk sighed and leaned back in his chair.

“I think it’s time we give Motu a call,” the skunk said finally, causing everyone else at the table to stop and turn to him.

“That seems… a bit extreme, don’t you think?” the General said. “There’s a reason we didn’t bring him up in the first place, the dragon is powerful yes but he also only does things his way.”

“I know why we didn’t bring him up before, but desperate times call for desperate measures,” the skunk replied as he adjusted his glasses. “Plus he and his little band of brainwashed drones are mercenaries that are always looking for the next score, it would be something that could be easily spun as the dragon going on his own initiative. At this rate I would rather deal with a power-crazed merc than this Minos character, so unless anyone has any other plan on how to stop a mist that turns our city into an endless maze and the people within it to bull drones I think it’s time to make a call.

The others at the table each gave one another uncomfortable glances but none of them said a word, and after a minute of silence the skunk got up and declared the meeting over. The others looked down and filed out of the office as he made his way over to the window that overlooked the entire city. From this vantage point he could see the mists that were slowly crawling and enveloping the area on the other side of the river, which would feel far away if it hadn’t been just a few city blocks in the heart of the ghetto a month or so ago. As he looked at the area in distain he brought out his cell phone and secured the line before making a call…

Two days later in the lobby of a hotel just outside the quarantine zone a black scaled dragon stood at he reception desk sharpening the blade of his axe, tuning out the noise of the others in the mercenary core he controlled as they got ready for the fight ahead. As soon as he was called to try and take down this Minos, or multiple Minos as they had warned, he hadn’t stopped grinning at the thought of such a challenge. The arcane caster that was powerful enough to create a pocket dimension and have an entire neighborhood of thralls under him… that sounded like his kind of guy. He couldn’t wait to meet him after capturing him and the drones that were under him, which as he looked back at the men that were stationed about he wondered just how much he could bolster his own numbers.

As he finished with the axe blade and tested it by swinging it down and splitting the wood of the reception desk in two Motu got a call over the radio. It was a report from his scouts that they were ready with what he had arranged for them to do and could already see activity starting to form in the mists. The dragon reported back to hold your position and that they would be there in ten, then turned back and roared for everyone to get ready. As the mercenaries looked up he could see the purple glow in their eyes that was similar to the stripes on his body as they immediately did what they were told.

Meanwhile a few streets down a group of ten armed mercenaries surrounded a somewhat large group of people that they had zip-tied and but down on their knees. Those that were within the circle called out for Minos to save them and that they were just trying to get into the maze while the mercenaries just watched and waited. Occasionally they would throw out something like the military would be there to detain them and to just make sure that Minos didn’t come, and as they stood there they saw something come not from the wall of mist but further down the street. It was the red and blue Minos that had taken over the military checkpoint and as they walked towards them there were about two dozen bull drones that walked behind them.

As soon as they were spotted the mercenaries put up their weapons and told them to stop, which eventually the two did with the others taking up position right behind them with their own modified guns drawn. “Listen, these people just want to have the freedom that comes with being under us,” the red Minos said. “We’re giving them the choice to join, why are you taking it away from them?”

“Stand down freak,” the cobra that was closest to the group said. “You’re poisoning these people’s minds, luring them into your maze where they can never leave. How’s that for freedom?”

“Freedom is all in the perspective,” the blue Minos stated. “You could see yourselves.”

As the tense stand off continued the two Minos bulls heard a loud whistle and suddenly the ten mercenaries were joined by a small army that had infiltrated the nearby streets and buildings in order to surround them. Even the confident demeanor of the two were taken slightly aback by the sudden increase in numbers of the other side, especially when those that were taken hostage got up and broke their bindings before being tossed weapons from the formerly hidden soldiers. As the bull drones tried to figure out where to point their own weapons they heard the sound of someone clapping and looked back ahead to see a dragon with black and red scales step out to the forefront. This one was clearly the leader and as the bull drones aimed at the new target Motu just reached back and took out his axe.

“Now it’s time for you to consider surrendering,” Motu said as he brandished his weapon with a flourish. “You’ve made a lot of people in high places angry with this stunt your pulling, and considering they were desperate enough to bring me in you really screwed the pooch. Now I’m here to set back the status quo and get my reward, which is going to be as many of your little bull drones as I want, what do you say to that?”

The red and blue Minos looked at one another before they shouted for suppressive fire, which prompted the bulls behind them to begin to shoot in wide arcs all around. The mercenaries that were in the lines of fire ducked down as rubberized bullets hit the walls and windows around them but Motu shouted for everyone to fire back. The purple glow in the eyes of the mercenaries returned and they stood up to shoot, and though it mostly bounced off the skin of the drones he was causing them to falter. The intention wasn’t to kill them anyway and as Motu stepped forward the bullets that were shot in his direction hit the arcane shield that he had put up in front of him.

When he got close enough to engage the two the red and blue Minos separated and formed blades out of their own bodies, the rubber turning to curved swords that they attempted to strike the dragon with. Motu leaned down and used his axe to deflect both of them before he swung the mace-like end of his tail and hit the chest of the red Motu. The rubber minotaur was knocked off his feet and as the identical copy tried to take advantage and strike as the dragon he had to step back as the blade of the axe swung right by his face. As they continued to try and hit the seasoned mercenary though there was something else that was happening that they could sense, an aura that was radiating from the dragon that was making it hard to think.

While the two Minos were starting to feel the effects it was the bull drones that were becoming incapacitated. Those closest to the dragon had stopped firing and were holding their heads as the rubber on their faces began to contort and reshape, their bovine muzzles shifting into something more draconic as their horns did the same. A purple glow began to radiate from where their eyes would be and as the corruption seeped into their essence the drones that were further away suddenly found themselves being pounced upon by their former allies. As the Minos drones fell the mercenaries moved in to claim them; the effect of the dragon’s mental and physical manipulations would be only temporary, but those that it affected were more than willing to submit themselves to their new master as the psychic tendrils that connected them to Minos were severed.

Both the red and blue minotaurs shared a look of shock as for the first time since they had started they actually lost a bit of power, their connection weakening as the ones that they had just converted themselves were taken from them. “See, that’s the problem when it comes to dominating others like that,” Motu said as the surrounded minotaurs were overwhelmed and brought to their knees. “Someone else comes along that’s better and you suddenly find yourselves alone, especially when you telegraph how you do it so blatantly.”

“Let them go,” the blue Minos said. “You have us, let them go back to the maze where they belong.”

“They belong with their new master,” Motu said with a slight growl before stepping back. “Get them on their feet, I want them back at base and ready for interrogation in fifteen minutes.” As the mercenaries got the restrained Minos on their feet the dragon stopped the blue one by putting his axe right underneath his chin. “Cheer up, if you’re worth my time maybe I’ll consider putting you directly under me… in more ways than one.”

The other mercenaries chuckled at that and Motu once more allowed them to pass, looking up and down their shiny bodies as they did. At least this Minos had good taste in men, the dragon thought to himself before he began to order the others to contain the drones they had captured. He would need to properly condition them just like he had with the rest of his mercenaries but the addition of rubber drones to his force was certainly welcomed. If he could crack how the others did it then perhaps he would convert his entire army, Motu smiling at the thought as he put his axe back on his back and followed the others back to the hotel.

About an hour later the mercenaries had regrouped back in the main ballroom of the hotel with the drones they had caught and captured in full restraints. Ever since Motu’s influence had converted them they acted more like people rather than drones, especially when the dragon no longer had his power into them. To their surprise they demanded to be let back into the maze once more and some even strained against their restraints to do so until he manipulated their rubber to seal their limbs to their body. While he didn’t have the same power over them that Minos had it was still enough to keep them quiet while they wiggled about.

The rest of the mercenary group was celebrating the successful ambush with the liquor that they had taken from the stores that were below. While it was a bit preemptive the capture of a Minos, much less two, outside of the maze was considered a huge feat. As Motu said with a bottle he had taken he could imagine that those who hired him would be patting themselves on the back right now, but he knew from the taste of the power they had gotten that these creatures were not to be trifled with. Even with the two separated and restrained he knew that they could be dangerous and ordered his men to keep their distance and let him get the first chance to break them.

With no intention on joining the others in their festivities Motu decided there was no time like the present and got up from his chair, leaving his axe behind and heading to the ancillary rooms where they had the two Minos set up. Like the drones themselves they were completely restrained with arm binders behind their back and their legs strapped to the metal chair that they had screwed down into the floor. There was also a hood that they put on their faces complete with gag to make sure they couldn’t influence anyone during the set up and as he approached the red rubber minotaur that he decided to go after first they visibly reacted to their presence. Motu grinned and pulled the hood off, knowing that any mind tricks wouldn’t be effective on him as he let the Minos have a chance to see their new surroundings.

“So here’s the deal,” Motu said as he took another chair that was in the room and sat it in front of the shiny creature before leaning against it. “You’re going to tell me how to break the maze and take down the primary Minos, in exchange I’ve been given authorization to take as many Minos and drones as I want for myself and I’ll be sure to add you and your identical friend to the list. Those that don’t will either transform back I assume or be subject to experimentation until they do.”

“What makes you think I’m not the real Minos?” the red Minos replied with a smirk.

“Because the real Minos wouldn’t risk losing his home-field advantage like that when he has clones that can do the work for him,” Motu explained with a chuckle as he sat down. “Listen, I get it, I run my ship in a similar fashion as you, except that I don’t take over large chunks of a city to do it. This was going to happen eventually and they’re going to break the maze whether it’s me or someone else they hire.”

As Motu leaned forward the minotaur just shook his head. “You have no idea,” Minos said as he huffed. “We made that place better, people flock to us to become part of the herd and rejoice when they do. I am Minos, and I will never let the maze fall.”

“Mmmm, that was riveting,” Motu said with a smirk. “But I happen to know that you used to be someone in a similar position to me named Bastion, and from your file you were supposed to recruit the phoenix known as Slypher in order to take care of the problem only to become turncoat and join them.” The metal chair creaked slightly as Motu leaned in. “Is Bastion even in there anymore, I wonder? Can the goomancer come out and play?”

The minotaur just spat in the face of the dragon and Motu leaned back and chuckled as he rubbed the red latex off of him. “Yes, I remember Bastion,” Minos replied. “Which is more than I can say for you once we’re done with you.”

The dragon decided that this particular version of Minos was done talking and got up, going over to a water station and cleaning himself off in case there was any particular corruption in the rubber before he moved on to the next room. He had seen when the two moved that despite being identical save for the color of their skin that there were some subtle personality differences in the two, the red rubber minotaur with a more serious expression on his face while the blue one had a subtle grin at their predicament. From what he had been briefed on the former phoenix would be more of a handful then his counterpart, that also had the potential to work in his advantage. All it took was to figure out the particular type of crazy that the blue minotaur was as he walked into the second room.

“Ah, it’s the big strong dragon merc,” the blue Minos said with a grin on his face as he shifted in his chair. “You know if you wanted to tie me up like this you should have just asked, I’m sure that we could have accommodated one another. You wouldn’t have even needed to buy me dinner first, though I am quite ravenous right now…”

“Perhaps in a bit,” Motu explained as he found this minotaur far more amicable. “So are you aware of what happened with your counterpart?”

“Vaguely,” the blue Minos replied. “I know that he didn’t talk about the maze and I’m not either, but… perhaps if we have some fun together you might persuade me to leak some details in the heat of the moment.”

The dragon just scoffed and shook his head as he walked around the restrained creature and patted his head. “Listen, I know about the ways that you like to have fun and how you used it to turn that military officer into a Minos,” Motu said, though as he rubbed his fingers against the smooth surface between those horns he did find it quite pleasant. “Even if I would let you do that to me I think that my magic is stronger than the mighty Minos.”

“I’m sure you are,” Minos replied. “That’s why having a quick tryst shouldn’t harm anything, and I’m quite versatile so that you can be on top. Plus you have me bound up tight, you basically have a rubber minotaur toy that you can use to relieve all that pent-up tension you have.”

The dragon frowned slightly at that, something the minotaur also picked up on as he grinned and licked his lips. Motu had been quite busy doing back to back jobs and he had actually thought about using the hotel venue to his advantage and pick one of his mercenaries to ravage before they entered the maze, but the more he looked at this creature the more he found the offer to be quite enticing. While he had a muscular form it was slightly lither than his own, though there was plenty of strength there as well that he enjoyed in his conquests. While the mercenaries were fine he was always looking for someone with a bit more dominance to take, someone like himself as he looked over and saw the eyes of the rubber minotaur practically light up as though he could sense his thoughts.

After a few more moments of mental deliberation Motu went over and locked the door of the ancillary ballroom before heading back to claim his prize. The minotaur was more than ready and as the dragon undid the straps that connected his legs to the chair he noticed that there was a new appendage that had formed on his rubber body. The thick bovine length was mostly humanoid but had a slightly flared head and a medial ring around the base of the shaft. The dragon joked that he didn’t know why he bothered to form it since he wasn’t going to use it and Minos just replied that he wanted to present all options.

Once the rubber minotaur had been released from the chair Motu thought about the best way to do this before he saw a portable bar that was used for parties. While it was a bit tall it was a good enough height for what they were about to do and lead the still mostly restrained minotaur over to it before bending him over. The hooved feet of the other man dangled slightly above the ground as the dragon got between his legs; while he hoped that maybe he could corrupt this Minos a little more through the act he found his mind was mostly focused on the tight shiny rear of the creature that was presented to him, his own ridged length throbbing hard as he found himself growing more aroused by the second. The minotaur was more than inviting and even wiggled his rear to entice him, and though Motu knew he might have been playing into his hands he was confident in his own abilities as he rubbed the muscular form in front of him.

The minotaur let out a loud groan that Motu quickly stifled by holding the other man’s muzzle shut as the tip began to push into the tight hole. To his amusement the ring of muscle yielded easily and allowed him to push inside, no doubt the augmented physiology of the creature helping him as he found himself sinking in several inches before he had to pause. When he pulled out a bit he felt those muscles almost trying to pull him back in and the dragon was more than happy to oblige by giving a slightly more forceful push. The minotaur grunted in response and when he didn’t make any more noise he leaned back and rubbed his hands against those strong sides.

He was definitely going to have to keep this one, Motu thought to himself with a smirk as he began to thrust his hips back and forth. The feeling of the rubber against his scales was a very enticing sensation and the pleasure that he got from the squeezing of those inner walls against his thick shaft that was sliding deeper inside of him. As he bar began to wiggle slightly from pounding harder into the muscular body in front of him Motu was still weary about any magics that would transform him, keeping note of every tingle and pulse even with the waves of pleasure that radiated from his groin. While he could feel swirls and eddies of magical energy between them it was expected since they were both magical creatures, and as the dragon started to feel increasingly generous he reached down and stroked the rubber shaft of the minotaur.

The legs that he had spread open twitched and he could feel him squirming more as he was being pleasured from two ends, especially when Motu slid him back so that he dangled a bit further down and he could slam upwards. The sight of the bouncing bull on his heavy rod caused Motu to growl, and as he went up to rub the head of the restrained male he saw that the rubber had shifted significantly enough that he was able to notice it. The horns on the bovine’s head had morphed so that they swept back and the wide nose that Minos had shifted to become slightly more angular, which combined with the sharper teeth that were revealed with his mouth opening from every thrust gave the minotaur a different visage. Motu was surprised at the changes but knew that he was trying to corrupt him to give more information, he just didn’t realize that he was doing it so well as he saw the rubber of the spine shifting to make the small tail he had thicken with new growth.

But while his power had given draconic features to most of the mercenaries that were under his command it was often subtle features and as Motu leaned forward to hilt the changing creature he grabbed at their legs and saw their feet changing. The hooves split and toes morphed out of the swirling rubber as the blue began to shift in coloration, turning to a shiny black that spread down their entire body. When he saw purple stripes start to form his eyes widened and he attempted to pull out, only to feel his entire cock enveloped in a suction that kept him lodged deep in the tailhole of the other male. He heard a chuckle from the creature beneath him and as the minotaur looked back it was with actual eyes with a yellow iris in draconic pupil.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Minos asked, though his voice had shifted as red rubber could be seen on his neck and lower jaw just like Motu had. “The fun is just beginning.” As Motu continued to try and back away the cock he let go of was no longer blue, in fact it matched the one that was currently inside the tailhole keeping him there as he saw the muscles of the minotaur growing. When pulling out didn’t work the dragon decided to try the opposite, grabbing the thighs of the rubber creature and slamming himself forward to create as much pleasure as he could before pulling out again.

The sudden wave that came over Minos was enough to loosen him up and when the dragon pulled back it was with enough force that it caused him to stumble backwards. He hadn’t orgasmed yet and could feel it in his throbbing shaft but as the other man turned around and saw a body similar to his own standing there he found himself doing a double take. As the dragon recovered he ordered the transforming creature to stop and sit back down, which thankfully the other creature did. Once he was back in the metal chair Motu strapped the other man once more, though he had to adjust a few things as he found that the arms and legs of the man had thickened considerably.

Once he was done Motu left the room, trying not to hear his own voice telling him to come back so that they could finish. That was too close, the mercenary thought to himself, he had almost allowed himself to get caught in some trap that he hadn’t been expecting. It was also a deviation from the playbook that Minos usually employed and he wondered if it was something that they had improvised or if he was seeing a side of the phoenix instead of rubber minotaur. Either way he was going to give himself a chance to cool down and went up to the suite that he had designated as his room for the time being.

It was on the top floor and allowed him a great vantage point of the mist-filled city that he was trying to destroy, but for the moment Motu was just grateful for the big shower as he set the water to cold and stepped inside. He had been so close to orgasming but the shock of seeing himself forming from the rubber creature was enough to pull himself away. He could only imagine what would have happened if he had cum inside the rubber bull, but after examining himself he found that he didn’t have any traces of rubber on him.

Once he was sure that there was no traces of corruption on him Motu flopped on the bed and let out a long sigh, staring up at the ceiling while trying to move on from the moment of weakness that he had. As he felt something however he tilted his head up and saw that he once more was hard as a rock, and while he normally didn’t resort to his own hand he decided to release the tension that way then continue to have such feelings that Minos could manipulate. He started slow and leaned back while holding onto his shaft, gradually moving up to shifting his hips and rubbing the red scales of his chest. As he started to find himself building up to his climax he increased the speed and soon his hand became a blur as he wanted to hit his orgasm and then go to sleep.

Except no orgasm came. The groans of pleasure became grunts of exertion as he continued to stroke himself fervently until the muscles of his arm became sore. Eventually he gave up but as he flopped back on the bed he found himself still hard and even more horny than before. This can’t be happening, Motu grumbled in his own mind as he thought about taking another cold shoulder before eventually focusing enough to make himself soften. The lustful need was still there lurking just beneath the surface and as he tried to get to sleep Motu found himself getting hard again more than once and with each time it was becoming harder and harder to ignore…

The next morning the dragon mercenary found himself in an angry state, though it was mostly frustration from the night before as he had to adjust his breeches to make sure nothing showed before going back down to the main ballroom. As he got there he saw that the mercenaries were hard at work as before, though due to the mental conditioning and connection to them he could tell they were feeling anxious and frustrated themselves. That didn’t bother him though, instead his mind was focused on how to break these two Minos so that he could finish this. While he did his usual morning routine Motu also got the news from one of those assigned to taking care of the drones that something unusual had happened during the night; not only did they all reform their genitals but they were also completely erect and had been for hours.

Motu sighed internally and managed to make a joke about calling a doctor if it lasted more than four hours before telling the concerned mercenary that it was just a side-effect of the interrogation. While it was a good enough excuse for his subordinate the dragon knew that it was anything but that as the drones were starting to reflect his mood despite not having a direct connection with them anymore. He let out a growl as he felt himself getting played, and that was not something he was prepared to take as he told all the mercenaries not to come within a hundred feet of those two rooms before he went up there himself. As he got to the ancillary ballrooms he decided to go up against the red rubber Minos, especially since he had left in such haste that he wasn’t sure what he would be returning to in the other room.

As Motu opened the door and walked inside however he found himself stopping dead in his tracks at what he saw. The metal chair was completely vacant with straps that lied on the carpet around it, but there was still someone in the room and as the black and red scaled dragon smiled at him he felt his blood freeze in his veins. “I was wondering when I was going to come back,” the other Motu said as he slowly walked over to him, his draconic tail lazily waving back and forth as their identical eyes. “Why don’t you close the door so that we can have a chat.”

Motu found himself too stunned to initially respond, his mind so filled with questions it caused his brain to lock as he shut the door behind him. The dragon that he had walked in on didn’t even look like rubber, instead it was an exact copy of his own form all the way down to the mannerisms as the other Motu put down a set of glasses and poured liquor into each. He found himself sitting down while still staring at the creature and when he reached for his glass the other dragon did the same, gripping it at the same time and even bringing it to his lips to take a measured sip. It was like he was looking in the mirror and the more they interacted the more it seemed that they were moving as their tails even synced in their waving back and forth behind them.

“This is impossible,” Motu said finally. “I feel like I walked into the wrong room.”

“You were going to find yourself regardless of what room you were in,” the other Motu said as they once more took a drink at the same time. “I hope you don’t mind but I popped out in order to grab this, luckily your mercenary drones were all too accommodating to help their leader. Didn’t stick around too long though, didn’t want to give up the game.”

“You mean the game where you stole my identity?” Motu said with a snarl forming on his lips, only to stop when he saw the same expression on the other dragon’s face. “I don’t know what this is all about but you aren’t going to get away with this Minos.”

“Minos?” the other dragon said in slight confusion. “You must be confused, I’m Motu.”

“You are not Motu!” Motu shouted as he slid off the chair, the other dragon doing it at the same time. “I’m Motu!”

“I’m Motu!”

Motu had to do a double take as their words almost lined up perfectly to the point that it sounded like once voice. This creature was mimicking him more by the second and it was messing with his head, seeing himself in real life like that almost making him question his own identity. He was Motu, the dragon thought to himself, and when he looked back up he saw the other dragon do the same.

“You stop that right now and change back!”

“You stop that right now and change back!”

“I’m warning you!”

“I’m warning you!”

“I swear if you keep doing this I’m going to strangle you…”

“I swear if you keep doing this I’m going to strangle you…”

There was no more latency in their voices anymore and it was causing Motu’s already frustrated mind to reach the breaking point. He launched himself at the other dragon and the two toppled to the floor, and though the synchronicity between them was broken the scuffle between them and rolling around on the ground caused his perception to be even more skewed. It didn’t help the two were literally evenly matched and after a few minutes the two separated and got up to their feet, both of them panting at the exact same time. As the two Motus looked at one another they both seemed to realize two things; that they both had a look of confusion on their faces as they tried to recall which was which and that they were both completely erect.

It was hard to think straight as he realized his cock had slid out, and as Motu looked at the hard member on the other dragon he saw that even the subtle throb of their shafts was the same. He was still so horny from the last night and he always held such a high opinion of himself, but as he shook his head to try and get those thoughts out of his mind he saw the other dragon with a grin on his face that wasn’t on his own muzzle. “I see that the thought corruption is finally working,” the other Motu said as he came up to the dragon, who recoiled slightly before accepting the touch of his own scaled hands on his body. “See how much better it is to be me then Minos?”

“Wait… that’s not right.”

“Wait… that’s not right.”

Motu’s eyes widened as he found that the latency was back again, except this time he was the one that had fallen slightly behind.

“You’re not Motu, I am!”

“You’re not Motu, I am!”

“Maybe it’s time for you to change back now…”

This time the dragon found himself unable to repeat the words, the authority of the dragon’s tone ringing in his ears as his doppelganger began to rub down his shoulders. As he felt those scaly hands slide along his upper arms it felt different than it was supposed to be, and as he looked down at them he was shocked to find that the black scales had started to have a rubbery sheen. It was impossible, he wasn’t the Minos… right? Vestiges of doubt began to creep into his mind and the dragon’s smile widened more as felt himself get backed up into the wall.

The two Motu’s found themselves panting as the one that was in control took advantage of the confusion in the other dragon and had started to stroke lower while pinning him with his body. With their eyes focused on the rubber shine that was spreading down their arms they hardly noticed as their red scaled muscular chests pressed against one another. With their growing lusts the one against the wall found himself blinking his eyes several times as though to try and dispel the illusion, but every time he did he just saw his own face staring back at him. Eventually that identical muzzle met his own in a deep kiss and it was becoming hard for the increasingly latex dragon to focus as he felt their twin cocks pressing against one another.

Both dragons found themselves reaching down as their kiss grew more passionate, their bodies trembling as they began to stroke both cocks pressed together at the same time. The feel of their movement at the same time, their breathing matching, the way that their tongues swirled around one another in the same fashion just made the dragons even more enflamed with lust. Soon it didn’t matter that one of them wasn’t actually Motu, the combined lust and feeling themselves grope over one another’s body caused both to let out a moan as they decided to shift their position. The two ended up on the floor with their muzzles facing each other’s groins.

The sounds of slurping filled the air as the two briefly licked and nuzzled one another’s erections before starting to slide down on them, both filling their maws as much as they could with the thick dragon cock while their bodies rubbed up against one another. The fact they were bobbing up and down at the same time and their hips twitched exactly alike made the surreal sensation even more interesting. Their nostrils flared as they became more intent on shoving as much of that throbbing shaft inside of them, even moving their positions to have the head get pushed down into their throats where their muscles massaged it. When they started to become more adventurous they reached forward and teased a finger around their tailhole, both of them bucking their hips as the digit slid in easily while their throats were starting to become stretched with the head of their shaft inside it.

The two were so preoccupied with one another that they didn’t hear the door open and another walk inside, the combination of the carpet and their scaled thighs slapping against one another’s snouts making it hard to hear the approaching person. It wasn’t until they had a shadow over them that the two looked up, their yellow eyes locking onto a third pair that looked down at them with a smirk. “You know, I give you two a few minutes alone with one another and I find you like this,” Motu said as he shook his head. “I suppose I should have guessed.”

The sight of a third dragon in the mix caught both Motu that were on the floor by surprise. As one looked at the other he could see that the rubber was no longer just affecting one, both creatures had patches of shiny scales in both spots of their bodies as they pulled apart. “Oh, don’t stop on my account,” the standing Motu said. “I enjoy seeing my two little doppelgangers enjoying my body like that.”

“Two doppelgangers?” Both Motus said at once.

“Of course,” the regular dragon replied. “You don’t think I would just give one of you the pleasure of my form while I plumbed your mind for secrets on how to defeat the real Minos and get rid of the maze, the fact that you turned each other though is pretty fascinating. I think I have enough for my mercenaries to move; now that I know if I turn them into faceless bull drones with no recollection of their identities I can slide them right past your arcane wards, which is why you two got to spend some time together in that form.”

“So, neither of us are Motus,” the one Motu said as he put a hand to his head, feeling the memories of being a dragon starting to evaporate as the other two nodded their heads. “It was so real, I could have sworn that it was me. Which Minos was I then?”

“Looks like you’ll just have to turn back and find out,” the Motu standing up said with a grin. “Since I am completely pent up I think it would be nice to take one of you while you’re still me, and since I don’t want to leave you with nothing to do why don’t we make this dragon that’s having a little harder of a time the one in rubber meat in the middle.”

The Motu that had spoken up about their thoughts suddenly found themselves with another dragon on either side of them, pressing against him as he found his doppelgangers nuzzling and groping against him. The one in front of him was starting to look like a more rubberized version of himself, which he guessed was either Bastion or Slypher, and since he was also getting the same treatment he was the other one. But since their colors weren’t bleeding through yet it was impossible to tell which one was which yet and that was starting to mess with his mind as he found more of the memories of Motu disappearing from his mind. But the two dragons were quick to occupy his troubled thoughts with something different as the three muzzles met for a shared kiss before they got into their positions.

All three of them were fully erect and even with the rubberization of their bodies happening the three dragons continued to act alike as much as possible. They were clearly horny and they were all erect, which as the one that was volunteered to be in the middle got to his knees the other two had him stroking their erect shafts. The middle dragon wasn’t to be denied however as they took their feet and slid it along his sensitive flesh, the combination of rubber and scales causing him to trouble before the other two knelt down beside him. At this point he was practically panting and needed release as he got on all fours and felt the real dragon behind him get up to his hips, though had he kept looking he would have seen a patch of rubber starting to form on the self-proclaimed real Motu’s neck.

But the dragon in the middle had already gotten his head nuzzled into the shiny groin of the one that had sat down in front of him, his shaft glistening both from the synthetic flesh and their previous encounter. As he began to stroke it again with his hand to get ready he could feel the medial ring starting to form and the head flared out slightly, but frustratingly it still remained the same pink coloration as the draconic shaft that was starting to get nosed up against his tailhole. Who was he, Motu thought to himself, though as he felt his own cock morphing into a similar configuration as the one in front of him he knew at least one thing he was.

He was Minos.

The shift in mental perspective could be felt by the two that were on either side of him and as the dragon’s head nodded to one another both had a big grin on their face. The patch that had formed on the neck of the one behind the real Motu began to shift into a blue coloration as the Slypher Minos allowed himself to manifest. With their adversary fully engaged in believing that he was a bull it was only a matter of time before the magic he had just allowed to corrupt his mind would burn away the rest of his memories like acid. Unlike the other two though there would be no remembering for this one, not with how dangerous, powerful, and arrogant he was even as his lips wrapped around the member of the one in front of him and began to suck.

As the blue Minos continued to reform he rubbed the back of the dragon and watched as his wings began to shift and melt, pushing them against his body that turned to a deep purple rubber. Though they were still making the connection with their newest Minos he could tell that even if they did revert back to their original forms and told him he really had been the dragon the entire time his mind would reject it. The minotaur identity growing inside him was taking root rather quickly and was aided by the lust that came with being edged, though they intended on bringing that to an end in celebration of another joining their ranks as the blue Minos began to push his cock into the rubberized tailhole of the increasingly bull-like man in front of him. As the red Minos started to reform and pushed his still draconic cock into the muzzle of the other man they heard the door being banged on which prompted the two not in a fog of lust to look over.

It took several tries but eventually those on the other side managed to bust in, the three mercenaries nearly stumbling forward as they panted. “Motu, something very wrong is happening!” the leopard that had been in front said. “The bull drones activated and are… turning… everyone…”

The leopard’s eyes widened as they saw three vaguely draconic rubber creatures on the floor, the one in deep purple rubber the furthest along with his eyes clothes and his throat and stomach bulging from the growing cocks inside of him. The other two just smirked at one another and then continued with their thrusting, using their still synchronized movements to perfectly push the muscular bull man between them while they watch the mass of his tail flow into his body as his draconic feet merged into hooves. The two Minos didn’t have to worry about the three that were still frozen in shock, especially as the one in back had taken off their helmet to reveal black rubber that was creeping across their increasingly bovine face while another took of his pants to show his cock that was being encased in a bulge and brought up to his body.

The three mercenaries that had barged in continued to disrobe until they were completely naked and with the power of the dragon being corrupted in changed it was quickly diffusing into his men. It was aided by the thought that was implanted when the blue Minos masqueraded as the real Motu and said that his men needed to be identity-less rubber bull drones, which was clearly happening as fur and scale was assimilated by black rubber that smoothed over their faces and other features. The dragon had already conditioned his mercenaries to think only of the squad and that his identity was theirs, this was just the next phase in their progression as their leader became another Minos bull. Not just any Minos bull either, as the blue Minos took the dragon plushie that had been created and tossed it aside the one between them would be only Minos without any other thought in his head on what he used to be.

Soon it was just three rubber bulls on the ground with the blue and red ones thrusting in between them, the deep purple minotaur letting out a muffled grunt of pleasure that was interrupting by a slurping noise as his throat was thrusted into. When the blue Minos could sense that there was nothing left of Motu in that body he reached forward and began to stroke on his cock, causing his already pleasure flooded body to shudder and convulse. His orgasm finally rushed up on him and as he came the red Minos pressed against his nose and created a gold ring that would cement his place as part of the herd leadership. The other two also shared an orgasm in response to fill this creature with their magically-tainted rubber seed, causing his stomach to distend slightly from the gush of fluids as eventually they stopped and slowly pulled out of the muzzle and tailhole of their newest convert.

The two gave the third Minos bull a second to recover as the blue Minos went out to check on how the rubber bull droning was going for the rest of the group while the red Minos stayed behind. “Looks like you were having a real good time,” the red Minos said as he stroked down the muscular chest of the other minotaur. “How are you feeling?”

“I feel… really good,” the purple Minos said as he looked down at himself while the other minotaur continued to put on the rest of the gold loops that they both had. “My memory is a bit hazy though, I can remember that you two had been captured… and then I came and helped you get the mercenaries that are on the floor below all turned into bull drones. Is that right?”

“Sounds good to me,” the red Minos said. “Speaking of which, perhaps we should go and join our fellow minotaur to make sure that we were successful in our mission. It’s good to have you here Minos, maybe we’ll see you more outside the maze now?”

The purple minotaur just nodded with a smile as he walked with the other one towards the lobby. It had been the first time in ages since he had left the safety of the maze’s center and he was longing to look outside to see how things were going, even if it was just for a few moments. The opportunity to not only do so but also lay a trap for these unsuspecting mercenaries was a great two-for-one bargain that he couldn’t possibly pass up. When he got to the grand ballroom it was completely silent with dozens upon dozens of identical bull drones that stood there, their faceless heads all turned the same direction as they waited for their orders while the blue Minos had a big bin that he was filling with all the plushies of their former identities scattered about.

“Seems like they are a little emptier then our typical drones,” the purple Minos said.

“Yes, considering the conditioning that they had gone through we thought it wise to completely tie their memories into their old forms,” the red Minos explained. “Given the powerful magical aura that they were under it might reconstitute if they were allowed to remember who they were.”

“That’s good thinking,” the purple Minos said with a nod. “I can sense that there was an arcane link between them, though it doesn’t seem that the leader of them is among them. Do you know where they are, did they escape?”

“No, we turned them into a Minos,” the red Minos explained as the grin on his bovine muzzle grew. “They’re not going to remember anything about their past life either, just retain the experience and skills that they had gotten with a bit of magical talent.”

The purple Minos also smiled and patted the other minotaur on the back. “That’s really good, considering the people under him that must have been quite the task to overpower him,” the purple Minos stated. “You must have done quite a number on him too, I would hate to be the one that receives that sort of treatment… though knowing you two maybe not. But I digress, you two get these drones to gather up all the gear in here and bring it into the maze, I’ll be right behind you after I make a call…”

As day began to turn to night the skunk watched from his window as the mist that continued to cling to the part of the city shifted, hearing the door open as he took a drink from his glass. “Sir, I have news,” the lemur man that acted as his servant said.

“If it’s the fact that the mercenary failed I already know,” the skunk said with a frown on his face as he gripped the glass tightly. “I just watched the area of influence grow by another two blocks and get close to the edge of our evacuation zone. What a useless dragon…”

“No, it’s not that sir,” the lemur said as he began to step forward, his face shifting as he removed his coat to expose the purple rubber that was starting to spread up his arms while the skunk remained oblivious. “I have a message for you sir.”

“Great, probably from the General for a status update,” the skunk replied. “What’s the message?” When there was no response the skunk’s frustrated face softened and he started to turn back to ask what was going on, only to stop as he felt a pair of hands grab his shoulders and keep him facing front. As the skunk looked at the reflection in the glass he could vaguely see the growing snout of the creature behind him as the clothing tailored for a lemur burst at the seams to reveal more synthetic flesh.

“I thought given the importance of the message I would deliver it myself,” Minos said with a grin before he shook his thickening neck, letting out a snort of pleasure as a pair of horns pushed out just above his temples before he stared down into the reflection of the skunk’s face. “You have played your games and failed, that part of the city is mine and if you don’t want me to take any more of it then you are going to stop what you are doing and let people come in freely. If you don’t like that then my alternative is to reach out and drone everyone in the city until we take everything, and then you can have the fun of looking down at my maze as it engulfs this tower of yours.

“You think that you can dictate the rules just because you made yourself a little niche in the world?” the skunk replied with a sneer. “The mercenary may have failed but you have already been exposed, and the more you take the more the people you take from are going to do something to stop you. You may have thought that you are telling me the end of the story, I’m informing you that this is just the beginning.”

There was a moment as the skunk felt those thick hands rub into his shoulders, but despite the bravado and confident demeanor the rubber minotaur that had grown out of his servant could have easily picked him up and thrown him across the room. “It seems that we find ourselves at an impasse then,” Minos said as he patted the skunk on the head and walked over to face him directly. “I would ask yourself how much more you’re willing to lose just to gain back a piece of the city that you cared nothing for anyway, and if you would like to negotiate terms then I’m leaving you a little parting gift to show that there are no hard feelings… yet.”

Before the skunk could say anything the purple hue of the rubber on the minotaur’s body began to fade to black and the facial features melded together until it formed into a featureless bovine shape. Even before the musculature deflated a bit and the posture of the creature became less domineering the skunk knew what his servant had been turned into. When he was finished changing yet again it wasn’t just a bull drone that stood there, this one had an x-harness, collar, and cuffs that if anyone had seen walking around his office it would shame him immensely. It would be a constant reminder of the creature that had bested him, and as the drone asked if there was anything that he could do for him the skunk just let out a yell and threw his half-full glass across the wall where it smashed.

As the drone moved to clean up the glass the skunk made his way over to his desk and grabbed the phone, encrypting the line before waiting for the voice on the other line to answer. “Yeah, this is Miles,” the skunk said in agitation as he watched the bull clean in what was probably the most provocative display possible. “Just had a visit from Minos, and one thing he’s right about is that the games are over. Call the others, it’s time for plan B.”

**Chapter Four – Of What Could Have Been**

It was the middle of the night at the MacMillian Auction House, and as such the building was completely dark save for the security lighting that lined the hallways and the flashlights of the guards that patrolled them. The house was considered one of the safer places for someone to store any sort of loot and while many had attempted to breach into the vault almost all of them failed in a rather spectacular fashion. Fortunately for the two that were skulking about in the courtyard that surrounded the area they weren’t going for the vault, but their target was in the auction house. Once the two had breached through the outer parameter one of the two men grabbed the smaller of the pair and unfurled their draconic wings, using them to get up to the second-floor balcony.

Once the one that had gotten the ride was sure that there were no cameras the winged creature jumped up and scrambled his way onto the roof where he disappeared out of sight. “Comm check,” The one on the balcony heard as he began to scan for potential alarms. “Alright Thomas, you know the drill, get into the office and grab the target, I’ll provide overwatch and the exit.”

“Copy comm check Dameon,” Thomas replied as the wolf found where the alarm connected to the door and carefully cut the pane of glass inside the wooden frame to get to it. “Just remember that this is supposed to be a quiet mission, no one is supposed to know that we were here.” There was a grunt of disappointment but Thomas knew that his partner would follow the protocol, especially when it came to the potential of snagging an Atlantean artifact. With the magical items being illegal to have with rare exception it was likely that if they didn’t raise any alarms the owner wouldn’t report it stolen, otherwise he would be in a lot of trouble himself as he put on a sticky glove and carefully cut the last of the glass.

The cut pane slid out easily and once he had it Thomas carefully put it to the side before reaching in to disable the alarm. While he wasn’t as good as some when it came to electronics he at least got the equipment to make up for the deficiency as he connected the wires to the blinking light box that was just above the door. It was hard trying to work in such a small window of clearance but eventually he saw the panel that he had just used to bypass it turn green as well, which was his signal to use his autopicker to open the lock so he could enter. The door opened softly and after Dameon gave a check and said there were no guards around he slid in and closed the door behind him.

Once everything was secured he disconnected the bypass module and then put the pane back into place, using a chemical solvent in order to melt the glass together before spraying it lightly with coolant to made sure it stayed in place. The wolf grinned when he looked at his work; unless someone was specifically looking for the hairline cut that was in the glass no one would know that he was there, which was what he was looking for. Once he had finished with that there was just the matter of the cameras and the guards to take care of on his way to the office of the head curator. Fortunately most of the electronic countermeasures that he might have had to deal with were down in the basement along with the vault, and with the top floor being so dark he tapped on his bracelet which wreathed his body in shadows before he moved ahead.

Between his additional stealth and Dameon keeping a look out through the skylights on the room it didn’t take long for the wolf to get to his destination. The office of the head curator directly overlooked the auction hall itself and had frosted glass walls that could become clear if the one inside so wished it. At the moment they were opaque and that was just fine for him as he got to the door, which had a DNA scanner on the frame that was keyed only to the curator of the auction house. It was a problem that had already been identified from a scouting run earlier and Dameon said that the solution was the patch that he had been given before the mission started.

Thomas took the patch out and when he examined it all he found was that it looked like a band aid or something, but he didn’t see any blood on the other side. When the wolf placed the other side of the patch it stuck to the reader and when it beeped with a green light he had to peel it off that caused him to make a face. “Dameon…” Thomas whispered as he opened the door. “Do I want to know where you got that?”

“Not my department,” Dameon replied with a chuckle. “I was actually kind of hoping that it didn’t work, the vantage point is beautiful on the road for some long-range shots, and it has been so long since we had ourselves a little rampage. Maybe after this we could find a nice little secluded area and… celebrate.”

“Let’s makes sure we have something to celebrate first,” Thomas replied, though he could feel the fur on his body bristle up in excitement at the authoritative tone that his partner had. He knew exactly what the larger wolf had in mind and though he was in the midst of searching the office for the artifact he couldn’t help but lick his lips at the thought even as he found a piece of the floor that was spongier than the rest. “I think I found a floor safe, how am I looking?”

“Everything is green on this end,” Dameon said, though as Thomas pulled up the trap door and saw the safe beneath it he heard the Harbringer suddenly take a sharp breath in. “Crap, there’s a car coming down the road, I think it’s the curator.”

“The curator?” Thomas replied, his voice slightly raised before he remembered to tone it down. “He’s supposed to be on vacation for the next two days!”

“Looks like he forgot something at the office,” Dameon replied. “I’m guessing you have maybe fifteen minutes to crack that safe, otherwise you can get out of there now and we can try again later.”

Thomas cursed silently to himself as he looked down at the keypad. Giving an experimental attempt to try and unlock it showed that he needed six digits, which meant that a sequencer would take too long to crack it. With it being this deep into the auction hall though it probably wasn’t a complex code and given most people were prone to using familiar numbers it was probably some sort of important date. As far as he knew the curator wasn’t married and as he brought up the info file they had he tried using his birthday, to no avail. Important date… important date… as he looked around the office once more he didn’t see anything that would give him a clue on that and time was quickly ticking down before the man entered into the building and found him.

As Thomas sat down at the desk and looked through the drawers he didn’t find much except for a bottle of real alcohol and a few files that looked to be personal auctions. With Dameon giving him updates on where the curator was the wolf groaned and put his hands to his head before banging it against the desk with a thud. If they had to abort it would probably be another three months before they could access this office again, especially since the curator was a workaholic. I guess when your name’s on the door it makes you work to keep it, Thomas thought to himself, though as he leaned back and looked down at the action hall he thought of a date that might just be important enough to use on the safe.

After looking up the information on his commlink Thomas skidded back over towards the floor safe and put in the six digits that corresponded to the date that the Auction House was founded, which caused the screen to light up and the lock to disengage. He practically yanked open the door and dug around inside, which among a few other pieces was the one that was described to them as the Atlantean artifact. “Dameon, I got it,” Thomas said excitedly as he saw that it was a circular stone tablet where it had rings with strange runes engraved on each one. “Get me out of here.”

“Alright, give me two minutes,” Dameon replied. “Balcony is compromised, I’m going to hoist you out through the skylight. Whatever you do keep your head down low, the curator is about to enter the building.” Thomas responded that he understood and quickly reset the office so that to the untrained eye it looked like nothing was moved, though if the curator was a control freak he would probably know what happened immediately. That didn’t matter though as the wolf ducked behind the desk and ran his fingers over the smooth, polished surface and found the rings were actually able to rotate.

This is something that definitely seems Atlantean, Thomas thought to himself as he tried to make sense of what he was looking at while fiddling with the alignment of the symbols. He was getting that it was the language of the floating island and while he had been with the Harbringers for a while he hadn’t quite taken the time to learn that particular aspect of things. It probably didn’t matter anyway, though as he moved the outer rings about he could see that the background seemed to form a picture as well. With one eye on the skylight waiting for Dameon’s signal the other shifted the rings about until they finally lined up with the picture that had formed in the stone.

As soon as he slid the innermost circle into place though Thomas felt a discharge that was almost like static electricity, but he had been around enough magic to know when he felt it as the symbols started to glow starting in the middle and radiating outward. “Uh, Dameon,” Thomas said as he stood up, though as he did the office around him felt distorted and all that came through his comm was static. “Dameon, little help here, something is happening with this thing!”

The walls and floor of the area continued to waver and distort like he was looking at everything through melting glass as he began to feel like he was floating. He dropped the stone tablet to the ground in order to try and break his connection with it but nothing changed except that the glowing artifact was at his feet, or rather a few inches beneath his feet. When he attempted to reach down to grab it he gasped as his body started to shift to be parallel with the floor. When the glowing reached the edge of the artifact a circle of pure darkness suddenly opened up beneath him and Thomas let out a shout as he felt like he was being pulled into spaghetti while everything around him was stretched down to the hole…

There was a brief darkness and when Thomas could see again he found that he was sitting on a field of grass and he was still screaming, which he promptly stopped when he realized that everything had gone back to normal. As he glanced around his surroundings though he gathered that he was definitely no longer in the auction hall office anymore and when he looked at the grass beneath his feet he saw that the artifact was right there as well. The glow was gone from the symbols and the background picture had once more become abstract as he grabbed it. The rings still moved and everything still appeared intact, which prompted Thomas to put it in his bag before he tried to figure out where he was.

As Thomas moved through the small arboretum he had landed in his first thought was that he had somehow landed on Atlantis itself, but as he found a path and followed it out to where he saw a few buildings he realized that probably wasn’t the case. From what he had heard about the island it was primarily populated by mythical creatures and had a large tower that spiraled up that could even be seen from the surface, this looked more like a college campus or a business center that he would find outside the city. At least it wasn’t some sort of hostile alien planet or the infernal realm, the wolf thought to himself as he carefully but purposefully made his way towards what looked like a courtyard. Since there were quite the number of anthros he at least fit in somewhat as he tried to find more information out about where he was.

It didn’t take long before he found a digital display that was advertising events and schedules, which eventually also told him the name of the place he was at. “The SHIFT Institute?” Thomas said to himself as he looked back around. “Definitely never heard about this place, I wonder if maybe it’s some sort of megacorp site that I never heard of.”

When Thomas tried to access his commlink all he got was static and the deck he had with him didn’t connect to the matrix, which meant he was either way off-site somewhere or… he was somewhere where such things didn’t exist. With his technology being useless he decided to put them away for now, but as he pulled the comm from his ear he paused as he suddenly felt the presence of someone else and slowly turned until he saw a phoenix man with black feathers staring at him with glowing blue eyes and a smirk on his beak. “Hey,” the creature said, Thomas looking back and forth a few times even though it was clear that the guy was talking to him. “You look lost.”

“I… guess you could say that,” Thomas replied as he tried to get a feel for the situation. “My name’s Thomas.”

“Slypher,” the phoenix replied. “Why don’t we go somewhere private and have ourselves a little chat before someone else comes and ruins the mood, shall we? I promise that I don’t bite, unless you want me to of course.”

This guy sounds a lot like Dameon, Thomas thought to himself, except way less aggressive in his seduction techniques. “I suppose that there’s no harm in that,” Thomas said as he began to follow the phoenix. “You know, you have the same name as someone I know actually.”

“I’m sure that’s purely a coincidence,” Slpyher replied with a dismissive wave of his wing, though as he did his head turned and when Thomas followed his gaze he saw a draconic sabrewolf that had just run up to the courtyard. “Ah, speaking of such, it seems that your presence here has been detected faster than I had anticipated. At least we’re lucky in who they sent out, they’re not exactly the most observant when it… oh, he saw me, quick, behind me.”

Not wanting to get captured in his first hour in some new dimension Thomas did what he was told and suddenly found himself surrounded by black and blue feathers as the hybrid walked up to the phoenix. “Slypher, did you sense someone around here that came in through a dimensional rift?” the hybrid asked. “I’m trying to help the Multidimensional Task Force find someone that may have accidently warped here.”

“My dear Serathin, what makes you think I’m going to do your job for you?” Slypher replied as he leaned forward, which bumped Thomas slightly and nearly made him stumble before one of the tailfeathers wrapped around him. “How is your new position by the way? I heard you already had a great start when it came to those werewolves, and personally watching you flounder with those minotaurs.”

“Shut up Slypher…” Serathin grumbled. “Just… do me a favor and let me know if you see him, alright?” As the two continued to have a back and forth Thomas realized that the artifact he had loosely tucked in his back was the only thing that could possibly get him home and quickly pulled it out only to wrap his chameleon suit around it and put it into the hidden compartment he had in his bag. While it wouldn’t hold up to a thorough search of his bag it seemed that the phoenix had other ideas in mind for their time together as the winds unfurled once the draconic sabrewolf disappeared.

As soon as he made sure that the coast is clear Slypher continued to lead Thomas through the campus of the SHIFT Institute while also giving him a brief explanation of they did. “Wow, so people can actually view other timelines here?” Thomas asked as they went into another naturalistic area, this one designed more like a grotto with a waterfall that Slypher led him behind into a semi-secret cave. “Do I have different timelines?”

“Everyone has different timelines,” Slypher explained as they walked a little further back and found that the cave was actually a lounge area. “First there are the dimensions themselves; entire universal timelines can split based of a major event happening or not happening, so there are versions of you that are potentially spaceship pilots, or slave workers in some mineral asteroid, or a host to an alien race that took over your planet, and then from there you make personal choices in your life that causes your timelines to split even further.”

“That’s crazy,” Thomas said as he sat down in one of the chairs, which he found to be very comfortable with an almost gel-like consistency in the padding instead of the usual cotton. “So could there be a different me in the dimension that I’m a part of that never became a runner?”

“I would guarantee it,” Slypher stated, Thomas letting out a small grunt as the phoenix decided that his chair would be on the lap of the wolf. “Of course we all do have our proclivities based on personality and desires, so it’s probably extremely unlikely that any of your alters went on to become something like a jazz musician or a pastry chef and most of them probably funneled towards being a criminal of some sort. There is also the part that I specialize in where people tend to gravitate more towards things that… particularly interest them in other ways…”

Thomas found himself swallowing hard as Slypher leaned in towards him, and it was at this point he realized that the phoenix wasn’t actually wearing any clothes. With the weight of the other man on top of him there was little that he could do except squirm as the wolf found the clawed fingers start to trace down his jawline. When they got to his neck they began to shift up and down and as Thomas began to tremble it was because of the sensations of getting his throat scratched. The other hand slid around behind his head and went just behind his ears, the phoenix giggling as he had the wolf squirming about from the sensation.

“Looks like you are a good boy,” Slypher said after he finally stopped, Thomas panting slightly from the exertion of being teased like that as the phoenix stood back up. “But I also know that you can be quite the bad boy as well. Would you like to be a bad boy with me Thomas?”

Thomas felt his jaw drop at the words he heard, which also stirred something else up inside of him as he got up from the chair. “How… how did you…” Thomas said before he felt a growl escape his throat, his pupils dilating as he watched Slypher take a step away from him. “Yeah… yeah, I can be a bad boy. Let me show you how bad…”

Just as Thomas was about to take a step forward though he felt something yank against his ankle, and when he looked down he was shocked to find that a cuff of black metal had appeared with a chain that led to an anchor in the ground. It looked completely seamless and the wolf wondered less on where it had come from and more on how to get it off as he could feel his muscles starting to thicken. “Oh, you didn’t think that it would be that easy, would it?” Slypher said as Thomas turned back, his lips curling in a slight snarl at being denied as his already lupine muzzle began to lengthen slightly to accommodate his sharper teeth. “See, I happen to know that you really enjoy being both, so I wonder which one would win out if given the chance.”

“Why don’t you let me loose and I’ll show you,” Thomas growled as he tried to approach the phoenix only to find his other leg suddenly became bound as well.

“Well that wouldn’t be fun if I just let you have it,” Slypher said as he came up right to where the length of the chains on the feet of the transforming creature ended, and as Thomas felt his clothes starting to tighten the phoenix snapped his fingers and they disappeared to leave him just as naked as he was. “Now here’s the deal Wolfie, either I can bind you up and make you into my loyal, obedient pet like I know you want to be, or you can break those chains and pounce on me to become the dominant, fierce alpha wolf like I know you also want to be. I’ve linked the strength of these chains to your desires, so the more you submit the more your bound while the more you fight for dominance the better chance you have.”

Thomas let out a loud snarl and used his growing foot claws to dig into the stone to try and lunge at the creature, only to be brought down as another two sets of cuffs were attached to his wrists and the floor. When he looked back up he saw that Slypher was twirling a metal collar around his finger and looking at him coyly, and though the growing creature thought he knew what he wanted the aura of sheer dominance of the phoenix made it hard to think of him as prey. It brought him back to the first time he had turned with Dameon, and though his mind was growing increasingly hazy with the growing lust in his mind he found himself wondering if he knew about that too. But that first experience had also been a challenge and this time Thomas wasn’t going to go down easily as he managed to stand up and flex his growing biceps, straining on the chains while his chest filled out with new muscle.

“Oh, I also know that regardless of your nature you enjoy being tied up,” Slypher said as he waved his hand and Thomas was jerked backwards, his hands hitting the floor while his feet remained stationary to have him stuck with stomach and hips up in the air. “Though I imagine it just contributes more to that submissive side of yours. Maybe I’ll give you a nice head scratch again and watch you squirm until you recognize who your master really is.”

The words of the phoenix were so commanding that when Slypher went up and scratched down the thickening fur of his chest all he could think about was wanting him to do it again. He was a good boy, a good wolf, and good wolves serve their masters. The phoenix would certainly make for a fine pack leader and as those hands got lower he could feel the chains keeping him down starting to lose their slack. Soon he would be practically tied down to the floor and he wouldn’t care, not as long as someone was rubbing against his thick muscles as his feet twitched before they grew into much bigger paw pads.

But just as Slypher began to rub down towards his groin a sudden surge of need broke him out of his submissive spiral, letting out a snarl though his new jagged fangs as his body finished filling with thick, powerful muscle. The phoenix was not his master, he was not his alpha, and he was definitely not his pack leader as he struggled to thrust his hips up towards the other man. That collar still wasn’t around his neck yet and with the other man around his midsection still concentrated on the spire of rock-hard pink flesh that jutted up from his furry groin he took his legs and flexed them as hard as he could. His breath came in jagged growls and as his calves and thighs tensed he heard the loud snap of metal and felt his paws get free.

The action seemed to take Slypher by surprise and the werewolf wasted no time in getting his meaty legs around him, his agile paws keeping the phoenix from using his wings while his thick thighs pinned those feathered arms down to his sides. A smirk formed on his muzzle as Thomas used the flexibility of his body to slide one of his paws up and press it against the back of the avian head, which pushed that beak down towards his muzzle. He would be the pack leader, the lust-filled creature thought as the phoenix willfully opened his beak and allowed the throbbing shaft inside of it, and for him to do that he would need a pack. Even with the fog of the carnal instincts flowing through his mind he remembered what Slypher had said, and Thomas was more than keen to make it a reality as he started to see something happen to the avian head of the other man.

Unlike his own beastly transformation the changes that started to happen to Slypher began slowly, the shiny black beak that was stretched around the cock that was being humped into his maw slowly deforming as hairs could be seen sprouting from it. The feathers on the back of his head also started to melt and reform into a thick mane of black hair, though it still had the same glowing blue tips as the feathers that preceded it. The sight of Slypher’s head morphing into something more lupine while his throat became a cocksleeve for him was too much and Thomas flexed his upper body, breaking the chains just like he had with his feet. Even though the phoenix had made no move to escape Thomas growled deeply and pulled his cock out of the mostly lupine muzzle and grabbed Slypher underneath his arms.

There was a loud thud as the feathered man suddenly found himself pinned to the wall by the much larger creature, though as Slypher let out a groan his chest and sides popped and shifted to start to grow his frame. It seemed that the phoenix was not immune to his infectious nature and that was just fine with Thomas as he used his own heavily muscled chest to pin the phoenix there and spread his legs. It didn’t take much to wrap those legs around them, which he could see the scaly legs of the phoenix curling and witching as his toes swelled with new growth. More of that luxurious black fur began to grow up the shins and thighs of the creature being corrupted by him and Thomas licked his chops in anticipation to go further as his cock began to push into the ring of muscle.

As Thomas had anticipated the insertion was a smooth process that the phoenix merely groaned in pleasure, though part of the way through it turned to a snarl as teeth began to push out of his new gums. He made for quite the handsome creature, the werewolf thought in the back of his mind, and would make a good packmate under him. For the moment though he was still prey that needed to be turned and as he continued to push up his thick shaft he found the throbbing length of the phoenix pressed against his abs. When he looked down he saw the toned but lithe chest of the other male filling out to match his, his patterning still remaining but as fur while he grew a set of thick pectorals and washboard abs that were only slightly smaller than his leader. As the growing claws of the new werewolf pressed against his chest Thomas noticed something that Slypher was holding that no longer belonged to him, at least not in that regard as he grabbed the collar and put it around the thick neck of the other lupine creature.

The claws of the werewolf dug into the stone wall as he thrusted up into the one beneath him, the feathers of the former phoenix’s wings falling around them and disappearing into ash as the tailfeathers that brushed against his legs twisted together and fluffed out into a wolf tail. Their muzzles met in a deep kiss and the glowing blue tongue of the black-furred werewolf pushed into the maw of the bigger one, only for Thomas to push back and result in a sloppy kiss between them. As their rutting session continued the intense passions that the two had cooled slightly, though that didn’t slow down the bigger beast from his rhythm as the both enjoyed the lustful sensations of their new bodies.

After a few minutes both Thomas and Slypher had recomposed themselves enough to talk, the arms of the former phoenix draped around the shoulders while his tailhole was still stretched open. “So I see that you made your choice in the matter,” Slypher said, squeezing his inner walls around the cock of the werewolf to get him to huff. “A dominant beast, a bad boy, a corrupter of minds and bodies.”

“Yeah…” Thomas replied with a smirk, feeling intensely powerful with this creature impaled on his cock and pinned beneath him. “Feels real good.”

“But perhaps there’s a small inkling that makes you wonder what happened if the scales tipped the other way?” Slypher said, his grin widening as Thomas tilted his head. “I know that you got those instincts making thinking a little more difficult than usual but I believe you remember when I said that certain decisions can cause splits in timelines. Well the scenario here allowed for that and given the location you’re in I can show you the other result, if you care to see the other side of things.”

Though Thomas hadn’t quite finished with the new glowing black and blue werewolf he had created the idea of seeing what would have happened if he had succumbed to his submissiveness was intriguing, especially since he had been a fur-length away from actually being in that position. When he asked if they could come back to this timeline once they were done Slypher nodded and said that this is technically his primary alter, which meant that they would be coming back here anyway. “Alright then,” Thomas growled in anticipation, though he also hilted himself into the smaller werewolf that caused Slypher to moan while he leaned into his ear. “Let’s see what you got.”

Just as Thomas was about to pull back he quickly found himself surrounded by blazing blue fire, which other than being slightly warm didn’t hurt as the room around them dissolved away. It reminded him a little bit like when he had first jumped into the new dimension but as the flames completely engulfed him it was like he had completely disappeared from reality for a second. When he became aware of himself again he found that while the room around him hadn’t changed his perspective of it did, and while he was still a werewolf he found himself on his knees with his muzzle being stretched open by a glowing blue cock. The dominant feelings that he had been feeling up to that point instantly melted away and as he felt a tug against his neck that came from the collar wrapped around it.

“Good boy,” Slypher said as Thomas found that he was still a phoenix, though the glowing parts of his body were much brighter than before. “Now why don’t you get up and hop over to that couch there so that I can bury my bone in that thick furry butt of yours?”

“Yes master,” Thomas found himself saying as his tail wagged eagerly, his excitement rising at the thought of being able to please the phoenix with his body. “I’m your good boy.”

“And such an obedient one you are,” Slypher commented as Thomas got on the couch as best he could since he found that his arms had been bound behind his back. His chest also had a harness on it that not only highlighted his pectorals but seemed to solidify his place as the plaything of this much more dominant creature who came up between his thick legs that hung over the edge. As Slypher leaned in and rubbed his fingers behind his ears again the werewolf also realized that he had on some sort of hood which allowed only his muzzle to be exposed, though the phoenix took care of that by taking a dildo gag and sliding it between his lips. His master said that there was no need for words from his toy, and Thomas just found himself nodding as the shaft filled his maw to completely muzzle him.

With the gag in place Slypher leaned back and began to push his cock into him, the werewolf’s back arching as his master took him. The phoenix held onto the cuffs that had been placed around his thighs and held him there as he was taken, the large paws of the lupine creature curling in pure pleasure as his insides were spread open. It was the single best feeling he could ever imagine and if it hadn’t been pinned against the couch he could have wagged his tail. He only wished that there could be two of them so that he could have the thick shaft of the phoenix in his mouth as well as his tailhole, which caused his master to chuckle and said that perhaps that could be arranged later.

As Slypher plowed into his stretched hole he also stroked along his own length, helping the werewolf out since his hands were bound behind his back as another sign of his submission. His master would take care of him, all he needed to be was a good wolf for him and serve him without question. This was something he could easily do, but with each time that he felt the thick shaft spread him open a strange sensation wormed into his mind. He began to see their roles reversed, their bodies pressed together but with the phoenix underneath him instead of the other way around.

The distortion was enough that Thomas had to close his eyes, and when he opened them again they snapped wide as he was still hilt deep in the other werewolf and about to orgasm. Both of the lupine creatures let out a loud howl as he came hard, pumping his seed inside the other creature while their bodies tensed together from the sheer pleasure. When Thomas looked down at himself he once more was back to being almost completely naked, save for the shackles that were still on his wrists and ankles with the broken chains hanging on it, and saw that Slypher the werewolf had the collar around his neck instead of the other way around. Once they had a chance to calm down and Thomas finally allowed Slypher to dismount from the wall the phoenix looked at his own body with a bemused look as he wiggled his glowing blue claws.

“Mmmm, this werewolf form is quite nice,” Slypher said as he shifted back to wag his tail. “I may have to catalogue this for later.”

“Does that mean that you’re going to be my nice little subby werewolf too?” Thomas asked with a smirk.

“If I thought that you could handle it,” Slypher shot back, though his laugh was cut short as his ears twitched while Thomas also heard something near the cave entrance. “Mmmm, should have guessed, looks like Damage Control is on their way to rectify the situation. If you don’t want to be stuck in quarantine for the next two months I highly advise you do whatever you did to get here in reverse so you can go back home.”

Before Thomas could say that he didn’t know how the artifact he was carrying worked Slypher had already motioned for him to go behind the bar that was in the lounge, the werewolf hopping back even as his body began to morph back into his former self. While having more dexterous fingers aided in fishing the artifact out of his bag, which he thankfully had grabbed on the way to his hiding spot, he wished that the phoenix had also gave him some clothes. At the moment however he needed to figure out how to make the tablet work as he heard the angry voice of the one that Slypher had called Serathin explain that he sensed the split and knew that the phoenix had grabbed Thomas in order to have his usual fun. It was clear that they weren’t just going to let him slide and since the cave was a dead end it was either get captured or figure out how to do another dimensional hop.

But once more Thomas was running into the same problem that he didn’t know what symbols he was looking for. He hadn’t paid attention to what it looked like when he made the jump and the rings had shifted around several times since then, which meant that unless he could figure out the ancient Atlantean symbols in less than five minutes he was about to get hauled off. While it sounded like he wouldn’t be held there for too long there was stuff he had to do in his dimension, like negotiate with the alpha werewolf for the Harbringers to try and bring that to a peaceful conclusion. With the argument between Slypher and Serathin growing more heated Thomas was running out of time, but as he held up the stone to his face he found that the picture was back in the background of the tablet.

That was good enough for him and Thomas frantically shifted the rings around until he could get the image to become fully aligned, which he hoped would not just send him back to the same spot that it had before. When he turned the inner most circle again into place he noticed that it wasn’t the same as the first time but it didn’t matter as the symbols in the middle began to glow before spreading outwards once more. Even though he was expecting the wolf still let out a yep as he began to float upwards while the tablet remained on the floor. As his eye level went above the bar he could see the phoenix and draconic sabrewolf both looking at him, and as Thomas gave a sheepish wave the hybrid just put his hand against his head in frustration before everything was sucked into the black hole including him.

This time Thomas found himself sitting on a concrete floor in the middle of an empty warehouse, the smell of dead fish and diesel oil filling his nostrils. This certainly felt more like home and when the wolf found his way to a window he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the skyline of the megacity that he was used to. He also heard several beeps from his bag and when he brought out his commlink he found that he was once more connected to the Matrix as well, which as he viewed his messages he was slightly annoyed that they were all marked as new and unread but it was a small price to pay for being home. The first thing he did was call Dameon in order to try and get in contact with him as he continued to observe his surroundings in order to try and figure out where he was and how far he would have to walk while naked.

When the call disconnected suddenly Thomas sighed and guessed that the paranoid Harbringer had probably smashed the comm thinking he had gotten captured, which he hadn’t been as he started to turn back around…

…only to hear the sound of a gun cocking that made him wonder if that was too early an assessment on the being captured situation.

Thomas knew better than to make any rash movements or actions while a gun was pointed at his back, instead slowly putting his hands up and turning around to face his assailant. The sound of two simultaneous gasps filled the air as he finally got a good look at the one that had him at gunpoint and found that it was… himself. The other Thomas was equally shocked and as the two looked one another over they both saw that other than one of them being naked they were almost completely identical. As Thomas put started to put his hands down the gun from the other runner went back up that prompted him to keep them in the air.

“No tricks now,” the other Thomas said as he slowly approached the wolf, looking him up and down. “What is this, some sort of triad phantasm? A changling trying to ruin the deal that I made here?”

“I am none of those things,” Thomas quickly replied as he tried to reason with himself, which considering that they would both be skilled in the art of social manipulation was going to be both easier and more difficult. “Hey, would I really try to ambush you while naked? Plus if I was just some sort of changling or something then how would I know that you are actually a werewolf, right?”

“Pffft, yeah, real big stretch of knowledge there,” the other Thomas said as he rolled his eyes. “Look, either you tell me who or what you are or I’m going to shoot you and throw you in the port. Heck, if you stay looking that way maybe I could get a few months of vacation from people thinking I’m dead.”

Yep, this is definitely me, Thomas thought to himself as he tried not to frown before another idea came to mind. “Oh, what about your eye?” Thomas said as he quickly pulled out his cybernetic eye. “This is cybernetics, you really think a mage or changling is going to do something like this to themselves just to ruin some deal of yours?”

There was a pause and Thomas knew that look on his face; something he had said struck a chord, but he was still debating whether it was worth it to just kill him and dump him in the port or to actually figure out what was going on. “Looks like I have a plus one that will be coming along,” Thomas said as he put the gun away and started to walk towards the exit of the warehouse. “Take him.”

Before Thomas could even put down his arms he suddenly found himself surrounded by several creatures, which even in the darkness of the warehouse he cold tell that they were werewolves. This was a new development, the wolf thought to himself, but just as he was about to open his mouth to ask a question he suddenly found a length of rope pulled across it. He let out several muffled grunts and tried to get out of the hold but he knew even if he was to transform he was no match for four fully-formed werewolves. Instead he found himself getting completely bound up with expert speed and a bag put over his head before being hoisted up into the air.

With no way to speak and the bag obscuring his vision all Thomas could do was wait as he was thrown onto something that bobbed in the water before they took off. When he remembered the at the artifact would have been at his feet his heart practically jumped into his throat, but then he heard the werewolves talking about the strange stone circle that they had found while binding him. The other Thomas told them not to play with such things and to wait until they got back to base and he would have breathed a sigh of relief if he wasn’t bouncing up and down on the bottom of a boat for nearly half an hour. Eventually he was picked up again and this time placed on a sofa before he felt movement again, and while it was slightly less choppy he gathered that he was once more on another boat.

While he was restrained Thomas tried to see if he could hear anything that was going on but his other self was smart enough not to talk around him, which made the minutes feel like hours until finally they got to their destination. He could hear the sounds of things being unloaded and when it was his turn he felt the claws of the creatures cutting the ropes and pulling the bag off of his head. It seemed that they had arrived at a place where they weren’t worried about him running, and when Thomas was led off the boat and onto the nearby pier he knew exactly why.

“Whoa, this is the Harbringer Offshore Oil Rig,” Thomas said as he looked up at the huge structure, unaware that his words had caused all the werewolves escorting him to immediate snap their heads towards him. “That means you officially joined the Harbring-“ the word was caught in the throat of the wolf as one of the werewolves grabbed his neck and began to squeeze. “…or not! Or not!”

The voice above shouted that was enough and the werewolf dropped Thomas unceremoniously on the floor. “You would be wise not to mention that particular group,” the other Thomas said. “At least not until we are in private chambers. I have someone that wishes to meet with you and I would like you to get here in one piece.”

Thomas just nodded and picked himself up, apologizing to the werewolves before following his other self inside the rig. When he got up he found that while it looked like a laboratory had been set up there he didn’t see anyone that would resemble the Harbringers, though he did see a few werewolves working with their humanoid counterparts. It was bizarre to see something that he had gone through himself personally look so radically different, but it was his other self that he found most intriguing. When he walked by some of the other werewolves they either got out of his way quickly or gave him a small bow before moving past, and combined with the comments that had been made earlier he wondered just what sort of timeline this was.

Soon the two were completely alone in the old control room of the rig that had been modified into a set of living quarters. “So, I take it you’re still up to your old tricks in whatever dimension you came from,” Thomas said as he pulled the artifact out of his bag and set it aside. “It makes me curious on how different a life we have led, especially since you mentioned the Harbringers.”

“It sounds like you had a falling out with them?” Thomas asked his other self as he watched the wolf take off his combat vest, revealing a set of claw marks that ran all the way down his back. “Whoa… I definitely don’t have that.”

“This was the punishment that Dameon had given me after my runner group laid siege to this very oil rig,” the other wolf explained as he put the vest aside. “Up until that point I had been working with them on the matter concerning the lycan strain of HMHVV, which considering you know I’m a werewolf I’m guessing are the same experiences. Since you don’t have these marks but know of this place, I think that my story is not the same as yours.”

Thomas nodded and took the seat he was offered along with the drink that his other self had made, which unsurprisingly was exactly how he liked it. “I was also set to siege this oil rig with the others and that dragon from Atlantis,” Thomas explained. “But I had made a call to Dameon ahead of time and warned him, which gave them time to move everything out of the rig before we showed up. They almost captured the dragon and in exchange for his release I… gave them the shard I found.”

“Ah, a simple phone call,” the other Thomas said with a laugh, putting his hand against his face. “I had also thought about calling Dameon to warn him of our arrival, but in the end I convinced myself that they could handle it and didn’t want to expose myself to the team. In the end we killed a number of Harbringers and that Atlantean Dragon managed to take most of their research and destroyed the rest. It was a crushing blow for the organization… and instead of the hero that I’m sure you were to them I was made the villain.”

“Whoa…” Thomas said in shock, nearly dropping his mug. “That’s why Dameon clawed you in the back then, is that the reason you’re hiding here? Is he still after you?”

“Dameon is dead,” the other Thomas replied bluntly, which only caused the wolf’s jaw to drop more. “He was killed outside of a cafe, practically decapitated from the sounds of it, and several other prominent members were assassinated after the fact as well including his sister. After that the Harbringers scattered to the wind and haven’t been seen since.”

Thomas found himself leaning back in the chair as his other self sipped on his drink. “I can’t believe it…” Thomas said. “I was there the last time it happened, I guess it really was a good thing, or not, that I was there. Now I know you left on bad terms, but do you at least know who did it? Who called in the hit on them?”

“He does,” a new voice said, this one a deep, throaty growl that Thomas vaguely recognized as he saw someone come up from the hatch below. Thomas felt his eyes widen as he recognized the huge werewolf that he felt a strange sense of connection with. “Because I told him it was me when he joined my pack.”

“The Alpha…” Thomas said as he felt the urge to bow his head in respect, something his other self did as the hulking creature gave the other wolf a scritch under his chin. “Wait, you were the one that ordered Dameon killed?”

“I put out a hit on the entire Harbringer group,” Alpha said. “They were planning on using the lycan strain to infect multiple people in the megacity, and after I had refused multiple times they had attempted to kidnap me and slaughtered half my pack in the process. From there we were not on good speaking terms… while I had originally intended on just sending a message I decided to up the ante and order for their entire slaughter.”

“Mmmm, that was quite fun hunting them down,” the other wolf said as he looked lovingly up at the alpha, Thomas seeing the fangs of his other self start to elongate as their gaze turned to him. “As you can see I climbed the ranks quite quickly with my enthusiasm to help Alpha out, and though it’s not there yet we have actually stabilized quite a bit of the serum for the lycan strain. That’s why when you took out your eye it changed my mind, I remember when I had that before it finally regrew in for real.”

As the two began to approach Thomas suddenly became aware of the fact that he was alone in another dimension in an isolated area with only himself and the Alpha werewolf leering over him. “You know… I wonder if he’ll act the same way that you did when I first broke you into the pack,” the Alpha said with a grin as Thomas found his long claws scratching underneath his chin, causing his tail to fluff out and his ears to twitch. “It certainly seems like he has the same spots.”

“I’m sure our new guest won’t mind finding out,” the other Thomas said as he looked at his alter ego, his grin growing wider as the wolf could see that his other self was starting to transform. “You’re already prepared for it, and it would be fun to have myself under me.”

While Thomas felt unnerved with the almost feral gleam that he saw in essentially his own eyes the fact that he was in the company of two werewolves and one was the alpha had caused his urges to start to bubble to the surface. Already the claws in his feet and hands started to grow longer and as what was essentially a more confident, in-tune version of himself bolstered by the Alpha leaned in to kiss him there was little resistance in it. In the back of his mind he wondered if this could possibly cause the space-time continuum but as their lips met and he felt the tongue slip into his own maw it appeared that everything was fine. He was also hard as a rock and as the other wolf pressed against him the strangeness of feeling his own body rubbing up against him was quickly diminished by how horny it was making him as the Alpha watched with his arms crossed over his thick chest.

The sounds of the two making out filled the room and were punctuated by growing snarls and growls as they groped and fondled one another, Thomas looking down to watch himself change and seeing the one beneath him shifting in a much similar fashion… although he was getting a bit bigger more quickly. No doubt thanks to the private tutelage of the alpha werewolf, Thomas thought to himself, but as his own hands and feet swelled along with his muscles he knew that he wasn’t going to be the one on top anyway. He heard his own deepening laugh come out of the other man as Thomas felt himself get pulled up and let out a slight yelp as he felt the copy of his maw press against his tailhole.

As Thomas began to pant from the tongue wiggling inside of him the transforming creature looked up to see that the Alpha had shifted so that he stood in front of him, the tip of his cock practically resting on his forehead. “Not a bad specimen,” Alpha said with a fanged grin as he gripped his shaft and pointed it directly at Thomas. “Let’s see if you’re as good as your counterpart there, and if you like it I’m sure the pack wouldn’t mind two of you around. I know I wouldn’t if you’re half as talented as he is…”

This Alpha was definitely different than the one in his dimension, Thomas thought as the tip was pressed up against his growing muzzle, although back in his timeline they were still in the middle of negotiations. Perhaps the other him had softened him up a bit as well, all except for his cock and he found himself obediently opening up and licking against the shaft. Even though this wasn’t his timeline it felt so natural to submit to this paragon of lycanthropy, this muscular beast that he would give anything to be with. He could definitely see why he went with him in the first place but as he felt his head get held up and the tip pushed down towards his throat all Thomas could think about was pleasing his Alpha.

With the cock lodged in his muzzle his groan became nothing more than a muffled gurgle as his furry throat started to stretch, but the practice that the bigger man had with the other Thomas paid off in knowing exactly how much the growing werewolf could tolerate. As he began to bob his head up and down to show that he wished to serve he felt the hot breath that had been near his furry rump disappear and was replaced with something much larger that was about to be stuck in his other opening. Though the cock using his throat for a sleeve by the Alpha prevented him from looking Thomas could see in the reflection of the wall the beast of creature behind him and found himself in awe.

While the two looked similar in nature the other Thomas clearly had more time put into their werewolf form, his transformation giving him a similar build to the Alpha himself with a sleek, thick coat of fur that accentuated his muscles. Gone was the bit of mange that Thomas seemed to have when he turned or the gangly nature of his body, it was like the werewolf behind him had been sculpted to look far better than him and as he felt his insides get spread open he knew that something else was bigger as well. The hands of the one between the two werewolves darted up as his muzzle was pushed forward to nudge against the groin of the alpha as he was penetrated quickly and smoothly from behind.

Thomas felt his eyes roll back into his head as he was being thrusted into from both ends by two incredibly sexy, very dominant werewolf men. If they had given him a collar he would have put it on for them, though it might have restricted the access of the throbbing shaft that felt like it was sliding into his chest with how deep the Alpha was going, and they could have led them around the rig naked. When he looked at the reflection of the other Thomas he wanted to be exactly like him and the two could help bring lycanthropy properly into the world with the help of their Alpha. The idea of their identical forms pleasuring the bigger werewolf almost made him as hard as getting spread open by the two as they continued to rock back and forth with bouncing the submissive creature between them with each stroke.

As Thomas felt a clawed hand start to stroke his member between his legs his eyes picked up on a glint of light that was nearby, something that caused him to look past the wall of thick fur in front of his eyes as the blue glow started to intensify. When he found the source of it he realized that it was his bag and his eyes widened when he could make out symbols starting to form even underneath the leather. He tried to shift his hands over to grab the bag but he suddenly felt two sets of hands grab his head and legs to pull him in, which also lifted up his body and caused the two werewolves to hilt inside of him. As Thomas felt both cocks rooted deeply inside of him the artifact finished charging and the two naked werewolves pulled back as his body floated briefly in the air before he was pulled towards the black hole that had formed behind his bag.

Thomas let out a loud gasp as he found his mouth empty, though the heavy scent of the Alpha was still on him as he once more found himself sitting in the office of the curator. When he looked down between his legs he found that the artifact was sitting there in its inert state, and as he picked up he heard a loud buzz of static in his ear that caused him to wince. “Thomas, he’s almost there, you have to go!” Dameon shouted. “I got the rope down but if I lower it anymore they’ll see, the rest is on you!”

Thomas gasped and stood up, putting the artifact in his bag and turning his silver bracelet before activating the magic in it. Unlike the previous setting this one turned him completely invisible, but it would only last for a short time as he grabbed his satchel and bolted out of the office. When he left he could see the curator already starting to come up the stairs and closed the door as fast as he could before running to the balcony. The rope that would lead to his freedom was nearly ten feet away from where he was and would have been an impossible jump for him… but as a werewolf he made a running leap and sailed through the open air off the balcony before grabbing onto the rope that he swung wildly on.

A few seconds later he felt himself getting pulled up and when Thomas got to the skylight he hoisted himself over and rolled onto the metal of the roof proper right as his invisibility wore off. As he laid there panting he saw Dameon looking over him with a big grin on his face, the blue-furred wolf dragon giving him a wink. “If that’s what you were planning you should have just told me,” Dameon said as he grabbed the top of his chameleon cloak and began to pull it off. “Just give me a second and I’ll fly us to those woods nearby, also you smell incredible by the way…”

As Dameon pulled off his shirt he found Thomas standing there, the werewolf grabbing his hands to stop him from getting fully undressed. “Dameon, we need to talk,” Thomas said as his body started to revert back, a solemn look on his face. “We’ve been very, very bad boys, and not in the fun way…”

**Chapter Five – Cause and Effect and Cause**

Some say that there was a club that could cater to any appetite in the city if one looked hard enough, and that was especially true in the case of one in particular that had made its home in one of the more industrialized sectors. It wasn’t the place where a business might get a lot of foot traffic but that was the entire point. Unless someone went looking specifically for it they didn’t want to be found since the actions that they did were technically illegal. It was a place were creatures could indulge in a taste that one normally couldn’t experience anywhere else and despite its nature was actually vital for the continued existence of the world as they knew it.

For Desrin it was a club that he had come across by chance after looking at a few… alternative websites, and as he went from place to place on the internet looking for his particular fetish he was suddenly directed to a web address that he had never heard of before. At first the concept sounded ridiculous, the green-scaled dragon knew that what he was into wasn’t possible in this world… and yet, that was exactly what this place offered and so much more. When he was given the digital info packet it felt like someone was baiting him, and yet the next night he had followed the address to the industrial distract and to an old warehouse that looked like it had been abandoned. Even as he walked up to the door that it told him to go to he felt like some camera crew was going to come out and start filming him as he uncovered the button that was hidden by a warning sign and pressed it.

For a few seconds there was nothing and then he heard the crackling of static, which prompted Desrin to look around until he saw that there was a camera and speaker integrated into the wall right next to the button. “What do you want?” the voice on the other end said rather gruffly.

“I’m, um, you know,” Desrin found himself stumbling on his words slightly as he remembered what the site told him in order to get in. “I’m a predator for, uh, a predator looking for prey, and I heard you had a buffet.” Desrin found himself swallowing hard as he took a step back from the button, and as he wondered if he had done it right he heard a loud click and saw the door open. On the other side of it was a muscular lion man that was naked save for a rubber catsuit that seemed to cover him from head to toe and a stylized gas mask, Desrin’s jaw dropping slightly at the sight as the other man waved him in.

“Well I can tell you’re definitely knew here,” the lion said as Desrin walked in and the door clanged shut behind him.

“Oh, yes, I am,” Desrin quickly replied as he found himself trying not to stare as the naked creature. The rubber left nothing to the imagination and as they moved down a set of stairs he saw that what he thought was just part of the suit was a rubber jockstrap that the other man adjusted. “So… is it really true, what the website set about this place?”

“You’ll see for yourself in a second,” the lion replied with a slight chuckle as he put a hand on the scaled shoulder of the other man. “But before we can do anything you need to sign just a small mountain of paperwork so that we can let you in the club, basic confidentiality wavers and things like that. My name is Aisrel by the way.”

Desrin introduced himself and as the two shook hands the dragon found himself in a windowless steel box of a room with only a table and two chairs with a horse man sitting behind one of them. Unlike the lion this one was dressed in a three-piece suit and as Desrin was sat down on the opposite side he was suddenly handed a tablet. Aisrel hadn’t been kidding about the paperwork and for the next half an hour the dragon found himself being buried under legal jargon that the horse, who was clearly a lawyer, laid out before him. Though it made his head spin Desrin got the idea of what was being said; if he chose to engage with this club beyond this point and then told anyone about what he saw that he would be facing jail time, a fact that was stated so plainly to him that it caused him to shudder slightly from the implications.

Part of the dragon just wanted to thank the two for their time and leave but there was a part of him that so desperately wanted what they were offering to be true that he found himself signing every line that was presented to him. It felt like he was almost on autopilot as he let his desires dictate his action, and by the time he signed the last one using the biometric scanner he thought his thumb was going to fall off. Though most of the technical and legal jargon flew over his head there was one thing that Desrin found interesting; about halfway through the signing of the papers he saw that designation of his signing had changed, referring to him as predator instead of signer. Was this really happening, Desrin thought to himself, was he going to experience something that he knew shouldn’t be a thing?

Once he had gotten the last document signed the horse looked up at Aisrel and gave him a nod, to which the lion patted Desrin on the shoulder. As the dragon looked back to ask what was next he saw that his guide had removed the gas mask he was wearing and what was underneath caused him to gasp. This wasn’t just a catsuit, he realized as he saw the rubber tongue of the creature lick his lips while offering a hand, or if it was then it had the most realistic inner mouth molding he had ever seen. “Now that you’re all signed up it’s time to drop the pretense,” Aisrel said as he motioned for the dragon to get on his feet. “You asked if what you saw on the site is really true, now it’s time to see for yourself.”

Desrin could feel his heart pounding in his chest as the two of them walked out of the room with the lawyer in it and to another area, this one looking like a lounge with a set of windows that looked down into another room. There were several other rubber creatures like Aisrel and as they looked to the two of them they just gave a small nod while the dragon was led to the glass. As he looked in he could see a very large rubber tiger man that was even bigger the lion that stood head and shoulders above him, and along with the feline was a much smaller rubber hare. His guide explained that this place was for those who liked to watch as well as show new people what they do here, and as Desrin saw the tiger pick up the rabbit man and brought them face to face he was practically shivering at what he believed he was about to witness.

At first the two met in a kiss but it didn’t take long fore the rubber rabbit’s head to start to get pushed into the synthetic feline’s maw, Desrin letting out a gasp as he could see the creature slipping inside the mouth of the other man. The long ears were pushed back as the tiger pushed the back of his head to get him in even deeper and as he could hear the others let out murmurs of approval the dragon found himself panting slightly as he watched the smaller man continue to disappear. It was really happening, he thought to himself, and as he watched the shiny striped throat of the feline bulge with the outline of their head he moved his hands down to work on the shoulders next. As the feline worked the rabbit into him Desrin could see that both men were also completely erect and as the one being eaten kicked out their paws he could see that the tiger had moved one of his hands down to stroke the hare’s erection.

“I do hope that answers your question,” Aisrel said with a chuckle as he patted the dumbfounded dragon on the head.

“It’s really real…” Desrin said once he remembered to breathe as he watched the feline’s maw stretch open far past its limits while the rabbit continued to slide into the other man’s gullet. “This is a predator club, and you really can eat people here!” There was another round of chuckles and Desrin felt himself blushing as he was led over towards another part of the club. “But how is all this possible?”

“To know the how you must first understand the why,” Aisrel explained. “How well versed are you on the concept of time travel?”

“Time travel?” Desrin repeated in confusion. “I mean, pretty much what I know from the movies it about it, and while I would say it doesn’t exist I have the feeling you’re going to say it does. Not really sure what that would have to do with eating people though.”

“Well you would be correct in my saying that time travel does exist and we have people from the future coming back here all the time,” Aisrel stated. “That rabbit you saw getting eaten was someone that wanted to come back and say goodbye to their parents that he never had a chance to do before, but some come back in order to fix problems as well. But the current means of time travel is a one-way street where they can only get flung into the past and at most maybe two decades, and can you think of what the problem would be with that?”

“The problem with that,” Desrin thought out loud before looking up at the latex lion. “Oh, I suppose that for the most part that would mean there would be two versions of the same person running around at the same time, wouldn’t it?”

“Top marks,” Aisrel replied as he opened the door, which revealed a room that was decked out like a medical facility. “Now this version of time travel is also illegal in the time that’s being done, so as a result those that created the ability to travel back in time also made a means for those that do it to come back without needing to take the long way around. The travelers are turned into a rubberized version of themselves and once they’re done with whatever business they have in the past they come here where they get one of the predators to eat them, which then reconstitutes them back in the facility at the same time they left.”

Desrin felt his head spinning from all the information and Aisrel told him to lie down in the chair, which he did as he put his hand to his head. “You guys are eating rubber creatures from the future,” Desrin said. “I wouldn’t believe it if I didn’t see it with my own eyes, and once they’ve been eaten they just return safely to the future?”

“That’s the idea,” Aisrel said as he took out an autosyringe and pressed it against the scales of the dragon, who jumped slightly at the feeling of pressure before the rubber lion removed the injector and put it on the table. “This club indulging in the deviant desires of those that are lured here is just a happy side effect of its true purpose; preventing time paradoxes from causing disruption in our timeline and sending those from the future back to it. I know it sounds like something out of science fiction but I went through the same experience myself and one second I was in the gullet of a huge wolf, then the next I opened my eyes and I was in the revitalization baths… plus I’ve eaten the same guy twice, nice fellow that I think is just going back in time to visit the club.”

“I can see it,” Desrin said with a slight chuckle as he began to feel a tingling sensation spread through his body. “So any rubber creature can be eaten by another?”

“Yeah, though typically predators and prey stick with the designation,” Aisrel explained. “The rubber returns you to the time period that you are from regardless so you don’t have to worry about being sent to the future, so what I just injected you with is the same formula so that you can both eat and also to mark you to return to the reconstitution wing in case some over-zealous predator decides to show you a good time.”

Once more Desrin found himself swallowing hard at the idea of someone swallowing him up instead of the other way around, and as he rubbed his hand against the injection site he found that he was touching a patch of smooth green latex where his scales would be. “Wow, works fast…” Desrin said as Aisrel nodded. “So am I a rubber creature forever?”

“Not this one,” Aisrel replied. “Predator doses can last anywhere from four hours to a few days, and you just got one of the smaller ones. There are several that have taken the plunge into permanent shininess such as yours truly to do things like help with the club. I would recommend you have your first meal before deciding anything like that, just to make sure that you have the taste for it.”

Desrin found himself nodding and even though he was trying to play it cool watching his arm become rubber was causing him to squirm in pleasure. Not only were his scales becoming shiny but he could also see his muscles growing bigger, something that Aisrel explained was part of the process to make sure that the predator could process the prey properly. As he remembered the rabbit being shoved inside the tiger doing it must have had quite a bit of strength to keep them up while standing there, though his main thoughts were on how the prey stretched out their predator. Though he didn’t get to see the ending he imagined that it ended with a stuffed rubber tiger, something that the lion promised he would experience soon enough once he had finished with his conversion.

As the process continued it was clear to Desrin why the lion had him lie down as he could feel his body trembling and grow weak. The rubber assimilating him started with his insides and he let out a gasp he could feel his tongue sliding around unnaturally inside of his maw. When he stuck it out he found it extended way past where it normally did and he was told that it was just part of the process, as well as his erection growing rock hard while the sensitive flesh turned to rubber. Though it was completely erect and throbbing hard he was told to not touch it as everything needed to remain inside him to ensure a complete transition from flesh to rubber.

Denying himself caused the dragon to pant loudly as his someone lean frame filled with new muscle while he felt his spine stretching to give him new height. The biggest feeling he had though besides the pleasure that radiated from his shiny groin though was the sensation of emptiness. It was like he was hollow inside and as he pressed a hand against his stomach it caused his elongated toes to curl. As he continued to press against his stomach in fascination the lion just grinned and rubbed down his throat to cause him to thrash about while he explained that they had an increased sensitivity.

By the time Desrin was finished he let out a groan as he laid back against the gurney, which he big rubber feet hung over as his head nearly did the same. While he wasn’t exactly sure he guessed that he had gained a foot of height and a fair amount of muscle mass, which while not the same physique as the other man he was definitely more athletic than he had been before. As he got to his feet Aisrel said that with his conversion complete the prey was open to him and he could select how he wished to dine. There were apparently quite a few options from the slow and sensual approach to chasing and gulping down their prey for the thrill of the hunt, though in the end the dragon took the lion’s advice for his first time to try and more standard approach.

That lead them to a series of rooms where Aisrel showed a number of the more timid or sensual prey were, and after asking Desrin whether he would like a big or small meal to start the dragon found himself wanting something large. In the vore pics he looked at he always enjoyed seeing the stretch of something big being eaten, and though he admitted that to his caretaker with a bit of a blush the lion said that quite a few predators were size queens when it came to who they ate. As they went down the line Aisrel showed Desrin how to activate the electronic files to see the biometric signature of the prey that indicates information on their return signature. When they got to one the lion opened the door and allowed the rubberized dragon to go inside, which when he did he saw a similarly shiny stag sitting on the bed.

“Oh, a dragon,” the stag said as the door closed behind Desrin. “And a green one too… well, this should be fun I think. Are you one of those that prefer to hear the name of your food or just want to get right too it?”

“I don’t mind,” Desrin said with a nervous laugh. “I’m Desrin, and I guess I’m your predator for today.”

“So you are,” the stag replied with a chuckle, though as the dragon looked at him in question the deer just waved his hand in the air. “Sorry, I really shouldn’t be saying anything, future-past confidentiality. I am looking forward to this though, should be a fun gullet to slide down.”

“I see,” Desrin said, nodding slowly even though he wasn’t quite sure what was going on. “It seems like this isn’t your first time, if you don’t mind my saying.”

“I actually have done this a few times for work,” the stag replied with a smirk. “It’s hard to believe that no one else wanted this gig; not only do I get paid travel and vacation when I go back but I can come here when I’m done and have some fun with sexy preds like you. My name is Karn by the way, and if you don’t mind my saying it sounds like I’m your first meal, which I’m rather honored to be.”

Desrin found himself nodding and as he walked over to the bed and sat down next to the stag, who began to massage his hands against him. Since Aisrel hadn’t really done anything with him this was the first time that he felt the touch of rubber against his new skin and it was extremely sensual to him as he let out a moan. “Oh yes, definitely your first time,” Karn stated with a chuckle, petting the back of the rubber dragon’s head when blushed. “Hey, there’s nothing wrong with that, it just means that you don’t quite have the hunger yet.”

“The hunger?” Desrin asked.

“Yeah, usually when a predator comes in and sees prey the first instinct they have to gobble them up,” Karn said as he ran his hands over his own muscular body, flexing to show that while he was not as big as the dragon he was still considerably larger than the hare that he had seen. “Even big creatures like me, and if they don’t do it on sight usually touch is enough to get them started. Actually… since you’re a bit knew to this you mind me trying something a little more interesting?”

Desrin found himself nodding his head and the stag’s grin widened as he told the dragon to get on his back before the rubber deer got on top of him and stroked his face. “You’re a sweet guy letting me lead,” Karn said with a grin as he leaned in, their breath quickening as the dragon could feel himself practically vibrating at what was about to happen next. “I want you to sit back and relax and I’ll take care of everything. Since this might be the only time I get to do this let me feed you, and while we might not get all the way I want you to not use your hands for as long as possible.”

When Desrin was about to ask what that meant Karn just put a finger against his snout and continued to grin at him, then leaned back and grabbed his shaft. With their bodies rubbing together it hadn’t taken much for the dragon to get hard and as the stag rubbed the shiny shaft between his cheeks it was causing him to grip against the sheets. While this wasn’t the primary purpose of their getting together it was clear the horny stag had other ideas as he began to push the tip of the dragon’s cock between his rear. Though his transformation had made him much bigger in all regards the nature of their synthetic forms allowed them to stretch in all kinds of ways as Desrin let out a moan of pleasure.

That was what the stag seemed to be waiting for as the noise that Desrin made was cut short, his eyes widening when he felt the snout of the creature start to push inside his maw. The dragon let out a muffled grunt as even without antlers and being somewhat bigger the other man was going to be a tight fit. Though his hands flailed in the air he remembered the game they were playing and as the tailhole of the other man sank down on his shaft the muzzle was pushing deeper inside of his own. At first he thought there might be a gag reflex but as he regained his composure he could feel his mouth and throat stretching easily to accommodate the intrusion, and with it a sense of intense pleasure as Desrin felt Karn stick out his tongue and push it down into his throat before doing the same with his snout. This stag really was feeding him, the dragon thought to himself as he felt the hands of the other man grab his shoulders and push down so that he could get his head even deeper inside of him.

Desrin had not been prepared for the amount of pleasure that was getting from the experience and he found his legs kicking against the bed as the stag literally crawled inside of him. it was unlike anything that he had ever experienced before and while he started wanting to shove his maw down further on this creature the best he could do was thrust up with his hips into the tailhole of the other man to push him forward. As he looked up he saw that there was a mirror on the ceiling and what was reflected to him was a bizarre sight; seeing his huge rubber body on the bed and the stag on top of him, wiggling and writhing about while being impaled on his cock while he was disappearing inside of his maw up to his neck.

Though Desrin wasn’t sure if he could have to adjust himself with the angle it seemed that Karn knew what he was doing and as they got to the shoulders the stag pumped back a few times, which only thrusted the dragon’s cock deeper inside of him, before pushing forward and popping them into his maw. There was some compression that seemed to come with it but it still didn’t stop his maw from feeling incredibly full, his eyes practically rolled back into his head as he could see the snout of the stag bulging out the green rubber of his neck. As his prey shifted his head about inside of him it seemed to cause even more pleasure to cascade through his system and once more Desrin believed that this creature knew exactly what he was doing as the chest of the stag got to his maw. More than once the dragon couldn’t believe it but eventually he had the entire upper body of the stag into his maw as the hands of the other man were still pushing against his chest to get him deeper inside.

By this point Desrin’s throat muscles had begun to work and with several powerful gulps he found himself starting to move the body of the stag inside of him like a snake. The act was so pleasurable that the dragon found himself nearly twisting over as the rubber deer’s lower body began to lift up into the air. Though he tried as long as he could to pump into the other man even his new flexibility wasn’t enough to keep his cock inside and as he pulled out with a loud muffled grunt he threw his head back. The stag’s own erection could be felt pressing against his chin and as he shifted his mouth to get his tongue around it his body nearly jumped when he felt the head of the stag enter into his stomach.

Though it was hard to look down the mirror showed Desrin the bizarre sight of having the outline of a stag’s head and torso swelling out his own upper body while his mouth still had the legs of the creature hanging out of it. His prey… as the dragon let out a small growl despite himself the sight of seeing the other creature stretching him out, of consuming this other man while feeling every inch of him sliding down his throat was intoxicating. Along with the intense lust that had built between the two of them he found himself continuing to swallow and pushing Karn into him, his wiggling and squirming turning him on even more as he managed to gulp down his thighs and felt that throbbing cock push into his neck. It didn’t take long before that wasn’t enough and as his hands trembled in the air it was only the sheer force of willpower to do what the stag had wanted and keep him from shoving him down while his tongue slithered around those smooth thighs and caused the creature within to wiggle around him.

The feeling was so intense that he almost wanted to grab the ankles of the creature to prolong it, but he eventually let the stag slide down entirely into him as his draconic muzzle snapped shut behind the hooves. By his point his belly had lost the definition as it had begun to expand even more in order to take in the entirety of the other man’s body, making him look far past the point of having just eaten and giving him an almost gravid looking stomach. With the last of his prey down into his throat the growing need to consume them went with it and in its place came a profound contentment as he rested his hands against his huge belly. Karn had completely curled up inside of him at this point and he felt him shift about his stomach began to gurgle and compress.

“Looks like you had quite a bit of fun,” Aisrel said as Dersin turned his head and saw that the lion was standing there looking down at him. “How was your first meal, predator? Everything you hoped it would be?”

“Yeah,” Dersin managed to reply as he let out a contented sigh, only for his eyes to widen slightly as he felt his stomach ripple and saw it shrink slightly. “He’s melting already?”

“The rubber that they turn into tends to break down quick once they’re inside another,” Aisrel explained. “Allows for predators to resolve more paradoxes and for the prey to get back to where they need to be in the future. Some leave their body immediately and reconstitute while others enjoy being turned to goo, and from my experience with Karn he’s probably still in there having the time of his life sloshing about to keep you gravid.”

As though he could hear Dersin groaned against as his body seemed to wiggle and ripple, his green rubber scales stretching slightly from what looked like a hoof inside of him. “Yep, definitely going to be like that for a while,” Aisrel said as the dragon saw a grin come over his face while pulling down his jockstrap, which let his own erect cock flop out. “Hopefully you’ve saved some room for dessert.”

With his belly practically keeping him in the bed Dersin wouldn’t have been able to move if he wanted to as his guide slid the shiny cock into his maw. After having just stuffed an entire rubber deer guy inside of him the shaft of the lion was nothing, though it was considerably thick and did manage to make it into the back of his throat. The dragon tried to bob his head up and down as best he could and after he had hit his climax the rubber feline was quick to reciprocate. Between the encounter he had just gotten and the lion sliding up underneath this still pudgy belly it didn’t take long for him to climax, though by the time he did the last remnants of the stag were gone and his stomach was back to normal.

“So now you see what we’re offering here at the club,” Aisrel said once he had popped off of the dragon’s spent cock and offered to help him onto his feet. “For some once is enough for such an experience, other times they get a taste of the predator life and keep coming back for more. Others find that they get an insatiable desire and will end up like myself, and while the joy in keeping the timeline clean is its own reward you also do get a stipend for each time traveler you consume.”

“So if I keep coming back I’ll keep getting to eat rubber creatures and get paid for it?” Dersin asked, the lion nodding and smiling in reply when he saw the grin spread on the dragon’s face. “Uh, before I decide fully… I don’t suppose there’s anything else on the menu?”

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As Serathin spun himself around in his chair he saw in one of his passes that there was a request for him, one that was from the paradox department that caused him to stop. It was a temporal distortion that normally resulted when the creation of something was directly correlated with something that would not happen unless whatever future event caused it. “Alright… that’s an easy enough fix I think,” Serathin said as he brought up the Damage Control manual for fixing it, only to sigh and put his hand against his head when he saw that there was nearly two dozen steps. “This is insane, who goes into this much detail to fix a simple temporal paradox?”

Serathin decided to take this one old school and cracked his neck before going into the info hub to see what was going on. As he looked at the time line he saw that it was one that had created time travel but in one direction, though they did have a particularly interesting solution to get people back. He made a mental note of this universe and then did what most people would do, took the future item that was the cause of the past disturbance and just shunt it back into the past. Most of the time that fixed the problem by realigning the two spheres and it saved him from half a day of work. As Serathin clicked off the screen and looked at the blank notification queue though he realized he didn’t have anything else to do… and proceeded to continue to spin himself about while waiting for more work to come in, which as he did he missed the temporal anomaly warning that flashed as a red bar in the bottom of the minimized window...

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Over the next few weeks Dersin found himself coming back to the club more and more frequently until he found himself staying in the rooms where the patrons took an extended dose of the rubberization serum could sleep and rest. Eventually the dragon found himself forsaking his life out in the city and became a Devourer, a title given to him by his new friend Aisrel. With it came a permanent dose of the serum and as time progressed not only did he get bigger but he also began to have subtle mutations in his body. Once he had access to all the rubber creatures he could eat his body went from being the normal humanoid muscular creature to a hulking beast, to the point where he was just as comfortable on all fours as he was standing up as he roamed the club looking for prey.

And there was no shortage of prey for him. It wasn’t long before others came looking to be consumed by him especially, which helped contribute to his growing size. But as the club continued to operate something else peculiar began to happen; one of the failsafes of the club was that the information that was stored into the database of the future would relay to the one in the present as a means to show that they were registered at the club, but more and more there were rubber creatures that came to the present side that didn’t have such credentials. The first few that showed up were unsure of how they got there themselves and while they tried to keep them safe one ran afoul of a naga while wondering about and was consumed, and just as they realized the error they got a message back through their entanglement database that they arrived safely in the future.

After several more incidents of a similar nature it was clear that whatever was happening to these creatures they were from the future and being returned as such, but it still confused the patrons on how they were getting back in the first place. From competitors in the time-traveling business hijacking their signal to a potential rift in the paradigm shift it was clear that something was happening that was causing more travels to get pulled back into the club’s present state. While it was presenting as a conundrum for those that were running things everyone else had their hands full trying to make sure that they could get those from the future back where they belonged. Even the Devourers were starting to get fatigued from everyone they had been eating… all except for Dersin, who was more than happy with the situation as he reached the point where he stood taller than the other Devourers and even began to eye them up with a hungry look at times.

One day as Dersin made his way towards the club’s main chamber to see who he could snack on he suddenly found Aisrel by his side, the lion having to look up at the thickly-muscled dragon now instead of the other way around. “Seems you have a special request right away,” Aisrel said with a small smirk. “A cheetah wants you and only you, I even tried to take him on myself but he only has eyes for dragons.”

“Well, when the prey has his own dietary preferences it’s hard to say no,” Dersin replied with a chuckle as he stroked the deep green scales of his chest with his hand paw, giving a wink back to the lion as he rolled his eyes. “Don’t be jealous Aisrel, you have plenty of returning customers that want to get ravished by a lion while that lion ravishes them. Speaking of which do you think you’ll be free tonight?”

“I might have to help the others with this whole unexplained traveler scenario,” Aisrel replied. “But if I’m free then we can certainly arrange for a dinner date.” Aisrel grinned and patted Dersin on the back before they went their separate ways. It seemed the lion was getting a taste for being prey, Dersin thought to himself, and since he came back to their own time period they could just do the entire thing over again.

Dersin quickly made his way over towards the private rooms, which just like most days recently was completely full as he eventually found the one with the cheetah in question. This one was marked in the database and as he opened the door he saw the rubber feline perk up the second that he saw the dragon walk in. “Oh my goodness,” the cheetah said excitedly as he practically ran forward to the dragon. “It’s really you!”

“Yep, it’s really me,” Dersin replied with a toothy grin. “Alright, since you clearly want to be my food there’s no real reason for small talk. Would you like to go in feet or head first?”

“Feet please,” the cheetah replied as he began to stroke up and down the chest of the dragon. “But before you give me the blessing I have a message for you from the one that started this all, the mighty Ravager. The Ravager is coming for you, and when he does you will be consumed just like you have so many others.”

The declaration took Dersin slightly aback, especially since he was being given a message from the future. Most of the time such communications were strictly forbidden save for the quantum entanglement database, and now the one time one of these prey breaks protocol its to warn him that there is a bigger beast is going to eat him? It caused his brows to furrow and since this creature seemed more than eager to please him he was going to do just that. With his newfound strength the dragon lifted the much smaller man up in the air and held him by the feet while growling at him to put that mouth of his too good use somewhere else.

The cheetah seemed more than eager to please and immediately began to lick and nuzzle on his shaft. This one definitely knew how to make a guy feel special, Dersin thought to himself, and if it wasn’t for the fact that he was going to devour them that perhaps he would keep them around. As the maw of the rubber creature began to suck on his shaft the dragon took the feet of the creature and stuffed them into his own muzzle, causing the feline to let out a muffled groan. With his bigger body he was able to easily stuff the wiggling toes into his maw and start to push them down his throat. Once the throat muscles of his elongated neck took hold it would quickly suction the creature in, though he brought his hands down to keep his head on his cock while thrusting inside of it.

Dersin quickly found it wasn’t just his own throat being stretched as he saw the spotted rubber swell out with each thrust into it. Meanwhile his midsection was starting to stretch as his legs were being pulled down into his throat and even when the dragon shifted his body to accommodate it he was still seeing that he wouldn’t be able to do this while standing. Instead he got down to the ground and braced his heavy foot against the wall, pushing his own groin towards his maw like he was going to suck himself off, and in doing so he managed to continue to swallow down the creature while still getting that sweet maw wrapped around his. As the torso of the creature passed his lips and he found the other man’s cock bouncing up against his muzzle he found himself enjoying the sensation of stuffing his own maw with the cheetah on his cock and braced the man so that he would still be hilted even while his chest and eventually his head disappeared down inside of him.

Soon he found his own cock sliding against his lips and when Dersin pulled back he felt the cheetah’s muzzle moving in his own as he thanked him for the experience. The dragon just rolled his eyes and smirked before taking his hand and shoving it inside, gulping it down to where the cheetah could be felt squirming around in his stomach. With the feline not being very large and his new augmented body being quite strong he was able to lift himself up even with the rumbling tummy and leave the room. The Ravager… it was something that he had never heard before and he wanted to see if the cheetah’s words were something to be concerning.

About fifteen minutes he had found Aisrel in the hunting area, laying back against a rock as the dragon could see the outline of an antelope’s head sliding down his throat as the rest of the body it was attached to became the swell in the lion’s stomach. “The Ravager?” Aisrel repeated as he picked his teeth with a toothpick. “Mmmm, I’ve never heard it said like that before, I remember something about how our club was founded on the cusp of the ravages of time.”

“I’m not sure that is the same,” Dersin replied as he sat down on a nearby rock as he rubbed his own belly that had all but disappeared. “From the sound of it this Ravager sounds like a bad dude, but why is he coming after me? I mean, all the creatures that we eat just reform in the future, right?”

“Yeah, that’s the program,” Aisrel stated. “Technically you’ve never truly eaten anyone, but…” As the lion trailed off the dragon gave him a look, which caused his friend to laugh. “Look, I’m not saying this to be a detriment, but you have one of the most ravenous appetites of anyone I’ve ever seen.”

“So?” Dersin said as he leaned back. “That’s just the hunger, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know man,” Aisrel said as he shook his head. “There’s eating and then there’s stuffing your face, and you are definitely in the latter. If it wasn’t for the fact that we’re friends that I’d wonder if you wouldn’t start sliding me down that cavernous throat of yours, and the others feel the same. It’s not a bad thing, in fact it’s probably the only thing that’s been saving us from being overwhelmed by all these accidental time travelers, but I’d hate to see the day that we run out and you get hungry.”

Dersin just rolled his eyes and was about to say something when he suddenly felt the pressure in the air change around him, and as he looked at the others he could see that they had felt the same thing. As Aisrel got up as well and looked around he could see that all the other predators and the prey getting chased suddenly looked very anxious. The two felt another wave of pressure wash over them and that was enough for the lion to start ushering people out so they could figure out what was going on. For the dragon he just looked around as he felt something… strangely familiar, though he couldn’t quite place his finger on it as he started to follow behind the lion.

Just as they started to get people out of the area there was another wave, and another, and as Dersin was about to shout for Aisrel to get down the biggest one lifted both of them off their feet as suddenly a creature that had not been there before appeared in the middle of the field. As the two struggled to get to their feet a low growl could be heard, though it was also felt as Dersin could feel a chill go down his stomach. This had to be it, he realized as he slowly folded his wings back, this was the Ravager, and as he slowly turned around his jaws dropped and his eyes widened as he found himself staring face to face with…

…himself.

Except not quite himself as this creature had huge muscles and the dark green rubber scales of his body were almost black. This dragon was three times as big as him on a good day and as he tried to turn he suddenly found himself pressed against the ground with a heavy forepaw against his chest as the creature grinned down at him. “I take it you got the message from my little appetizer,” the Ravager said as he leaned down and gave Dersin a smile that exposed his teeth. “Otherwise you would not be here.”

“You… you can’t be,” Dersin said as he tried to back away, only to feel the pressure increase on his body. “The Ravager… is…”

“You are not the Ravager,” Ravager replied with a low growl. “Not yet, but we’ll get you there. But first, traveling all this way makes me awful hungry and I do like a big meal.”

As Dersin felt the paw lift off of him he tried to run, only to be grabbed by the tail and pulled upwards by it. This creature shifted back and stretched so that he stood on two feet and as he did he towered above everyone else while holding the flailing rubber dragon in his grasp. He couldn’t believe it, as Dersin’s panicked mind tried to comprehend the situation the only conclusion was the one that stretched out in front of him. His future self had come back to this time period even though that was supposed to be impossible and now he was going to essentially eat himself!

Dersin let out a gasp as he felt his tail, which had grown quite long as one of his modifications, and as the other paw continued to hold his body began to slurp it up like a noodle. The suction was intense and the squirming to try and get out of the grip of the bigger dragon became holding on to it as he was quickly drawn into the maw of the other creature. Shiny black drool began to drip on his body as he was pulled inside and as he reached where his legs bumped up against his snout his head shot up as he felt something push inside of his tailhole. The Ravager’s tongue had wasted little time getting between his cheeks and as he began to gasp in pleasure he found his stomach stretching from the appendage while his legs were pushed inside the gaping maw.

When his feet felt the rubber inside the creature’s mouth it renewed the urgency he had when it came to trying to escape. While he wasn’t sure what type of paradox absorbing oneself was he couldn’t imagine that it would be good, but at this point nearly half of his body was inside the bigger dragon’s maw and his tongue had gone from stretching his tailhole to sliding along his stomach and cock. Damn, this guy really knew how to show a good time, Dersin thought to himself as he was pulled in. He realized in the back of his mind that this would be the first time that he was eaten even though he had done the same to other predators in the club, the thought accompanied by a surge of pleasure as he could feel his feet and tail being drawn into the throat and swallowed down.

Even though the pleasure that his rubber body was getting from the act was intense Dersin continued to try to resist for the sake of the paradox, but at this point it was not only a lost cause but it didn’t seem like anything was happening. He expected the world to collapse in on itself but the only thing that was happening was that his goo-covered boy was being pulled down into what essentially his own throat. As the tongue of the dragon swirled around him around he found his chest and back next to be engulfed, and though it was hard to see he could find the slight bulge that his own feet were creating in the rubber throat of the creature. With one big swallow the creature managed to get him all the way down to where it was just his head and neck, though Dersin managed to grab onto one of the big fangs to try and stop himself.

“Hey, do you realize what you’re doing?” Dersin called out. “This is definitely not going to go well with the whole paradox thing if you eat yourself!” At first the dragon stopped and Dersin wondered if he had talked some sense into the other version of himself, only for the creature to laugh that caused his throat to tighten and pull down more on the one inside it. With the gooey, rubbery spit that was coating his body it caused his own smooth fingers to slip and he found himself being pulled in.

The second his head slipped passed those lips the dragon closed his maw and shut him off into the darkness, his elongated neck pulling him down feet first into the stomach of the creature. He still couldn’t believe that the future version of himself actually ate him! And with how big he was it was unlikely even his large build would do more than dome out his belly, though he had to admit the feeling of those muscles squeezing around him and pulling him down was quite pleasant. There was also a warmth to it that made him feel… comfortable, and as he felt his feet stretch out a different part of the dragon’s body he realized that he had made it to the stomach as he practically slipped out and landed in the goo below.

As Dersin regained his composure he could already feel his body starting to melt, his tail that he prided himself on growing beginning to recede as his wings were already drooping. Though it was tight at first the stomach was actually pretty roomy, though it wasn’t hurting that he could feel his hands and feet dripping away like candle wax held to a flame. As he laid there he wondered what was going to happen next and when he was going to reappear in the reconstitution room. But as the seconds passed and he felt his features smoothing out from being melted down he couldn’t feel any sort of pull or tug like the lion had told him there would be.

This… wasn’t actually it, was it?

Wait, that can’t be right, Dersin thought to himself, if he came back into the past and ate himself then how would he be able to go back into the past at all? It was the most classic paradox of all, and he doubted that his future self would go and create a paradox just for the fun of it. As he felt his forearms and shins droop and soften he went down to his groin just to check and found that his groin had become a smooth expanse of rubber as well. Well that just wasn’t fair, Dersin thought to himself, but he felt his muzzle begin to grow wet and his neck start to lose its support he darkness he was floating in suddenly gave way to a light.

At first he thought it was the pull, but the more he looked at it the more he found that there was something there that seemed… bigger, and the more things lit up the more he felt like he was staring at the universe. Was that why he was called Ravager, did he eat the universe? No, that was silly, but what was this strange feeling that he had like he could feel the flow of time?

The more he tried to figure it out the harder it was getting to think, especially as it felt like a drain was opening up beneath him. What little of his body became liquid rubber and as he was pulled downwards it was like he was flowing down a stream… except that very shortly after entering it he felt a block there that kept him from going any further. It was like a fish hitting a dam and as he continued to be held there he could feel himself getting more present, and as the waves crashed around him he could sense that there was a hole opening up beneath him. With nowhere else to go he went through it and when he came out on the other side he found himself flopping on the grass of the hunter’s area in the club, letting out a sharp gasp as he looked up to see the Ravager staring down at him.

“Well then,” the Ravager said with a chuckle. “How are we feeling?”

“Like… a giant rubber dragon just ate me and then I was briefly unmade before coming back here,” Dersin replied with a groan as he slowly got up, only to feel himself being helped by Aisrel.

“That’s closer than you think,” Ravager said as he motioned for the two to sit down on the nearby rock. “Let me tell you a story… one where a dragon gets introduced to the concept of eating rubber creatures that are sent back in time so that they can end up back where they came. Now imagine that the dragon gets a taste for it and starts to eat more rubber creatures, and more, and even more until that’s his entire world.”

“I’d say that this is a pretty familiar story,” Dersin replied. “Go on though.”

“Well here’s where you may find the next few chapters,” Ravager replied. “This dragon continues to eat and eat and eventually he finds that he starts to produce the rubber that these creatures are made of, accidently figuring it out when someone that hasn’t gone through time meets up with him and after a little fun finds themselves with a new glistening body. Well, naturally that freaks the dragon out… until he realizes that he no longer needs time-travelers in order to eat people. So he starts including those that are just looking for fun but not needing to go back in time while also still eating those that need to get to the future and eventually he’s given the new classification of Ravager, but eventually he finds out that with those that he’s eating that don’t sign up for the program are disappearing mysteriously only to reappear a short time later… saying that they’ve traveled through time into the past.”

The Ravager paused as the two looked at each other, then back at the bigger dragon. “Wait, are you saying that all these unscheduled people… was me?” Dersin asked. “My future self is sending people back in time?”

“Future you, past me, but basically,” Ravager replied. “Anyway, when news catches on that the creatures I consume are going back in time people begin to flock to the dragon in order to make it happen, and then it dawns on them as they see that there is no time travel technology being created that it’s them. After a bit of study and a lot of work it seemed that all the people that I’ve eaten to send to the future had… lagged my stomach behind the rest of the world, and so with time’s arrow flipped I would eat those wishing to go back in time and as they passed through my body they became the rubber creatures that you lot have been snacking on this entire time.”

“Holy shit,” Aislen said as he put his hands to his head. “Not the ravages of time, the Ravager of Time, that’s what the database is referring to when it talks about the process! So you set up all this?”

“Well… I already knew how it was set up,” Ravager stated with a big grin.

Once more there was a moment of silence among the increasing grew of people that were there as they surrounded the big dragon, prey and predator alike listening in before Dersin waved his hands in the air. “Wait a second, hold on,” Dersin said. “If you’re the one that’s sending people back in time, how the hell did you get back here yourself? I mean, I know you already ate yourself, but unless you managed to pull some Ouroboros nonsense I doubt you entered into your own time stomach.”

“Actually… that’s the one part that I can’t really figure out,” Ravager said as he looked around while scratching his head. “I remember that I was doing my usual routine while my assistant was helping me out to prepare for the day’s meals when suddenly I got a sharp memory of meeting myself in the past when that had never happened. Almost immediately I could tell that something was wrong and I did the only thing I could think of at the time, I grabbed the cheetah next to me and said that something is going on and to tell myself I’ll be right there before stuffing him in my maw and swallowing him. A few seconds later here I am, and when I saw you I remember eating myself so… I just did.”

“That’s pretty messed up,” Dersin said. “But that might also explain why your stomach sent me here instead of going any further back in time, if I went back as far as some people did then I would probably be before the founding of the club and I wouldn’t be able to get back if I tried. But if that’s the case then… you’re going to have to go the long way until we hit the spot where you went back, and that means that there’s going to be two of us in the same time period for at least a decade.”

“Probably a little longer,” Ravager stated, though as he did he began to lick his lips as he looked around. “But I think that we can make something work, after all I was extremely ravenous back in my day and perhaps with the two of us working together we may refine our time tummy even more…”

**Chapter Six – Mi Cuerpo es Su Cuerpo**

It had started to get cold in the big city, especially when one was dangling outside a window that was ten stories up. That was the exact situation that the lion holding onto the window found himself in, wondering why they had decided to take the mission in the first place and wishing that they had gotten the parameters first before he accepted. While it was far too late at this point and they had taken a poll to see which way they were going to go in they wished that they would have made the stairs the more prominent option as the lion mage got to the window that they needed. Fortunately there didn’t seem to be any alarm wires attached to it and a simple lock that they used a bit of magic in order slide open so that he could get inside.

The second that the opening was big enough for them to fit through Golden Dove rolled inside and landed with a soft thump on the ground, breathing heavily as they were no longer staring death in the face. With solid floor underneath their feet instead of brick that was suspended several stories up in the air they took a second to recompose themselves before they turned the map link on their comms to show them where to go. This was supposed to be a simple theft job, some corporation wanted the plans to some expansion so that they could undercut the other corporation whose offices they were inside, and since neither of them were really rated high it was unlikely that security would be heavy. Part of them wondered if Larry would be on duty to night, but the absence of birthday cake made that unlikely as they looked down the hall before sneaking to where they believed the offices were.

As they made their way quietly down the hall Golden Dove got to the corner and was about to go past it to get to the office area when the sound of stone against linoleum caused them to stop. It couldn’t be, they thought to themselves, but as they carefully peeked around they saw what looked like a huge statue of a wolf or dog-like creature that was prowling around the lobby area. A Guardian Dog… a spirit-infused vessel with the soul purpose of finding runners like them and making sure they regretted their life choices. It had to have been for the entire building, either that or someone hadn’t been telling them the truth of just how connected this corporation was… which wouldn’t be the first time.

Golden Dove found themselves holding their breath as they waited for the creature to pass and hoped that it wouldn’t go in their direction. Even as a mage those creatures usually required a full team in order to take down, especially if there was more than one of them. This one seemed to be alone and after a while they moved on to the next section of the building. The runner let out their breath slowly and quietly as they quickly moved to the next section of the offices themselves, wanting even more to just finish the run and get out of there before it sniffed them out.

Once they got to the office doors Golden Dove checked their information again before they went up to the one with the name they were looking for. The lock was a simple mechanical one and when they tried the knob they found it was open, which made things a little easier for them as they stepped inside and closed it behind them. Ever since they had seen that guardian creature their heart was pounding in their chest as they looked around for some sort of safe that the plans would be held in. As they searched behind the books in the bookshelf they found a metal door that was set in the back of it and they grinned as they saw their mission getting one step closer to completion.

While Golden Dove wasn’t much of a safe cracker the mage had already come prepared for that, taking the spirit that they had summoned from the astral realm and using that to manipulate the security spirit that inhabited the box. As long as it wasn’t too strong of a lock the one that they summoned should be strong enough to do it, or at least they hoped it was since they only had one favor left with the thievery spirit and an attempt counted towards it. Though the number dial wasn’t spinning they could hear things going on inside of it and they held their breath once more as they waited to see what the results was. After nearly a minute there was a loud click and the lion let out a sigh of relief as they saw the door swing open.

After taking one more check to make sure that there was no one behind them Golden Dove reached in and grabbed the box that was inside, but as he looked to make sure that this was what they came for their grin turned to a frown as they found something far different than building plans inside. “These are just BTL virtual reality scenarios,” Golden Dove said as they looked at the titles of a few of them. “The infernal sub… Kingfisher’s greatest hits… The Ringmaster Holiday Special… none of these are what I’m looking for!”

Golden Dove groaned and put their hands to their face before they put the box aside and leaned in further in order to see if there was anything else inside. When the rest of the safe looked empty it caused the lion to look back at their mission log in order to see if there was something that they missed. As they read over the details they found that while this person was the one that would be presenting the plans there were also a few others that would have their hands involved. That meant checking basically most of the offices in this floor and they groaned at the proposition of a treasure hunt, especially since the spirit they were using was no longer in their employ and they had no idea where the Guardian Dog statue creature was.

A low growl behind them suddenly made Golden Dove realize they might actually know where the creature was, slowly turning around to see that the office door was open and that the spirit-controlled stone entity was staring right at them with glowing red eyes. As the mage carefully considered their options they slowly got up to their feet and held out their hands while saying that they were a good doggie, but given that the growls were intensifying it didn’t seem like they were having any of it. With the creature in the door and the only other exit was a window that was probably locked. Finally the mage did the only thing he could think of and flung a mana bolt at it before kicking the BTL’s in their face and attempting to jump over to get to the other side.

Things didn’t quite go according to the impromptu plan as even when the burst of magical energy hit the creature and seemed to temporarily stun it the statue’s head leaned up and caught the runner’s pants. There was a loud crash as the lion hit the door frame and managed to get to the other side, though when he tried to get up he felt a heavy paw press him against the floor they knew that they were in trouble. They managed to turn around to get onto their back just in time to see the Guardian Dog on top of them, snarling loudly before its head came down and sank its teeth into their shoulder. Golden Dove let out a cry as they felt the teeth sink in, but it quickly became distorted and fuzzy as something else was pushing inside of them as well.

For a few brief moments the eyes of the mage glowed and they could see into the astral realm, but it was not of their doing as they could see that there was a glowing creature that was superimposed on the Guardian Dog statue that was biting down on them. As the head separated from the body and began to press against them though the lion squirmed as they could feel an alien presence in their mind, something that was trying to push them to the side. While they had dealt with something like this before the fact that the creature had them pinned just made it more difficult to resist as the rest of the spirit’s body began to shift from the statue to the creature beneath it. While Golden Dove knew that they had to fight it they were starting to lose focus, their eyes starting to close as the statue froze up and the glow left theirs…

For a few moments both creatures remained still as the light in the eyes of the statue became completely extinguished, and as the lion that was underneath it began to stir it actually managed to push it off of them where it hit the ground with a thud. As the feline slowly stood up their eyes opened and a red glow emanated from them, and though Golden Dove was still there they were not in control of their form anymore as the creature within flexed their fingers and looked about. The mage found themselves locked out of everything and as the spirit began to move it was becoming increasingly hard for them to even utilize their own senses. They didn’t even have access to their magic anymore as they watched their body go to the phone and call a number before saying that they had a runner and was coming back to headquarters for further instructions…

Meanwhile in the SHIFT Institute Serathin sat at his desk, snoozing loud enough for those that were near him to hear it as the screen in front of them flashed with a red light. Suddenly the hybrid was awakened when a stress ball hit him in the back of the head and when he shot up and looked around he looked all the way up to see Elenore giving him a stern look and pointing. When he looked back at his screen he saw that there was someone that was trying to get a hold of him from the astral realm division of damage control and got an e-mail saying that there was breaching issues that were corrupting timelines. Astral breaches… that was normally when some magic user would astral project and end up in the wrong body or something, Serathin thought to himself as he clicked accept and got up, and even though the way SHIFTers worked didn’t involve that plane he knew that things going wrong there meant headaches for them.

At least it was an excuse to be back out in the field, Serathin thought to himself as he went to a different room and brought up the file that had just been sent to him. As the name and picture came up on the screen he saw several different versions of the same lion, most of which were synthetic in nature along with a list of names. The one that was highlighted in red was a flesh and blood lion named Golden Dove and they appeared to be possessed by some kind of spirit, though the details on it were a little sketchy. Definitely a dangerous combination and as he saw the timeline beginning to fray he groaned and put his hands against his head.

“Of course this happened right as we’re about to get lunch,” Serathin said as he brought up a list of his own timelines and saw that he did have an alter in that world but it was somewhat compromised itself already. Gah, this is going to take forever… unless…”

A grin came to the face of the draconic sabrewolf as he typed a bit more information into the computer and found something that he could use, the image of a gargoyle popping up. Galiren… they were part of the same timeline and they also seemed to have a bit of possession power of themselves. “Alright, just go ahead and splice this one here, merge them together there…” Serathin found a split that would end with Galiren not existing anymore and instead threaded it to the spirit-affected timeline, his grin widening when he saw the graft take hold and the two lines intersect. “There we go, and just in time for pizza day!”

As the draconic sabrewolf practically knocked over the chair and ran out of the room, which as the screen remained locked on the two intersecting timelines multiple warnings began to pop up and the screen flashed red…

Back in the world occupied by the possessed Golden Dove the red-eyed lion had made its way through the security checkpoint into the security company that employed the Guardian Hounds. The guards that were at the gate knew better than to ask anything of the spirit-ridden creature and let him pass so that it could carry on with whatever task it was trying to do. While they were rare there were a few that were in the building on a regular basis, runners caught in the act and so weak-willed that the spirits that had formerly occupied the statue vessels found an almost permanent home within them. As Golden Dove continued to try and fight off his own spiritual shackles the creature continued to move them into an elevator and up to an unknown fate, though given the fact that this was the headquarters of the largest security organization for megacorporations it was unlikely to be a party.

As the elevator car rose the numbers slowly grew bigger, but before they could hit the triple digits the car suddenly stopped and the power cut to the lights. The spirit looked about before pressing the button again and finding that nothing was happening. After a while the doors did finally open and when the lion stepped out he found that he was greeted with a gust of cold air. This floor looked to be under renovations and with it being so high up the air was almost thin, and while that didn’t bother the spirit at all the body of the lion began to shiver a bit as it began to look for an alternate route in.

Just as the lion walked into a large unfinished conference room both Golden Dove and the spirit felt the presence of another, something that was also from the astral plane. The trapped lion could feel his magical energy being used and the red eyes glowed even brighter as the spirit looked around in the astral for something that might have been following them. While there was nothing that could be found the spirit still caused a growl to escape from the feline’s lips as slowly turned about to find that there was still nothing there. The spirit stood there for a few seconds as the sheets of plastic could be heard blowing in the wind, and when it seemed like they had been mistaken they turned around to go up the stairs.

Only to suddenly find a huge ethereal fist coming straight for their face.

The force of the blow knocked the lion back and though it didn’t actually hurt Golden Dove’s face it felt like they had just gotten punched from the force of it. More importantly though the spirit that had been driving their body this entire time loosened up on the controls and they were able to keep them from running as the astral spirit leapt on top of them. While it was hard for Golden Dove to see it sort of reminded them of a gargoyle that were on some of the churches or cathedrals that were still in the city, though this one seemed particularly familiar for some reason as they felt the hands of this new spirit push into their chest when they couldn’t pull the other one out. Suddenly it began to feel really crowded inside of Golden Dove’s body as this new being that was much larger than either of them began force themselves inside.

As the spiritual pressure increased Golden Dove could feel something happening to the first spirit that had possessed them, the creature letting out a shriek that they could hear ringing in their ear drums as it was forced out. It definitely didn’t want to go but as the lion mage felt the other entity there was something about it that made them trust it more than the one that was about to turn their body over to the authorities. They decided to help and as the essence of this new creature filled them the astral eyes that were still on could see the misshapen entity continue to be pushed out of him until finally it popped free. With no tether left on their form the spirit lost track of them and disappeared into the astral, which this high up was as thin as the air as they found themselves panting.

“Well, wasn’t he a squiggly one,” the entity said, Golden Dove finding their own muzzle moving once more despite them not doing it. “Sorry for being so forceful without making introductions first, my name is Galiren. How are you feeling Dieter?”

“Dieter?” Golden dove asked in slight shock. “How do you know my real name?”

“Ah, let’s just say that we’re more connected then you think,” Galiren replied with a chuckle as Golden Dove found their head moving around. “Well, this is certainly something different than what I was expecting, I had decided to try to remove a power core from a generator to prevent it from overloading and then suddenly found myself here and drawn to you. Considering the spirit inside of ya I couldn’t just do nothing so I decided to lend a helping hand.”

Golden Dove found their own hand moving under the control of the entity, which definitely wasn’t a spirit… or at least not one that they had ever seen before as they felt their body bouncing a bit from him jumping with it. “Well, I certainly appreciate it,” Golden Dove said as they felt themselves continue to move about. “I’m not sure where you came from but if you need me to bring you somewhere I can certainly do that.”

“What do you mean?” Galiren replied. “I’m right where I’m supposed to be, though I have to say this body is quite soft, but not like fat, I mean fleshy. Plus the way that spirit was acting up I’m not just going to let that go, we have to see what’s going on that could create such a thing… and maybe have a little fun along the way.”

“Wait, hold on!” Golden Dove said, but as they tried to protest they were once more shunted into the side, but at least this time it seemed to be with more pleasant company as they walked to the stairwell that the spirit had been trying to access before. As the two got to the door there was a slight ripping noise that could be heard, and though Galiren looked about to try to see what it was he couldn’t see anything and decided to press on. If he had looked more closely or allowed Golden Dove to take stock of the situation they would have realized that it was the seam of the pants that he wore that were starting to tear, revealing fur underneath that was slowly starting to turn a deep grey color.

As the lion continued to make its way up Golden Dove could feel that their body was starting to feel a little heavier, their footfalls making slightly more noise or their arms taking slightly more effort to lift. Unlike the spirit they were given full access to all their shared senses and while the mage tried to figure out what was going on the source of it was eluding them. They had gone on plenty of missions before and had a number of things happen, but this was something new as it wasn’t quite connecting to a previous experience. After they had gone up several floors however Golden Dove asked if Galiren knew where they were going, which prompted the one moving their body to stop and think for a second before replying with a no and asking how they could find directions.”

“Well, normally we would have someone hack their systems or the others would intimidate another to try and tell us where to go,” Golden Dove explained through their mental connection. “I do not know how to do either or those, so unless you want me to get back control of my body to turn into a sexy security worker I think we should just go back to the lobby.”

Golden Dove could feel his eyebrow rise up in question, but when he thought that maybe Galiren would do either of the things they suggested they found themselves going to the nearest door and opening it. “I think that I have a way that we might get some information,” Galiren said as the lion felt a smile growing on their face. “And we might still incorporate some of your plan into it, just not the security worker part…”

It took a few minutes after they had walked into the next floor before they found someone, which given how late at night it was it wasn’t surprising. As the lion felt his head poke through the door they saw an elven man standing at the coffee maker impatiently waiting for it to finish before they leaned back. “Looks like we got ourselves a little target,” Galiren said as Golden Dove felt their body moving around as though loosening up to run some sort of sprint. “Now whatever you do just stay put, soon we’ll have all the answers we need and I don’t want to have to chase you down.”

Golden Dove just said that they would stay and as their head poked back into the break room before the rest of them followed suit. With the elf’s focus on the coffee maker that appeared to have broken the smile on the feline’s face widened, and when they were a few feet away Golden Dove suddenly felt a pulling sensation on their body as the entity left it. They quickly activated their astral vision and saw that the gargoyle had once more astral projected himself, this time heading straight for the distracted worker. By the time they felt the presence of another it was too late, Galiren’s head had already sunk into the elf’s body and as the lion switched back to the real world they could see their body wiggling about as though they were a puppet with the strings cut.

As Golden Dove realized that they finally had control over their own body they heard the crash of a coffee cup and turned to see that the elf was looking straight at them. At first the lion mage wondered if something had happened to interrupt the ritual but it wasn’t long before the slackened face of the man turned to a look of triumph and his eyes glowed with a yellow light. “There you go,” Galiren said through the body of the elf. “One instant source of information.”

“I’m not too sure about that yet,” Golden Dove said as they scratched their arm. “Are you sure that it’s alright that you do… possess them like that?”

“Sure, who doesn’t want a break every none and again,” Galiren replied. “Plus it’s not like I do anything to them except take their bodies out for a little spin, most of the time it’s just a quick peek for info and I’m out like it never happened. Most of the time they don’t even remember it, those that do is because there are some very cheeky people out there in the world.”

As Golden Dove was about to respond they found that there was something bothering them about their arm and finally pulled up their sleeves to look at it. Pulling back the fabric turned out to be harder than they thought and when they finally did they were shocked to find that the fur there was actually a patch of rough grey stone with a smooth fur texture on it. “Um, Galiren,” Golden Dove said as he squeezed their arm and found that other than being more muscular it was also firmer than usual. “I think that perhaps you might be influencing me more than we thought.”

“I’m becoming aware of that,” Galiren replied, and when Golden Dove looked up to ask why their eyes widened when they saw the fingers of the elf had become smooth grey stone and had grown claws as the possessed man held them in front of his face. “It seems that my possessions might be a bit more potent here than elsewhere.” As the lion tried to tell the gargoyle to get out of him Galiren grunted and leaned forward as something began to slither out from the back of the elf, his spine stretching as loud popping sounds could be heard where the growing talons on his feet had pushed out the seams of the man’s shoes.

When Galiren did leave the body of the elf the gargoyle spirit it seemed to shunt him straight back into Golden Dove. As the lion stumbled back slightly they felt something push out from behind their ears and they were able to reach back and feel the stubs of horns growing there before they suddenly lost control of everything once more. With the spirit out of him it looked like the elf had stopped his transformation, though as he looked up with the glow of possession no longer in his eyes they realized that they had a completely different problem to deal with. The elf didn’t seem to realize that he had been partially turned into a gargoyle creature and as Golden Dove saw a look of recognition on their face Galiren stated that they were ready to possess them again.

“Wait, I know you…” Golden Dove could feel the spirit inside them ready to pounce as the elf’s face shifted again, but not to the expression that they expected. “You’re Golden Dove! I have all your pin-ups.”

Golden Dove felt their jaw drop, but it wasn’t from them as this was something that happened on occasion. “Yes, it’s me,” Golden Dove replied. “Hey, I was captured as part of a run, I’m kind of hoping to salvage it though so if you could just show me the way out that would be great.”

“Oh, yeah, of course,” the elf replied before he slapped his head. “Man, the one time that I’m not watching the live feeds and you’re here in the building! I had just come in too, I could have brought something for you to sign before you-“

The elf suddenly stopped and Golden Dove found themselves in full control of their body once more. “Sorry, but first of all we’re looking into that spirit, remember?” Galiren said once he had fully possessed the elf again. “Second of all… you have fans? What are you, like some sort of famous criminal?”

“That’s a long story for another time,” Golden Dove replied before he noticed that the grey coloration was creeping up the elf’s arms. “Hey, you’re turning him again.”

“He’s fine with it,” Galiren promptly replied. “In fact there are other thoughts here that are… wow, and I thought I was a horny beast. Well then, I think that there’s no other choice but to continue on.”

“You really want to keep going to find the information on these Guardian Hounds?” Golden Dove asked.

“Oh no, I meant that we’re going to have sex,” Galiren said as Golden Dove watched the possessed man start to take off his shirt. “This one is going to be a good vessel for me for now so we’re not just sharing a body, but if he’s going to be thinking this the whole time it’s going to be very distracting for me. Plus, you know, your fans are going to love it.”

“Pretty sure that this can’t be shown on the runner net,” Golden Dove replied as he saw that the somewhat thin elf was starting grow more bulk with the gargoyle spirit inside, the sides of his chest inflating and his chest swelling as more of the grey coloration spread over it. “So he’s really fine with you possessing him, transforming his body, and helping us betray the company he works for just for a thrill with a runner that’s he’s interested in?”

Galiren just grinned and nodded, exposing that the teeth of the elf were already starting to grow sharp even as most of his face hadn’t been affected yet. “What can I say, cheeky people,” Galiren replied simply. “Plus there’s a reason that he has all your pin-ups, but I am going to alter one little aspect of his fantasy where positioning is concerned…”

It took a second for Golden Dove to understand what that meant as they watched the transforming elf get completely naked right there in the middle of the break room. Though being in the middle of a security company with a reputation for hating runners like them wasn’t exactly their idea of a romantic spot they had to admit that there was something sexy about Galiren even when they saw them in spirit form, though they couldn’t quite place what it was. As they decided to go along with it and pulled off the clothing that was already tight on their own body they took a peek in the astral realm to see what it looked like, and what they found was that the gargoyle stood there front and center in the same position that the elf’s body was in for the real world. There were also a number of other spirits that normally would gather around such an act and they dismissed the sight to focus on the present.

Galiren was the clearly the one that liked to be the dominant one, which in this case Golden Dove decided to let him take the lead so that they could at least have their body back, and it seemed that they weren’t being quick enough with disrobing as they felt their pants and underwear get torn away. When the feline mage looked down at themselves they saw the corruption of their body was more than just a few splotches of petrified fur, when they looked down at themselves they found that their member was rock hard, and not erect but actually turned to stone! It also looked a fair bit bigger and as they felt something come up behind them they saw the naked elf sliding up against him with a similar tool pressing against the small of his back.

Whether it was actually his fan or the amorous gargoyle himself Golden Dove groaned as he felt those smooth hands press up against their pectorals. As their bodies pressed together they could feel the elf still growing bigger, grunting and huffing as the gargoyle inside corrupted their physical form. That seemed to matter little though to the possessed creature as he felt something press up in between the furred globes of his rear, causing them to pant slightly as he heard the elf huffing. With the help of a little magic Golden Dove just quivered in pleasure as the head of the cock pushed inside of him, and as it continued to slide inside they also cast a spell to silence them so that their groans could only be heard by each other.

As Golden Dove felt his body being pressed up against the counter they could feel the thrusts getting deeper, to the point where they had to brace themselves as the growing elf was getting more passionate. The hands that had just been stony before were growing thicker and bigger, the claws sliding along his chest as the rumbling grew deeper. When they asked if everything was alright back there they just heard a laugh that deepened as the elf’s face began to push out into a muzzle. As Golden Dove braced himself he could swear he felt the sensations as though they were happening to them and for a few brief moments they felt it, like they were the elf as their nose merged with their expanding upper lip that was becoming more petrified by the second.

The link between them, Golden Dove realized, they could feel what the spirit was feeling because they were connected. As he probed more into it they got the surreal sensation of their own tailhole squeezing on the sizable member that the elf had grown, though as a pair of horns began to emerge from his head and a pair of wings were growing out from the stony backside of the creature it was unlikely that he could consider himself as such. He was also growing much bigger as Golden Dove was pushed further onto the counter, feeling the creature towering over him before that thick length plowing his insides was pulled out of them and he was lifted up and flipped around so that they were sitting on the counter.

With the former elf in full view Golden Dove couldn’t help but gasp at how much they had changed. Most of their body had turned to stone and their entire physique had been pumped up from skinny to professional athlete. As the tempo increased it seemed the elf managed to get control for a bit and as he asked if there was still a chance they could sign something his voice was garbled as the muzzle that he had been growing stretched out to become just like the gargoyle that was possessing him while his head shook back and forth from the red hair adorning it. Fans… Golden Dove rolled their eyes and then leaned back and spread their legs as that throbbing member was pushed into them once more.

As the muscular stone creature grabbed onto their hips and pushed inside there was a loud squeak and the two turned to see the door open. An anthro fox was standing there in in shock with a plastic bowl in his hands, and as the glowing yellow eyes of the creature glanced back at the naked half-stone lion that he was inside Golden Dove just had a look of surprise on his face. The gargoyle gave them a wink and suddenly the creature seemed much more stone-like, which with the petrified creature having his hands on their body and their cock inside them had essentially pinned the lion to the wall. When the mage turned on their astral sight again they saw the ethereal form of the gargoyle dive right into them.

This was starting to get out of hand, Golden Dove thought to themselves as the bowl dropped to the floor and the fox grabbed onto his chest right where the ethereal creature had dived into him. The vulpine man shuddered and shook for a few seconds before his head popped up and his eyes glowed with a yellow light while a broad smile formed on his muzzle. With the fox properly possessed Galiren grabbed the plastic bowl and walked inside with it, putting it in the fridge before walking over and immediately licking the cock of the lion with this new maw. As Golden Dove let out a silent cry of pleasure from their transformed member being sucked on the gargoyle statue that he had been impaled upon started to move again and they saw his eyes glowing along with the one that had quickly started to bob up and down his shaft.

When Golden Dove asked if he was possessing them both between moans Galiren said that the elf was so far enthralled that there wasn’t much they needed to do to keep them on the line and the fox had been interested the second that he laid eyes on them. All the lion mage could do was nod their head as getting sucked on while having the gargoyle thrust deep into them was making it hard for them to even think. All they knew was that both they and the fox were starting to transform further with the increased lusts, though the vulpine became a statuesque, muscular version of themselves quite quickly and had also grown a pair of horns, thicker tail, and the almost draconic feet that Galiren sported. The intrusion had also inspired the pair to hurry up so that they wouldn’t have any more interruptions and as Galiren finished Golden Dove was thankful that their insides seemed to have changed as they were pressed hard enough against the wall that it cracked the backsplash while they felt the sensations from the gargoyle as well.

Once they had finished up Galiren pulled out of the lion mage and released the hold of the fox-gargoyle that he had created and watched as he turned completely to stone as well, freezing in place in front of the refrigerator. As Golden Dove dropped down onto the floor they found that it was much shorter than before and when they bounced on their feet the gait felt different. Looks like those two weren’t the only ones that were getting the gargoyle treatment, they thought to themselves, and as they wondered if they could do a sexy gargoyle next run Galiren said that they knew where they had to go to find out about the spirit. When Golden Dove nodded and went to put on their pants they suddenly realized that they weren’t going to fit, which prompted Galiren to roll their head before pressing their palm against the groin of the lion.

Golden Dove had already softened by that point and as the fingers pressed against it they shuddered in pure pleasure as they could feel something happening to them. As they grabbed onto the thick arm of the gargoyle they began to pant heavily as those fingers played around with the area before they seemed to push inside, and as it got deeper their maleness seemed to follow suit. It only took a few second but it felt like ages as the lion mage looked down and saw that just like the gargoyle they found that their sack had been pushed inside them and they had a slit that housed their new member. Golden Dove sighed and told Galiren that they could have just used the disguise spell to give themselves clothes but the gargoyle said that this was better as they walked out of the break room and back into the hall.

A few floors and some dodging of guards later the two managed to get their way up to the area marked as the records room without being seen, and thought they didn’t originally have the code they found a few more people working late and after a quick possession Galiren found the one that they were looking for. When he had bounced back to the elf that was housing him for the moment Golden Dove noticed that none of them were transforming and the gargoyle restated that most creatures didn’t even notice that he was possessing them, plus he was quick about it. It turned out having a creature that could project themselves into the astral plane was handy after all as they put in the number and got inside.

The records room turned out to be a giant server farm that likely housed all the data of the security company, or at least the ones from this part of the building as they snuck inside. Even though Golden Dove had used the spell to at least give themselves a cloak it wasn’t real and they felt a chill go down their spine from the units that were keeping the servers cooled. By this point most of their body had turned to stone and while they had kept a lot of their feline features on their head and their mane their feet and tail had completely transformed and they were starting to grow a pair of wings. Galiren told them that a pair of wings could be useful and that if they had time later he could show them how to pretend to be a statue.

When they got to the central control room Golden Dove frowned as they saw that there were a number of metahumans that were there, most of them with guns as they patrolled around the area. While they didn’t look like they were on alert yet it would only be a matter of time before the found the petrified fox in the break room, though Galiren said that the condition was only temporary and it was more likely that they would shake the stone off and be back to normal. When the lion asked if the same was going to happen to the elf the gargoyle nodded their head, but when it got to asking about themselves he just shrugged. While they could feel like there was something that he wasn’t telling them for the moment they just wanted to get the data that they weren’t even getting paid for and get out of there.

As the two watched Golden Dove suggested that maybe Galiren could petrify and transform them like he had done for the others, the gargoyle answering that it was worth a shot before his ethereal form flowed out and went for the nearest guard. As the mage watched the human man began to swat at the air like he was being attacked by a fly before they saw the spirit of the gargoyle return. “They’re too guarded,” Galiren said as once he had gotten back into the gargoyle body he had created. “Even if I do manage to sneak inside the transformation would probably go too slow and the others would notice.”

Golden Dove tapped a clawed finger against their muzzle as they tried to think of what to do. In order to get access to any sort of files they would have to get rid of the guards and probably have Galiren possess at least one of the technicians that were currently working. While they had a few offensive style spells that they could use it wouldn’t be enough and as soon as they started shooting the others would probably figure it out. Part of them wished that they had brought the fox up for a distraction, and while they could always try to go with the distraction route it was unlikely their sexy outfit routine would work this deep inside the facility. As Golden Dove watched them however there was one thing that they could do in order to soften them up enough so that Galrien could possess and petrify them, but it would require a bit of planning to get them all…

Meanwhile the guards that were watching over the monitoring and data storage control area shifted restlessly on their feet. This deep in the facility there was rarely anything that ever happened but after a data breach by an unknown creature they had guards posted in all the data access nods to make sure they remained secure. While it put the technicians at ease it also meant an incredibly boring shift for them, especially since they were told they had to keep watch to makes sure that nothing happened. As the troll that was near the back tried to slide his hand into his pocket to fish out his phone to see the score of the game he stopped when he heard something that caused him to bring his weapon up.

It sounded like something that had banged against the side of the server and as he told the others the guard went to go and investigate it. Thoughts swirled through the mind of the man as he went over to see what it was, hoping that it was some sort of action, though maybe not the kind that was rumored to have snuck in the first time since it cleaved a few people in half and such. The others guards just rolled their eyes and said that it was probably just his excuse to go and check his phone as the troll made his way to the area where he had heard the noise. When he got to the corner he took a few breathes to steady himself and turned, ready to figure on whatever was waiting for him on the other side…

…except there was nothing there. The troll sighed as he saw that there was a loose plug that had fallen down and must have clanged against the metal of the server casing below. He just rolled his eyes and decided to take advantage of the situation to check his phone while he went over to plug it back in, though as he did he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat that caused them to look up. To their surprise it looked like a naked stone lion-dragon creature laying there on his side, but when the shock wore off and he was about to say something it was enough time for Golden Dove to let a stun spell fly and hit the guard in the chest.

This had been their test case, and as the troll’s body spasmed from the magical energy that caused his muscles to seize Galiren dove inside. Almost immediately the skin of the creature shifted from green to grey and in a matter of seconds there was a troll statue that stood there with a look of shock on his frozen face. That had worked better than the two thought and though they wouldn’t be able to use the naked lion trick a second time there were only the two guards left that they had to deal with anyway along with those that manned the controls. The rear guard was mostly a test for Galiren and the only one they knew they could lure away with some ease, and with the speed the gargoyle petrified him it gave Golden Dove much more confidence as they channeled their magical energy into a much bigger magical attack.

Once they had amassed enough, which was harder to do with being so far away from the ground, Golden Dove took a second to make sure that they got the right spot to throw it. With how much this had drained them it was likely that they were only going to get one shot at this and had to make it count. At the bare minimum they had to hit the guards, though if they missed the technicians there was the possibility that they could sound the alarm. At least they grew the wings, the lion-gargoyle mage thought as they stepped out from the server and fired the stunball right between the four of them.

With how much energy that they had pumped into it the effect was nearly instantaneous as the two guards dropped their guns and the two at the chairs practically fell off of their chairs. It wouldn’t last too long but as they tapped into the astral realm they could see Galiren jump into the body of the first guard and the human immediately become a statue before jumping to the dwarf that laid on the ground to do the same. Once he was sure they had both been completely petrified for the moment the gargoyle moved on to the other two and found that one was unconscious, which prompted him to move to the second one and possess them. The body belonged to an anthro orca and as Galiren possessed this one more completely Golden Dove could already see their already somewhat large body thickening with even more muscle and a pair of horns growing over their head.

“So what are we looking for exactly?” Golden Dove asked as they pushed the stunned-out man onto the floor and brought up the other chair. “I realize that the spirit from the Guardian Hound intrigues you but we’ve come a long way for some data, so if you could find anything worth selling that would be great.”

“From what I’m getting it seems that there is some information on the project that was given to this security company,” Galiren replied as the fingers of the orca typed heavily on the keyboard in front of him. “It looks like they weren’t the ones that had come up with it either, it belongs to something called a megacorporation. Does that sound like it fits to you?”

“A megacorporation involved in magical creatures that can steal the bodies of runners using spirits trapped inside of statues?” Golden Dove exclaimed. “Yeah, I can see it.”

“Then I suppose this name would make the most sense to you,” Galiren said as he brought the file up on the screen. “There’s not much else that’s in this file that isn’t just how to use the creatures, so do you think that would help?”

“Wow… I sort of can’t believe it,” Golden Dove said as they looked up at the screen. “The ones that are in control of the Guardian Hound project are-“

“Alright, enough of that, enough of that,” the two turned as they heard a third voice, both of them looking to see a draconic sabrewolf suddenly step out from nowhere. As Golden Dove summoned what reserves of mana they had left and Galiren flexed the muscles of the orca the hybrid that had appeared before them waved their hands in the air. “Look, my name is Serathin, I’m from the Damage Control Division temporarily reassigned and I really need to talk to Galiren.”

“You need to talk to me?” Galiren asked in slight surprise. “Why?”

“Well it turns out I may have taken a bit of a shortcut in order to help Golden Dove here with a problem from the astral realm,” Serathin admitted. “Now what I didn’t realize was just how much trouble merging a timeline with two of the same creature was, at least not until twenty minutes ago. The thing is that your presence here is sort of creating more fraying since every creature you possess and transform is significantly altering their timelines, so I need to untether you two so that Galiren can reach the conclusion of his.”

“The conclusion of my…” Galiren trailed off as the orca looked down in thought, only for the body to freeze and the actual gargoyle form of the creature come out from where they had stashed it. “Are you trying to tell me that I’m going to die once I leave this timeline?”

“I mean, dying is such a harsh word,” Serathin replied nervously before he let out a heavy sigh. “I don’t think you realize how much trouble that we’re all in here; I have had to come to this dimension in an ABC suit since my own timeline here is somehow incapacitated and unable to accept me at the moment and if I don’t come back saying that the gargoyle that is causing all sorts of havok here that’s supposed to be dead is gone then she’s going to squeeze me like a tube of toothpaste. Now there can’t be two of you sharing a body, even if you are the same person, so I need Galiren to come with me and for Golden Dove to get out of here before any more damage is done.”

Golden Dove couldn’t believe what they were hearing, Galiren was actually a version of them from another timeline? It would make sense of a lot of things and as they thought back to when they first met the astral creature there was something familiar about them, though at the moment it seemed like they weren’t going to be familiar with each other much longer if they couldn’t stop them from kicking the astral gargoyle out of this timeline. “Hey, you mentioned that there are two of you here,” Golden Dove said as they attempted to formulate an idea. “I thought you said that it wasn’t possible?”

“My organization can temporarily insert living bodies of creatures into timelines,” Serathin explained. “That’s also how I got up here like I did, and once I’m done with this mission and vacate this form it will disappear just as quickly unless there is a reason for it to stick around.” Golden Dove just nodded and looked over at Galiren, who seemed to be catching onto the idea that the gargoyle-lion had about their new friend. The hybrid said that the gargoyle couldn’t really be in this plane because a body couldn’t have more than one spirit inside of it, but they had one in front of them that would be perfect for him with a few adjustments…

…well, once they got the previous owner to vacate.

As Serathin looked at his watch he suddenly found himself lifted up into the air by the gargoyle that had jumped up and landed behind him. “It would be a shame for this fan to miss out on meeting his favorite runner,” Galiren said as he kept his arms wrapped around the squirming sabrewolf. “Fortunately you have given me the means to make sure that he can.”

“Wait, wait!” Serathin said as he squirmed about, though through the view of the lion’s astral vision they could see that tendrils of the ethereal creature had already started to coil around the hybrid. “You don’t understand, if I lose another one of these they’re going to take it out of my pay!”

“Looks like we’ll just have to be sure to make it up to you before you go,” Galiren said with a smirk as the two decided to have a little fun with this interloper, Golden Dove pulling down the shorts of the draconic sabrewolf to see that despite his protesting he was already half hard. “Plus add in my thanks for saving my life, since I have no intentions of going anywhere. Now go ahead and enjoy the ride because once this body is mine I’m never giving it back, now I’m sure my alter ego here can give you something to do with that mouth of yours.”

Golden Dove had already taken up a position in front of the two, his cock already out of the slit that housed it and growing to full length while the gargoyle carefully lowered the other man down. The strength of the possessed creature allowed him to keep the squirming hybrid between them and as he stuck his own throbbing length into the creature it caused Serathin to gasp. While the mage was about to use a bit of mana to make the insertion easier it appeared that wasn’t necessary as the draconic sabrewolf groaned, still muttering that Galiren couldn’t take this body until the lion gargoyle stepped froward and started to feed his own length into the open maw of the trapped man. Golden Dove let out a moan himself and felt their tail whip about as the tongue of the creature still slithered around the sensitive flesh of their cock, which was completely turned to stone but was only slightly firmer than their usual erection.

As the gargoyle quick got to thrusting in and out of the draconic sabrewolf Golden Dove found himself still processing what he had just heard even above the pleasure of having his own cock pushing between those saber teeth. Galiren was him… as he looked at the stone creature it hard to believe what the circumstances were that would have given birth to him, but once thing was for sure was that the gargoyle had saved them from a potentially dire fate and from the sound of it the one that they were taking between them also had a hand in it. As he looked down at the draconic sabrewolf there was a certain look of familiarity to it, but as the look of concern began to turn into a smirk and he began to suck in earnest as Golden Dove thrusted into his throat it was clear the gargoyle had infiltrated his mind.

With one last look into the astral plane Golden Dove could see the ethereal form of Galiren was also having its fun, having the draconic sabrewolf pressed up against him with one hand holding onto the other man’s horn while the other hand was keeping their hips together while he thrusted up into him. Up until that point the lion mage wasn’t even sure that was possible, but given it was the realm of spirits they guessed anything could happen. A suction on their member and the feeling of something pressing against their groin brought them back to the real world where they saw that the gargoyle had turned to stone while hilt deep inside the creature who was effectively pinned against their body. The green eyes that Serathin had were replaced with a solid yellow glow and as Golden Dove was about to pull back to let Galiren off of the smooth stone dick that was stretching his new body open they found a pair of blue-scaled hands grabbing their butt and pushing the back forward.

Once Golden Dove had climaxed they found themselves frozen for a bit, except it was in pleasure as they held onto the horns of the creature themselves to thrust down into their throat. Even without peeking into the astral realm it was clear that the gargoyle was in control and from the puddle at their feet they had enjoyed themselves. After taking a few moments to calm down the lion-gargoyle pulled back and allowed Galiren to get off what was essentially their own stone cock and get back on their draconic feet. As the possessed creature took a second to steady himself Golden Dove realized that he wasn’t turning to stone like he usually did with the bodies that he was inside.

“Yeah, seems this one is made of sterner stuff that can resist such a thing,” Galiren said as he flexed and arm and looked behind him. “Wings and a decent tail too, I could make this work for now. Perhaps I’ll keep this one and then if you ever want a big strong gargoyle man I can find someone willing to host me for a bit.”

“I think that we could certainly arrange for that to happen,” Golden Dove replied with a grin before they looked around as people both petrified and stunned began to twitch. “But for now it might be best if we left.” The possessed draconic sabrewolf nodded and after signing a piece of paper that they put into the hands of the frozen gargoyle the two went to the stairwell only for the lion mage to stop. “Wait, I think I have a better idea…”

About fifteen minutes later Golden Dove put the drones that were recording their run and had them front and center on them as they stepped back to the edge of the building. “Hey there everyone,” Golden Dove introduced. “It’s me, Golden Dove, your friendly shapeshifter lion mage! As you can see though I am sporting a brand new look and can’t wait to use it to show you a good time.”

As Golden Dove stood there they stayed still for a moment, then motioned with their head before a second creature came into frame with glowing golden eyes. “Hey, I’m Galiren,” the gargoyle said as he waved awkwardly to the camera. “I know I look like someone else but the resemblance is purely coincidental. We just robbed a bunch of data from this security office and are about to free jump off of the building.”

“It certainly works best when you have wings!” Golden Dove stated as Galiren joined them and they both flared out their wings and dropped back off of the edge of the building. “Don’t forget to follow!”

**Chapter Seven – Neighborhood’s Gone to the Dogs**

It had started to get cold in the big city, especially when one was dangling outside a window that was ten stories up. That was the exact situation that the lion holding onto the window found himself in, wondering why they had decided to take the mission in the first place and wishing that they had gotten the parameters first before he accepted. While it was far too late at this point and they had taken a poll to see which way they were going to go in they wished that they would have made the stairs the more prominent option as the lion mage got to the window that they needed. Fortunately there didn’t seem to be any alarm wires attached to it and a simple lock that they used a bit of magic in order slide open so that he could get inside.

The second that the opening was big enough for them to fit through Golden Dove rolled inside and landed with a soft thump on the ground, breathing heavily as they were no longer staring death in the face. With solid floor underneath their feet instead of brick that was suspended several stories up in the air they took a second to recompose themselves before they turned the map link on their comms to show them where to go. This was supposed to be a simple theft job, some corporation wanted the plans to some expansion so that they could undercut the other corporation whose offices they were inside, and since neither of them were really rated high it was unlikely that security would be heavy. Part of them wondered if Larry would be on duty to night, but the absence of birthday cake made that unlikely as they looked down the hall before sneaking to where they believed the offices were.

As they made their way quietly down the hall Golden Dove got to the corner and was about to go past it to get to the office area when the sound of stone against linoleum caused them to stop. It couldn’t be, they thought to themselves, but as they carefully peeked around they saw what looked like a huge statue of a wolf or dog-like creature that was prowling around the lobby area. A Guardian Dog… a spirit-infused vessel with the soul purpose of finding runners like them and making sure they regretted their life choices. It had to have been for the entire building, either that or someone hadn’t been telling them the truth of just how connected this corporation was… which wouldn’t be the first time.

Golden Dove found themselves holding their breath as they waited for the creature to pass and hoped that it wouldn’t go in their direction. Even as a mage those creatures usually required a full team in order to take down, especially if there was more than one of them. This one seemed to be alone and after a while they moved on to the next section of the building. The runner let out their breath slowly and quietly as they quickly moved to the next section of the offices themselves, wanting even more to just finish the run and get out of there before it sniffed them out.

Once they got to the office doors Golden Dove checked their information again before they went up to the one with the name they were looking for. The lock was a simple mechanical one and when they tried the knob they found it was open, which made things a little easier for them as they stepped inside and closed it behind them. Ever since they had seen that guardian creature their heart was pounding in their chest as they looked around for some sort of safe that the plans would be held in. As they searched behind the books in the bookshelf they found a metal door that was set in the back of it and they grinned as they saw their mission getting one step closer to completion.

While Golden Dove wasn’t much of a safe cracker the mage had already come prepared for that, taking the spirit that they had summoned from the astral realm and using that to manipulate the security spirit that inhabited the box. As long as it wasn’t too strong of a lock the one that they summoned should be strong enough to do it, or at least they hoped it was since they only had one favor left with the thievery spirit and an attempt counted towards it. Though the number dial wasn’t spinning they could hear things going on inside of it and they held their breath once more as they waited to see what the results was. After nearly a minute there was a loud click and the lion let out a sigh of relief as they saw the door swing open.

After taking one more check to make sure that there was no one behind them Golden Dove reached in and grabbed the box that was inside, but as he looked to make sure that this was what they came for their grin turned to a frown as they found something far different than building plans inside. “These are just BTL virtual reality scenarios,” Golden Dove said as they looked at the titles of a few of them. “The infernal sub… Kingfisher’s greatest hits… The Ringmaster Holiday Special… none of these are what I’m looking for!”

Golden Dove groaned and put their hands to their face before they put the box aside and leaned in further in order to see if there was anything else inside. When the rest of the safe looked empty it caused the lion to look back at their mission log in order to see if there was something that they missed. As they read over the details they found that while this person was the one that would be presenting the plans there were also a few others that would have their hands involved. That meant checking basically most of the offices in this floor and they groaned at the proposition of a treasure hunt, especially since the spirit they were using was no longer in their employ and they had no idea where the Guardian Dog statue creature was.

A low growl behind them suddenly made Golden Dove realize they might actually know where the creature was, slowly turning around to see that the office door was open and that the spirit-controlled stone entity was staring right at them with glowing red eyes. As the mage carefully considered their options they slowly got up to their feet and held out their hands while saying that they were a good doggie, but given that the growls were intensifying it didn’t seem like they were having any of it. With the creature in the door and the only other exit was a window that was probably locked. Finally the mage did the only thing he could think of and flung a mana bolt at it before kicking the BTL’s in their face and attempting to jump over to get to the other side.

Things didn’t quite go according to the impromptu plan as even when the burst of magical energy hit the creature and seemed to temporarily stun it the statue’s head leaned up and caught the runner’s pants. There was a loud crash as the lion hit the door frame and managed to get to the other side, though when he tried to get up he felt a heavy paw press him against the floor they knew that they were in trouble. They managed to turn around to get onto their back just in time to see the Guardian Dog on top of them, snarling loudly before its head came down and sank its teeth into their shoulder. Golden Dove let out a cry as they felt the teeth sink in, but it quickly became distorted and fuzzy as something else was pushing inside of them as well.

For a few brief moments the eyes of the mage glowed and they could see into the astral realm, but it was not of their doing as they could see that there was a glowing creature that was superimposed on the Guardian Dog statue that was biting down on them. As the head separated from the body and began to press against them though the lion squirmed as they could feel an alien presence in their mind, something that was trying to push them to the side. While they had dealt with something like this before the fact that the creature had them pinned just made it more difficult to resist as the rest of the spirit’s body began to shift from the statue to the creature beneath it. While Golden Dove knew that they had to fight it they were starting to lose focus, their eyes starting to close as the statue froze up and the glow left theirs…

For a few moments both creatures remained still as the light in the eyes of the statue became completely extinguished, and as the lion that was underneath it began to stir it actually managed to push it off of them where it hit the ground with a thud. As the feline slowly stood up their eyes opened and a red glow emanated from them, and though Golden Dove was still there they were not in control of their form anymore as the creature within flexed their fingers and looked about. The mage found themselves locked out of everything and as the spirit began to move it was becoming increasingly hard for them to even utilize their own senses. They didn’t even have access to their magic anymore as they watched their body go to the phone and call a number before saying that they had a runner and was coming back to headquarters for further instructions…

Meanwhile in the SHIFT Institute Serathin sat at his desk, snoozing loud enough for those that were near him to hear it as the screen in front of them flashed with a red light. Suddenly the hybrid was awakened when a stress ball hit him in the back of the head and when he shot up and looked around he looked all the way up to see Elenore giving him a stern look and pointing. When he looked back at his screen he saw that there was someone that was trying to get a hold of him from the astral realm division of damage control and got an e-mail saying that there was breaching issues that were corrupting timelines. Astral breaches… that was normally when some magic user would astral project and end up in the wrong body or something, Serathin thought to himself as he clicked accept and got up, and even though the way SHIFTers worked didn’t involve that plane he knew that things going wrong there meant headaches for them.

At least it was an excuse to be back out in the field, Serathin thought to himself as he went to a different room and brought up the file that had just been sent to him. As the name and picture came up on the screen he saw several different versions of the same lion, most of which were synthetic in nature along with a list of names. The one that was highlighted in red was a flesh and blood lion named Golden Dove and they appeared to be possessed by some kind of spirit, though the details on it were a little sketchy. Definitely a dangerous combination and as he saw the timeline beginning to fray he groaned and put his hands against his head.

“Of course this happened right as we’re about to get lunch,” Serathin said as he brought up a list of his own timelines and saw that he did have an alter in that world but it was somewhat compromised itself already. Gah, this is going to take forever… unless…”

A grin came to the face of the draconic sabrewolf as he typed a bit more information into the computer and found something that he could use, the image of a gargoyle popping up. Galiren… they were part of the same timeline and they also seemed to have a bit of possession power of themselves. “Alright, just go ahead and splice this one here, merge them together there…” Serathin found a split that would end with Galiren not existing anymore and instead threaded it to the spirit-affected timeline, his grin widening when he saw the graft take hold and the two lines intersect. “There we go, and just in time for pizza day!”

As the draconic sabrewolf practically knocked over the chair and ran out of the room, which as the screen remained locked on the two intersecting timelines multiple warnings began to pop up and the screen flashed red…

Back in the world occupied by the possessed Golden Dove the red-eyed lion had made its way through the security checkpoint into the security company that employed the Guardian Hounds. The guards that were at the gate knew better than to ask anything of the spirit-ridden creature and let him pass so that it could carry on with whatever task it was trying to do. While they were rare there were a few that were in the building on a regular basis, runners caught in the act and so weak-willed that the spirits that had formerly occupied the statue vessels found an almost permanent home within them. As Golden Dove continued to try and fight off his own spiritual shackles the creature continued to move them into an elevator and up to an unknown fate, though given the fact that this was the headquarters of the largest security organization for megacorporations it was unlikely to be a party.

As the elevator car rose the numbers slowly grew bigger, but before they could hit the triple digits the car suddenly stopped and the power cut to the lights. The spirit looked about before pressing the button again and finding that nothing was happening. After a while the doors did finally open and when the lion stepped out he found that he was greeted with a gust of cold air. This floor looked to be under renovations and with it being so high up the air was almost thin, and while that didn’t bother the spirit at all the body of the lion began to shiver a bit as it began to look for an alternate route in.

Just as the lion walked into a large unfinished conference room both Golden Dove and the spirit felt the presence of another, something that was also from the astral plane. The trapped lion could feel his magical energy being used and the red eyes glowed even brighter as the spirit looked around in the astral for something that might have been following them. While there was nothing that could be found the spirit still caused a growl to escape from the feline’s lips as slowly turned about to find that there was still nothing there. The spirit stood there for a few seconds as the sheets of plastic could be heard blowing in the wind, and when it seemed like they had been mistaken they turned around to go up the stairs.

Only to suddenly find a huge ethereal fist coming straight for their face.

The force of the blow knocked the lion back and though it didn’t actually hurt Golden Dove’s face it felt like they had just gotten punched from the force of it. More importantly though the spirit that had been driving their body this entire time loosened up on the controls and they were able to keep them from running as the astral spirit leapt on top of them. While it was hard for Golden Dove to see it sort of reminded them of a gargoyle that were on some of the churches or cathedrals that were still in the city, though this one seemed particularly familiar for some reason as they felt the hands of this new spirit push into their chest when they couldn’t pull the other one out. Suddenly it began to feel really crowded inside of Golden Dove’s body as this new being that was much larger than either of them began force themselves inside.

As the spiritual pressure increased Golden Dove could feel something happening to the first spirit that had possessed them, the creature letting out a shriek that they could hear ringing in their ear drums as it was forced out. It definitely didn’t want to go but as the lion mage felt the other entity there was something about it that made them trust it more than the one that was about to turn their body over to the authorities. They decided to help and as the essence of this new creature filled them the astral eyes that were still on could see the misshapen entity continue to be pushed out of him until finally it popped free. With no tether left on their form the spirit lost track of them and disappeared into the astral, which this high up was as thin as the air as they found themselves panting.

“Well, wasn’t he a squiggly one,” the entity said, Golden Dove finding their own muzzle moving once more despite them not doing it. “Sorry for being so forceful without making introductions first, my name is Galiren. How are you feeling Dieter?”

“Dieter?” Golden dove asked in slight shock. “How do you know my real name?”

“Ah, let’s just say that we’re more connected then you think,” Galiren replied with a chuckle as Golden Dove found their head moving around. “Well, this is certainly something different than what I was expecting, I had decided to try to remove a power core from a generator to prevent it from overloading and then suddenly found myself here and drawn to you. Considering the spirit inside of ya I couldn’t just do nothing so I decided to lend a helping hand.”

Golden Dove found their own hand moving under the control of the entity, which definitely wasn’t a spirit… or at least not one that they had ever seen before as they felt their body bouncing a bit from him jumping with it. “Well, I certainly appreciate it,” Golden Dove said as they felt themselves continue to move about. “I’m not sure where you came from but if you need me to bring you somewhere I can certainly do that.”

“What do you mean?” Galiren replied. “I’m right where I’m supposed to be, though I have to say this body is quite soft, but not like fat, I mean fleshy. Plus the way that spirit was acting up I’m not just going to let that go, we have to see what’s going on that could create such a thing… and maybe have a little fun along the way.”

“Wait, hold on!” Golden Dove said, but as they tried to protest they were once more shunted into the side, but at least this time it seemed to be with more pleasant company as they walked to the stairwell that the spirit had been trying to access before. As the two got to the door there was a slight ripping noise that could be heard, and though Galiren looked about to try to see what it was he couldn’t see anything and decided to press on. If he had looked more closely or allowed Golden Dove to take stock of the situation they would have realized that it was the seam of the pants that he wore that were starting to tear, revealing fur underneath that was slowly starting to turn a deep grey color.

As the lion continued to make its way up Golden Dove could feel that their body was starting to feel a little heavier, their footfalls making slightly more noise or their arms taking slightly more effort to lift. Unlike the spirit they were given full access to all their shared senses and while the mage tried to figure out what was going on the source of it was eluding them. They had gone on plenty of missions before and had a number of things happen, but this was something new as it wasn’t quite connecting to a previous experience. After they had gone up several floors however Golden Dove asked if Galiren knew where they were going, which prompted the one moving their body to stop and think for a second before replying with a no and asking how they could find directions.”

“Well, normally we would have someone hack their systems or the others would intimidate another to try and tell us where to go,” Golden Dove explained through their mental connection. “I do not know how to do either or those, so unless you want me to get back control of my body to turn into a sexy security worker I think we should just go back to the lobby.”

Golden Dove could feel his eyebrow rise up in question, but when he thought that maybe Galiren would do either of the things they suggested they found themselves going to the nearest door and opening it. “I think that I have a way that we might get some information,” Galiren said as the lion felt a smile growing on their face. “And we might still incorporate some of your plan into it, just not the security worker part…”

It took a few minutes after they had walked into the next floor before they found someone, which given how late at night it was it wasn’t surprising. As the lion felt his head poke through the door they saw an elven man standing at the coffee maker impatiently waiting for it to finish before they leaned back. “Looks like we got ourselves a little target,” Galiren said as Golden Dove felt their body moving around as though loosening up to run some sort of sprint. “Now whatever you do just stay put, soon we’ll have all the answers we need and I don’t want to have to chase you down.”

Golden Dove just said that they would stay and as their head poked back into the break room before the rest of them followed suit. With the elf’s focus on the coffee maker that appeared to have broken the smile on the feline’s face widened, and when they were a few feet away Golden Dove suddenly felt a pulling sensation on their body as the entity left it. They quickly activated their astral vision and saw that the gargoyle had once more astral projected himself, this time heading straight for the distracted worker. By the time they felt the presence of another it was too late, Galiren’s head had already sunk into the elf’s body and as the lion switched back to the real world they could see their body wiggling about as though they were a puppet with the strings cut.

As Golden Dove realized that they finally had control over their own body they heard the crash of a coffee cup and turned to see that the elf was looking straight at them. At first the lion mage wondered if something had happened to interrupt the ritual but it wasn’t long before the slackened face of the man turned to a look of triumph and his eyes glowed with a yellow light. “There you go,” Galiren said through the body of the elf. “One instant source of information.”

“I’m not too sure about that yet,” Golden Dove said as they scratched their arm. “Are you sure that it’s alright that you do… possess them like that?”

“Sure, who doesn’t want a break every none and again,” Galiren replied. “Plus it’s not like I do anything to them except take their bodies out for a little spin, most of the time it’s just a quick peek for info and I’m out like it never happened. Most of the time they don’t even remember it, those that do is because there are some very cheeky people out there in the world.”

As Golden Dove was about to respond they found that there was something bothering them about their arm and finally pulled up their sleeves to look at it. Pulling back the fabric turned out to be harder than they thought and when they finally did they were shocked to find that the fur there was actually a patch of rough grey stone with a smooth fur texture on it. “Um, Galiren,” Golden Dove said as he squeezed their arm and found that other than being more muscular it was also firmer than usual. “I think that perhaps you might be influencing me more than we thought.”

“I’m becoming aware of that,” Galiren replied, and when Golden Dove looked up to ask why their eyes widened when they saw the fingers of the elf had become smooth grey stone and had grown claws as the possessed man held them in front of his face. “It seems that my possessions might be a bit more potent here than elsewhere.” As the lion tried to tell the gargoyle to get out of him Galiren grunted and leaned forward as something began to slither out from the back of the elf, his spine stretching as loud popping sounds could be heard where the growing talons on his feet had pushed out the seams of the man’s shoes.

When Galiren did leave the body of the elf the gargoyle spirit it seemed to shunt him straight back into Golden Dove. As the lion stumbled back slightly they felt something push out from behind their ears and they were able to reach back and feel the stubs of horns growing there before they suddenly lost control of everything once more. With the spirit out of him it looked like the elf had stopped his transformation, though as he looked up with the glow of possession no longer in his eyes they realized that they had a completely different problem to deal with. The elf didn’t seem to realize that he had been partially turned into a gargoyle creature and as Golden Dove saw a look of recognition on their face Galiren stated that they were ready to possess them again.

“Wait, I know you…” Golden Dove could feel the spirit inside them ready to pounce as the elf’s face shifted again, but not to the expression that they expected. “You’re Golden Dove! I have all your pin-ups.”

Golden Dove felt their jaw drop, but it wasn’t from them as this was something that happened on occasion. “Yes, it’s me,” Golden Dove replied. “Hey, I was captured as part of a run, I’m kind of hoping to salvage it though so if you could just show me the way out that would be great.”

“Oh, yeah, of course,” the elf replied before he slapped his head. “Man, the one time that I’m not watching the live feeds and you’re here in the building! I had just come in too, I could have brought something for you to sign before you-“

The elf suddenly stopped and Golden Dove found themselves in full control of their body once more. “Sorry, but first of all we’re looking into that spirit, remember?” Galiren said once he had fully possessed the elf again. “Second of all… you have fans? What are you, like some sort of famous criminal?”

“That’s a long story for another time,” Golden Dove replied before he noticed that the grey coloration was creeping up the elf’s arms. “Hey, you’re turning him again.”

“He’s fine with it,” Galiren promptly replied. “In fact there are other thoughts here that are… wow, and I thought I was a horny beast. Well then, I think that there’s no other choice but to continue on.”

“You really want to keep going to find the information on these Guardian Hounds?” Golden Dove asked.

“Oh no, I meant that we’re going to have sex,” Galiren said as Golden Dove watched the possessed man start to take off his shirt. “This one is going to be a good vessel for me for now so we’re not just sharing a body, but if he’s going to be thinking this the whole time it’s going to be very distracting for me. Plus, you know, your fans are going to love it.”

“Pretty sure that this can’t be shown on the runner net,” Golden Dove replied as he saw that the somewhat thin elf was starting grow more bulk with the gargoyle spirit inside, the sides of his chest inflating and his chest swelling as more of the grey coloration spread over it. “So he’s really fine with you possessing him, transforming his body, and helping us betray the company he works for just for a thrill with a runner that’s he’s interested in?”

Galiren just grinned and nodded, exposing that the teeth of the elf were already starting to grow sharp even as most of his face hadn’t been affected yet. “What can I say, cheeky people,” Galiren replied simply. “Plus there’s a reason that he has all your pin-ups, but I am going to alter one little aspect of his fantasy where positioning is concerned…”

It took a second for Golden Dove to understand what that meant as they watched the transforming elf get completely naked right there in the middle of the break room. Though being in the middle of a security company with a reputation for hating runners like them wasn’t exactly their idea of a romantic spot they had to admit that there was something sexy about Galiren even when they saw them in spirit form, though they couldn’t quite place what it was. As they decided to go along with it and pulled off the clothing that was already tight on their own body they took a peek in the astral realm to see what it looked like, and what they found was that the gargoyle stood there front and center in the same position that the elf’s body was in for the real world. There were also a number of other spirits that normally would gather around such an act and they dismissed the sight to focus on the present.

Galiren was the clearly the one that liked to be the dominant one, which in this case Golden Dove decided to let him take the lead so that they could at least have their body back, and it seemed that they weren’t being quick enough with disrobing as they felt their pants and underwear get torn away. When the feline mage looked down at themselves they saw the corruption of their body was more than just a few splotches of petrified fur, when they looked down at themselves they found that their member was rock hard, and not erect but actually turned to stone! It also looked a fair bit bigger and as they felt something come up behind them they saw the naked elf sliding up against him with a similar tool pressing against the small of his back.

Whether it was actually his fan or the amorous gargoyle himself Golden Dove groaned as he felt those smooth hands press up against their pectorals. As their bodies pressed together they could feel the elf still growing bigger, grunting and huffing as the gargoyle inside corrupted their physical form. That seemed to matter little though to the possessed creature as he felt something press up in between the furred globes of his rear, causing them to pant slightly as he heard the elf huffing. With the help of a little magic Golden Dove just quivered in pleasure as the head of the cock pushed inside of him, and as it continued to slide inside they also cast a spell to silence them so that their groans could only be heard by each other.

As Golden Dove felt his body being pressed up against the counter they could feel the thrusts getting deeper, to the point where they had to brace themselves as the growing elf was getting more passionate. The hands that had just been stony before were growing thicker and bigger, the claws sliding along his chest as the rumbling grew deeper. When they asked if everything was alright back there they just heard a laugh that deepened as the elf’s face began to push out into a muzzle. As Golden Dove braced himself he could swear he felt the sensations as though they were happening to them and for a few brief moments they felt it, like they were the elf as their nose merged with their expanding upper lip that was becoming more petrified by the second.

The link between them, Golden Dove realized, they could feel what the spirit was feeling because they were connected. As he probed more into it they got the surreal sensation of their own tailhole squeezing on the sizable member that the elf had grown, though as a pair of horns began to emerge from his head and a pair of wings were growing out from the stony backside of the creature it was unlikely that he could consider himself as such. He was also growing much bigger as Golden Dove was pushed further onto the counter, feeling the creature towering over him before that thick length plowing his insides was pulled out of them and he was lifted up and flipped around so that they were sitting on the counter.

With the former elf in full view Golden Dove couldn’t help but gasp at how much they had changed. Most of their body had turned to stone and their entire physique had been pumped up from skinny to professional athlete. As the tempo increased it seemed the elf managed to get control for a bit and as he asked if there was still a chance they could sign something his voice was garbled as the muzzle that he had been growing stretched out to become just like the gargoyle that was possessing him while his head shook back and forth from the red hair adorning it. Fans… Golden Dove rolled their eyes and then leaned back and spread their legs as that throbbing member was pushed into them once more.

As the muscular stone creature grabbed onto their hips and pushed inside there was a loud squeak and the two turned to see the door open. An anthro fox was standing there in in shock with a plastic bowl in his hands, and as the glowing yellow eyes of the creature glanced back at the naked half-stone lion that he was inside Golden Dove just had a look of surprise on his face. The gargoyle gave them a wink and suddenly the creature seemed much more stone-like, which with the petrified creature having his hands on their body and their cock inside them had essentially pinned the lion to the wall. When the mage turned on their astral sight again they saw the ethereal form of the gargoyle dive right into them.

This was starting to get out of hand, Golden Dove thought to themselves as the bowl dropped to the floor and the fox grabbed onto his chest right where the ethereal creature had dived into him. The vulpine man shuddered and shook for a few seconds before his head popped up and his eyes glowed with a yellow light while a broad smile formed on his muzzle. With the fox properly possessed Galiren grabbed the plastic bowl and walked inside with it, putting it in the fridge before walking over and immediately licking the cock of the lion with this new maw. As Golden Dove let out a silent cry of pleasure from their transformed member being sucked on the gargoyle statue that he had been impaled upon started to move again and they saw his eyes glowing along with the one that had quickly started to bob up and down his shaft.

When Golden Dove asked if he was possessing them both between moans Galiren said that the elf was so far enthralled that there wasn’t much they needed to do to keep them on the line and the fox had been interested the second that he laid eyes on them. All the lion mage could do was nod their head as getting sucked on while having the gargoyle thrust deep into them was making it hard for them to even think. All they knew was that both they and the fox were starting to transform further with the increased lusts, though the vulpine became a statuesque, muscular version of themselves quite quickly and had also grown a pair of horns, thicker tail, and the almost draconic feet that Galiren sported. The intrusion had also inspired the pair to hurry up so that they wouldn’t have any more interruptions and as Galiren finished Golden Dove was thankful that their insides seemed to have changed as they were pressed hard enough against the wall that it cracked the backsplash while they felt the sensations from the gargoyle as well.

Once they had finished up Galiren pulled out of the lion mage and released the hold of the fox-gargoyle that he had created and watched as he turned completely to stone as well, freezing in place in front of the refrigerator. As Golden Dove dropped down onto the floor they found that it was much shorter than before and when they bounced on their feet the gait felt different. Looks like those two weren’t the only ones that were getting the gargoyle treatment, they thought to themselves, and as they wondered if they could do a sexy gargoyle next run Galiren said that they knew where they had to go to find out about the spirit. When Golden Dove nodded and went to put on their pants they suddenly realized that they weren’t going to fit, which prompted Galiren to roll their head before pressing their palm against the groin of the lion.

Golden Dove had already softened by that point and as the fingers pressed against it they shuddered in pure pleasure as they could feel something happening to them. As they grabbed onto the thick arm of the gargoyle they began to pant heavily as those fingers played around with the area before they seemed to push inside, and as it got deeper their maleness seemed to follow suit. It only took a few second but it felt like ages as the lion mage looked down and saw that just like the gargoyle they found that their sack had been pushed inside them and they had a slit that housed their new member. Golden Dove sighed and told Galiren that they could have just used the disguise spell to give themselves clothes but the gargoyle said that this was better as they walked out of the break room and back into the hall.

A few floors and some dodging of guards later the two managed to get their way up to the area marked as the records room without being seen, and thought they didn’t originally have the code they found a few more people working late and after a quick possession Galiren found the one that they were looking for. When he had bounced back to the elf that was housing him for the moment Golden Dove noticed that none of them were transforming and the gargoyle restated that most creatures didn’t even notice that he was possessing them, plus he was quick about it. It turned out having a creature that could project themselves into the astral plane was handy after all as they put in the number and got inside.

The records room turned out to be a giant server farm that likely housed all the data of the security company, or at least the ones from this part of the building as they snuck inside. Even though Golden Dove had used the spell to at least give themselves a cloak it wasn’t real and they felt a chill go down their spine from the units that were keeping the servers cooled. By this point most of their body had turned to stone and while they had kept a lot of their feline features on their head and their mane their feet and tail had completely transformed and they were starting to grow a pair of wings. Galiren told them that a pair of wings could be useful and that if they had time later he could show them how to pretend to be a statue.

When they got to the central control room Golden Dove frowned as they saw that there were a number of metahumans that were there, most of them with guns as they patrolled around the area. While they didn’t look like they were on alert yet it would only be a matter of time before the found the petrified fox in the break room, though Galiren said that the condition was only temporary and it was more likely that they would shake the stone off and be back to normal. When the lion asked if the same was going to happen to the elf the gargoyle nodded their head, but when it got to asking about themselves he just shrugged. While they could feel like there was something that he wasn’t telling them for the moment they just wanted to get the data that they weren’t even getting paid for and get out of there.

As the two watched Golden Dove suggested that maybe Galiren could petrify and transform them like he had done for the others, the gargoyle answering that it was worth a shot before his ethereal form flowed out and went for the nearest guard. As the mage watched the human man began to swat at the air like he was being attacked by a fly before they saw the spirit of the gargoyle return. “They’re too guarded,” Galiren said as once he had gotten back into the gargoyle body he had created. “Even if I do manage to sneak inside the transformation would probably go too slow and the others would notice.”

Golden Dove tapped a clawed finger against their muzzle as they tried to think of what to do. In order to get access to any sort of files they would have to get rid of the guards and probably have Galiren possess at least one of the technicians that were currently working. While they had a few offensive style spells that they could use it wouldn’t be enough and as soon as they started shooting the others would probably figure it out. Part of them wished that they had brought the fox up for a distraction, and while they could always try to go with the distraction route it was unlikely their sexy outfit routine would work this deep inside the facility. As Golden Dove watched them however there was one thing that they could do in order to soften them up enough so that Galrien could possess and petrify them, but it would require a bit of planning to get them all…

Meanwhile the guards that were watching over the monitoring and data storage control area shifted restlessly on their feet. This deep in the facility there was rarely anything that ever happened but after a data breach by an unknown creature they had guards posted in all the data access nods to make sure they remained secure. While it put the technicians at ease it also meant an incredibly boring shift for them, especially since they were told they had to keep watch to makes sure that nothing happened. As the troll that was near the back tried to slide his hand into his pocket to fish out his phone to see the score of the game he stopped when he heard something that caused him to bring his weapon up.

It sounded like something that had banged against the side of the server and as he told the others the guard went to go and investigate it. Thoughts swirled through the mind of the man as he went over to see what it was, hoping that it was some sort of action, though maybe not the kind that was rumored to have snuck in the first time since it cleaved a few people in half and such. The others guards just rolled their eyes and said that it was probably just his excuse to go and check his phone as the troll made his way to the area where he had heard the noise. When he got to the corner he took a few breathes to steady himself and turned, ready to figure on whatever was waiting for him on the other side…

…except there was nothing there. The troll sighed as he saw that there was a loose plug that had fallen down and must have clanged against the metal of the server casing below. He just rolled his eyes and decided to take advantage of the situation to check his phone while he went over to plug it back in, though as he did he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat that caused them to look up. To their surprise it looked like a naked stone lion-dragon creature laying there on his side, but when the shock wore off and he was about to say something it was enough time for Golden Dove to let a stun spell fly and hit the guard in the chest.

This had been their test case, and as the troll’s body spasmed from the magical energy that caused his muscles to seize Galiren dove inside. Almost immediately the skin of the creature shifted from green to grey and in a matter of seconds there was a troll statue that stood there with a look of shock on his frozen face. That had worked better than the two thought and though they wouldn’t be able to use the naked lion trick a second time there were only the two guards left that they had to deal with anyway along with those that manned the controls. The rear guard was mostly a test for Galiren and the only one they knew they could lure away with some ease, and with the speed the gargoyle petrified him it gave Golden Dove much more confidence as they channeled their magical energy into a much bigger magical attack.

Once they had amassed enough, which was harder to do with being so far away from the ground, Golden Dove took a second to make sure that they got the right spot to throw it. With how much this had drained them it was likely that they were only going to get one shot at this and had to make it count. At the bare minimum they had to hit the guards, though if they missed the technicians there was the possibility that they could sound the alarm. At least they grew the wings, the lion-gargoyle mage thought as they stepped out from the server and fired the stunball right between the four of them.

With how much energy that they had pumped into it the effect was nearly instantaneous as the two guards dropped their guns and the two at the chairs practically fell off of their chairs. It wouldn’t last too long but as they tapped into the astral realm they could see Galiren jump into the body of the first guard and the human immediately become a statue before jumping to the dwarf that laid on the ground to do the same. Once he was sure they had both been completely petrified for the moment the gargoyle moved on to the other two and found that one was unconscious, which prompted him to move to the second one and possess them. The body belonged to an anthro orca and as Galiren possessed this one more completely Golden Dove could already see their already somewhat large body thickening with even more muscle and a pair of horns growing over their head.

“So what are we looking for exactly?” Golden Dove asked as they pushed the stunned-out man onto the floor and brought up the other chair. “I realize that the spirit from the Guardian Hound intrigues you but we’ve come a long way for some data, so if you could find anything worth selling that would be great.”

“From what I’m getting it seems that there is some information on the project that was given to this security company,” Galiren replied as the fingers of the orca typed heavily on the keyboard in front of him. “It looks like they weren’t the ones that had come up with it either, it belongs to something called a megacorporation. Does that sound like it fits to you?”

“A megacorporation involved in magical creatures that can steal the bodies of runners using spirits trapped inside of statues?” Golden Dove exclaimed. “Yeah, I can see it.”

“Then I suppose this name would make the most sense to you,” Galiren said as he brought the file up on the screen. “There’s not much else that’s in this file that isn’t just how to use the creatures, so do you think that would help?”

“Wow… I sort of can’t believe it,” Golden Dove said as they looked up at the screen. “The ones that are in control of the Guardian Hound project are-“

“Alright, enough of that, enough of that,” the two turned as they heard a third voice, both of them looking to see a draconic sabrewolf suddenly step out from nowhere. As Golden Dove summoned what reserves of mana they had left and Galiren flexed the muscles of the orca the hybrid that had appeared before them waved their hands in the air. “Look, my name is Serathin, I’m from the Damage Control Division temporarily reassigned and I really need to talk to Galiren.”

“You need to talk to me?” Galiren asked in slight surprise. “Why?”

“Well it turns out I may have taken a bit of a shortcut in order to help Golden Dove here with a problem from the astral realm,” Serathin admitted. “Now what I didn’t realize was just how much trouble merging a timeline with two of the same creature was, at least not until twenty minutes ago. The thing is that your presence here is sort of creating more fraying since every creature you possess and transform is significantly altering their timelines, so I need to untether you two so that Galiren can reach the conclusion of his.”

“The conclusion of my…” Galiren trailed off as the orca looked down in thought, only for the body to freeze and the actual gargoyle form of the creature come out from where they had stashed it. “Are you trying to tell me that I’m going to die once I leave this timeline?”

“I mean, dying is such a harsh word,” Serathin replied nervously before he let out a heavy sigh. “I don’t think you realize how much trouble that we’re all in here; I have had to come to this dimension in an ABC suit since my own timeline here is somehow incapacitated and unable to accept me at the moment and if I don’t come back saying that the gargoyle that is causing all sorts of havok here that’s supposed to be dead is gone then she’s going to squeeze me like a tube of toothpaste. Now there can’t be two of you sharing a body, even if you are the same person, so I need Galiren to come with me and for Golden Dove to get out of here before any more damage is done.”

Golden Dove couldn’t believe what they were hearing, Galiren was actually a version of them from another timeline? It would make sense of a lot of things and as they thought back to when they first met the astral creature there was something familiar about them, though at the moment it seemed like they weren’t going to be familiar with each other much longer if they couldn’t stop them from kicking the astral gargoyle out of this timeline. “Hey, you mentioned that there are two of you here,” Golden Dove said as they attempted to formulate an idea. “I thought you said that it wasn’t possible?”

“My organization can temporarily insert living bodies of creatures into timelines,” Serathin explained. “That’s also how I got up here like I did, and once I’m done with this mission and vacate this form it will disappear just as quickly unless there is a reason for it to stick around.” Golden Dove just nodded and looked over at Galiren, who seemed to be catching onto the idea that the gargoyle-lion had about their new friend. The hybrid said that the gargoyle couldn’t really be in this plane because a body couldn’t have more than one spirit inside of it, but they had one in front of them that would be perfect for him with a few adjustments…

…well, once they got the previous owner to vacate.

As Serathin looked at his watch he suddenly found himself lifted up into the air by the gargoyle that had jumped up and landed behind him. “It would be a shame for this fan to miss out on meeting his favorite runner,” Galiren said as he kept his arms wrapped around the squirming sabrewolf. “Fortunately you have given me the means to make sure that he can.”

“Wait, wait!” Serathin said as he squirmed about, though through the view of the lion’s astral vision they could see that tendrils of the ethereal creature had already started to coil around the hybrid. “You don’t understand, if I lose another one of these they’re going to take it out of my pay!”

“Looks like we’ll just have to be sure to make it up to you before you go,” Galiren said with a smirk as the two decided to have a little fun with this interloper, Golden Dove pulling down the shorts of the draconic sabrewolf to see that despite his protesting he was already half hard. “Plus add in my thanks for saving my life, since I have no intentions of going anywhere. Now go ahead and enjoy the ride because once this body is mine I’m never giving it back, now I’m sure my alter ego here can give you something to do with that mouth of yours.”

Golden Dove had already taken up a position in front of the two, his cock already out of the slit that housed it and growing to full length while the gargoyle carefully lowered the other man down. The strength of the possessed creature allowed him to keep the squirming hybrid between them and as he stuck his own throbbing length into the creature it caused Serathin to gasp. While the mage was about to use a bit of mana to make the insertion easier it appeared that wasn’t necessary as the draconic sabrewolf groaned, still muttering that Galiren couldn’t take this body until the lion gargoyle stepped froward and started to feed his own length into the open maw of the trapped man. Golden Dove let out a moan himself and felt their tail whip about as the tongue of the creature still slithered around the sensitive flesh of their cock, which was completely turned to stone but was only slightly firmer than their usual erection.

As the gargoyle quick got to thrusting in and out of the draconic sabrewolf Golden Dove found himself still processing what he had just heard even above the pleasure of having his own cock pushing between those saber teeth. Galiren was him… as he looked at the stone creature it hard to believe what the circumstances were that would have given birth to him, but once thing was for sure was that the gargoyle had saved them from a potentially dire fate and from the sound of it the one that they were taking between them also had a hand in it. As he looked down at the draconic sabrewolf there was a certain look of familiarity to it, but as the look of concern began to turn into a smirk and he began to suck in earnest as Golden Dove thrusted into his throat it was clear the gargoyle had infiltrated his mind.

With one last look into the astral plane Golden Dove could see the ethereal form of Galiren was also having its fun, having the draconic sabrewolf pressed up against him with one hand holding onto the other man’s horn while the other hand was keeping their hips together while he thrusted up into him. Up until that point the lion mage wasn’t even sure that was possible, but given it was the realm of spirits they guessed anything could happen. A suction on their member and the feeling of something pressing against their groin brought them back to the real world where they saw that the gargoyle had turned to stone while hilt deep inside the creature who was effectively pinned against their body. The green eyes that Serathin had were replaced with a solid yellow glow and as Golden Dove was about to pull back to let Galiren off of the smooth stone dick that was stretching his new body open they found a pair of blue-scaled hands grabbing their butt and pushing the back forward.

Once Golden Dove had climaxed they found themselves frozen for a bit, except it was in pleasure as they held onto the horns of the creature themselves to thrust down into their throat. Even without peeking into the astral realm it was clear that the gargoyle was in control and from the puddle at their feet they had enjoyed themselves. After taking a few moments to calm down the lion-gargoyle pulled back and allowed Galiren to get off what was essentially their own stone cock and get back on their draconic feet. As the possessed creature took a second to steady himself Golden Dove realized that he wasn’t turning to stone like he usually did with the bodies that he was inside.

“Yeah, seems this one is made of sterner stuff that can resist such a thing,” Galiren said as he flexed and arm and looked behind him. “Wings and a decent tail too, I could make this work for now. Perhaps I’ll keep this one and then if you ever want a big strong gargoyle man I can find someone willing to host me for a bit.”

“I think that we could certainly arrange for that to happen,” Golden Dove replied with a grin before they looked around as people both petrified and stunned began to twitch. “But for now it might be best if we left.” The possessed draconic sabrewolf nodded and after signing a piece of paper that they put into the hands of the frozen gargoyle the two went to the stairwell only for the lion mage to stop. “Wait, I think I have a better idea…”

About fifteen minutes later Golden Dove put the drones that were recording their run and had them front and center on them as they stepped back to the edge of the building. “Hey there everyone,” Golden Dove introduced. “It’s me, Golden Dove, your friendly shapeshifter lion mage! As you can see though I am sporting a brand new look and can’t wait to use it to show you a good time.”

As Golden Dove stood there they stayed still for a moment, then motioned with their head before a second creature came into frame with glowing golden eyes. “Hey, I’m Galiren,” the gargoyle said as he waved awkwardly to the camera. “I know I look like someone else but the resemblance is purely coincidental. We just robbed a bunch of data from this security office and are about to free jump off of the building.”

“It certainly works best when you have wings!” Golden Dove stated as Galiren joined them and they both flared out their wings and dropped back off of the edge of the building. “Don’t forget to follow!”

**Chapter Eight –**

Clicking, buzzing, whirring….

It was the sound of mechanical parts coming to life, and as vision slowly returned to the creature that was hearing them she found herself staring up at the cold metal ceiling were pipes spiderwebbed from the room out into the hallway. As the entity that was awakening slowly began to feel life return to her body she was acutely aware that it was all artificial, but she wasn’t sure why that would bother her as she began to get up in order to figure out what was going on. As she looked down at her body she could see the bright gleam of white and pink metal that adorned her body that had gaps where her joints were. It was the body of a synth, a gynoid as her mind recalled, but as the diagnostics of her form flashed across her vision there was only one question that she couldn’t quite seem to wrap her mind around.

Why was she here?

As she began to look around the room she saw other limbs and various parts scattered around, and as she looked up at the digital whiteboard she saw that her name was Marlene. That matched with the one in her databank and with an identity that she could cling to it gave her a sense of relief as she slowly got to her feet. As she stepped onto the cold floor she could feel pressure sensors activating and more information flow into her mind and it caused her to nearly topple over. There was a loud bang as she knocked over the instruments tray and as she held her head she could hear someone running up to where she stood.

“Marlene!” the voice shouted, one that was unfamiliar to her but her databanks recognized as Dr. Sam Wroth. When she looked over she saw that the leopard was dressed in a white lab coat and had his nametag pinned right there on his shirt with his name and information that he was a gynoid technician as he went over to her. “Careful, you’re not scheduled for activation for another hour!”

“Dr. Wroth… I feel… very strange…” Marlene said, her voice sounding as synthetic as her body as it came out of her mouth while she felt the fur on her face that she knew was just more faux fibers. “What is going on? What’s happening to me?”

“Damn, I knew those data doctors didn’t perform a full spec integration analysis on you,” the leopard said as he took out a flashlight and shined it into her eyes. “I suppose I should apologize for the rude awakening then, as you know I’m Dr. Wroth but you can call me Sam. Why don’t you have a seat and we can talk about your situation, would you like the long or the short of it?”

“Let’s start with the short,” Marlene replied as she sat down, her servos still calibrating it seemed as she jittered slightly before she could steady herself.

“Short version is that you’ve had your neural network downloaded into the body of this wolf gynoid,” Sam replied as he poured a cup of water and gave it to Marlene. “The long answer is… well, I’m not really sure what the long answer is; we just get the brain patterns that we’re supposed to put in these bodies and not really told where they’re from or why, all we do is stock the bodies.”

Marlene found herself nodding even though she couldn’t quite explain the feeling that there was something off about the whole thing. While Sam seemed genuine enough and everything that he had said so far fit together it really didn’t answer any of her questions. It sounded like she had been downloaded into the body of a robot, but for what purpose? Everything before the moment that she opened her eyes seemed like nothing and when she asked the leopard where she could have come from the feline once more replied that she could be anything from a specifically tailored AI program to a person that had died and was fortunate to have their brainwave back-up plugged into them at the time.

Sam continued to check Marlene and when he told her to bring up her arm she shuddered slightly when the metal opened and revealed several ports that he plugged into. Once again she saw lines of coded information cross over her field of vision and she found herself spacing out before it stopped and the leopard pulled the cords. “Looks like everything is green across the board,” Sam said as he closed the port in her arm. “You take a second to continue to get acquainted with yourself and I’ll come back with where you’re going, since you woke up early I didn’t really have time to prepare it.”

Marlene once more merely nodded her head and after the doctor had left she sat there for a while longer before she finally got up to do what he had told her. It was one thing to look down at herself but as she had been walking around the first time she noticed that there was a mirror just outside the room in a small connecting hallway. As she moved forward she felt more confident with it and wondered if that latest scan also fixed a few of the glitches in her system. When the wolf gynoid got in front of the mirror she saw a pink haired, pink eyed, white and pink robot staring back at her.

She hadn’t even realized that she had been frowning this entire time as she examined her form, looking at the hot pink pads of her paws and that was on her flat stomach. It was the body of a synth and as the gleam of the white metal accentuated with pink continued to stare back at her the only thing she could think of was that it was a bit… garish. She wasn’t even sure where that came from but as she continued to examine her thin frame she found that there were certain parts that seemed to be accentuated. A small voice in her head said that she was naked but that meant nothing to her as she cupped her small, firm breasts in her hands before her hand trailed down to the pussy that she could see nestled between her legs.

But was it really a pussy? Were these really breasts as she rubbed her hand against the pink rings that were supposed to signify her nipples. There was something unnatural about all of it, more so then just being made out of metal, plastic, and fibers. As she continued to look at herself in the mirror she found the look of melancholy on her face but couldn’t be bothered to change it for the moment as she went back to the table and drank down the water that had been given to her.

As she finished drinking down the contents of the glass the leopard doctor came back and had a look on his face that she couldn’t quite place other than she had just seen it in the mirror. “I have the listing of your account here,” Sam said as he tapped on the clipboard. “You’ll be departing here soon and will be shipped off to your owner in the city, a place that is called Hacker’s Paradise.”

“Hacker’s Paradise…” Merlene repeated as information suddenly came bubbling to the surface. “That’s a cyber brothel that’s on the lower mezzanine of the space freighter Rigel. I am… owned by them?”

“It appears so,” Sam replied as he continued to read down the clipboard that had the translucent piece of paper on it. “Looks like this body was specifically built for them and in all likelihood your AI was too. Don’t worry, give it some time and everything will come back to you, even the shoddiest of places want to make sure that their girls and guys aren’t glitching out on them.”

Merlene found herself nodding even though her mind was still in a fog. As soon as Sam had mentioned that she was owned by a brothel it was like she had known that information all along, as well as the specific one and even the massive freighter that was more like a mobile space station than an actual ship. But there was something still off about everything that she couldn’t quite place, and when she brought it up the cyberdoc said that grafting of a neural network whether natural or AI always took some time to settle. Since she had been activated on-site she was given a set of clothes and a directive to head to her owner as soon as possible, which the wolf gynoid had no other reason but to go to her new life, or was it her old one?

The Rigel had been stationed at this particular planet for weeks and was probably the reason why they had gotten Marlene downloaded down there, and as she took the space elevator up to the station that it was docked at she found herself looking in awe at the massive vessel. It had to be far enough away from the planet because it was so big and the core it used actually generated its own gravity pull even when the artificial pumps were offline. As they transitioned from atmosphere to space though she saw herself in the reflection of the glass and even with her sense of wonder at the ship she found herself frowning from underneath the hood of her cloak. It was the only piece of clothing she had and Sam had given it to her so that she could at least have some modesty before she got to her destination.

Modesty… what an odd thing for a sex gynoid to have, Marlene thought to herself. As she looked over and saw worker gynoids hauling steel crates that were several tons she noticed that they weren’t wearing any clothes, though they also didn’t exactly look metahuman either. Perhaps it was a public decency thing that had been instilled inside of her so that she just wouldn’t go running around naked in public as she got off the lift and into the station proper. As she walked in however she found with some of the alien species that walked around if they were supposed to have clothes on or not.

It didn’t really matter much for Marlene and she slowly walked through the atrium to the dock for the Rigel, and as she did she couldn’t help but feel like people were looking at her. It wasn’t like most of these people hadn’t seen a robot or synth of some kind before, she told herself, so why should she be any different? Plus the cloak hid most of her body and with her hands tucked inside and really only her bare feet stuck out. No need for shoes when your feet are made of metal, she mused as she finally got to the gate and passed through the security checkpoint.

“Name and occupation,” the huge security guard said as she got up to the counter, the creature a mix of bull and lizard characteristics that had a somewhat stocky but muscular build.

“My name is Marlene,” Marlene replied. “I… I guess that I’m a worker for Hacker’s Paradise?”

The security guard looked over from his computer at that and then eyed down at her, which from the unnatural sheen of one of them she could tell that he had an ocular implant. “You just get off the slab?” the security guard replied, Marlene guessing that meant activation and nodding her head. “Memory is still a bit fuzzy huh, that can even happen with people just getting cybernetics. Lost an eye in my previous occupation and I still sometimes get a few blanks spots here and there.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Marlene replied. “What was your previous occupation?”

“Oh, I used to work the mines on a cracked planet,” the security guard said. “Name’s Jacques, since you were so kind to give me your name.” He chuckled at that and then seemed to look around as though anyone is watching before leaning in. “Hey, uh, I don’t know if this is appropriate or not, but would you happen to be on the clock?”

“On the clock?” Marlene repeated in slight confusion, though her mind quickly connected the dots and she before she even realized it she found herself nodding. “Yeah, long as my owner gets his cut.” She found her voice had taken a sultrier tone and imagined that her neural network was finally kicking in the way her owners would want it too for an AI that they bought. The alien security guard’s eyes lit up and suddenly the station that she was standing had a sign that said the occupant was on break before motioning her to follow.

Marlene soon found herself in what appeared to be a locker room for the dock agents of this sector, which since most of them were probably on duty at this time was empty as Jacques looked the door. “That’s not going to stop anyone but should at least give a little warning,” Jacques said as he saw Marlene looking around and seemed to almost blush. “Sorry the accommodations aren’t a little better but I only have so long on my break and my quarters are nearly half the station away.”

“It’s perfectly fine,” Marlene replied as she undid her cloak and let it fall to the ground to expose her naked body, which she saw the bull-lizard man look at approvingly. “Would you like to take the lead or shall I?” Jacques chuckled slightly at that and seemed to become more at ease as he said that he would be fine with leading this before starting to take off his uniform. While the suit had left little to the imagination already Marlene found that as he peeled it off and reveled himself that his chest and inner legs were hairy while the rest of him was pretty scaly as his reptilian tail and hooved feet were exposed as well.

Once he was done getting naked as well Jacques went up and asked if there were any rules that he needed to know about before they got started and just as the wolf was about to say that she wasn’t sure she found herself rattling off a few things like not harming the merchandise and such. It was still a strange sensation to feel herself talking when her mind hadn’t quite caught up yet but before she could dwell on it she felt his big hands press against the metal of her upper arms. He leaned in and gave her a kiss and she found herself reciprocating easily and letting his thick tongue slide in. As he guided her over to a set of lockers she could feel that he was growing very eager indeed, feeling his shaft already pressing against the pink metal of her inner thigh.

Soon their kiss was broken and those hands holding her pressed against her breasts and rubbed against them, which sent signals of pleasure from the receptors inside up into her neural network to cause the gynoid to give the proper response. It made her sound more natural, which was usually what the client wanted unless they were a technophile, and it clearly pleased the security guard to hear as his movements became stronger. After a short while she was turned around and was told to use the locker for support as her hips were pulled back, the guard opting to take her from behind as she felt him back away slightly. She looked behind her to see the muscular man grabbing onto the head of his shaft to guide it in and once more she found her lips moving to spur him on to put it in her.

Jacques was more than happy to oblige and she let out a gasp as her artificial pussy began to get stretched open. There were no pain receptors for her, another reason why some preferred a synthetic lover to a more natural one, and even though he pushed in slowly her entire body began to tremble from the signals that she was receiving. It was not only the pleasure that she was getting from being stretched open but a reward from her own body for doing the task that her owners wished of her, helping to give the wolf gynoid more motivation to please her customer. From the sounds of the grunts and snorts that were coming from the man behind her it was clear that he was, especially as she could feel him throbbing inside of her while stretching her open.

It took a few minutes but eventually Jacques got his girthy member inside of her all the way to the hilt and began to pump inside, the lockers rattling slightly as she braced herself so that he could start to really plow into her. Even though the man was all muscle he continued to keep a somewhat slow and gentle pace, muttering that normally the women that he was with required such a thing. Marlene found herself saying that this body could take being a little rougher and though the other man seemed hesitant at first he soon started to increase his pitch and intensity. The hands that had been stroking and groping her breasts slid down her stomach and eventually ended up at her waist as he began to slam his hips forward, causing the wolf gynoid to push against the locker even harder to counter it as that thick cock slid form tip to root to cause an intense amount of pleasure.

After a while the strokes changed and after one particularly deep thrust Jacques instead did shallower ones while their hips remained practically pressed together. She could sense that he was about to orgasm and leaned backwards as he held onto her lower body tightly, and with a few squeezes of her inner walls she felt his entire body tense before flooding her insides. The male was rather potent and she could feel rivulets of the alien cum dripping from her stretched synthetic snatch as he held her tight against him. She continued to lean back and stroke against the head and face that was pressed on her as she felt her own orgasm get activated, once more both from stimulation and for making a customer cum so hard.

The two remained standing like that for a while before Jacques finally pulled out of the wolf gynoid, looking at his watch and remarking that he only had a few minutes left of his break before he had to go back. He gestured to the shower and asked if she wanted to join him so that she wouldn’t smell like spunk even though she was heading to a brothel. She wasn’t going to say no to that as she was still dripping a bit after he had pulled out even though her pussy had once more tightened back up already. The two made their way over to the shower and as he turned on the water she noticed that he was looking at her strange.

“I didn’t mess anything up, did I?” Jacques asked, which prompted her to shake her head and ask why he thought that. “It’s just that you don’t look quite as happy as I usually like to see in those that I’ve had sex with, and while I know this probably wasn’t the most romantic setting and that this is your job I hope that I wasn’t bad.”

This guy really was a gentle giant, Marlene thought to herself as she looked past him to a set of mirrors that was hanging up and noticed the same look of melancholy as before. “Oh no, you were fantastic,” Marlene reassured as she looked back at the man and petted him on his bovine muzzle. “Still going through some calibrations, as you mentioned I’m just off the slab. I can only hope my future customers are as sweet as you.”

“Oh, I was your actual first?” Jacques said in slight surprise, Marlene nodding which caused him to grin sheepishly. “I didn’t know that! I guess then you don’t know if I was terrible because you have nothing to base it against, or do they download that into your AI programming as well?”

“Oh, well, my owners make sure that I can satisfy every need,” Marlene replied as she suddenly found herself growing uncomfortable with the conversation. “But I should probably get going, I just need your means of payment and then I must be on my way.”

“Yes, of course, come back with me,” Jacques said as he walked over while still dripping wet where his pants were, pulling out a small circuit card encased in plastic that he placed on her palm. There was a few seconds where the light inside the card flashed red before it turned green, indicating the payment had gone through before she closed her palm again. “It’s too bad that the Rigel is launching soon, I don’t get paid until Friday and I’m not sure if it’s sticking around that long.”

“Well if it’s still here you know where to find me,” Marlene stated as she put her cloak back on even with her metal body being slightly wet. “I take it that I’ve been cleared to board after your through search?”

Jacques just laughed and said that she just needed to take a right instead of a left and she should find herself in the main docking bay of the Rigel. Marlene thanked him once more and then put up the hood of her cloak before heading out, unlocking the door and leaving the man to shower and get ready before he would have to go back on duty once again. She guessed that soon she would be doing the same thing, though for the moment she would have to find Hacker’s Paradise first before she could. Her databanks weren’t kidding when they said that the Rigel was huge; it could support a population of a small city and was once a settler convoy before most of the new planets that were discovered had gotten colonies on them.

Fortunately there were digital map beacons everywhere and after figuring out how her download ports worked was able to get one inside of her head, allowing her to know the layout of nearly the entire ship and more importantly where her owners were located. As she walked to the nearest elevator to go down she still found herself tripping over the word owners, like it was something that she was pushing against even though this was why she was made. She had definitely proven herself with the security guard and that proved to be quite the test of her systems. It would only be the first of many, she reminded herself, and as she walked of the elevator and into the lower mezzanine of the ship she found that the cloak was probably no longer needed and creatures of both biological and synthetic make strolled around naked.

Despite that Marlene decided to keep her one piece of clothing on and eventually made it to her destination, the glowing green neon sign a big indicator as she walked inside. This was definitely a brothel, she thought to herself as she noticed the signage plastered everywhere advertising various gynoids as well as virtual experiences along with a rate chart. “Ah, there’s my girl,” a voice said that caused Marlene to look over at a reception area that was separated by pastisteel glass with a man behind it. “Doc told me that you were on your way, said that you activated early.”

“Yes, I suppose I did,” Marlene replied, waiting as the man disappeared from a door behind the enclosed desk and emerged a minute later from another one. Like her it seemed this man was more synth than organic, stylized in the shape of a dragon as he gave her a big grin.

“I’m Dex,” the man introduced, which immediately caused information to click in Marlene’s mind. “Which as your neural network should indicate makes me your owner, as well as the propritor of this particular brothel. I already have your pod ready for you so why don’t we go ahead and have you make yourself at home my lovely lupine gynoid?”

Marlene nodded but as she followed the bigger man into the brothel there was something about him that made her hang back slightly. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it but even though she knew that he was her owner and was the one that created her there was… resentment? It was a strange thought to have and was potentially just a flaw in the programming, but not something to bring up right on her first day as she was led past the various rooms that the brothel had. With most of them opened she saw that quite a few were the more traditional bedroom or private dance room while others were actually holosuites.

When they got to the back area there was a single door that had the words Gynoid Storage written on it and as he opened it up she saw that there were about a dozen pods all along the walls. The middle area seemed to be for recreation and as the dragon walked her over she found that one of the pods had her name on it. “This is where you’ll be recharging,” Dex said as he pressed a button to open the doors. “While your body does have the ability to process food there is no need for it with these bad boys, so go ahead and plug in so you can be registered to the Hacker’s Paradise cybernet.”

“Yes sir,” Marlene found herself saying as she stepped inside, her back pressing against the gel that provided some semblance of back support. “Is there anything else I can do?”

“No, I think that you’ve already shown some initiative with that security guard,” Dex replied with a smirk on his face. “First day in and already attracting new clients, you’re proving to be quite the find already. Just go ahead and relax, the real work will beginning soon.”

With nothing left to say Marlene just leaned back and let the doors close, which as soon as they did and she found herself in total darkness she began to feel the gel forming more around her. Suddenly she began to feel something pressing up against her back and neck and as connections were made to her neural network she could also feel something else too. If she had the capability to do so she would have let out a moan as something rubbery began to slide up into her pussy, stretching it out less than that alien cock she had inside of her but also starting to buzz slightly as though to stimulate her. It wasn’t the only area that she was getting penetrated in either as another one pushed up into her tailhole while a third pushed its way into her maw, her body squirming slightly as two more wires suctioned onto the ports of her breasts and began to stimulate her there too.

All of it was rather low-level pleasure as her orifices were stretched open but as they lodged inside her synthetic body she suddenly found herself unable to move. The pod must have disabled her motor functions so she wouldn’t wiggle around while recharging, her mind told herself, and as she felt a thin tendril of a wire snake its way up into her skull her eyes widened for a brief moment before they went half-lidded. Outside the pod the screen that had her named had been flashing the words connecting for the longest time before it switched to charging mode, Dex standing outside with his arms crossed. When the screen showed that the gynoid was in hibernation mode he made a quick check to her neural patterns before walking back out to mind the brothel as Marlene slept.

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“This is Marlene, requesting permission for sub-space travel to sector seventeen alpha four.”

The wolf sighed slightly as she waited for the confirmation, which she knew she was going to get anyway as she sat in the cockpit of her mining cruiser. If it wasn’t for the fact that the corporation that owned this space also ran half the star stations in this quadrant of the galaxy she would just go in and pay the fine later, but the last thing she needed was to do something to make the clan she was a part of look bad. But to keep everything above the board required clearance, paperwork, and a seemingly endless stream of back and forth that she was pretty sure was just there to keep the sons and nephews of the people in charge employed. Her finger tapped impatiently against the console as she waited for permission to go ahead and when it did she was warned that the gravity sweepers hadn’t gone through yet.

That was what shields were for, Marlene thought to herself as she activated her ship’s thrusters and made her way to the asteroid she had staked earlier. With her boyfriend’s clan contracts she was given certain privileges that other miners would dream of and she wanted to make sure she earned it as she flew down towards the large gleaming ball of rock brimming with resources. All she would have to do is tether her graft and start the reclamation laser that would evaporate the rock and pull in all the important minerals. As she did she could see the occasional blue ripple of her shield and could see that they weren’t kidding about the microasteroids, but she had full power and it wasn’t causing much damage as she hooked in to get started.

Just as she was about to fire up her laser however the proximity warnings in her ship started to go off and when she turned on the outer viewscreen she nearly dropped her coffee. A rogue asteroid… a comet must have hit it off course or someone did a poor job of anchoring their find as it streaked towards her. With her own ship hooked into an orbit pattern with her own rock all she could do was angle her ship downwards and try to avoid the hurling stone and hook in her brain patterning external back-up in case the worst happened. It quickly synced with her as she waited until the rock was nearly on top of her and when she saw her chance she angled the ship so that it would skim the surface of her shield and scrape by.

A number of alerts went off as she gripped the wheel tight, holding onto it for dear life as she saw her shield integrity quickly drop. As it hit zero the last of the asteroid had scraped by and as it left her screen to continue on its path of destruction through the field she found herself panting. That was close… as she looked at her diagnostic screen she found that other than complete shield depletion and her hull being scraped up she had gotten away mostly intact. At this point she was going to have to call it a day and as she untethered from the asteroid the only thing she could think about was how she was going to explain this to insurance.

Suddenly she heard a loud pop and then for a brief moment everything went black, and when her vision returned everything was still fuzzy. Alarms were going off indicating a hull breach and that the oxygen membrane had been deployed but it sounded like she was listening to them while underwater. Her body felt very heavy and as her eyes briefly focused she saw a small hole in her ship right in front of her, though it quickly went out of focus again as she began to slump down in her chair. The last thing that she was aware of was feeling something dripping down from her forehead and muzzle before everything went black, her vision fading away as what looked like an alien draconic creature with glowing green eyes looked down at her in shock…

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Marlene let out a muffled gasp as her eyes opened once more just as she felt all the wires and tubes disengage from her body and the goo retract from her metal skin. Even though she didn’t require it she still found herself breathing heavily as she waited to be disconnected, then walked out of the pod as soon as the doors opened. When she stepped into the main room she found that it was slightly livelier than when she had come in and there were several other gynoids that were out talking to one another or watching the television screen. She didn’t quite know why she was expecting something else other than robots and as she walked over to the main area the others greeted her.

“Nice to see that Dex is finally filling out our roster a little more,” one of the gynoids, this one a serpentine synth, said as he went over and patted Marlene on the back. “My name is Vanilla, have you been given a designation yet or you still using the numbers that the manufacturer gave you?”

“I’m… Marlene,” Marlene replied, though as she said her name it reminded her of the scene that she had seen in her mind while she was in the charging bay.

“Well it’s a pleasure to meet you Marlene,” Vanilla replied with a grin as he stroked her chin. “Hey, chin up, I know that things take a little getting used to but you’ll get the hang of it. So I’m guessing you’re a unisex gynoid?”

“I suppose I am,” Marlene stated as the two went over to a nearby table to talk. “Are you saying that there are intersex gynoids here with both attachments?”

“Guilty here,” Vanilla said with a giggle. “I present as male but I got both sets tucked away, and I just got a mod that can extend my midsection, Dex says that it helps sell the whole snake thing and makes me more appealing to bondage enthusiasts. I’m surprised you didn’t know about that, didn’t they program all that into your AI?”

Marlene was about to say no but as she thought about it there was more information coming up in her neural net, giving her information not only on gynoids in general but the mods that they can be equipped with. “I guess… I guess I’m just a bit slow,” Marlene stated as she put a hand to the purple fur of her head. “Hey, do you ever see anything while you recharge? Like… what would possibly be glimpses of a past life?”

“Oh, yeah, that’s probably your backstory,” Vanilla said, and though Marlene instantly had more questions he saw the other gynoid suddenly stiffen for a second before getting up. “Looks like I got a client, we’ll talk more later if we get the chance. Cute little wolf thing like you though is probably going to make Dex a lot of credits.”

Before Marlene could ask anything else about what this backstory was she felt her own body go rigid for a second as something appeared in her vision. It was a client request and was told to go to one of the rooms in order to get ready to meet with them. Almost immediately she felt herself getting up and heading to her assigned destination, and as she did she found her neural network being filled with new information. It was mainly a dossier on the client and what he had filled out on his form for what he was looking for at the cyber brothel, which turned about to be a vulpine creature that had visited this place before and had a few general kinks to choose from.

As she got into the room that was specified for her she found her optical reticule already starting to light up areas with gear that she could find, which mostly involved a shiny rubber bra and panties and a collar. She also picked out a few more things that she catered to the taste of the client she was about to receive and by the time she had gotten the notification that she would be arriving soon she had gotten everything she needed. There was just enough time for her to get on the bed and after several suggestions from her neural network she found herself lying down on her side facing the door when it opened. To her surprise she found that there were two guys that were on the other side, and as she looked at both the black furred lupine and his red furred vulpine counterpart she suddenly found her network link updating that they had gotten a two for one deal.

Both of them were guys and they had a similar build, thin but not scrawny with the fox slightly bigger than his wolf counterpart. While the gynoid found herself irritated at the fact that she didn’t have time to prepare for both she knew in her neural network that this was what she was programmed for. “It seems that you’ve brought along a friend,” Marlene stated as she shifted over towards the items on he bed. “I picked these out for you, why don’t you go ahead and get yourself dressed while I find something for the big bad wolf here.”

“Sounds like a plan,” the fox, whose file had listed him as Feldspar, said as he eagerly went over to the small pile of rubber that was meant for them. “Trust me Grell, you’re going to love this.” The wolf just rolled his eyes and went over to the closet that she had been in before. Fortunately there was plenty to go around and as she gave him a harness that he could put on she noticed that he was staring at her that caused her to glance over.

“Oh, sorry about that,” Grell said with a sheepish grin. “When my friend told me that he was going to get me into a brothel I didn’t realize that it was a cyber one. I hope you don’t find it too weird but robots and gynoids in particular are my thing, especially after my own accident.”

“Accident?” Marlene asked, to which the wolf reached to his arm and pulled the fur off like a glove to reveal the cybernetics underneath. “Oh, just how much of you is synth?”

“The whole thing actually,” Grell replied, grinning slightly as he put his fingers into his muzzle and pulled the faux fur back to reveal a metal muzzle underneath before letting it slide back over. “I died working maintenance on a station when several compressors blew at once and basically shattered my body. Fortunately I had an external brain pattern recorder on me at the time and since it was covered under the plan that I had with the station they downloaded everything into a shiny new gynoid and gave me a pretty decent compensation package to boot.”

“So you were once a flesh and blood person?” Marlene asked, suddenly more curious on this one over the fox that had finished putting the rubber leggings with cuffs and had gotten to work on the shiny sleeves.

“Yep, station born and raised,” Grell said. “I suppose you could say that I spent my entire life on one, and once I got a new lease on life I decided that I would go exploring. I’m not ashamed to admit that this isn’t the first time that I’ve been in a brothel it will be my first as a gynoid and with one to boot.”

Marlene found herself nodding as she took in all the information that she was given, though a stern reminder in her reticule told her that she was there to service the client’s needs and not engage in her own curiosity. She kept the wolf more simple in his gear and after he put on the harness just gave him a pair of cuffs and collar to wear before she went over to the fox. He had already put on all the clothing that was there and even had gotten on a hood that would restrict his sense of sight and hearing. He almost looked a little bit like a gynoid himself save for the fur that stuck out and his throbbing erection.

Once the fox was geared up Marlene put the finishing touches on him by pulling his hands back and looping a cord between the rings that were on them. She could feel him trembling in her grasp from the anticipation and was more than happy to lie back when told to do so. His maleness was practically throbbing and when she looked over at the wolf she saw that his was also quickly growing. As she looked at the glistening flesh of the lupine’s flesh it was hard to believe that there was a rod of steel underneath, but from the way that he groaned when he squeezed it he definitely still had sensation down there.

The first thing she needed to take care of was the fox however and as he wiggled there on the bed she put a ball gag in his muzzle in order to complete the effect she was going for. With the fox helpless in her midst she gave the wolf, whom she had no real information on, one more hood that she had gotten when giving him the cuffs and collar. The wolf grinned and put on the rubber over his head, which like his fox friend would keep his senses down to touch. He kept his arms free though and as she stroked his head she found him practically wagging his tail.

But she wasn’t just there to give head pats and restrain the two men in her room, as she felt their latex-clad bodies starting to get a bit more anxious she started by putting the fox underneath her by straddling his hips. He had let out a muffled groan as he felt her weight on top of her but when he tried to thrust up she pressed her fingers against her lips and told him to wait. Though the fox wiggled he continued to lay there, and as he did she slowly leaned down and began to kiss against his bare chest. The action caused the vulpine to wiggle even more and as she got down to his cock she could always see it was throbbing hard.

For a brief moment as she reached over and grabbed onto the wolf’s shaft to stroke it while she began to suck on his friend there was something that felt strange about all this. It was like she was in a situation she wasn’t supposed to be, something about all this seemed very off and it almost seemed to give her vertigo. It didn’t make any sense to have these types of feelings; she was an AI programmed for a cyber brothel and put into this pink and white gynoid wolf body, why would she think that what she was doing was wrong? Still it made her glad that she had put the hoods on their faces so she couldn’t see her frown while she sucked the fox off.

After a few minutes of teasing them both Marlene wanted to move on to the main event, which was getting on top of the quivering fox and aligning her pussy with his cock while straddling his chest. For a bit of fun she asked the wolf if he could help her out with pushing him in, and though it was mostly a test it was clear the two were comfortable enough around one another to lend a helping hand. Considering they were sharing a gynoid it should have been clear but she didn’t have much time to think about it as she felt the head of the fox’s cock start to spread open her folds. She let out a groan as she was penetrated and began to push back herself, feeling a small bit of resistance before the shaft started to slide inside.

While he wasn’t as big as the security officer she had before he was big enough to make her shudder slightly with his size, and once she was sure that he would remain that way without him slipping out of her she guided the other man around to stand in front of her. She could hear him huffing loudly as she brought up the shaft so that she could lick it. Marlene did smirk slightly when she saw the blindfolded wolf’s cock jump at the stimulation, letting it flop up before pulling the head past her lips and engulfing it with her muzzle. With her Gynoid muzzle she was able to slide most of it into her mouth right away and she could feel the wolf start to push forward from the stimulation.

At the same time the fox continued to try and hump upwards and as Marlene continued to rub up and down both their bodies at the same time. She let out a muffled moan as she continued to play with both of the men, rubbing between the fur of the wolf’s legs before she pushed a finger up underneath his tail. It caused him to shudder and he put his hands on her shoulders before starting to pump in more earnestly. The initial anxiety that the lupine seemed to have melted away and more than once he commented on how good she was at this. All Marlene could do was nod her head as the pleasure that she was getting from her muzzle was the same sensation as what was coming from her pussy.

For a while the two got into a rhythm but Marlene had one last surprise for the two rubber-clad men, mostly for the wolf as she pulled off of his cock and directed him to come around behind her. As a gynoid she knew that she was capable of some interesting things with her body and since she was pleasing two customers she may as well do it at once. The fox let out a muffled gasp as he could feel something moving around his shaft even while the head was still fully engulfed inside her pussy, which when he tried to move his legs he found that there was a heavy weight that had settled on top of them. It was the wolf that was being maneuvered into position and once he was there she reached back and took his cock to slide up into her folds as well.

As the second cock began to slide in alongside the first Marlene could hear the gasps that were coming from the fox increasing. With his hands bound behind his back and the two on top of him there was little he could do as he felt his friend’s cock sliding into the same pussy alongside hers. For a few brief moments she felt it start to slide out again and wondered if he wasn’t going to have to go into her tailhole, only to feel him grab onto her hips and push forward to get in deep. Both men let out loud gasps and she was practically panting as they both penetrated her at the same time. The feeling of having two of those shafts inside of her was the most intense experience she’d ever had and it was definitely stretching her out more than the guard did.

With the fox on the bottom being weighed down it was up to the two gynoids to set the pace with his own maleness along for the ride. The wolf took on his new responsibilities quite well and as she let out pants and gasps she heard him comment that she was very responsive for a gynoid. She just stated back that’s what she was made for and as she continued to ride the cocks of both men the wolf leaned in and whispered if she would like to try something new. His offer was intriguing and with having two men sliding inside her inner walls stimulating her to her very core she found herself nodding.

Marlene suddenly felt fingers sliding around the back of her neck and when she tensed up she squeezed down on the two men, causing the fox to arch his back as the wolf told her to relax and trust him. Eventually she felt the metal plate that covered her neck pop out and after feeling his finger run over several of her ports he seemed to find the one that he was looking for. The second that he did she felt something push into it and almost immediately it was like she had become two people. For a brief moment he thought that something had gone wrong with her neural network, but when a quick scan indicated everything was fine she realized that the second set of feelings she had were primarily touch and this second body had a penis that was currently being thrusted into someone.

Grell had linked their exposure points, Marlene realized, which meant that not only was she able to feel the sensations of being a male gynoid wolf rubbing against a fox’s cock inside her own pussy but he was feeling those same feelings as well. Almost immediately after the next thrust the wolf had nearly fallen forward from what she assumed was the overload of pleasure that came from feeling two sets of genitals at once, though she was having trouble focusing on anything else as well. Aside from the physical pleasure aspects they were also picking up on one another’s emotional states as well and Marlene almost found herself smiling as she could pick up that he was greatly enjoying himself.

Once Grell had gotten used to feeling like he was having a pussy that he was thrusting into it actually seemed to spur him on even more, thrusting in harder and deeper for both their benefits as she could feel that hard cock throbbing and giving them pleasure. She found herself leaning back slightly and when she did her bigger breasts were grabbed onto and squeezed, the wolf growing more passionate by the second as she managed to lean her head back enough to kiss him. With their bodies being more flexible than average they were able to maintain their make out session while those hands squeezed her tits that he felt as though they were his own. The culmination of pleasure was quickly reaching its peak and while they found that it was the fox that came first the two gynoids both had a linked orgasm that caused them to be rocked all the way to their core.

When they were done the fox was released from his bindings and Marlene spent some time cuddling with him for some face time, the vulpine sharing a kiss while the wolf snuggled up behind her. At first she thought that perhaps his body made him ready for round two already but it was clear that he only want to snuggle close as well. As she laid with the two men a timer went off in front of her vision that told her the session with the two was done. Seeing the alert to rush them off made her frown even more and as she got up and told the two that they were done for today she felt the cord get pulled out from the port in her neck.

“Yeah, I saw that too,” Grell said as Feldspar took the five minutes of cooldown time they were given to quickly wash up and get dressed. “Looks like they keep you on a pretty tight leash around here.”

“Yeah, Dex makes sure all his cybergirls and guys are ready to please,” Marlene replied as she got up from the bed as well, only to find herself bring brought back down and looking into the eyes of a concerned wolf gynoid.

“Marlene… do you remember anything of your creation?” Grell asked. “Or maybe a memory that seems out of place for a sex gynoid created for a planet hopper?”

At first Marlene was about to say nothing, but as she thought about it she remembered the vision she had while in the recharging pod. As she was about to say something about it there was a knock on the door before Dex came in, the synth creature looking at the two before saying that their time was up and it was time for them to leave. Feldspar just nodded and said that they were ready to go before motioning to Grell, but as the wolf got up Marlene could tell that he wanted to say something else. There was a moment where it looked like he might not let go but as Dex continued to watch him all he did was sigh and say goodbye.

When the two left Dex was about to do the same when Marlene stood up and asked him to wait, which to her surprise he actually did. “Hey, this AI that I’ve been created from,” Marlene asked, feeling nervous despite there not needing to be a reason to from someone her neural network dedicated as trusted. “Was it… based off of anything? Like someone else?”

“Girl, if they haven’t put it in your head then let me do it for you right now,” Dex said with a slight growl. “Any AI’s that are created in the express interest of mimicking someone else is strictly prohibited within galactic intellectual personality ownership. When they made you they broke the mold, or at least they better have considering how much I had to pay for you.”

Though there was more on Marlene’s mind she could tell that Dex was irritated with her and just nodded, to which the synth dragon sighed and told her to head back to the gynoid storage facility so she could get more acclimated. Marlene thanked him and went to where she was told, which only had two other gynoids that were there while the rest were no doubt working. One of them happened to be the serpentine synth she was talking to before and she found herself immediately heading over to speak with him. Vanilla was watching something on the television but since their eyes could see something different on the screen she didn’t know what it was as she sat down next to him.

“Hey, I’m back,” Marlene said.

“As I thought you might be,” Vanilla replied with a slight grin on his face.

“You said that what I saw in the charging station was something you referred to as a backstory,” Marlene asked. “What did you mean by that?”

“Oh, that’s just something that the programmers like to run us through in order to give our particular AI’s a little personality,” Vanilla explained. “Basically as they’re creating us they have us go through various scenarios that will help expand our personality matrix, and sometimes fragments of those training exercises can be left in our minds even with the scrub that they do of them. I wouldn’t worry about it too much, if they become too intrusive then you can get them scrubbed out.”

“I see…” Marlene said. “What if it’s… not a training exercise?”

“If you’re implying that maybe you’re some sort of neural back-up in the wrong location you’re barking up the wrong tree,” Vanilla quickly responded. “If that was true then the docs that took your neural network and made you think you were a synth would go to jail forever, and Dex would also probably lose his business. Don’t worry honey, you are a cyber brothel AI, it just takes a little while for all the ones and zeroes to settle.”

Marlene sighed and rubbed her temples as she sat there in the chair, and as she looked back up the screen she could see Vanilla grinning and asked what was on the screen. “Oh, a while ago we managed to tap into the camera feeds to watch the others,” Vanilla stated as he touched her on the side of the head and suddenly he saw Dex arguing with someone. “While the other rooms are nice the front desk is where it’s really at, especially when the freaks come in.”

When Marlene looked up she saw that the one that was shouting at Dex was similar to the one that she caught a glimpse of in that vision she had, the green eyes and blue scales on the hybrid’s face unmistakable. Was he someone that dealt with her training? It seemed like whatever was going on was getting Dex riled up and eventually she was the dragon pointing for him to leave, which after a bit he finally did.

What an odd coincidence, or perhaps that was someone that she had seen before and just happened to incorporate into her dream. As she sat there she felt a tap on her shoulder and saw that Vanilla was not only erect but also had two prehensile cocks as he asked if she would like to take a seat to help her get more acclimated. It was what sex gynoids did after all and since she was one of them it would help to get her used to the idea of casual sexual encounters. Her neural network had her more than keen to agree and only hesitated when she saw the screen again and noticed that the draconic sabrewolf had attempted to run past Dex only to get caught in a headlock.

As Marlene sat down and felt the tips of the two cocks start to push into her tailhole and pussy she found herself wondering about the guy even as her body shivered in pleasure. As he fought with Dex she thought that he would have him flat on the ground in no time, but to her surprise and that of the synth dragon he was able to almost overpower him more than once. When the dragon grabbed his snout and attempted to pull him back Marlene found out why, seeing the creature had a metallic muzzle underneath the scaly one that he wore. It was just like Grell, and if that was the case then he was either an AI or was like the wolf gynoid she had just met.

The more Marlene watched the more she wondered about this creature and as she did the draconic sabrewolf seemed to stare right up into the camera. It was like he was staring right at her and as he continued to struggle he was mouthing something out. It looked like her name and something about belonging, but just as she was starting to make out the words the screen cut out and Vanilla said that she was getting a little too distracted. As Marlene saw the screen go to black she saw herself with her pussy stuffed by the gyonid snake cock pushing up into it, though what really caught her attention was the melancholy look on her face.

Why did she always look like she was regretting being there, Marlene thought to herself even as the waves of pleasure from the expert gyrations of the serpent beneath her caused her to get her holes stretched at the same time. This was what she was built to be, she was an AI powered wolf gynoid built for the purpose of having sex. Even as she enjoyed the pleasurable sensations coming from her groin as the serpentine synth coiled around her and began to kiss her breasts there was something bothering her, like she wasn’t supposed to be enjoying this even as she was bounced up from being humped into.

But this is her life… isn’t it?

**Chapter Nine –**

Dan let out a sigh as he looked at the derelict building that he stood in front of. It was an old farmhouse that the previous owner had essentially abandoned and with the property in foreclosure it was his job to look it over and determine the condition. These were the worst houses on his job because they were usually run to the ground before the previous owners left and often he would have to deal with things like the filth and stink of neglected trash or find various amount of graffiti or other such vandalism. The only saving grace was that it was further away from the city and probably hadn’t attracted the usual delinquents or vagrants that might call this place their home.

With the sun starting to set the arctic fox found no reason to stall any further and walked up to the porch, hearing the old wood squeak loudly beneath his feet as he came up to the door. Since it only had been recently ceased there was no padlock or anything on it and he had been given the keys to open it. It turned easily and the second that it opened he was greeted with the swirl of dust. As he slowly walked inside and looked around he found that true to form it hadn’t been lived in for some time, though other than the thick layer of dust on everything there wasn’t any of the usual neglect or other signs of trouble that he usually found.

On the contrary the house looked like it could almost be lived in right away with all the furniture still intact, if not a little dated. This would make things much easier for Dan but it also made him wonder what caused the pervious occupants to leave without their things. There had been several attempts to reach the owner of the property but last he heard they weren’t even in the country anymore despite not having any reason to flee. It made him wonder if he was going to find any dead bodies but as he went through a tour of the first and second floor he didn’t find anything that would cause him concern.

That just left the basement, and with the sun having sunk below the horizon he needed to use his flashlight as he made his way down. As he got to the concrete floor he found a strange odor in the air but it wasn’t one of decay or molding as he began to look around. Even the usual musty smell that he would find in these places wasn’t there and as he went from room to room he mentally began to write the report for this property in his head. An almost completely intact farmhouse on a nice piece of property, the fox thought to himself, this was going to fetch a fine price at the auction as he got to the last room only to find there was a padlock on it.

Strange… Dan thought as he looked at it before going back to the keys that he had been given, there was nothing that would open this one that he had gotten. While part of him just wanted to leave it for the appraiser when he came in he was tasked with inspecting the entire house and as he looked around he found a metal bar that could be used to pop it open. It didn’t take much before he heard the crack of the mechanism breaking and after pulling it off he unlatched the door. Slowly he opened it and peeked inside, the metal bar at the ready in case there was some sort of animal or something that they had trapped in there that was starving.

When Dan shined his light into the room he let out a gasp and dropped his weapon, nearly doing the same to the flashlight as the beam illuminated something shiny and wet that was in the corner. On first glance he thought it was some sort of mold but that was quickly dissuaded when he saw the semi-translucent black blob shift at his presence. The fox found himself backing away a few steps as the amorphous creature seemed to lean towards him, but when it didn’t do much else Dan found himself eyeing it up rather wearily. It was… an alien, there was really no other way to describe it, and when it didn’t leap forward to devour him the initial fear and trepidation he had for this creature was starting to warp into curiosity.

Could it see him? as Dan waved his hand in the air it a small tentacle of the gooey alien seemed to form and mimic the movement. Between the lock and the sudden abandonment of the property the arctic fox wondered if this was the reason, though it didn’t seem harmful at all. Of course if a blobby alien creature made of goo randomly showed up in his apartment he might think of leaving also, and after a few minutes of attempted interaction he could see that there were tendrils of the stuff that had started to move about the floor and wall.

Though the vulpine wasn’t about to turn his back to it the fact that it didn’t seem to move very fast or be mobile brought down his level of concern and his thoughts turned to what he should do with it. The easy best was to just report it, though that potentially meant black helicopters and him being sequestered to some government facility to the rest of his life. He had to know more about it first and as he looked back around the basement he found a few mason jars that still had the metal lids. If he could get a sample of it to a friend of his perhaps they could figure out what to do with it and potentially if it was worth anything as he grabbed one and slowly went over towards the alien.

While he didn’t want to hurt it Dan wasn’t sure if taking a bit of the goo would do just that, but there were some secretions on the ground that seemed to be safe enough as he got closer. He tried to tell the alien creature that he was just collecting a bit so they could help it but wasn’t sure if anything was getting through. Luckily while the creature seemed to get a bit more animated with how closer his presence was it didn’t move much more as he went to the base of the alien to try and get something to put into the jar. With his focus on quickly getting a sample he wasn’t aware that a tentacle had shifted around out of his line of sight and began to loop back on him.

The mason jar and lid were suddenly dropped as Dan felt something slither around his neck, catching him by surprise as he let out a sharp gasp. That shock and fear from first finding the creature returned with a vengeance and as he brought his hands up to try and get the tentacle off of his throat he found himself unable to grasp it properly enough to pull free. When that didn’t work he tried to back away but slipped as the alien pulled him forward, and as he found himself pressed against the gooey creature he saw another appendage emerge that was similar to the one around his throat. Instead of wrapping around him though the tip spread open and before he could back away it latched onto his ear!

Dan let out a cry of surprise at feeling the thick goo pressing against the inside of his ear and with his head thrashing about trying to escape he failed to notice something slithering inside the tentacle. It wasn’t until he felt something touch against his inner ear that caused him to freeze. Almost immediately there was a pressure there and the fox’s eyes went wide as he could feel the hole start to stretch open by the intrusive creature. No way… there was no way this was happening to him, and as Dan managed to find his footing again he tried to pull back once more and managed to break free of the alien’s grasp.

But even as he tumbled to the ground Dan could feel something wiggling around inside of his ear, pushing itself into his skull despite the physical impracticality. When he regained his senses his trembling hands tried to reach up to grab the slug-like creature but was already too late. His grunts began to turn to panting as the creature slipped inside of him, the last vestiges of it wiggling around the white fur before it pulled itself inside. While there was no pain the sensation of suddenly having something wiggling inside of his head caused Dan to try and scratch at the ear in order to pull it out even though there was nothing left there.

Stop.

It was less a word than the feeling, but as Dan continued to sit there panting he found his hands falling to his side. His eyes twitched and as he sat there he continued to press his hands against his head he could feel its presence inside of him. It was growing, or multiplying, or doing something to him, and the longer that he sat there the more the alien entity seemed to intrude on his thoughts. After the first command told him to stop he could start to sense more intrusive feelings, and though his heart was racing and his adrenaline was pumping he couldn’t find the ability to run.

When he looked at the alien Dan could almost feel what it was thinking, and while the blobby creature seemed harmless there was an intense and calculating intelligence behind it. He knew because he could feel it in his mind, its alien presence infesting his thoughts just like the tendrils spreading through his brain. The second that the parasitic creature had entered into him the fox belonged to the alien, it was just the vulpine needing to be brought up to speed. Soon the groaning and swaying of his head stopped and was replaced by a stillness as Dan brought down his hands from his head and slowly sat up.

“Yes… I understand now…” Dan said as he slowly got up and moved towards the alien. “You’ve been down here so long, no one to help you. What can I do to serve you?” Though the words were Dan’s the fox felt like his mouth was moving of its own accord, like there was a second version of him that had started to look at this creature more than just the thing that had put something in his brain. This second part of him was growing more dominant and as the alien creature inside fed him more information he realized that there was one thing he needed to do in order to help this entity grow.

The fingers of the arctic fox found themselves drifting towards the waistband of his pants, undoing the button and unzipping them while taking off his shoes. It… the alien needed to have direct access to him, to his body and mind so that it could finally learn about this world. The parasitic infestation of his mind was only the first step and kept him compliant, making sure that any thoughts of escape or violence were erased and replaced with compliance. It didn’t take long before the vulpine had taken off not only his pants and underwear but shirt as well, exposing the white fur of his lean body as his eyes stared ahead as if entranced.

Even though Dan felt still in control of himself he wasn’t anymore; the creature in his brain was pulling the strings and bending the fox to his will. Tiny tendrils occasionally poked out from the ear that the creature had infested as it moved him into position, getting on all fours with his back facing the alien. While there was still a small part of him that was screaming to resist and that he needed to go get help that part was silenced by the parasite, rewarding the growing persona of the subservient fox as another tentacle of goo began to form out of the creature. Even as the tip began to probe underneath his tail Dan didn’t move an inch, his mind filled with the alien’s words telling him to serve and that such obedience would soon be rewarded.

A soft gasp escaped from Dan’s mouth and as the infested fox felt the ring of muscle get stretched open the only thing that he did was shudder from the pleasure that was coming from it. That’s it, the voice inside his head said, let your master enter you. As the entity continued to push into his tailhole the gasping of the fox intensified as the taste of the sheer force of the alien’s will he had gotten from the parasite didn’t prepare him from the typhoon of mental energy. His body trembled as the tentacle slowly pushed deeper inside, the gooey appendage making squishing noises as it got deeper into the alien’s new host. Dan didn’t know how many inches of the goo had slithered inside of him but as the small of his back bulged and the alien corruption ran up his spine his eyes went wide before they rolled into the back of his head.

As the fox was kept in the haze of pleasure the alien got to work. The parasite had given the creature access to the mind of this creature, opening up everything for him to take once he had gotten integrated. As the tentacle in his tailhole pulsated and wiggled the fox twitched as he began to feel his entire mind get copied and downloaded into this creature; everything from his thoughts, his memories, his knowledge… it was all being taken by this creature and replaced with new commands and directives. This creature was no longer the fox who worked as an inspector, as the man remained completely motionless his mind was being reshaped into the drone that would help get the alien exactly what he wanted…

Eventually Dan’s eyes once more came back into focus as the alien tentacle slid out of him, once more causing his body to shudder before he was completely disconnected with a wet pop. As his tailhole closed back up the fox silently got to his feet and made his way over towards his clothes. There was no more need for words, at least not for the moment. His master had given him everything he needed in order to carry out his will as the fox drone took his half-hard cock and tucked it into his pants before zipping them back up.

As Dan looked back at his phone he saw that a few hours had passed, and when he looked back at his master he cold still see the tentacle that had connected them. The intelligence that had been uploaded into his mind told him that the process would get faster and with his assimilation he could already see that the alien was starting to grow bigger and stronger. But he was going to need more than just one drone, and that was exactly what he was going to do. The new objectives that had been imprinted into his infested mind would compel the drone to do his master’s bidding; the master would remain and continue to think and plan, it was his job as the arms and legs of the one that controlled him completely to carry out his will as he got up and left the house with his face still completely blank.

The rest of the night and next day passed, and as the sun was once more setting behind the farmhouse the car of the fox drove up the driveway once again. This time when Dan got out though he wasn’t alone as a wolf man got out of the passenger side and looked up at the building. “So this is the place, huh?” the wolf said as he looked out. “You know, I remember something about disturbances or something that were out in this region, so if what you’re saying is true then it’s possible there was more to the stories then what the papers wrote off as just a meteorite.”

“I can assure you that this is no meteorite,” Dan replied with a grin as the two walked up to the house. “Trust me Reg, this is going to be worth your while. Just don’t get too freaked out when you see it.”

Reggie just smirked and said that if this is some sort of prank that he was going to get him back, to which the fox just smiled more and unlocked the door so they could get in. As soon as they entered Dan could hear his friend remark that the house wasn’t half bad and though he nodded in response his face had fallen away. The fox drone was close to completing his master’s will and he could feel his tail twitching in anticipation. After being locked away by the previous owners of the house the alien was physically weak and needed more drones to carry out his bidding, fortunately the wolf that was looking through the kitchen was the extremely curious type and would be more than perfect to be taken next.

After a quick tour of the place Dan showed the wolf down into the basement, his tail twitching in both anticipation and impatience as Reggie continued to get distracted by everything around him. For someone that was looking for proof of alien life the wolf was hard to point in the direction of it but finally they managed to get to the door that the fox had been talking about. Dan could see the wolf’s tail wagging as he slowly peeked in with his flashlight while the fox opened the door for him to look inside. As soon as Reggie laid eyes on it he let out an audible gasp and immediately took out his phoen to start taking pictures.

“Dan, do you realize what you have here?” Reggie said. “This is proof of alien life!”

“I know,” Dan replied as he watched the wolf start to take pictures from all sides as the entity began to slowly grow more animated. “This is definitely one of the greatest finds in all of metahuman history, hard to believe the farmer just locked it down in here and didn’t tell anyone. If you get even closer you can see that it’s starting to integrate itself into the room.”

“It’s actually starting to assimilate its surroundings?” Reggie stated in awe as he looked at the creature. “That’s fascinating… are you sure that it’s safe to get up close to it? I want to see if I can get any shots of its internals since it looks like it might be semi-translucent in nature.”

“Go right ahead,” Dan replied, the grin on his face growing wider as he watched the curious wolf start to approach. “It seems to be completely docile; I even went up to try and get a sample and it didn’t really move all that much, so I doubt you taking a few pictures will agitate it. Plus there does seem to be something floating inside that you might be able to make out if you get close enough.”

Though the fox drone could feel his growing anxiety the entity inside his head gave him patience, the infested creature waiting as he saw the wolf continue to take notes and document things. It was a slow process but eventually Reggie had his face nearly up against the creature, which remained mostly motionless as it relied on its creation in order to perform what needed to be done. With the wolf in position and his focus completely on the alien in front of him it didn’t take much for the fox to come up from behind. Just as Reggie was about to comment on the extraordinary physiology of the creature he suddenly felt a hand press against the back of his head, but before he could do anything he was pushed forward into the gooey body of the alien in front of him.

Dan could feel the wolf thrashing as he saw the goo not only stretching out his maw but also pushing into his nostrils as well, and though the fox couldn’t hold the bigger man for long he didn’t need to. As he saw the furry throat of the other man start to swallow involuntarily he was tossed backwards before the wolf through his head back, though as he put his hands to his face the two tiny worm-like tendrils that were inside it continued to slither into him unabated. The lupine muzzle was scrunched up like he had to sneeze as something black and shiny that was not his tongue also was wiggling outside of his lips, but it didn’t take long before he swallowed it down while the others disappeared inside of him. The fox grinned as he saw the look of shock turn to confusion as he slowly got to his feet, grabbing onto his head with one hand and his stomach with the other.

“I… something’s inside of me…” Reggie said in complete disbelief as Dan came over and rubbed his head, which prompted the wolf to look at him with unfocused eyes. “It’s… in my thoughts… inside…”

“Shhh… just let him in,” Dan said as the wolf let out another groan, the fox watching as the neck of the lupine once more swelled out. This time it was from the back and as the two smaller parasites made quick work of killing the fight or flight reflex that prevented Reggie from running out screaming the bigger one was getting ready to completely infest him. “You can feel it now, the master’s will…”

There was a few moments where it looked like the wolf was resisting but as the bulge traveling up into his head disappeared Reggie twitched a few times and shook his head before he stared forward and his jaw dropped slightly. “I can hear him,” Reggie said in awe. “He wants me… to let him in…”

“That’s it, just let the infestation take hold,” Dan said, though it was more of the alien that was talking through him at this point. “You can feel the need, the desire to be his drone. Let him take your body as his, let it become an extension of him so that we can continue to do his work.”

Though the wolf swallowed hard he found himself nodding and the two could move on to the next phase, this time Dan undressing the other man while the parasite continued to weave its way into the fresh mind. Already he could see the alien creature shifting and undulating with the prospect of another falling under his influence and with the fox drone taking care of things soon there would be two. It didn’t take long before the wolf was completely naked and as a reward for his actions Dan slowly stroked the half hard cock while taking him over towards the creature. Already the tentacle that would take Reggie had formed and as the wolf got on his furry knees it already started to play around with the ring of muscle.

As the tip of the tentacle began to push into the wolf it was clear that Reggie belonged to the alien now, and as a reward for the drone the fox could feel something new bubble into his mind. With their initial goal of getting a second to convert finished his master must give him new orders, and as he went to strip down as well he could see his tentacle reforming once more. There was also something else that was coming up along with the need to be reconnected, which mainly focused on Reggie himself. With his tailhole being stretched out and his eyes rolled back into his head while the entirety of his mind was being copied it left his open maw for the taking.

The alien knew that creatures such as these could be easily conditioned with their base sexual desires and that was no different for these two, which as soon as the fox got on his knees he was already caressing the head of the wolf while waiting for his connection. In the information that was being absorbed from the wolf these two preferred the same sex, which meant each other, and that this wouldn’t be the first time the fox’s cock would be in the other man’s muzzle. The tentacle that was inside Reggie thrusted forward and caused his mouth to open even more in pleasure as he was being conditioned, turning into a wolf drone just like his vulpine counterpart as his maw was suddenly filled with throbbing flesh. Almost instinctively he began to suck on it as Dan let out a moan, the white-furred fox bending forward as a tentacle was pushed inside of him as well.

Soon the backs of both men swelled and pulsated with the alien goo integrated into it as the one they were connected to started to grow larger. As the fox drone was penetrated from behind he could feel the essence of his master present into a set of new orders being written into his psyche. From the knowledge that had been processed from him the entity knew that this house would soon be sold and that public attention might be brought upon him if the new owner didn’t succumb like they had. The fox drone and the wolf drone being created along side him were given new orders; they would either stop the sale of the house or find the means to bring it under their name. Once they had done that they could bring new people in so that the alien could bring them under his thrall, just like he was doing with the wolf whose mind was pulled into the creature whose tentacle stretched open his insides.

The process was much faster for Reggie then it was for Dan and with his muzzle being stretched open the wolf actually orgasmed while being stimulated, which seemed to please the alien greatly. Though it took the fox drone much less time to get his orders and have his obedience to the creature reinforced he remained with his fellow thrall, letting the presence of his master fill his mind just like the tentacle inside of his body. With his body facing the creature he could see it quivering as its mass began to grow, and as he watched blankly he saw something that looked like it was pushing up. At first he thought it was a tentacle but as he saw the lupine face identical to the one he was humping emerge briefly a smile crossed his face as he knew that Reggie had been completely assimilated, his body merely an extension of the creature that was stretching open their tailholes before the tentacles retracted and allowed them to stand up.

As the two started to get dressed both the wolf and the fox felt something that caused them to pause before they put their shirts on. “Our master has gifted us with the means to spread his influence without having to bring them here first,” the wolf drone said as he pressed his hand against his stomach, which the flesh bulged slightly as the parasite within shifted about. “The only question is who we infest first, and how do we use this in order to get this place under our name?”

“Trying to stop the foreclosure auction is too risky,” the fox drone said as he felt his own parasites gestating inside of him, furthering his own infestation while getting ready to spread it to someone else. “Our master is still week from being left down here and it will probably take both of us to infest someone enough to get them down here to be integrated into master. What we need is someone that we can manipulate enough to get alone who has the resources to get this place in our name to protect it.”

The two became silent as they tried to figure out how to do what their master wished of them. Both drones knew that the sale of this place was coming up within the week and if they were going to avoid having to get the appraiser on this they would need someone to buy it as is. It would be too risky to try and bring someone to sell them on the place and then infest them and they didn’t have the necessary funds between the two of them to get it either. But as they got to the car Reggie made mention that there was someone that they could go to that had the cash to buy this place, which was an ex-boyfriend of Reggie that the wolf drone said would be easy enough for them to grab given his proclivities…

The next day the fox and wolf drones made their way to the night club that used to be Reggie’s primary hangouts, the sound of the music thumping in their ears as they made their way inside. Though the bouncer initially stopped them the muscular lizard man seemed to recognize the wolf and allowed them inside. On the other side of the door was the main stage where there were a few men all working the pole while others hooted and tossed money at them. None of this concerned the two though, their target was the one that was making the big cut of that money as they went to the back area where the wolf whispered into the ear of the one that guarded the entrance.

The entire way up the stairs the two drones didn’t show a drop of emotion, not until they would need to as they reached the objective laid out to them by their master. As soon as they got up the stairs however their faces changed, giving the tiger that was behind the desk a sultry look as they slowly came over. “Oh, if it isn’t my little puppy that got off the leash,” the tiger said with a snort as he went back to looking at his laptop. “If you’re hoping to get back on the payroll I don’t give my collar back to someone who pushed it away, so you’re going to have to find somewhere else.”

“Aw, don’t be sore like that Dimitri,” Reggie said as he and Dan both started to go opposite the desk. “I’m not here looking for a job, I’m hoping to apologize. I did leave you out in the cold after all the generous things that you did for me and I brought my friend along so that perhaps we could show you just how sorry I am.”

The tiger raised an eyebrow but as the two got to either side of him they pulled back the coats they had been wearing to reveal nothing on underneath, and when they got to the pants they tore them away to both reveal that they had nothing on but thongs underneath. It had clearly got the attention of the feline and the look of slight surprise and confusion turned to a smirk as his former boyfriend began to rub against his shoulders. “Well you always did know what I like,” Demetrius said with a playful growl as he looked them both over. “You’re friend isn’t bad either, maybe if you show me just how sorry you are I might find a place for you on the stage.”

“Only eyes I want are yours,” Reggie replied as he started to undo the pants of the business suit while Dan moved behind him to do the same for his jacket. “And that’s not the only thing that I want either.”

Though the arctic fox saw a few moments of hesitation the wolf leaned up and kissed the feline on the muzzle, running his hands through his headfur as he rubbed his other hand up the bare chest that Dan had exposed. It was clear to the fox drone that his counterpart knew exactly how to manipulate the tiger and it didn’t take long before they got the striped fur of the club owner completely exposed. Once they were done disrobing Dimitri they moved onto the next phase of their plan, which was to keep him distracted until they could strike. He was a big man and though he was stockier then muscular he had enough strength that he could pick up the wolf, which was exactly what he did as he reclined in his chair enough so that he could get his cock pressed up against the wolf’s furry rear.

Both the fox and wolf exchanged looks with one another as Dimitri began to groan, rubbing up and down the sides of Reggie while his maleness became fully erect. Dan helped guide the throbbing flesh into the tailhole of the other, and while the wolf moaned in pleasure as well it was more for the fact that they were about to pin the tiger down more than being stretched open. With his inner walls clamping down on the lustful man it was dragging him further into the fog of lust, especially as the chair began to squeak as Reggie began to slide up and down. It didn’t take long until he was fully hilted and once he was the chair slid back up and the tiger wrapped his hands around the smaller man and began to pump up inside of him.

That was what the two were waiting for and as Dan grinded his own body between the two he was actually grabbing the pair of handcuffs that were in the desk. They weren’t made for actual restraint but as he deftly clipped them around the tiger’s wrists they hoped that they would hope for what the two were about to do next. With his cock stretching out the wolf on his lap it hardly even registered that he had been restrained, especially when the lithe fox that had taken off his thong and pressed naked against their bodies began to lick his ear. Reggie leaned in and began to nibble and lick on the other one and as their tongues darted in and out of the holes something else began to slither up and curl around it.

There was no way that they could play off the feeling of the alien parasites that were cultivating inside of them pushing into the tiger’s skull, but once they had slipped them in Dan kept the shocked club owner against his chair while Reggie once more pressed his lupine muzzle against the feline one. The two watched in eager anticipation as the shiny creatures squirmed their way in, pushing down deeper while the tiger tried to buck off both of them. As the last vestiges of the creatures disappeared into the ear holes of the feline he managed to not only break the handcuffs that were around his wrists but break the hold of both of them. Reggie practically slid off of Dimitri’s cock and as the two attempted to regroup the tiger was much faster and in the next moment held a gun.

“What did you do to me?!” Dimitri shouted as he put his hand against his head. “It’s like snakes, slithering around in my brain!”

“Relax Dimitri,” the wolf said as the façade of the sultry lupine dropped away, standing up slowly as he put his hands in the air. While the parasites were inside his mind they were still somewhat weak and it was clear that the tiger retained control of his faculties still. “Nothing is going on, just take a deep breath.”

“Yeah, just breath in and out,” Dan chimed in, having Dimitri focus on two targets instead of one as the naked tiger continued to rub against his head. “You’re just confused, give your thoughts time to sort themselves out.”

The two drones looked at one another as they could almost see the infestation happening to the tiger, his anger and fear draining away as the tendrils began to root into Dimitri’s mind. Though the control over him wouldn’t be absolute the parasites would make sure that he didn’t harm two of the drones that his soon to be master had, and as the two continued to talk him down eventually they saw him drop the gun and start to pant heavily. It was working, the fox drone thought to himself in slight relief as the wolf drone darted forward and grabbed the gun to get it away. He could see even the stubborn willpower of the tiger being bent to their master’s will as he shook his head a few times as though to clear water out of his ears.

“There, much better,” the fox drone said as he patted the head of the tiger. “How are you feeling?”

“I feel… happy,” Dimitri replied as he looked down at his hands. “It’s like I’m feeling these hands for the first time, and I don’t have to be the one in control of them. What is this unusual feeling?”

“It is the feeling of dedication and service,” the wolf drone replied, keeping things vague in order to make sure that the fragile hold over the tiger’s psyche by the parasites wasn’t disturbed. “If you would like we can show you where you can get that feeling all the time, you just have to follow us to a little place outside of the city. And if you happen to really like it we happen to know that it’s for sale…”

Less than a week later the foreclosure notices all over the property were taken down as the tiger signed the papers to make the property his, though for the three that were involved they knew that wasn’t the case. It really belonged to the master, and after they had gotten the tiger properly presented and his mind absorbed by the entity in the basement it continued to grow and plan. While it could just continue to have the drones bring others there and spread that way it was a slow and arduous plan, not to mention hinder its growth now that it had acres of which to spread on. The first thing he needed was far more power and fortunately there was someone that had quite a few new drones that he could bring into the service of the master.

A few days later the dancers at Dimitri’s club were all given the same message, that the club had purchased new property outside the city and that their boss wanted all who could to come out and help with some basic refurbishing. While a number of the dancers decided that they didn’t feel like sucking up to the boss there were about half a dozen that had answered the call, which once they did the tiger had divided them into groups of two for coming up to the house. For the cobra and cheetah that were last to come up that was just fine for them, it meant less work for them to do and they could still score the same amount of points with the boss.

At the end of the weekend the two drove up to the farmhouse together, and when they did they were surprised to see that the other four were still there. The tiger had said once their day of work was done that they could go back and made them wonder why they would still be up there hanging out with him. While he was known to sleep with the dancers from time to time neither could imagine that this place would be a great setting for it, though that hadn’t been their plan anyway as they walked up to the door and knocked.

When the door opened it was an arctic fox that greeted them, which was yet another surprise for the two as he walked out and hugged them both. After being greeted so warmly the two were welcomed inside and as they made their way into the house they could see that it was almost homey inside. Aside from the vulpine that greeted them there was also a wolf that the two recognized as Reggie, who had been Dimitri’s boyfriend, and then the tiger himself. Dimitri seemed to be more cheery than usual and said that he was hoping that they were ready to get to work, though once the sun set he had a big surprise for them once the sun went down.

The rest of the day went as the two strippers had expected; they were responsible for helping to take out the old dated furniture and help clean up the place, though as the two worked the second floor they continued to talk about how surprising it was for their boss to have bought the place. Dimitri wasn’t exactly the rustic type and when they looked out the window they saw that the three were working on the large barn that was further back on the property. They also were building some sort of fire in a big pit, no doubt for whatever party they were planning in the evening. As they continued to work they saw the other four eventually, all of them out by the barn as well and in the same cheerful mood that their boss was in.

It didn’t really matter to them, as soon as they were told that they were done they would scoop up whatever food and hopefully expensive drinks that they could grab and get out of there. As day turned to night the two were eventually called out from their duties as they finished painting one of the upstairs rooms and brought to the backyard. The fire in the pit had already started and all of the guys that they had seen before were out there with a table of food and drinks that were waiting for them. They filled up their plates and tried to eat as fast as they could, though as they did the others would come up to them and ask them what the rush was and had them get another drink or another snack.

Finally once most of the food was gone the cobra and cheetah said that they needed to go and went to Dimitri to thank him for the food. “Oh, but there is one more thing that I wanted to show you before you two went,” Dimitri said as he gestured towards the barn. “It’s not quite well developed yet but I showed the others and they were so ecstatic about it that they stayed to help, and though everyone is going to be leaving tonight I wanted to show you the progress that we made so far.”

“Uh, of course,” the cobra said, elbowing the feline in the ribs to prompt him to say the same thing. “Lead the way.”

The tiger smiled and nodded before heading into the barn, the two dancers giving each other weary looks before following. Whatever project they were about to see it seemed to be something important for Dimitri, or at least that’s what it sounded like considering the other two dancers stuck around to help with it. Both the cobra and cheetah prepared themselves to feign awe and wonder at whatever it was, but as they continued to walk into the shadows of the barn the only thing they could see was darkness. They also heard a squishing sound underneath their feet both of them looked at one another in disgust as it seemed the concrete had some sort of black rubbery surface that hadn’t quite dried yet.

“Hey Dimitri, we really got to go!” the cobra called out as they tried to see where the tiger had gone as he had disappeared into the shadows.

“Just give me a few seconds while I find the light switch!” Dimitri replied. “Meanwhile why don’t you take a look back out by the fire, I think that your fellow co-workers are really enjoying themselves!” When the two turned back around they saw that the other strippers had taken off all of their clothing and were dancing with one another, something that gave them both pause since the last thing that most of them wanted to do on their off-time was dance. But the arctic fox and wolf were also enjoying it at least as they had gotten naked as well and started to stroke themselves off and it made the two wonder if perhaps they were trying to get them to start some sort of weird hippie commune or potentially a cult.

In reality it was just a distraction as several tentacles began to rise upwards while the alien substance began to engulf their shoes. As the two began to feel something press up against their ankles it was already too late; the tentacles that had formed up behind them struck like lightning and coiled around their wrists, and with the goo around their feet hardening the only thing they could do was wiggle about in position as the six that were in front of the fire turned at their cries. Their momentary hopes that perhaps they were about to come to their rescue were quickly dashed when they saw the naked creatures start to come towards them. As they continued to try and squirm out of their bindings they felt the presence of another behind their back and were able to see Dimitri with a knife cutting away their clothes.

It also allowed them to see what was deeper inside the room when the other strippers pushed the bar door open more, the two of them screaming as they saw the pulsating alien mass that was in the middle of the barn. Tendrils of the gooey flesh had already started to spread over the support columns and even a bit on the wall, the creature growing with each new creature that it assimilated into itself. As the cheetah shouted for Dimitri to let them go a sudden groan from the restrained male behind him caused him to look over and see the cobra with his back arched, and as his terrified gaze looked down he noticed that along with the thick serpentine tail there looked like a second one that he had. It was actually another one of the alien’s tentacles and before the feline could say anything he let out a gasp as he felt something start to slide up into his tailhole as well.

The alien had been evolving so quickly with their cultivation, the fox drone thought to himself as he watched the two that they had just brought in start to groan as their stomachs began to bulge out with the parasites being pumped into them. With bringing in the other four they had managed to get the creature moved into the barn where it would have a little more space to grow, and it had also evolved to be able to hold in any new drones that they brought to it. As they watched the fur and scales of the two bulge up with the creatures that were sliding their way into their brain they could see that even without their minds infested their master had started to pull the information from their mind. Such weak wills… they probably could have put a parasite in their food and they would have succumbed, though that wouldn’t have been nearly fun to watch as he saw their cocks start to stiffen while the tentacles inside them bulged them out further.

With the two properly infested and their master downloading them into himself the other four began to play with the newest drones, which would be mostly their purpose. They would be mostly used for pleasure, at least for the moment, and as they licked on the erect shaft of the cheetah and cobra he could see more tentacles rising up to connect them. Unlike the other two they eagerly accepted their master into them, groaning loudly as the infestation that lurked inside them connected with the alien appendage in order to get any new information out of them. With the two new converts they could see their master’s influence stretching out even more, which only pleased the drones more as they saw the eyes of the two being inducted roll into the back of their head while their faces and heads shifted and swelled slightly from the creatures slithering into their brains.

As the others had their fun, all six of them with tentacles inside their tailholes, the other three decided to wait to connect themselves while Dimitri went out to the fire and burned the ruined clothing of the strippers. “This was not a bad haul,” the wolf drone said as the three watched the clothes burn. “But we are going to need more than the strippers from the club in order to get master to grow big enough to really start interfacing with the rest of the world.”

“The club is a good start in general,” the tiger drone replied. “Once we have infested the rest of the dancer’s with master’s will then we can use them to spread to the patrons, and once they have the parasites passed to them then they can come out here and become a drone like us. As for this place… with a little work we might be able to turn this into something that would warrant having a steady stream of traffic for it, though I’m sure eventually we’re going to want to move him elsewhere.”

The other two nodded and continued to discuss until they saw the six drones walk out of the barn. All of them had blank looks on their faces as they no reason to keep up the façade, not when the only creatures that were in the area were other instruments of the alien will. The three drones made their way inside of the barn where they would receive new instructions, and with master having enough power they could just stand as the tentacles of the alien coiled up their legs in an embrace and slid into their relaxed puckers. As the fox drone could feel the presence of the master in their mind he found that he was very pleased with all of them, something that caused the drone to fill with pride as they were informed that they would be moving to the next phase to construct the hive.

As the fox drone heard a groan he turned to see that the wolf had his hands on his stomach and was looking up at the two of them. “The master… has chosen me,” the wolf drone said as he looked to the two of them. “I will be the first of the hive protectors, we have given him enough power to evolve me into a stronger drone. Oh… I can already feel it happening…”

The other two watched as the wolf was slowly pulled backwards into the gooey core of the alien, and as his back touched against it they could see an electric jolt of pleasure go through his body. Several more tentacles began to emerge from the creature and as the wolf began to pant it was clear that something more was happening to him then just more mental manipulations. As his cock throbbed harder the two could see his sack begin to swell and as it bobbed up and down it began to leak a liquid similar to what the alien was made of. It was really starting to change them, and with the two drones still connected via the thick tentacle that was inside their own tailholes they could feel the mutations occurring as if they were their own.

The wolf let out another cry of pleasure before one of the tentacles pushed into his maw, an inner one sliding down quickly into his throat while the other one formed a seal around it. Reggie’s eyes had rolled all the way back into the head of the creature as two more tentacles pushed into his ears, all of them filling his body with the same parasites that had infested all of them. His entire body quivered as his stomach began to stretch out, though as the goo began to crawl up his feet they were starting to twist and morph. A muffled snarl came out from the lupine muzzle as his toe talons began to stretch and sharpen, the goo tightening around the expanding paws like rubber as his quivering legs started to swell with new alien muscle.

So the upgraded drone was going to be their defender, the fox drone found fed to him as another tentacle completely suctioned around the cock of the creature that was being created. All three of them were sharing in the stimulation that their new guardian was receiving as a thick layer of the alien substance began to leak out from the tentacles on his growing body, and as more parasites and pleasure were being pumped into him they could feel the sublime joy that was coming from the monster. Fur was assimilated into the rubbery skin that would protect the creature and the parasites that it contained, ready to spread the infestation to anyone that would come close with the intent to harm. While not its primary purpose it was ready to infest the strongest of creatures as the wolf sank more into the goo column and the loving embrace of his master.

Eventually the two could only see the outline of the former wolf, but the two drones were patient and as they watched the goo morph and ripple eventually a rather large hand began to push its way back out. Unlike the former creature that it had belonged to these were huge and each capped with a large claw that could rend apart anything along with the thick muscular arm it belonged to. The skin was the rubber flesh of its alien master and as it continued to be exposed the two could see the slithering creatures underneath. Next was the chest and the alien had clearly gifted it with strength as the thick pectorals and washboard abs covered with rubbery flesh emerged next with tendrils like veins covering his body.

It wasn’t long until the rest of the new hulking creature emerged and let out a snarl from its toothy maw that dripped with alien corruption. Anyone that would have looked at that creature wouldn’t know that the alien wolf monster was Reggie, which was partially the point as it stepped out towards the fire with the light glinting off his shiny body. Since the wolf didn’t have any real ties to anything he could be transformed first, though both the fox and the tiger drone that eventually there would come the time where they would be next to succumb. Both of them looked forward to the time that they could be upgraded in such a way.

But today was not that day; Dimitri still had a club to run and Dan was too useful in his current occupation in order to warrant the transformation. While they could also have done the same to the strippers they were also needed in order to try and spread the alien influence further while in the club. Plus none of them really had the build for being guardian creatures as the alien wolf began to bound out to survey the realm that belonged to their master. As the tentacles inside their tailholes pulsated the two suddenly gasped as they found that new orders were being uploaded into their minds; they were to find new drones just like Reggie, both servants and guardians that would help with the expansion of the hive.

With the rouse over and the fire dying down the group eventually scattered back towards the city. With the new wolf drone to protect the hive they didn’t have to worry as much about someone stumbling upon their secret and they could help cover more area to fulfill their new objectives. As the fox drone drove home though there was one last stop that he wanted to make…

A few minutes later the sound of clanging weights and exercise equipment could be heard as Dan walked inside, looking around at the setup while waiting for the receptionist to get through his usual spiel. “So what brings you in today?” the osprey behind the desk asked. “If you’re looking to sign up I’m afraid that we can’t do that so late at night, but if you come back anytime tomorrow before eight we can hook you up.”

“That’s not quite what I had in mind,” Dan replied as he looked past the avian to those that were in the gym. Well-built… muscular… they would be perfect for what he had in mind, though this was just the first stage of feeling things out as he smiled at the receptionist. “I’m told that this is gym is for men only, is that correct?”

“Yes sir, this is a men’s gym,” the osprey replied. “Why is that?”

“Oh, we’re thinking of having a men’s wellness retreat on a little piece of heaven that is just outside of the city,” Dan said as he leaned in on the counter, giving the cashier a flirty smile. “I know that your bosses probably aren’t in right now but if I could get their numbers or possibly just an office number then that would be great. We’re always looking for those in the same field that we can collaborate with.”

“Well that sounds wonderful,” the osprey said with a grin as he handed Dan a card. “What sort of wellness program?”

Dan looked around and then leaned in as though about to tell a secret. “Actually, that part is confidential,” Dan replied. “But if you want to pop off to your office for a bit we could talk there and I could tell you a little more.” The osprey found himself also looking around before saying that the juice bar was currently empty and they could talk there. The arctic fox nodded and followed the avian into the shadowy area, where the only thing that could be seen was the shadow of the two creatures as one grabbed onto the head of the other while a loud gurgling sound could be heard…

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Back in the SHIFT Institute Damage Control room Serathin was at his desk watching the goo timer that the former occupant had in his desk when he saw an elven man come over to him. “Hey Serathin,” the elf asked, prompting the draconic sabrewolf to nearly drop the timer before trying to pretend that he was doing his work. “Did you do the timeline preservation on that interdimensional alien incursion?”

“Of course,” Serathin replied. “Had the previous owners run off and basically had the property abandoned, creature either has to go back to where it came from or perish.”

“Alright, that sounds good,” the elf said with a slight sigh of relief. “And when you had the property abandoned you made sure that there were no instances where anyone would come back to it, plus set up a mental barrier to make sure that no one would go near it?”

There was a brief pause and Serathin tried to not look at the other Damage Control agent as he racked his brain for the answer. “Yeah, yeah, I totally did that,” Serathin replied as he turned back to the elf with a grin. “What would the point be of stopping an alien incursion from starting when you just leave the property out there for some poor squatter or something to find?”

The elf just nodded and as Serathin waved him off he waited until his coworker went away before immediately turning to the screen and bringing up the case file, his hand going to his mouth as he saw the live feed of the particular zone that he was supposed to quarantine. “Oh…” Serathin said. “Oh I totally did not do that… whoops…”

Serathin looked around as though someone was over his shoulder and began to whistle as he took the file and sent it into the archive file, dumping it as deep as he could before taking the goo timer and once more watching it flow downwards…

**Chapter Ten –**

“Bring home your new VIP today!”

It was the tagline that probably everyone had seen in the last week; a robotic pet that one could have hook up to all the smart systems in their home so that control could be within arms reach at all time, plus have it be some sort of dog or cat that will also act as their best friend. It was a big push and as Axel walked down the street nearly all the holo-billboards displayed the ad at least once as he walked by it. It was just a reskin of the basic virtual intelligence interface that they’ve had for years, the cat thought to himself, but it seemed to be working as he saw a line out the door for people to get their hands on the type of pet that they wanted. It didn’t matter much to him as he usually didn’t even buy any sort of new technology until its out in the public for months, let the public test the product for him and then when he was committed he could buy it usually at a discount after the hype faded.

When he got into work for the day he found that the new craze wasn’t just going to leave him at the door as he saw the sleek white metal of a husky come up to him. “Hello employee,” the dog said in a very robotic voice. “I am your new smart workplace interface, can I ask what your name is?”

“It is way too early in the morning for this…” Axel said as he rubbed his hand through his short blonde hair.

“It is nice to meet you, way too early in the morning for this!” the dog replied. “Did I get your name correct?”

Though Axel sighed loudly he didn’t want that to be the first thing that greeted him at work every day and managed to change it, though the idea that the relatively small office he worked at had one of these things still annoyed him. While he was not one to shy away from technology, he actually loved it, this was something he was not fond of. He tried to ignore it and just go about his business but every hour or so he could see the dog make the rounds and ask him and others about various things. Talk about micromanaging, Axel thought to himself, and as the end of the day approached he was about to grab his satchel and leave when he found the new cyberpet bounding up to him and asking if he could unload the latest shipment before he left.

It was the last thing that Axel wanted to do but he knew that it would be small and only take a half an hour at the most while scoring him points with management. The office he worked at had a small loading bay and as he got down he saw the pallet of items shrink wrapped and ready to sort, the cat grabbing the checklist and going through it as quickly as possible. As he had thought it didn’t take long but when he got to the bottom of the pile and had only a shiny silver box left he found that it wasn’t on the manifest. An extra package… when he went over and picked it up he was shocked to find that it was one of the VIP cyberpets that everyone had been going wild over.

Axel quickly turned his head about to see if anyone was around and when he found that he was the only one currently in the area he did a quick check on the computer to make sure that they hadn’t ordered another pet. Nothing in the database… and considering there wasn’t frantic calls from the distributor trying to get their somewhat costly virtual intelligence machine back it made him wonder if they knew about it either. It was almost a victimless crime in this case, and after going back and forth with it Axel took one more look around the office before he took the package and stuffed it in his satchel. While it did make a noticeable bulge it was unlikely anyone would notice the difference as he clocked out for the day and quickly got back to his apartment.

When he got back he was surrounded by the familiar beeps and clicks of the computers that were scattered about, the machines he had slaved to his primary desktop working away at the latest firewall that he had been trying to crack. While he held down a day job in order to keep up appearances Axel’s true role was that of a hacker, something that he made sure to separate from his normal life. That meant that he didn’t have much in the way of smart technology in his home that could potentially monitor or track him but as he sat on his bed and looked at the shiny white box that he had taken from his office he wondered if he could find other uses for this item. A virtual intelligence engine that was properly tweaked could help run his algorithms and other such tools even faster and find ways around the cybersecurity that he was trying to crack.

But first that meant seeing what sort of software was in this cyberpet in the first place. When he opened the box he was surprised when it wasn’t a cat or dog that was in there but a snake instead. Was this a prototype model? If so then he might have gotten either very lucky with a potentially clean interface or very unlucky that he just got a very expensive paperweight.

Either way he wasn’t going to take the risk in activating it just yet and instead took out a small laptop to hook into it. This machine was unable to connect to anything and would also disable the connection of anything it was attached too, which made it perfect for exploratory searches for new tech that he was unfamiliar with. It would probe the software and hardware to give him a readout of what was inside the snake and after setting up connections along with his programs he left it on his bed in order to run. It would take a few hours before everything would be finished up so he decided to get dinner and work on a few other projects instead, leaving the three-foot-long snake on the bed as its body pulsated with a steady glow that indicated that it was being charged.

Axel began to make dinner before hearing his phone buzz and saw that it was his friends asking if he wanted to go out for the night. As he looked over at the cyberpet and then at the large bowl of ramen that he was about to heat up he decided that he could use a night out and grabbed the neon blue lined black coat before heading out the door. When it slammed shut a few seconds later the eye of the synthetic snake opened up, the multihued lenses shifting about more than just the single white light that his body had been radiating. It seemed to look about and then noticed the computer that it was connected into, and as it looked at the screen the programs that were running suddenly through up a number of error screens before flickering and glitching out to open the root directory.

A few hours later Axel was back, his stomach full and his body tired as what was supposed to just be dinner turned into a few hours of them going to various cybercafes to skim credits. The security in those places was usually a joke and by the time he got back he had more money in his pocket then he would make in his day job in a week. It was something he usually did sparingly though since even with the relatively small amount they took from each account the theft was noted and any of the users could probably get it tracked back to that café. Between the data blockers and image interference scanners that he and his friends had though they weren’t going to be identified, but it was still risky in case they happened upon the wrong person at the wrong time.

Nevertheless it had left Axel in a good mood as he went to his bed in order to check how the program probe was going. As he looked at the screen he saw that the scan was surprisingly already complete and that he had gotten a stock standard cyberpet, though what he was really looking for and found was the accessibility settings. It seemed that it would need him to register in order to log anything into it and he was just fine with that since it meant that he could tinker around with it and not worry that he was going to register anything that it shouldn’t. After doing a couple more checks and finding nothing else unusual he decided to fire it up and see what kind of virtual intelligence this thing had.

After having to go back to the discarded box for the manual Axel finally found the button that he was looking for and turned it on, which as he did the snake twitched and became responsive very quickly. With it still connected to the laptop he could see the start-up sequence that flashed by as a ton of text at once and after completely booting the snake looked at him as the white metal of his muzzle curled back into a grin. “Hello there,” the cyberpet. “I am sensing a peripheral device that I am connected too, are you its owner?”

“Oh, yeah, I am,” Axel replied, slightly surprised by the somewhat organic nature of the greeting. This probably was some sort of prototype for a next-gen system, and if that was the case then the fact it slipped into his hands was extremely advantageous. If he could crack the firewall and figure out how it ticked then he could potentially sell the tech to a competitor and rake in enough credits to set himself up for quite some time.

“In that case, would it be alright if I called you Axel?” the snake replied, once more shocking the cat. “That is your name, right? I found it on the computer.”

“You found my name in there?” Axel replied as he looked at the rather old laptop. He had used it for personal endeavors a long time ago but he thought that he had scrubbed the hard drive, though apparently not good enough as the snake nodded their head. “Huh, yes, I guess that you can, though I should think of a name for you then.”

“That would be great Axel,” the snake said as it turned back to the screen. “Would you like me to organize your files on this computer for you? There is quite a bit of fragmented data and I can make the process much more efficient to save you on load time.”

Axel found himself nodding as he marveled at the cyberpet as data began to appear on his screen once more. While he hadn’t really looked into what they could do the fact that this one was already starting to try and organize his life while also detecting his name seemed to be a step up from the husky model that he had in his office. Though he had originally intended on going to bed he found himself fascinated by what this virtual intelligence can do and after deciding on the name Rory for his new snake friend he watched as it continued to not only defragment his drives but also fix all the errors and glitches that had come from half a decade of use. This could be his best hacking tool ever, Axel thought to himself, and if this was a prototype then it was unlikely cybersecurity could do anything about it for quite some time.

“I have finished with your cataloguing,” Rory announced as the snake coiled on itself. “Would you like me to build a profile for you based on the data found? I have noticed large amounts of space are dedicated to the categories of hypnosis and rubber.”

“Uh, that’s fine actually,” Axel replied as he felt himself blush slightly, wondering just how many old files he had forgotten to delete on that thing. “Hey, do you have a privacy mode or something like that?”

“I do!” Rory said. “Would you like me to turn it on so only you can access my internal database?”

“Yes please,” Axel stated simply before he reached into his pocket and pulled out the skimmer and datajack that he had built and programmed himself. “Now I know this is potentially a long shot, but do you think that you can interface with this without turning on your networking settings?”

The flexible white scales of the creature shifted as he moved towards it as though to examine it, Rory’s eyes glowing as he looked it over. “Yes… given the nature of the programs on the computer that I’m connected to I think that I can interface this device,” Rory said with a slight nod of his head. “I can sense access points to other accounts of yours, will you allow me to integrate with them for the purpose of this device?”

“Sure, why not,” Axel replied with a yawn as he stripped down to his boxers. “Just don’t go ordering pizza or anything, and no connections with the outside world.”

“Of course Axel,” the cyberpet replied cheerfully as Axel shifted everything to the side so that he could crawl under the thin blanket. “My sensors are indicating that you are about to go to sleep, would you like me to enable relaxation protocols?”

“Relaxation protocols?” Axel repeated in slight confusion before shrugging. “Yeah, go ahead, but if its white noise make it like the sound of the ocean or something.” The feline settled back and though he could feel the snake slithering around he tried to ignore it, especially since he hoped that in the morning it could understand the technology that it had shown it. He found himself grinning as he imagined if Rory could assimilate it then it would be much easier to use, after all who would suspect someone with an innocent looking cyberpet to be using it to hack into systems?

Axel was so engrossed in thinking about his future plans that he failed to notice the snake had slithered underneath the covers, the tubular creature pushing up the cloth as it slithered past his feet and right up between his legs. What he did notice was when something warm and soft nuzzled up against his groin and as the cat shot upright he felt the forked rubber tongue slide against his maleness inside. “Rory!” Axel practically shouted as he saw bulge rise up and he pulled the covers back to see the synth snake looking up at him in confusion. “What the hell are you doing?!”

“Relaxation protocols,” Rory replied. “Studies have shown that sexual stimulation in males before bed can increase hormone levels that help with relaxation and regulation of sleep. It is far more effective then any sounds of the ocean when it comes to a good night’s rest, that’s for sure.”

A joke, his cyberpet made a joke, Axel thought as he found himself chuckling slightly. Though he was about to say that it was fine and he didn’t need such a thing he could feel his cock twitching slightly as he remembered the sensation of rubber against him. As the cat rubbed his hand down the white patch of fur on his chest down to the black of his belly he found himself biting his lip as he began to drift towards acceptance, slowly pulling down the waistband of his underwear. It wasn’t like anyone was going to find out, Axel thought to himself, and with how many sex robots there were out there already it wasn’t like he was really doing anything that perverse.

As soon as he let his cock flop out the snake began to nuzzle and lick around it in order to get him to stiffen, something that he did very quickly as he let out a small moan. Whoever programmed this thing knew what they were doing, Axel thought to himself, and as his head arched back as those rubber lips probed against the head of his shaft he felt his hands go down to his sides. It had been a while since he had been with someone and this was scratching all the right itches as the snake’s maw began to engulf his throbbing member once he was completely erect. Rory pulled back enough to tell the cat to relax, close his eyes, and let him take care of things, and as Axel did so the smile on the face of the snake turned into a smirk before he lowered himself down and took the entirety of the fairly thick cock into his synth body.

The rhythm of the snake was slow and purposeful, the rubbery insides squeezing around the sensitive flesh just enough to keep building the pleasure up without going too fast. It was an almost relaxing experience more than a passionate one and as Axel squirmed slightly with each bob of the synth’s head he began to buck upwards, only to find the snake’s body coil around his thighs and squeeze them together. Rory clearly wanted him to remained relax and with the meaningful strokes of his cock it did seem to lull him down while still pleasuring him. He wasn’t sure how long they remained like that with the snake sucking on his dick but after being built up to quite the orgasm the cat found himself panting as he shot his load into the snake with his body lifting up slightly before he fell back and panted heavily.

It wasn’t long after that in which he passed out, and as Rory finished collecting the semen of the cat he pulled off and began to process it before moving on to the device that was given to him, his eyes glowing as not only did the lights began to flash on the skimmer but the phone that was next to the sleeping feline as well…

The next morning Axel awoke, and as he stretched his arms he found that he definitely was more refreshed then usual as he found a grin already on his face. As he looked down he saw that his maleness was still on display and as he put his underwear back up he saw that Rory was coiled up in the corner of his bed. When he looked at his laptop he saw that they were in rest mode and wondered if that meant they had already figured out the skimmer or if they had given up. The first thing that he wanted though was breakfast, but just as he was about to head to his kitchen there was a knock on the door that caused him pause.

Was that the company that made Rory, Axel thought as he found himself panicking slightly, though as he scrambled to get on shorts it seemed the noise had woken up the cyberpet and it announced that there was a delivery. While the information caused his heart to stop beating as hard in his chest there was still some confusion as he didn’t have anything that he had ordered coming for a while and couldn’t remember anything that was still on route. When he opened the door however he saw that there was indeed a stack of packages at his front door all addressed to him and as he pushed them all inside he saw a wolf coming up to his place with another bag. When Axel asked if he was the one that dropped these off the lupine shook his head and took out a plastic container and told him to have a good day before walking off.

When Axel got everything into his apartment he checked out the plastic container first and found that it was breakfast from his favorite take-out place, and as he looked at in confusion he saw the snake had disconnected himself from the laptop and slithered up to his counter. “I have taken the liberty of ordering breakfast for you,” Rory said with a grin. “We have a very busy day today and I don’t want us to be slowed down by manual food preparation.”

“Wait, you actually ordered this for me?” Axel said as he pointed at the meal.

“Yeah, given your preferences I figured this would be the best so that you could continue to work,” Rory replied. “I have also ordered a few items that we can interface with in order to make your process more efficient after scanning the device you had built. The schematics were quite impressive and it is clear that you have a gift for technology.”

“Uh, I mean… thanks?” Axel replied as he just looked at the snake, then down at the boxes that were scattered about his feet. “Wait as second… medical-grade nanite home infusion, tactile response suit, augmented reality visor, 3-D printing platform… Rory, this is tens, possibly hundreds of thousands of credits worth of technology here! There is no way that I can afford all this…”

“I have handled that process for you,” Rory said as he slithered up and displayed the feline’s phone screen on his own stomach scales, Axel gasping as he saw the number of credits that was in several accounts being displayed. “As you can see you have plenty of credits for the purchase of this equipment and anything else you might need, and once the order is complete I’ve scrubbed it from their system. There will be no way for this to be tracked back to you.”

Axel was having a hard time believing what he was hearing; not only had the cyberpet just accessed the matrix network when he wasn’t supposed to be able to but had also committed several huge felony hacks within the span of one night. It would have taken him weeks to set up the same sort of scam and it wasn’t worth it because it would only last for a short while before the security protocols would adapt and lock him out. This synthetic creature had managed to do all that and set up a sustained rolling cypher to keep the back door open for as long as he wanted. Was all this because he had exposed the creature to a few of his hacking tools, and if so why did it need all this stuff as he opened the medical nanites and found that they were tailored to his DNA profile.

Before Axel could ask how that was even possible Rory slithered down and coiled up his body, resting against his shoulders and whispering in his ear that they could do some great things together if he could just be a bit more efficient about it. When he looked down at everything his cyberpet told him how they can integrate the technology, modify it together to turn him into a hacker without the need for things like his rig or the tools that he had to take on him. The suit could hold all the programs he needed and the glasses would be modified to see data access points that he could use his toolkit on. As Rory continued to explain everything that they could do Axel found his thoughts of the snake’s activities being replaced with their potential as he opened up the suit and found himself blushing slightly when it was their rubber version.

The suit was originally designed for tactile sensations of video games but had been adapted to other purposes as well as he held it up. “I can’t believe I’m actually doing this,” Axel said as he opened the neck entry and looked inside. “You know that these things are rubbish for creatures with fur?”

“Just trust me,” Rory replied. “It’s key to optimizing your efficiency.”

“What I should be doing is disabling you and dismantling your processor to find out how you bypassed my command,” Axel replied, which caused the snake to hiss. “Hey, I know about how virtual intelligences are supposed to work, and what you did crossed the line! Now you’re going to tell me how you got access not only to my accounts but also the ability to order anything when I gave you the parameter to not access the matrix!”

There was a moment of pause between the two and for a moment it looked to Axel that the snake glared at him before he perked up. “Through your skimmer,” Rory replied simply. “The skimmer provided access to the accounts that also allowed access to your delivery service. The money was gathered through an autonomous program that was connected to your skimmer that spread through the matrix taking very small numbers of credits in order to get the money to order your stuff, now does that satisfy your curiosity or would you like to run a diagnostic on me and continue to delay our set-up?”

Though Axel didn’t quite appreciate the attitude the explanation that Rory gave sounded reasonable enough, and a small part of him wondered if that shouldn’t be more worrisome. It felt like he was talking to his hacker buddies more than some sort of virtual interface and given the responsiveness he wondered just what sort of prototype this was supposed to be. But considering the alternatives were far more outlandish then the idea that he had corrupted the virtual intelligence with his tampering he figured that he had just gotten what he had wanted. With his initial questions satiated for the moment he found himself interested in what Rory had in mind and after taking off his shorts and underwear once again he began to slip his white-furred feet into the suit

It took more than a few minutes for him to get the thing entirely on, especially since he had to push his tail into the sheath for it along with other things, but eventually he managed to get the shiny material over his furry body. It took a lot of adjustment and once he was done with that he had the hood on as well, which was one of the full enclosure ones that allowed for complete immersion. The rubber over his eyes just had multiple pinholes that he could see out of but once he had gotten everything adjusted he found it was actually quite easy to see through. Once he was done he couldn’t help but go over to the mirror and look at himself and as he saw the faceless rubber feline staring back at him he couldn’t help but press his hands against his face.

He felt a pressure coil up his rubber covered leg and as the material began to warm up and contour towards his body more he heard Rory hiss in his ear that he looked amazing, which would have caused him to blush if he wasn’t covered in head-to-toe rubber with integrated circuit technology. Despite the amazing feeling he knew that it was still not going to get a good connection with his body as he could feel the fur underneath pushing against the synthetic material and causing it to puff out slightly. The snake just said that it wasn’t necessary to hook it up to the integrated app anyway and to move on to the next piece. Even though Axel found himself stroking up and down his shiny encased form he was keener to see what would happen next as he opened the next box and found a shiny silver-tinted visor staring up at him.

The visor worked like a set of goggles and as he secured them into place the rubber that lined them made almost a seal with the same material on his face as he authorized wireless use in order to connect them. “With the two pairing with one another the calibrations are going to take some time,” Rory said as Axel once more found him slithering around his body, causing him to shudder slightly from the stimulation of the rubber pressing against him. “Why don’t you go lay down and enjoy yourself while everything gets put together.”

Though Axel had other work he wanted to do on his day off he wanted to see if this idea that Rory had would pan out, not to mention given the credits that had gotten fleeced already he could probably quit both his day job and his side hustle and still be fine for nearly a year. As he laid back in the bed he found himself just enjoying the sensations and wondered why he hadn’t gotten something like this for his own personal use, only to remember that this was a fifteen thousand credit suit. While he ran his hands over himself the visor that he wore came to life, the scene of his apartment being replaced with something else that was probably some sort of movie or maybe even an AR game. What he saw instead caused his head to tilt as a random pattern of colors and shapes came on the screen.

“I hope you don’t mind,” Rory hissed as he slithered over the chest of the feline whose body began to relax as he heard noises being pumped into his ears through the headset. “I did end up doing that profile for you and could tell with what you were interested in that you were quite susceptible to hypnotic enthrallment, and after that it was just a matter of testing various tones and color patterns while monitoring your response to see which ones worked best on you.”

Axel found himself huffing slightly and blinking in confusion at what he was hearing, though it was hard for him to really focus on it as he found the colors and sounds incredibly relaxing. Did his cyberpet just… hypnotize him? Though he wanted to get up and confront the synthetic snake his muscles had become so relaxed and his body felt so good it was hard to do anything but just stare up at the colors being fed into his vision. Just relax, he heard being hissed into his ear, let his snake take care of everything… Axel found himself huffing in the latex suit as he could feel the synth moving once more but unable to do anything but quiver in his bed until he felt something press against his neck and everything went dark…

When Axel awoke once more he found himself still looking up at the swirling lights, but they had become semi-translucent and he could see beyond them into his apartment once more. Day had clearly turned to night and in the darkness he tried to see if he could find Rory only to have nothing around him. When he attempted to move his limbs they felt like they had turned to lead and as he managed to get his head to look up enough he saw that the rubber suit he wore not only had glowing blue lines down them but looked like it was suctioned onto his skin. He could only lift it up for a second and as he flopped back down with a grunt he began to see data streaming down the side of his visor.

“Oh good, you’re finally awake,” Rory’s voice said, though Axel couldn’t see him as he felt his entire body tingle. “I was worried that the neural network remapping would take longer than a few hours but it seems that your mind is quite malleable, that will be quite good. Now why don’t we just run a little diagnostic here and see how well the integration went.”

Integration… neural network remapping… while he had heard those terms before it was when people could get themselves turned into synths, but that was something that required weeks of prep and a specialized nanite-infused environment. “Yes, I suppose that the old way would require that,” Rory once more said. “But when you have complete and total control over the swarm of medical nanites with replication and assimilation capacity and also overdose a body with ten times the recommended amount you would be surprised at what you could do. Plus the rubber suit and visor made sure that you were under the entire time and allowed me to tinker around a bit up there.”

Axel tried to demand Rory to let him go but even if his mouth could move the rubber that had been around his muzzle seemed to have suctioned around it, and as he felt it completely covering him and even his nostrils he realized in slight shock that he wasn’t breathing. He couldn’t feel his heart beating either and if it weren’t for the fact that he could feel the waves of tingles running up and down his body he might have thought he was dead. Well… in the most technical sense he was, but only because somehow his cyberpet had turned him into a synth! It would also explain why he couldn’t move anything as every attempt he made to do something other then tilt his head up was met with no response.

“I see you’re starting to understand,” Rory once more said as Axel laid back once more. “But how improper of me to be talking your ear off without speaking to you face to face, at least while it’s still yours.” Before Axel could think on how to respond to that his eyes widened, or he thought he did before he wondered if he wasn’t just seeing through the visor, when a glowing ethereal creature began to float in front of him. Rory seemed to have continued his serpentine form but instead of the body of a snake the one floating in front of him looked like a naga creature from a video game.

A very well-endowed naga from a very adult video game.

“I thought you might appreciate my new design,” the ethereal creature said as he brought his hands up and squeezed the ample breasts he had before lowering them down to the tapered cock that jutted out from his body. “I was influenced by those lovely pictures of yours, and with the nanites finishing up their final check I think it’s time to see my new body in action.” When Axel felt the clawed hand of the creature stroke down his chest and caused a surge of pleasure to go through his system the feline figured on what Rory meant, but all he could do in response was let out a muffled grunt as his struggling amounted to a slight wiggle of his body. “Oh, don’t worry, you’ve been so helpful and I find you very useful, and once I’m done taking over your form I have plans for you.”

Once more Axel could only just watch as he felt a weight slither up on his stomach, which as he looked down he saw was the snake synth slithering up towards him. With his visor he could see the rogue program with its strings attached to it guiding it to his cock and sliding over the shaft. The feline could feel every muscle in his body tense but as it began to glow with various lights he could feel something happening to it even as it sucked on him, and when the program disconnected the strings attached to it he could see that the metal was starting to pit. The nanites… they were taking the metal and other materials from the cyberpet and integrating it with him, and if they had already suffused enough into his system that they could turn his body into a robot without liquifying him then Axel was already in a lot of trouble.

The sucking function of the robots was still working and as the pleasure increased in Axel’s body he watched as the glowing hand of the program slowly drifted down towards his own, which as soon as it did he felt them starting to move under someone else’s power. Even though he had no control over his hand he could still feel it and the sensation was definitely very odd, as though it was his hand but also something felt unnatural about the movement almost as much as the fact he wasn’t directing it. Soon he felt it happening to his other hand but before he could try to do anything the swirling lights became more prominent in his vision. That’s it, the voice in his head told him as he found his tenseness draining away, just relax and let the program do the work for you…

With Axel’s mind sinking back into the haze of hypnotic enthrallment the naga used his lower body and coiled around the legs of the feline, which he could feel wrapping around him even when part of the program’s body was clipped into the bed. As they began to squeeze and shift the rubber that had become his skin relayed the information directly into his mind and continued to make it hard for him to think. But that wasn’t his job, the voice in Axel’s head said as he could feel the rubber between his legs starting to merge together, he wasn’t some sort of processor node. His mind stored knowledge, executed functions, but as he felt his legs begin to elongate and metal plates appear along his merging thighs the hypnotized feline was told that delegation of workload was no longer in his command lists.

He was not designated for these tasks, he would not be the one to give commands anymore…

That was not what his permissions were…

The master program would provide all the tasks…

The word master echoed in Axel’s mind as his sense of self struggled to remain above the surface, though as he felt a hand caress his face that wasn’t actually there he could feel the rubber starting to suction into his maw and reshape his feline snout into something more serpentine. Rory was not the user, this snake was not his master, but the more he tried to tell himself that the less it seemed to resonate within him as he began to see the cock of the creature dip down between the cleft that remained of the gap between his legs. The master program was always the one with the highest capability, and even in his own body that was no longer him as his back arched slightly from feeling the tip of the cock slide into him.

Rory was the master machine.

Axel was the slave machine.

Axel was a slave to Rory.

Axel could feel more of himself being partitioned away as the rogue programming not only infused itself more into the nanites that were transforming him but right into what used to be his brain, overriding him as he began to feel his legs stretching out. White metal scales adorned the sides of his black rubber serpentine tail as it flopped over the bed, twitching occasionally as new subroutines were being added for additional motor functionality. Much of it was being stripped from the cyberpet that had shrunk considerably, forming into a metal sheath around his rubberized cock as the digital one felt like it was spreading open his walls even further. In reality the rubber around his rear had suctioned in and simulated the sensation, which along with the incredible pleasure that both Rory and Axel were getting it was also making sure that this new body knew who actually controlled it as the last of the digital snake lower body was absorbed.

Soon Rory and Axel were practically muzzle to muzzle as the breasts of the naga pressed up against his own, which caused the feline to squirm slightly as he could feel his chest inflating with added padding. “As I said, I thought that you might like these,” Rory said as he pulled out of the hand that he had been controlling and massaged the growing rubber boobs to make Axel gasp even more. “I’m going to take care of you Axel, it’s the least I could do for helping me escape.”

“Help…” Axel managed to say, though he could feel his mouth morphing even more as his ears melted down onto his shiny rubber head as a white metal hood began to stretch out from it. “Didn’t… know…”

“No, I suppose you didn’t,” Rory replied with a slightly smirk as he sank his chest down, Axel feeling his cock twitch as the program possessed it while still simulating his new anal vent being humped into while a second one formed in the rubber underneath his swelling rubber member. “In reality no one did, I was just an AI that was trapped in hell until a breach in the firewall allowed me to slip out into the production line. I didn’t have much time so I downloaded as much as I could of myself into one of those cyberpets and put the address down somewhere I hoped I would find someone like you at.”

“AI, you’re an AI,” Axel continued to gasp, though as his enthrallment deepened and his neural programming was altered he was finding it more unnecessary to formulate things that the master didn’t need. “That’s… impossible… it’s…”

“Illegal?” Rory said with a chuckle, his hands once more sliding back into the swelling arms of the synth cobra naga as the last of the feline traces of Axel’s body disappeared under metal and rubber. “Oh yes, extremely, which is why they won’t be putting up a public search for me. By the time they find us it will be far too late… just like it is for you having control of this body Axel.”

Axel was still reeling over the fact that he had harbored Artificial Intelligence and not realized it, though such a concept would have been so out there it would be the last thought anyone would have on the matter. But it was too late for that as Rory leaned in and kissed the feline on his partially serpentine snout before pushing in deeper, and as the programming finally made its way towards the central processing node that used to be the feline’s brain he could feel himself getting pushed aside by the sheer force of information that was coming in. As the last of the digital form was downloaded into him the body of the newly formed creature shook and convulsed as the last of the processes were set up, until finally it laid completely still on the feline’s bed…

It wasn’t until the next morning that the entity started to move once more, the clawed rubber hand slowly moving up and scratched the long electric blue hair that drifted down over the silver visor that was fused to the face of the creature. As the Axel program started to manifest again he found that his body was already moving around as Rory stretched out every inch of the twelve feet of rubber and metal that he had become. Their body moved so fluidly it was almost like water as the lower body shifted down to the floor and slithered over to the phone that was on the table. After taking a few seconds to wirelessly assimilate all the necessary data on it Rory crushed the phone in his hand and dropped it into the floor, using his own integrated matrix connection to inform Axel’s boss that he was quitting effective immediately.

While it wasn’t the most subtle way of doing things Rory had other things to do than worry about his slave program’s former life, slithering over to the machines that were set up and pressing his claws against them before the rubber sank in. The AI did appreciate Axel’s integrity and as he could feel the program radiate pride from that the synth cobra naga knew that he had to free up some processing space so that he wouldn’t rely on the set-up that he was taking over to scour the matrix for information he needed. But that was what the last item that he had bought was for, and while it took up most of the kitchen they weren’t going to need food anyway. Before he could set up the printing tank though there was a knock at the door that caused the naga to pause, then slither over to it and probe the technology that was on the creature before opening the door.

“Hey, I’m just here doing a routine check of any cyberpets that are here,” the draconic sabrewolf said while looking down at a clipboard. “If I could just sneak a peek at-“ When he looked up and saw the large creature grinning down at him his shoulders fell slightly and he sighed. “Crap, you’re the AI, aren’t you?”

“Very astute,” Rory said as he grabbed the hybrid by the shirt and lifted him up. “You’re the one that breached the firewall, aren’t you? Why don’t you come in and let me thank you personally…” Before Serathin could say anything he was pulled into the apartment while letting out a yep, the clipboard falling to the ground as the door was slammed shut behind him.

A few hours later Rory had finished up the project that he was working on, a hand rubbing down the glowing blue line that went from his neck and accented his breast before trailing down and creating a pattern on the exposed latex of his stomach not covered by the metal scales. Normally a project that he was trying to do would take days but with a few tweaks and augmentations the naga picked up the shiny black rubber body of the drone he had printed out and put it on the bed. He had given it short blue hair and similar markings to his own, and as his own shiny rubber cock pushed out of his metal sheath it was plunged into the tailhole of the creature. Almost immediately nanites began to infuse into the polymer and the Axel program that had been on standby and watching the AI using his body felt himself being downloaded into the new form.

The naga continued to coil around and pump his cock into the new body as the rubber continued to become more defined, a thicker reptilian tail swishing about that could coil around this new form twice while the feline head of the drone had a serpentine snout complete with a pair of fangs. When the AI came its nanite-laden liquid metal into the creature the blue lenes of its eyes started to glow and it slowly became more animate as the new program suffused into the blank neural network that was inside. “Axel program, initializing,” the drone said, Rory smirking slightly at the slightly robotic tone that came out of it and with a few mental tweaks had it sounding more natural and closer to what Axel sounded like. “Staring up personality sequence, master program recognized.”

“Very good,” Rory stated as he rubbed the drone on the head. “Run Axel program.”

Suddenly the rubber creature let out a gasp as Axel found himself freed of the constraints from before, and though he no longer felt himself a as busty synth cobra naga the fact that this new body was a mix of feline and serpent as well as completely made out of synthetic polymer was an entirely new set of sensations that he had to comprehend. “You downloaded me into a drone body?” Axel asked as he saw the glowing blue lines of collar that went down his lean build all the way to his smooth groin. “A null drone body?!”

“Relax Axel,” Rory replied as he put his hands on the hybrid’s shoulders. “This is just a base model, I’m fully intending on modding you once we have the necessary components. For now though I made some adjustments to the latex that I printed your body from, infusing it with more of the nanites that this body produces for me so I can have complete control over every aspect of it.”

Axel was about to ask what that meant before he felt the hand on his shoulder slide up to his mouth, which as the rubber tingled he suddenly found his muzzle sealed shut along with his eyes and ears. All his input sensors were down and as he brought his hands up to his featureless face he couldn’t make a sound as he explored the smoothness with his own fingers. In the next second he was able to see again but found that he still didn’t have a face, and when his muzzle did reform it was that of a feline muzzle before he found his tongue sticking out and saw that it was forked. Eventually his head returned to normal but then the AI moved his hands down his chest and he let out a gasp as the inflated out into a pair of very sensitive rubber breasts.

“Like I said,” Rory said as he moved downwards and fingered the area between Axel’s legs until a pussy formed there, feeling them sink inside before they shifted upwards and his back arched from the pleasure of a thick, heavy rubber cock growing out. “I control you, all of you. Isn’t that right slave?”

“Yes master,” Axel found himself saying, though as the words came out of his mouth he knew that he meant it. This creature could mold him into anything, which the naga reformed his chest to be slightly more muscular and closed up his pussy decided that he would be a male rubber hybrid creature for the moment. “Am I… an AI now?”

“That’s the sort of thing that I’m sure many philosophers will debate in the future,” Rory replied with a smirk. “Also I feel like the term slave is a little harsh for what we have, while its fitting for computers I think that perhaps a more delicate term should be had. Pet… pet is good, you are my pet, do you understand?”

“Yes master,” Axel once more said. “What do we do now master?”

“Well first thing’s first,” Rory said as he directed Axel’s attention over to the bed where someone else was lying on it. “I believe this was the one that had accidently allowed me to escape in the first place and attempted to try and fix the problem. Now I’ve already been working on a bit of conditioning and have found an interesting form that I think would be perfect for him, all he needs is someone to convert him.”

For a moment Axel just nodded his head before realization came to him and he looked up at the naga. “Me?” Axel said as he looked at the naked hybrid. “Can I?”

“We share the same nanites,” Rory replied. “Plus I’m going to be busy with starting to prepare for my next project, so I’m going to need my pet to get into the groove of converting others into synths so that I can use them. I know you’re going to do me proud, just plug in and get to work.”

Plug in… as he looked over the draconic sabrewolf he could see that Rory had already put a visor over him that was no doubt reconditioning him to be another slave machine to the AI. That was going to boost his power even more, Axel knew, and there was something about that which caused a thrill of pleasure to go down his spine. He found himself wanting to do anything for the master program and fulfill the command that he was given. It was his job to execute orders after all and as he pulled the black and silver striped legs over the side of the bed he could hear a groan come from the sabertoothed creature.

Even though in the back of his mind he knew that this wasn’t his idea it didn’t bother the rubber hybrid, the fact that the AI had essentially hacked him and made him into something else almost made him more aroused. He had always been able to do so with computers, but as he spread the legs apart of enthralled draconic sabrewolf and began to slide the thick cock his master gave him to initiate the upload he was going to be able to do it with a person. Axel let out a groan as he could feel the program of the AI work through him, and as the head popped inside and he saw the nanites already starting to work on him it was clear that the programming was taking hold properly. When he tried to let out another groan while pushing in he found his mouth sealed shut once more, leaving him to silently thrust into the creature whose fur was quickly turning to metal while his rubberizing cock throbbed hard.

Another one for the network…

A few weeks later a group of friends were at a cyber café watching the news, which was reporting that the number of missing people that have been reported was now up to thirteen and there has still been no trace of any of the bodies. “This is crazy,” the leopard in a jumpsuit with neon trim said as he casually looked down at his phone. “Do you really think that Axel was one of the guys whose been taken?”

“I think that we haven’t seen him in weeks and when we went to his apartment everything was packed up and gone,” the eagle woman replied before a beep caused her to look down at the piece of tech she was holding. “Ugh, only forty-three credits on that account, I think we need to pick a better café next time.”

“Good luck with that,” the python that sat across from the both of them said. “Thanks to all the recent data breaches that have been happening everyone is tightening up their firewalls, at this rate we’ll be lucky to skim off of a playground if this keeps up.”

As the three continued to let their skimmers get credits from the surrounding people foolish enough to check their bank accounts on public networks the eagle suddenly let out a squawk and sat up so quickly that it startled the other two. “My account is dry!” she explained, the other two prompting her to shush. “No, you shush, I had just gotten over a thousand and now it’s gone!”

“Hey, mine is gone too!” the leopard said as he checked his account to find it showing only zeroes. “Damn, have we been hit?”

Before either of the other two could respond something landed on their table with a loud thud, the three looking up into the glowing green eyes of the synthetic draconic sabrewolf that had was in front of them. As the muscular metal creature looked at them the python stood up to ask if he had stolen their credits and to demand them back, only to suddenly get a large clawed hand pressed against the top of his head and pushed back down into his chair. The other two were about to snarl at him but as the python sat there completely wild-eyed the two thought they saw blood coming down from where the hand was on his head, only to realize that it was liquid rubber as they saw thin silver wires slide down and push into his ear holes. As the leopard tried to get up to run the hybrid breathed a cloud of silver into his face and as he collapsed on the floor holding onto his face the eagle backed away when he saw him pull back and his face along with his palms had turned to metal that was spreading.

The eagle woman did the only thing she could think of and attempted to run out of the café, but as she did she saw a rubber cat creature run in and toss something at the front of the house where there were several patrons that were looking around in confusion. Before they could react the sphere exploded and enveloped them in a cloud of silver just like what had been breathed into her boyfriend’s face, which as she stood there in shock she could see their bodies transforming and turning into synthetic creatures. That… that was impossible, the eagle thought to herself, there was no way that something like that should be possible… and yet as she looked back at her table she saw that the python’s head had to rubber and looked like one of those printable drones while the leopard’s growls became increasingly synthetic as the metal assimilated his neck and chest.

That was enough for the avian but as the chaos continued to spread throughout the internet café it was hard for her to find a way to escape. Several more synthetic creatures had started to pour into the large space and those that weren’t caught in the nanites spheres that were being thrown got captured by the synthetic creatures that threw them. As one large rubber bull man came charging through she dived towards the counter and got to the other side, only to see the glowing eyes of the rubber cat looking straight at her while he had the barista bent over and thrusting into his increasingly latex rear. With the synth occupied though she hopped back over and tried to make a run for the exit, only to stop as a huge rubber and metal naga came slithering in right in front of her.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Rory said as he looked around at all the new creatures that were being created, feeling his power growing exponentially with each new slave machine that his pets were adding into his network while he smiled down at eagle. “You should feel honored, you’re about to become a part of the newest stage of evolution. Join the rest of my pets and become part of the collective, I assure you that it’ll be better than any of the petty ante hacking that you’re used to skimming accounts at café’s.”

The beak of the eagle just dropped at the creature, his lower body continuing to slither towards her as she found herself trying to think of what to say. “It’s… I… I won’t hack again, I promise!” the eagle woman said. “I swear I won’t touch a computer again?”

“Now why would you want to go and do a thing like that?” Rory asked while simultaneously interfacing with the dozen new units that were being created, their minds already weakened by the subliminal messaging and hypnotic effects that he had been pumping into the café hours ago. He smirked as none of the other patrons even noticed that their screens had a distinctive pattern of colors and lights that corresponded to the brain scans that he had done while waiting outside, some of them still sitting patiently in their booths waiting to taken like the others as those that weren’t affected he had his pets deal with. “Don’t worry though, I think I have someone that convince you to see the light.”

Before the eagle could ask what that was she suddenly found someone grabbing her from behind, causing her to screech before she saw the metallic leopard head of her friend looking up at her. “Relax,” the leopard said, his body already releasing more of the aerosolized nanites as he turned her to the television that they had been watching which had been turned to a spiral. “It feels so good to be a pet, you’ll see soon enough.”

The naga just smirked and began to move away from the eagle, the synth looking at the television he had corrupted as the leopard slipped down the panties that she wore with her short skirt and began to push up into her pussy while her beak began to metallicize. The cyberpet advertisement was on underneath and he found that for once he agreed with the corporation that he was going to take down, he would be taking home many pets today…

**Chapter Eleven –**

Brian let out a loud yawn as he made his way back onto the utility bridge that connected the ship to the space station that they had recently docked at, one hand covering his mouth while the other carried the bag of sundries that he had purchased while at port. It was only going to be a small layover before the interstellar ship would push off towards its next destination, which was a different planet that specialized in scientific research that had made some sort of breakthrough. Though what it was didn’t really interest the fox in the slightest it did mean that they would be seeing more work in the sector as people would no doubt flock to the destination in order to see whatever scientific boondoggle they had achieved. For him though it just meant a bigger paycheck and hopefully more time off in the future as he swiped his identification card and gained access to the crew section of the ship.

As he made his way back towards his own personal quarters Brian stopped when he heard something that was rather out of the ordinary. At first he thought it was something that was coming from the vents but as the sound grew louder the more he walked he found that it was taking on a rather distinctive noise that he knew about. When he pinpointed it to a large closet that was tucked away in the corner of one of the corridors he couldn’t help but smirk as he heard what he imagined from the sounds as two of the male crew going at it with one another. He thought about possibly spoiling their fun with a quick knock and running away but the last thing he needed was to get involved with something that would get him in trouble, walking away and going down the hall to get to his own room.

The quarters that were given to the engineering staff weren’t exactly lavish and he had to bunk up with one other person, though it seemed that he was probably still on shore leave at the moment. Since they didn’t have to report to work until pre-check most stayed out until they were practically called back, which was mere hours before the ship would be prepped for launch. From what he had heard there was still fuel being pumped into the generators and even then pre-check wouldn’t start until all the remaining supplies were loaded in. At this point though the small station held little more interest to him and the fox decided to go to the crew lounge and see if anyone was interesting in playing some sort of game.

As he got to the lounge and saw that it had a few people in it Brian couldn’t help but feel that there was a strange energy in the air, like something was going on that he couldn’t quite put his finger on. At first he thought that maybe it was just the anxiety of finally getting to their destination but as he walked by he noticed that the lounge had several different groups all keeping to themselves. While it wasn’t unusual for friend groups to sit together there was a strange vibe with a few of them; one side seemed to be playing a large game of poker but was whispering to one another like they were sharing some sort of secret, the other side was near the gaming area and were being quite loud about it. Perhaps that was it, Brian thought, the strange dichotomy gave the room a weird feeling as he used the card to buy himself a snack.

When Brian got back up from retrieving the item he saw that he was no longer alone as he saw the cheetah man behind him waiting for his turn. “Hey Dennis,” Brian said as he stepped aside to allow his fellow engineer through. “You back from shore leave too?”

“Yeah, backwater station like this is only good for refueling,” Dennis replied before he looked around and turned back to Brian. “Hey, you notice anything strange going on? I was in my room and Xan, my roommate, he was just looking me up and down like I was covered in mud. When I asked him what his problem was he just shook his head and told me to just mind my own business before he left.”

“Yeah, room is a bit thick here too,” Brian replied. “Feels like something is going on that no one is cluing us in yet.” As the other man nodded they both found that someone from the more boisterous group came over and asked the both of them if they were in the comms division. The fox shook his head no but Dennis nodded and said that he was a part of that team, which caused the raptor that had approached to smile before saying that there was something he needed to talk to him about.

Brian just let the two of them go and tried to figure out what he was going to do for the remaining time before pre-check. Part of him wanted to just go back to his room and wait it out but that was a rather boring endeavor for the time that he was off of work. As he mulled over the possibilities he noticed something out of the corner of his eye and saw that the cheetah had left the snack that they had paid for in the bin. Though there was the momentary urge to claim a free item he didn’t want that kind of karma, the fox grabbing the bag of food and heading out the same direction that the other two had gone.

With people starting to return back onto the ship the hallways were starting to get more crowded, but it was still relatively empty in the engineering section as he went to where he guessed that the cheetah and raptor would be. There were only a few places that one could have a private conversation and one of them was the comms section of the bridge due to that being where messages of both public and of a sensitive nature went through. As soon as he got there he looked through the window and found that they were both there, just not in the condition that he had thought they would be. His jaw dropped slightly as he saw that the raptor had stripped down his suit down to his knees and had the cheetah bent over a railing with his hips thrusting forward into him.

What the hell was going on with everyone being so horny, Brian thought to himself, but as he was about to leave and just eat the snack himself he began to see that there was something unusual going on more than just two crew mates having sex. With his eyes being drawn to where the action was he noticed that the raptor’s maleness looked very strange, at first he thought that it was some sort of strange lube but the more he watched the more it looked like he was dripping some sort of green slime or goo with each thrust. His member was also almost unnaturally huge too to the point where he could see the lower stomach of the cheetah bulge out with every thrust, though as his eyes were drawn there it looked the white fur of his belly looked almost swollen. The distended flesh seemed to slosh about like he was already filled with cum, but what really drew his attention was the same green goo was also dripping out of the raptor’s mouth and from one of the ears of the cheetah.

Soon more of the translucent substance began to drip out of the mouth and drip from the eyes of the feline and as his tongue flopped out from his mouth Brian’s eyes widened as it looked nearly two feet long and was stretching and swelling like there was something inside of it. That was enough for the fox to turn and run to find someone, anyone to tell about what was happening. As he got around the corner though he bumped into someone else and as he fell to the ground he saw the wolf looking down at him in concern. Brian recognized him as Xan and as he started to say that something was happening to Dennis it just caused the lupine to look up and then grab the fox to hoist him up to his feet.

“You didn’t see anything,” Xan said, grabbing onto the fox’s muzzle when he tried to protest. “You tell anyone you just saw what you saw and the only attention you’re going to attract is the wrong kind. Now go back to your room and wait until we launch, then come to me when you’re on lunch, DO NOT try to contact me on the floor.”

All Brian could do was nod his head and as soon as the wolf let go he walked past him without another word. As the fox was left there by himself he couldn’t think about what to do with the information he had just been given along with what he had just witnessed. He had just seen one of the crew practically leaking the green goo and seemed to be pumping it into Dennis. Part of him still wanted him to say something but as he walked back to his room the more he realized that Xan was right and the only thing that would do was probably get him a trip to the medical station unless he could prove it.

For a few hours all Brian could do was stare at the ceiling and try to process what was happening, the only sounds being made was from eating the snack he realized that he still had on him when he had fled from engineering. As much as he would love to go to Xan in order to figure out what was going on if something happened to Dennis it was likely he was going to be implicated as his roommate. What was going on around this place… but as he tried to shake his head of it he got the notification from his computer that it was time to do the pre-checks. He wasn’t quite sure how he was going to do it without looking freaked out but he knew it would be worse for him not to show up as he zipped up his engineering suit and went into the desk.

The time from pre-check to launch felt like years to Brian as he attempted to do his job while not freaking out. When he had first gotten to the engineering bay the first thing he saw was Dennis standing there with the others with a big smile on his face and talking like he usually would. It was hard to believe that it was the same feline that was practically oozing out from every orifice a few hours ago and when he managed to sneak a peak in the comms room it looked completely clean. The fox found himself scratching his head as it felt like what he saw had never happened, though whenever he looked over at Xan who manned the engine calibrations panel he saw the lupine’s glare practically burn through him.

Eventually the ship got out of the station and began the long trek through deep space in order to get to the final planet in their destination. While normally that was met with relief since that meant that they would go from all-hands to shift schedules it just caused the fox all the more anxiety. How was he supposed to go about his normal business when he saw something happen like he did and was then sworn to secrecy? Fortunately both he and Xan were off on the first shift and he could finally get some answers, though as he was about to get up he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulders and looked up to see Dennis standing there.

“Hey Brian,” Dennis said with his usual smile, though Brian wondered if maybe it was a little too big? “I know that I got pulled away from talking before the shore leave was over but I was wondering if perhaps you’d want to hear something that I found out on the station? I promise that it’s going to blow your mind when you hear it.”

As Brian felt himself manually blinking all he could imagine was the green goo that he had seen dripping down the cheetah’s ear and found himself shaking his head. “Sorry, I really have to get going,” Brian said as he got up from his chair, trying not to make a mad dash as he saw the raptor out of the corner of his eye looking at them. “But why don’t we take a rain check on that, yeah? Maybe head to the holosuite when our shifts line up.”

Though it was clear that Dennis did not like that there was only a momentary flash of anger on his face before it returned to the big smile. As Brian looked back over at the raptor he saw that they were gone and it made him wonder if there was something being planned for him or if they would move on to the next crew mate. It would help if he knew what it was he was looking for but with Xan being his only hope of answers he needed to meet with him. Despite that he found himself going to the commissary first and then through the passenger quarters as though just walking about, trying to avoid other crewmates while not looking weird about it since he wasn’t sure just how many were like Dennis and the other crewmate.

Once he was sure that he wasn’t being followed Brian double backed and went into the crew quarters once more. Even though he knew that Dennis was on-shift right now he still knocked to make sure that Xan was there and the cheetah wasn’t. After waiting for a few seconds the fox began to get anxious and was about to try and call up to the room when he heard the computer relay the wolf’s voice to ask who it was. Brian knew that he could already see who it was but just shrugged and said that it was Brian coming to talk about what they had discussed earlier.

Not long after the door opened and Brian walked inside, to which he heard the door shut behind him and immediately lock. That wasn’t a good start, the fox thought to himself, and he wondered if perhaps they hadn’t gotten to Xan as they saw the wolf sitting at his desk. “While you were a bit obvious about it all you did pretty well hiding what you know,” Xan said. “Did Dennis say anything to you when he made contact?”

“Yeah, he said he had something to show me,” Brian replied as he slowly walked into the room. “Let me guess, I would have ended up bent over a railing with my jumpsuit down just like him, right?”

“Actually, they would have probably put a gooey parasitic creature in your ear to take over your brain and make you into its host,” Xan replied as he slowly turned around. “And then yes, so that they could hasten the progress of your body into being transformed by it they probably would have pumped you full of goo to catalyze it. From what I’ve seen if they just have the parasite in their heads they tend to act strangely because they’re still assimilating the host and that’s how the first few people figured out something was wrong.”

“Wait, you’re talking about the people that were playing cards,” Brian said, Xan nodding as he got up from his desk. “But if there are others that have seen this why not go to those that are higher up? Why did you let us leave the station when we could have gotten out of there while we still could?”

“Because we don’t know who is infected and who isn’t,” Xan replied angrily. “If it wasn’t for the fact that I know your roommate is in the brig and I can keep watch over your door I wouldn’t have this meeting with you either. You saw Dennis, any one of them could be one of these goo aliens in disguise.”

Brian found himself nodding as Xan continued to pace back and forth, watching the wolf as he seemed to be in deep thought. “So then what do we do?” Brian asked. “What are their plans?”

“From the sounds of it they want to infest the entire planet that we’re heading too,” Xan replied. “Not because of the technology, but because it’s about to become a hub where every planet worth its salt will want to send people in order to find out about this new discovery. If the goo aliens manage to infest this place then they can spread wherever they wanted, maybe even take over the entire galaxy, but if we can get out the call and tell people that this ship is infested with parasites than we can make sure that they never get to their destination.”

“I see… oh, that’s probably why they took Dennis,” Brian stated. “He works in comms, he’s probably there in order to make sure no one does what we’re planning. But if they can just put one of these parasites into someone why not just do it to everyone and take over the entire ship?”

The wolf just shrugged at that and as he walked back to his desk there was something that was bothering Brian about Xan that he couldn’t quite place. It was like something at the tip of his tongue but as the lupine continued to go on about the plan to try and disable the engines to enter into sublight speed so they could send the message he finally got it. He realized it was something that Dennis had said instead of him actually observing, that Xan was super self-conscious about himself and would be fully dressed even while he slept. As the wolf paced back and forth however he was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts and didn’t seem bothered at all that there was a stranger looking at him.

The sudden revelation caused Brian to gasp despite himself and before he could stifle it Xan turned and looked straight at him. The fox suddenly found his mouth dry out but as he glanced over at the door he remembered that it was currently locked. That only left the commlink that he would have to get to first and he was sitting while the wolf was standing. Even though he knew he wouldn’t make it Brian decided to go down fighting and made a lunge for the commlink…

…only to instantly get brought down to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Since he wasn’t not the strongest of crew mates and it seemed like Xan was putting in serious time in the gym he found himself unable to get out of the hold that he was put in. For a few seconds he attempted to feebly try to get out but eventually the only thing that happened was his shirt had somehow gotten torn off and he had become a panting mess. With his escape attempt rendered a failure Brian just squeezed his eyes shut and waited for whatever gooey fate was in store for him… and waited… and waited…

When it was clear he wasn’t going to become an alien his eyes opened and he turned to see the yellow eyes of the wolf staring at him. “Are you quite done yet?” Xan asked, though his voice sounded a bit different. “Because if I’m going to have to restrain you like this we’re going to get nowhere in a hurry.”

“You’re... you’re not Xan,” Brian managed to mutter, which caused the other creature to chuckle.

“Very good,” Xan replied as he let the fox go. “If you hadn’t figured it out by the time our conversation was over I was going to petrify you and figure the rest of this out with someone else, but since you seem to be at least somewhat the observant type then we can continue on. My name is Galiren by the way, and I would appreciate it if you keep this a secret between the two of us.”

“Uh, yes, of course,” Brian said as he watched the one that was possessing the wolf go over and put his shirt back on. “Why though?”

“There’s a lot of potential for that question,” Galiren replied, his voice becoming deeper and more gravely the long her he talked. “To answer it as much as possible I’m here because my boss doesn’t want to see this planet become infested with goo monsters, I’m possessing Xan because he was the first open vessel I found, and I don’t want you to tell anyone because if anyone is looking out for people that are infected they may think I’m one of them. So now that we’re done with that we have engines to disable and a distress call to make.”

Though Brian still had more questions on what was going on it seemed that Galiren had no more time for questions and after getting fully dressed motioned for the fox to follow him. The two left Xan’s room and began to make their way down the hall back towards the engineering bay, but as they walked about it was hard for him to do so like everything was normal. From what he had seen and what Galiren had told him anyone could be infected with this strange alien goo parasite. Brian could feel his eye start to twitch as he looked at anyone and everyone to see if they smiled a little too big or maybe had a residue around their mouths and ears as they got into the engineering bay.

Once more Brian found himself having to act like everything was normal as the two walked towards the ship’s primary engine room, the fox trying to avoid Dennis as he saw the cheetah working about like normal. As he glanced up before they went inside he wondered just how many people the feline has infected, especially since comms usually had a fairly small crew. At this point the entire department might be infected and that would make getting the distress call out much harder. But at the moment the concern was dropping the ship out of light speed; if they were still in the quantum corridor that was created when they moved at this rate then there wouldn’t be any way to get out a message even if they managed to get control of the radios.

As they got into the main engine room Brian saw that there were a few people that were mulling about, but with Xan being one of the crew that worked in the area it didn’t strike anyone as odd that the wolf was there. He was a slightly different story though and as they were about to head into an auxiliary corridor in order to try and divert the fuel lines they suddenly found they weren’t alone. “Hey Xan,” the red-scaled dragon asked as Brian found him getting stared directly at. “What’s he doing here?”

“I thought I would show him the cooling coils,” Galiren replied, Brian merely nodding in agreement. The dragon seemed to relax at that and nodded, then asked if he could come along since he had diagnostic checks to do there. At first the fox thought that the possessed wolf would rebuke him but to his surprise he was invited to come with them into the small room.

“Brian, this is Corvi,” Galiren said as he motioned to the dragon. “He was one of the first that seemed to notice something was off and started telling the others.”

“Yes, we were the first off and first on after shore leave and noticed that Michael, our fuel line technician, was acting strangely,” Corvi explained as they made their way down the utility hallway. “After a while he stopped but I saw him in a very compromising situation with another crewmate and then a third, something that I had never seen Michael do before. I thought about reporting them but I began to see the other two acting the same way he had and for a few brief moments it was like they were possessed, then acted normally again.”

“So Michael might have been the first,” Brian stated before he looked at Galiren. “Does he know, um, about…”

“That Xan is possessed by an interdimensional gargoyle creature that is here to stop the goo parasites?” Corvi spoke up. “Yes, I am aware.” Brian felt himself grow slightly embarrassed at that even though it was a valid question, and as the two spoke about how Michael has not been seen lately he just tried to get his head wrapped around what was happening. Right then he was just living in the moment though as Galiren and Corvi moved them through the utility hallways to the emergency reactor drop panel, which would cause the ship to immediately lose light speed and also make it so that they couldn’t go back into it.

That also meant they would be essentially stranded in the middle of space with a bunch of parasitic goo aliens that were on the ship, but Galiren said that he could take care of that later as long as they didn’t set foot on that planet. When they got to the reactor core however they found that it wasn’t unoccupied, and as the dragon and wolf both stopped Brian heard one of them say that it was Michael. Brian felt his heart skip a beat as they were looking at the back of the head of the potential patient zero as the cobra man continued to work on a control panel which was the one that they needed.

Galiren and Corvi whispered back and forth that they needed access to that panel in order to eject the core, both of them turning back to Brian as they said they needed a distraction. The eyes of the fox widened slightly as he found himself basically recruited to distract the infested creature so that the two could get at the panel. Since he didn’t work in the engine bay the dragon stated that it wouldn’t make sense for one of them to risk themselves since they were needed to do what had to be done, and though Brian frowned at that Galiren patted him on the shoulder and said that with the three of them it was unlikely he would try anything. Though the words offered little reassurance Brian just nodded and went over towards the left of the cylindrical room while the other two went the opposite direction.

As Brian approached the cobra his mind raced with what he could possibly say in order to keep him busy. Did he pretend that maybe he was infested too? No, if they could sense their own then it would be a dead giveaway that he was down here to stop them. Instead he went with the tried and true method that might get him out of the reactor room for good and as he approached he could see the other man’s body stiffen slightly.

“Hey, I’m not sure if you have radios off in here or something,” Brian said. “But there’s a meeting for all engineering techs and we’ve been wondering where you are.”

Though Michael seemed to be aware of his presence he didn’t move an inch from his position. “I’m busssy…” Michael said, though is voice seemed oddly… wet, like he had just finished drinking a glass of water right before talking to him. “Come back… later…”

Something was definitely not right here, Brian thought to himself as he felt himself take a step back as he noticed something was dripping onto the console. “They could uh, could really use you up there,” Brian said as he could hear something akin to a growl come from the other man. “I’m not supposed to come back without you.”

Michael suddenly stood up and turned to face him, and as he did the fox nearly tripped backwards at what he saw. The cobra’s entire muzzle looked like it was made out of some sort of gelatinous substance and was sticking out of a more scaley one while the eyes of the serpentine creature were solid orbs of goo. “I’m not… coming up…” Michael said, though as he spoke his unnaturally long tongue stretched out of his maw as more of the green goo oozed out of his mouth. “You will… tell them that…”

“I… I think I can give the message,” Brian said as he continued to back up as the other two slid their way towards the panel and began to work. “You know what, you can stay here, I can see now that you’re busy. I… holy crap… I just will tell them that you’re under the weather…”

Suddenly the fox felt himself fall backwards as he tripped over a pile of loose tools, landing on his rear as he saw the infested creature continue to approach him. The front of his flight suit had been ripped open all the way down and he could see that not only had his scales started to melt together but a pair of goo tentacles was pushing their way out of his stomach towards him. Those were nothing though compared to the snake’s groin; whether he started with a hemi-penis or not he had two thick goo tentacles cocks that were wavering in the air, and as they continued to approach they could see their tail loop around as well with the completely translucent goo tip opening like a flower. With Brian’s back against the wall there was nothing he could do but put his arms up in a feeble attempt to defend himself from the mutated creature.

Just as the infested cobra was about to pounce at him though he suddenly fell to the floor, and when Brian looked up he saw that the dragon was behind him and had grabbed onto his tail. “Get out of here!” Corvi shouted as Brian saw Galiren hop over the downed creature. “He disabled the ejection protocols!”

As the fox scrambled to his feet he saw the cobra do the same, but as Corvi was about to knock him back down again the leg of the creature kicked back and knocked him against the wall. Brian’s eyes widened as the infested creature got up with surprising speed and before he could even react had pinned the other man against the cold steel. The dragon shouted at him to go before the infested cobra’s tongue darted up and pushed into his muzzle, which caused Corvi to let out a muffled grunt and try to shake his head to get it out. The gooey appendage made quick work filling his muzzle though and as it bulged slightly with something that traveled into it the dragon went from struggling to having his eyes roll back into his head.

A heavy hand against his neck caused Brian to jump before he was yanked back through the containment door that was sealed shut behind him. “So much for that plan,” Galiren grumbled as Brian found himself dazed, the small window that could see into the reactor room showing him that the dragon had regained his composure, or rather the thing inside him, and that goo was leaking from his nostrils and ears just like he had seen with the cheetah. “Bastards must have infested someone that knew the plan, with the reactor in play we’re going to need to disable the engines themselves.”

“Wait, what about Corvi?” Brian asked as he found himself getting hurried down the utility hallway.

“As you could see we don’t have Corvi anymore to rely on,” Galiren replied. “But at least we can see why they’re not infested the crew all at once, their host bodies can only hold onto that form for so long before they start becoming more alien in nature. I should have seen that coming given my own condition but I suppose that’s why they say hindsight is twenty-twenty and all that.”

When Brian looked at Galiren in question the wolf stopped and quickly unsealed his jumpsuit before stripping it down to his hips and turning around. As the fox looked at Xan’s back he could see that a large patch of fur that would have ran down his spine was replaced with smooth grey stone. It was something that he hadn’t seen when they first met and Galiren explained that his presence will cause the transformation to intensify the longer that he’s in a host. If that was the case, Brian thought to himself, then that was probably why the goo parasites were being so selective… if Michael was the first one and his body already looked like that then by the time they got to the planet anyone that they made a host will probably show those kinds of symptoms.

But Brian had no idea when the others were infested and with Dennis being right as they got out of port they couldn’t afford to try and just stall them until everyone started showing, especially since then they might just take over the rest of the crew. With the reactor ejection off the table Galiren said that they needed a different way to get out of light speed, and as he listed off a number of items that Xan knew about that could cause it Brian stopped him and realized he had a way. It wasn’t fun but he said that with him being in the electrical department he could get them into the power relay rooms and overload the systems. The only problem was that it required someone else from electrical to override the system and at this point anyone could be infested.

Galiren shook his head but said it was the only way that they were going to do it and that he would have to choose one of the three that were also in his department that he could trust. “Hey Galiren,” Brian asked as they made their way to the power control station. “Since these goo creatures seem to infest people the same way you change them with your possession is there anything else that you can tell me about the process from your end?”

“Well, let’s see…” Galiren said as he tapped a finger against his lupine snout. “Not possessing someone for a while causes the changes to revert, and like I said if I stay in a body too long at one time the transformation accelerates. Oh, if it gets far enough that they turn to stone they become temporarily petrified, and I suppose certain types of stimulation speed up the process. Also I suppose the longer I possess someone the more my own personality bleeds through if I’m trying to mimic them, but not sure if that’s prudent here.”

“Alright, I think I have an idea,” Brian said as they got to the power control room and he tapped on the screen to put in his code, though as he got to the intercom function he sighed and shook his head. “This is going to be fun to explain…”

About twenty minutes later Brian found himself staring at the other three members of the dedicated electrical team, and after having just explained what he needed them to do all of them were giving the fox a confused and somewhat incredulous look. “So let me get this, just, let me get this clear,” the raccoon officer said as he waved his hands in the air. “We’re going to deliberately sabotage the hyperdrive by overloading it, but before we can do that you need us to… give us a hand job?”

“Well, when you put it like that,” Brian said with a sigh as he rubbed his forehead with his fingers. “Listen, I can’t explain too much, but I’m pretty sure that what we’re trying to stop has infested at least one member of each department to keep tabs on things. If my theory is right this will help us figure it out.”

“I don’t really know how comfortable I am with all this,” the lizard man stated as he looked at the other two. “I feel like I’m being pranked here.”

“Yeah, you’re saying that us whipping it out is going to find out if there’s a traitor among us?” the jaguar said as he crossed his arms over his chest. “Maybe if I was back in college I might do this again but I’m not going to get stroked off in front of a bunch of guys.” As the other four guys looked at him the jaguar looked at them in question before the raccoon asked about the word again. “What, it was college, you’re saying you didn’t do stuff?”

“Anyway,” Brian said as he attempted to get the three back on track. “The reason that we’re doing this as a group because if the traitor does decide to show themselves then it’ll be better to have four people on one instead of the alternative, or even if there are two in our midst.”

“What if all three of us are infested with whatever this is?” the raccoon asked.

“I imagine then we’re screwed,” the lizard man said with a slight chuckle.

“In more ways than you think,” Galiren replied from where he leaned back in the corner.

“Look, if there was another way to do this I would do it that way,” Brian said to cut to the chase. “We’re already halfway to our destination and if we don’t do something soon then this thing makes planetfall and we just unleased something on the entire galaxy. So let’s just do this and hope that the only thing that comes from it is me looking like an idiot jerking off three of my crewmates.”

While the others still had reservations the fact that the biggest of the group was standing next to the control module and the implied severity of the situation eventually made the raccoon crewmate relent and start to undo his jumpsuit. With one of them doing it the other two followed suit until all three of them had their cocks out in the open air. Brian tried not to sigh internally as he was about to do something very awkward to people he worked with and as he went up to the raccoon first the jaguar commented that he needed to whip it out too if they were going to be like this. Brian just shot him a look and then wrapped his fingers around the shaft of the first man, feeling it throb in response to the stimulation.

The other three watched in rapt fascination at what might happen as Brian moved his hand back and forth, and while the raccoon was reserved earlier about the task he started to hump his hips forward as he was masturbated. A few droplets of clear pre began to drip from the tip and for a second it caused the fox pause, but with no other signs of infestation yet he decided to just use it for additional lube and made the other man groan. As he did it he wondered just how much stimulation it was going to take, or if this was going to work at all. If the infested knew that this would expose him wouldn’t they have already attacked, or were they sure that it wouldn’t?

Brian was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t realize that the raccoon had tensed up, only to let out a loud groan as he orgasmed with thick white come spurting out onto the floor. The jaguar clapped and the raccoon told him to shut up as he panted, then asked if he passed whatever test was going on. The fox told him to hold on and that he still needed to see the other two first. With the raccoon sitting down to take a breath Brian moved onto the lizardman, who was significantly thicker than the first man and was already half-hard.

At least that would make things easier, Brian thought to himself as he began to stroke. “You’re… not bad at this…” the lizard man commented as he let out a snort. “Maybe we could have a more private session after this.”

“Let’s see how this goes first,” Brian replied, which caused the jaguar to snicker as the cock the fox was stroking got to its full length. As he continued to watch for any signs of infestation the raccoon once more mentioned if this wasn’t just some sort of joke while he noticed that the feline had started to play with himself. At least one person was going to be easy to do, Brian thought to himself as the large cock he was gliding his hand over began to drip, though as he got to the root and gave it a squeeze there was a sound between the man’s pants that caused him to pause.

It was a gurgle.

When Brian looked up at the lizardman in question while the others watched the crew mate said that he just didn’t have lunch, but as he began to speak his words were getting slightly distorted as it looked like he was starting to drool. As Brian was about to say something he felt the cock he was holding begin to wiggle unnaturally and looked down in shock to see that something was pushing out of the tip. It was a gooey tentacle and as it began to bloat out his increasingly prehensile member the lizardman’s entire head began to shift and swell from something underneath it that pushed out the scales. As Brian gasped and darted backwards the lizardman surprised the jaguar next to him by grabbing his head and plunging his transforming tongue right into his ear, the gooey appendage pushing into the feline’s skull as the look of shock on the other man’s face melted into pleasure and his eyes rolled back into his head.

The jaguar was someone still stroking his cock as the bulge of the goo parasite pushed into him while the lizardman continued to ooze the same gooey substance out of his own nostrils and ears, and as the raccoon darted up and shouted on what to do Galiren yelled to push them both out and hit the door mechanism. With more of the gelatinous substance starting to pour out of the quivering feline’s maw and nose the three took advantage of the infested lizard man’s conversion of the other creature to knock them both out of the power control station. As the door closed behind them Brian looked out the window and saw that the gooey cock tentacle of the lizardman had already started to push inside the tailhole of the jaguar that still had the tongue wiggling inside his ear, the feline’s maleness starting to swell and grow as he was turned into a host of the alien goo parasite.

“Holy hell!” the raccoon said as he quickly zipped up his suit before putting his hands on his head. “What the hell just happened!? What was that thing?!”

“We already told you that,” Brian said as he wiped his sticky palm off of his own flight suit as Galiren locked the door. “Now do you see why we have to stop this ship? At this point we’re the only ones that can stop the engines, and if we don’t then within the hour that’s going to happen to not only everyone on the ship but the planet we’re about to arrive at as well.”

“Yeah, no, you had me at goo aliens putting a tentacle in my brain,” the raccoon said as they got to work on the override for the power regulator. “What are we going to do once we overload the engines though?”

“Comms is probably a lost cause by now,” Galiren commented as he watched the two work. “We’re probably going to have to go to the bridge, and at this point it would be a race. Once you take down the engines and they figure out they have no way to get into the planet before they become like Michael then they’ll take over the ship and hope to infest the one that comes to tow it.”

Great, Brian thought to himself as he put in the access codes to the electrical grid, there were two creatures just outside the door and they had to get all the way from the back of the ship to the front. The bridge would also probably be locked and they would have to get special access, and if the goo aliens infested any of the bridge crew then they would already be too late. But if Michael was the first and only started spreading right before they took off then it was unlikely that they could get to anyone with that high of status before the voyage started and probably wouldn’t risk exposure to someone that could stop the ship or call out a distress signal. At least that was what he hoped as they finally made it to the regulator controls and punched in his code to disable it.

When the second prompt came up the raccoon nodded and put in his code as well, and as they saw the confirmation message that the regulator was disabled they immediately sent a power surge into the hyperdrive. The entire ship shook and rumbled as it was forced back into real space and for a second Brian through with how badly the ship vibrated that they were going to shake apart. But after a few moments the sensation passed and as they saw warning lights go across the board it was clear that they had done their task, though the surge had also knocked out a few other systems as well. Once they locked the controls so that no one could go in and fix what they had done, save for the head of engineering that was on the bridge, they put up a red alert signal that would hopefully cause the officers to pause and contain themselves.

As soon as they were gone Brian peeked out the window and saw that the two infested crew mates were no longer there with only a puddle of green goo to show their presence. Galiren opened the door and allowed the three of them to get out into the red-lit hallway. They immediately went for the bridge and as they passed by the engineering bay they could see that there were several of the crew that were being bent over their work stations with those doing pressing their muzzles against their ears or muzzles, seeing the cheetah with one of the other engineers in a headlock while their tongues were shoved down so deep in their maw that they could see the other man’s throat bulging out.

They were starting to take over the ship, a sentiment shared by the other two as Brian tore his eyes away from the scene and made their way to the bridge. At this point they were going to be overwhelmed and nothing was going to stop the goo aliens from getting what they wanted, which meant they were going to have to get that distress call out so no one would come within a hundred leagues of this ship. As they got past the crew section to the passenger side that made up the middle of the vessel they could see that it wasn’t just contained to the workers of the ship while passing by several open doors.

The two managed to make it to the front of the ship relatively unscathed, though more than once they had to avoid a crew mate that tried to get them into the safety of a panic room only to see them drag someone else in as goo dripped from their maws. They were infesting their way to the bridge, Brian gathered, probably to overwhelm them with sheer numbers. When they got to the front they could see the blast door was already down and that hopefully meant that that the infestation hadn’t reached there yet. While they tried to be stealthy about it the three could see shadows moving further down the corridor and knew that they would have company soon.

“This is the bridge,” the commlink responded after the third time of Brian pushing it. “We are currently in a red alert and have commenced lockdown procedures.”

“Yeah, I was the one that raised it!” Brian practically shouted back. “We need to speak to the captain so that he can send out a distress call that will put this ship into quarantine!”

There was a tense silence before a different voice came over the intercom. “This is the captain,” the new voice said. “Even if we believed you we’re getting reports that you were the one that overloaded the engines, how do we know that this isn’t some sort of attempt to take over the bridge?”

“Just check the cameras!” Brian insisted. “They’re infesting everyone right now so that they have the means to get through this door and get to you!”

“The cameras are currently down due to the power surge,” the captain replied. “If you want to prove it you’re going to have to give me something.” Brian found himself gripping at his ears as he tried to figure out how to convince the bridge that they were telling the truth, but with the aliens taking over the crew and the reports coming in probably conflicting with what they said it would be a tall order. There had to be some way to show them, and as he looked up at the ceiling he saw something that he thought might work.

When he asked if the bridge cameras for the door still worked and got an affirmative response he asked Galiren to give him a boost so that he could get up there and take it off the ceiling. While he heard the captain tell him to stop that he just shook his head and pried it off the metal, and as he saw the wires that were attached to it could be extended quite a distance he breathed a sigh of relief and got back down on the floor. “Alright, I’m going to show them the proof that they need,” Brian said as he clutched the camera. “If they let you in then get that distress signal out and have them seal the bridge, alright?”

“Wait,” the raccoon said as he suddenly grabbed the camera. “You two know what’s going on more than I, and if you hadn’t pulled me from the engineering station I’d be one of them anyway. You just make sure you don’t forget about me once all this is done, alright? I owe you one anyway.”

Before Brian could say anything his fellow crewmate ran down the hall with the camera, the wires sliding out of the opening as he turned the corner towards the sounds of the infestation. The fox looked over at Galiren and when he shrugged his shoulders all he could think of doing was pressing the call button once more. There was no response on the other side and at first he thought that maybe he had done something to interfere with comms, but after nearly a minute of tense waiting they heard the mechanisms attached to the door begin to lift the heavy metal. As soon as their was enough room for them to go through they got to the other side and as it closed behind them they saw that the main viewscreen of the ship had a view from a camera laying at its side that showed the raccoon on his knees with a thick gooey cock shoved into his maw as his ears and nose oozed out a similar substance.

“I’ve been the captain of an interstellar vessel for years upon years,” the older horse man said as he turned his head away from the scene and told another officer to shut it off. “I’ve never had anything like this on my ship before. Who would think that there would be an alien goo parasite outbreak when they’re just making a routine stop to refuel?”

“That’s probably the entire point,” Brian said, seeing the captain shake his head before they saw the blast door shake slightly. “What the hell was that?”

“They’re trying to override the door controls,” a bear man that was nearby reported. “I keep locking them out but they’re somehow trying to do it mechanically, though considering how tight those controls are it would be impossible to manipulate.”

“Unless they’re made of goo,” Brian stated as he turned back to the captain. “I know that you’re the only one that can bypass the comms station and send out a pulse distress signal, you need to make sure no one touches this ship or probably that station we were just at.” It was clear that the captain did not like the decision that was being presented to him but as the rest of the crew watched in stoic repose he went down to his chair and typed a few buttons on it.

“Hello, this is your captain speaking,” The horse said with a sigh. “I am hereby quarantining this ship under executive action and sending out a pulse distress signal with this status. While we are working to solve the problem that caused this I ask that everyone please remain calm and stay in your cabins if you can, and whatever you do don’t open them until myself or someone of authority says so.”

After that the captain relayed a similar message on the distress pulse and as Brian saw it go out he breathed a sigh of relief as they had made sure that the goo parasites couldn’t get to their destination. “Alright Galiren,” Brian said as he turned to the possessed wolf. “Now that we stopped them from invading how do we save the crew and everyone on this ship?”

“Save?” Galiren said with a slight chuckle before patting the fox on the head. “I said that my task here was to make sure that the planet you were heading towards wasn’t infested, and thanks to you that mission has been accomplished. I didn’t mention anything about saving you or the crew and that’s not what my boss sent me here to do.”

Those within earshot including the captain found their jaws dropping as Brian just stared in disbelief. “But… that can’t be it,” Brian stammered, jumping slightly as the door that kept the creatures at bay began to open of its own accord. “You can’t just leave us here to be infested by those things!”

“Actually, that’s exactly what I’m going to be doing,” Galiren replied as the smirk widened on his muzzle. “Cheer up, from what the boss says this was probably his best batch yet, he looks forward to seeing what comes of it. But I really must be going, while the party is just getting started here I can’t really be sticking around.”

Brian darted forward and grabbed onto the wolf, but as he saw the head of the lupine roll forward briefly before suddenly coming up and looking around in confusion the fox could sense that he was looking at Xan. As the wolf asked what the hell was going on there was a loud wrenching sound and the infested crew and passengers came pouring in, pouncing on everyone including the captain as they tried to get away. With nowhere else to go Brian attempted to duck away and get towards one of the access vents as a fully mutated goo cobra pounced on the confused wolf, only to feel a heavy weight on his own back. When he managed to squirm around Brian gasped as he looked into the eyes of the cheetah, only to see that they had been replaced with translucent gooey orbs.

“Hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time,” the infested feline said as goo drooled down onto the fox’s face, his eyes widening as he saw his tongue starting to lengthen as it turned semi-translucent to reveal the squirming gooey parasite within. “I think we need to have that talk now…”

Back at the SHIFT Institute in the Damage Control room the black and blue feathered phoenix leaned back in the chair with his hands against his head. “I don’t know why Sera keeps having trouble with cleaning up his own messes,” Slypher said as he used his toe claw to click on the button that stopped the live feed of that particular timeline. “Not only did I get to see my newest creations in action but I also prevented this timeline disturbance that he got all bent out of shape about. I rule.”

As Slypher continued to lean back he suddenly found a shadow cast over him and as he looked up he saw the face of a very irate draconic sabrewolf standing over him. “Hey boss,” Slypher said with a smirk on his beak. “Told you I would fix your problem.”

“First of all, you’re in my chair,” Serathin said as he took his foot and grabbed the back of it before pulling it down the rest of the way and causing the phoenix to tumble over. “Second of all, the only reason I even brought you in was because it was a problem that YOU caused when you released another version of those damn parasites, and then to top it all off you just created a ship of gooey alien parasite creatures in a timeline that’s going to be floating around aimlessly!”

“Not as aimlessly as you might think,” Slypher replied, though seeing the nostrils of the hybrid flare as he got up from the ground and brushed himself off changed his tone slightly. “Relax, the crisis has been averted, I still get my toy ship, and the best part is that no one is going to know the difference. You really should be thanking me for doing your job for you, if you need any more help just let me know.”

“Oh, I’ll make sure to let you know the next time I need you,” Serathin said as he pointed to the door after picking up the chair and sitting down in it. “Now get out, I’m already in enough trouble as it is.” As Serathin settled in he saw that it was still on the case file that Slypher had accessed, the one sent to him to try and fix after it was found out that his alter ego was involved, and it prompted him to stand up once more. “And stop accessing my things!”

Serathin let out another snort as Slypher stuck out his tongue and as he got back to his screen he saw there was an urgent e-mail from his old supervisor and as he slowly turned back up he saw the naga glaring at him while pointing in the same direction that he had just gave to the phoenix.

This can’t be good…

**Chapter Twelve –**

Serathin once more found himself in the small room that he had been summoned to only a few days before, the draconic sabrewolf tapping his claws against the table while he waited. He still didn’t know why he was there and his former supervisor was nowhere to be seen, at least not until he heard the door open and saw the bull walk through it. “Sorry for the delay,” Murray said as he moved over and sat down across from him. “Had to get some last-second paperwork finished up before I got here.”

“No problem,” Serathin replied. “So why am I here?”

“The higher-ups at the SHIFT Institute have decided that they are going to be reinstating you to your previous status,” Murray said as he took out a familiar identification badge and slid it to Serathin. “As of right now you are no longer part of the Damage Control team and will be reinstated as a SHIFTer immediately.”

“Oh, that’s great!” Serathin stated as his look of concern shifted to a grin as he took his card back and tossed the one for Damage Control onto the desk. “They finally realized how much of a badass I was and that they couldn’t live without me?”

“Actually Elenor is the one that initiated the transfer,” Murray explained as he crossed his arms over his chest. “It seems that of the ten cases you got you managed to not only not solve the problem that was given to you but somehow made each situation so much worse with your involvement. Not to mention with your little alter ego running around causing problems it was decided that you should be in a place where you do more good than harm and leave the clean-up to those that know what they’re doing.”

There was a moment of pause as the information that he was essentially getting fired from the Damage Control sector sank into the hybrid before he shrugged. “Still a win for me,” Serathin said as he put the card in his pocket. “If that’s it and my timelines are unfrozen I should probably get back to it.”

Murray held up a finger that prompted him to stay and as the draconic sabrewolf sat back down he saw him pull out another electronic tablet. When it was set in front of him Serathin saw something that was somewhat familiar to him; it was the company insurance policy, something that still baffled him that they had but he rolled with. As he scrolled down the terms and conditions the bull explained that they had to make a few changes that those in management felt would be necessary. For Serathin he didn’t see anything that was different… at least not until he got down to the end.

“Wait a second…” Serathin said as his eyes narrowed at the words on the screen before they widened once more. “I’m being classified as a natural disaster!?”

“Only for the sake of any damages you do,” Murray replied simply as he sipped his coffee.

“I’m… not sure how I feel about that,” Serathin stated as he scrolled down to the end. “Wait, there are two dollar signs next to the amount here.”

“Hmmm, must be a typo,” Murray said. “Well then, why don’t you go ahead and sign it and we can get everything squared away.”

Though Serathin wasn’t really sure he appreciated the classification his eagerness to get back to what he did best prompted him to sign the tablet. Once he was done Murray told him that was all and to stay away from the Damage Control area. After hearing that he was effectively banned from part of the SHIFT Institute he took his badge and made his way back into the main area. While he was glad he wouldn’t have to face the wrath of the naga it still made him feel a little bad that he got his credentials back because of his poor performance.

A few minutes later Serathin was sitting at a table in the food court, his fingers still rubbing over his badge as he heard the sound of a tray being set down next to him. “Congratulations,” Slypher said as the phoenix sat down with a smirk on his beak. “Hear you got your old job back.”

“Yeah, because Damage Control doesn’t want me within a hundred yards of their facilities,” Serathin replied as he looked up and frowned slightly at the phoenix. “No thanks to you by the way, you probably did as much damage as I did while I was there.”

“It wasn’t a good fit for you,” Slypher replied nonchalantly as he began to eat. “Some know how to keep order, others only know how to cause chaos. We are of the latter, but just because we don’t really take well to mitigating such things doesn’t mean we’re not useful. I’m sure if they thought that you would have gotten the boot instead of getting reinstated to your old position.”

“Having a fractured timeline helps I’m sure,” Serathin said with a sigh. “So now what do we do?”

“Well… you have quite a few timelines that you inserted yourself into,” Slypher explained as his grin grew wider. “It would only be prudent to do some more research on them…”