A Surprise Reveal

When Vyrnen opened the door to the restaurant that was Jerkah’s realm he wasn’t sure where he would end up, but one of the last things that he expected it would lead him to was the entryway to the field of a very large sports stadium. As he slowly walked out into the light he could hear the sounds of audible exertion that was happening on the floor itself and it didn’t take much to realize that he had been shunted once more to one of the realms of a nexus creature. His theory was confirmed when he made his way out through the walkway and into the stadium itself to find all manner of creatures that were using the expansive field, which contained wood flooring, grass, concrete, and even rubber chips that were being used for weight training, sports, and field practice. As the nanite dragon scanned the groups that were playing he could see that many were dressed in spandex uniforms while some were completely made of the stretchy fabric, with most of them being bovine in nature.

“Modino…” Vyrnen said to himself as he watched the very muscular creatures continue to play and work out. “Could have guessed this would be the manifestation of his realm.”

“Well, one of a number of areas,” a voice said behind Vyrnen which caused him to nearly jump and drop the tinfoil swan that he carried under his arm, the nanite dragon turning to see the heavily muscled black spandex bull standing behind him with his arms crossed. “I hope you don’t mind, I heard that you were at Jerkah’s and I thought that I would hijack you when you were done. I would have waited and extended a more formal invitation but I need your help with something.”

“Seems like there’s a lot of that need going around,” Vyrnen replied. “But I do enjoy helping you guys out, so what seems to be the problem Modino? You need to leave the care of your realm in my hands too?”

“Uh… yes, actually,” Modino replied, his orange eyes glowing slightly brighter as he looked at Vyrnen. “Why, have the others been asking the same thing of you?”

“Everyone except Jerkah,” Vyrnen explained. “But I ended up helping him out anyway through the liberal application of cake.”

To his surprise the bull man seemed to frown at that and put his finger to his lips, only to perk up a second later and lean down towards Vyrnen. “Well then it seems that we’re all very busy in the Nexus today,” Modino stated simply as he put his beefy arm around the dragon’s shoulder and began to lead him towards the opposite side of the stadium. “For me I have to represent a number of athletes who are about to have a huge break in their careers thanks to my representation, and as such I’m going to be away for a bit while we’re in the midst of a rather large inter-realm competition. Since things can get a little out of control I wanted someone powerful that can act as an outside referee that didn’t have any direct ties to my brothers.”

“A referee huh,” Vyrnen replied while they started to make their way up to a set of private boxes near the top of the stadium. “Certainly a new one for me, I’m guessing we’re about to meet the one that I’m working with?”

Modino gave him a nod and the two went up through another exit in the stadium and into a private stairwell. As they walked up towards the top level Vyrnen noted a number of team names and mascots that he had heard before during his travels, and as he thought about them he remembered that they were either highly successful teams or in an extremely hyper-competitive league. It made sense to him that the spandex bull would have a hand in such things, from the little that he knew about him the nexus creature seemed to be the most competitive of the brothers with Santer a close second. Modino also seemed to be the most athletic; while almost all of the minions of the brothers were well toned and had great bodies the bull definitely seemed to lean towards the more muscular side of things as they got to one of the doors marked with the words Birds of Prey and opened it.

No sooner had the door swung open than they heard the loud thud of someone being slammed into the ground, followed by the cheering of several others that were in the room. When Modino and Vyrnen walked inside they could see the furniture that would be used to view the sports below had been pushed aside and turned into a makeshift wrestling ring where two spandex avian creatures attempted to pin one another. The others in the room were also synthetic birds of varying species and all of them wore singlets as they cheered on the two that wrestled one another. When Vyrnen looked up to Modino the bull motioned for them to wait and the two watched as the falcon and eagle went back and forth before finally the falcon got the other man in an arm bar that he couldn’t escape.

A few seconds the eagle tapped out and the others practically jumped in the air as they yelled, though when one of them happened to catch Modino standing there out of the corner of their eye his spandex beak fell open in a gasp. It didn’t take long for the others to catch on what was happening and soon the roar of the group had turned into a deathly quiet as the muscular falcon man quickly released the eagle and got to his avian feet. “Lord Modino!” the falcon quickly said as he went over and bowed his head. “I’m really sorry, I know you told us not to use the private boxes for practice but when you told us that we’d be having someone join us we-“

“Relax Falcon,” Modino said with a dismissive wave of his hand that prompted everyone in the room to let out the breath they had been holding. “As long as someone didn’t go through the window this time I think I can look the other way, just try to keep it for the actual practice ring. Also I want to introduce you to someone; Falcon, this is Vyrnen, Vyrnen, I want you to meet Falcon, my Second and the leader of the Birds of Prey Collectors.”

“It’s nice to meet you Falcon,” Vyrnen said as he reached out and shook Falcon’s hand, feeling the smooth texture of the spandex against his own palm while he turned to Modino. “So he’s your Second and also a Collector? From what I got through Renzyl and the others most Seconds are purely servants for their nexus creature.”

“Normally that is the case,” Modino replied as the others in the room quickly worked to get the room back together. “But in my instance I actually have two Seconds, Falcon here takes care of my Generals and my Collectors as well as runs his own group while I have another you may meet later that does the nexus management. When I promoted Falcon I couldn’t bear to break up the Birds of Prey so I decided to make him co-manager instead.”

“A very nice offer that I accepted as soon as I could,” Falcon chimed in with a smirk on his beak as he looked Vyrnen over. “So this is the one, eh? Not bad, once I’m done with him he’ll be a lean, mean-“

“He’s just someone here to help you out Falcon,” Modino interrupted once again. “As a Nexus beast he has a far better understanding of the way our realms work and can help deal with any interruptions while in my absence. Speaking of such things I have several multi-million dollar contracts to sign, you all have fun and try not to turn this place into a boxing ring.”

By this point the Birds of Prey had managed to get everything back to looking like a more typical private sports box, all the spandex creatures grinning sheepishly as they nodded and waved off their master. Modino gave one last round of goodbyes before he opened a portal and disappeared, Vyrnen watching him leave before he turned around and suddenly found him face to face with the smiling beak of Falcon. “Now that Lord Modino is gone there is just one little question the boys and I have to ask you…” Falcon said intimidatingly, causing Vyrnen to swallow hard before he suddenly saw a pair of controllers enter into his field of vision. “Player one, or player two?”

Much to Vyrnen’s surprise the minions of Modino’s realm weren’t just interested in regular sports, the nanite dragon sitting in one of the chairs with Falcon in the other that faced the large television while the rest of the group huddled around them. Even though Vyrnen had never heard of the game before the nanite dragon picked up the controls rather quick and after one last particularly long through he managed to get it into the endzone and caused the crowd to yell and cheer. It was a strange change of pace from the usual that he went through when he assisted the nexus realms, and as he saw Falcon frowning deeply while seeing the nanite dragon’s team flash on the screen as the winners it reminded him that they weren’t just these servants of some powerful being. They had their own needs and feelings beyond just desire and as he watched Falcon pick up the bowl of chips and toss it to the side of the wall he found that they can also be somewhat sore losers too.

“How did my guy miss the pick and roll?!” Falcon said as he practically started to chew on the controller. “I should not have lost that!”

“Maybe you wouldn’t if you picked any other team but the FALCONS,” the osprey said as the others chuckled. “They suck.”

“At least I have a team named after me,” Falcon shot back.

The others in the room just laughed as the osprey stuck out his tongue and stated he’d rather have no team than one that doesn’t have a fifty percent completion rate, which prompted Falcon to leap up from the chair and tackle the other avian to the ground. Vyrnen’s eyes widened but from the way that the others started to cheer it appeared that this was a regular occurrence as he heard them wrestle one another while bumping into furniture including the chair he sat on. The nanite dragon quietly went over and turned off the game to prevent further provocation as he heard a gurgle come up from behind the seat before the rest of the Birds of Prey started to shout in victory. Before he could check on what just happened Falcon got up and brushed off his feathers before he returned to his seat.

“Hey, would you like to try something else?” Falcon said, Vyrnen looking wearily at the console which prompted the spandex avian to chuckle. “Not that, I was wondering if you would like to do something a little more real. I happen to know that around this time the wrestling mats are open and perhaps you would like to get a quick round in?”

“Oh, uh… I don’t think I would be very good at that,” Vyrnen said as he looked between the chairs to see that the osprey was still sprawled out on the floor while the others began to draw on his beak and chest while giggling. “You guys seem to be professional wrestlers, I’m sure I wouldn’t even be a challenge for you. Plus Modino wants us to make sure nothing goes wrong during this competition that you’re holding.”

“Oh, I’m not talking about competing,” Falcon replied quickly. “I want to give you a few lessons, something that I think you would enjoy a lot. Plus you don’t really have to worry about anything happening, we’d only be needed if there was some judgement call on the winner of a match and most of the time that never even happens.”

Though Vyrnen was a bit wary on accepting the offer he knew that it would probably be an offer that won’t come his way often, plus he could possibly see the techniques of Modino’s Collectors in action since they probably used their skills to capture and contain others. He found himself nodding and Falcon got up with the others in order to go down to the training ring for wrestlers. Unlike the ones that were occupied out in the field Falcon took Vyrnen to one that was inside the stadium. It was a much smaller set-up and was also surprisingly empty as the entire group walked inside with Falcon leading Vyrnen over towards a small changing area while the others milled about.

Vyrnen wasn’t sure why he was being brought back to the area until he saw a number of spandex singlets that were on display, Falcon giving him a leering look as he said that if they were going to wrestle they would do it properly. The nanite dragon was surprised they didn’t just go full on nude, but this being the realm of spandex he guessed that it did fit the theme. He looked through the racks of the stretchy fabric before he decided on a white and blue one that somewhat matched his body and pulled it on. Once again he felt the fabric press against his body, but this time it was more than just a handshake as he had to resist rubbing his hands up and down his chest.

Once he was properly suited up Falcon led him back towards one of the empty wrestling rings while Vyrnen suddenly heard music start to play over the loudspeakers tucked in the corner of the room. The nanite dragon began to wonder if this really was just a set of lessons as the others gathered around them, but true to Falcon’s word he began to go over the basics of how the Birds of Prey did their moves. Most of the time Vyrnen ended up on the flat of his back, the spandex avian surprisingly strong while also agile as they went over holds and positions. As the two rubbed up against one another though both men had started to get riled up from the contact with the nanite dragon feeling a noticeably growing bulge press against the small of his back or his thigh.

“Alright, I think you’re ready for a little test run,” Falcon said after Vyrnen got up from being pinned yet again. “A friendly little match between the two of us, and we’re going to play with nexus rules.”

“Nexus rules?” Vyrnen repeated in question, though from the way that Falcon and the others grinned lewdly he guessed exactly what that would entail.

“Yep, first penetration wins,” Falcon explained as he licked his beak. “Mouth or tailhole, and it has to be full shaft too. “And to add a little extra fun we’re going to be on the clock.”

Vyrnen looked around to see what the clock was only to find there was none, but a feeling of tendrils against his scales where the edge of the spandex revealed what the timer was. Already the nanite dragon could see the edges of the white and blue material start to stretch over more of his body, and he had a feeling it wouldn’t just stop at covering his body. When he looked over at Falcon he saw that the bright red singlet he wore was doing the same thing, which meant that they were on the same timer. It still meant that Vyrnen had to take on not only a spandex creature in his own realm but also one that was a second of Modino and a champion wrestler, but as they squared off the nanite dragon felt a familiar feeling start to well up inside of him that prompted him to take the challenge on.

As the material of the spandex continued to melt over their bodies it also caused their cocks to hang free, both of the men already half-hard as Vyrnen attempted to use what he learned in order to get Falcon in a pin. When he tried to move forward though he found his entire body being moved and for a few brief moments he was the one that had been pinned. The nanite dragon managed to wiggle out of it but as he did he felt the spandex start to spread faster over his body. When he looked down at himself he was shocked to find that while Falcon only was covered to his mid-bicep Vyrnen’s suit had extended all the way to his elbows!

“Oh yeah, forgot to mention that,” Falcon said as they squared off once again. “If you get pinned the singlet grows quicker over you.”

Vyrnen heard the others laugh and the nanite dragon could already start to feel his upper arms and legs start to stick to one another. As he had suspected it wouldn’t just coat him, it likely would encase him in some sort of similar material and make it easier for Falcon to complete the pin. More than once though Vyrnen found himself on his back or side with that thick spandex cock dangling in front of him or feel it slide up against his inner thigh when it got his stomach. The nanite dragon managed to get out of the way each time, but even as it became harder for him to move with his arms starting to become pinned to his sides the white and blue spandex began to turn a shiny black in patches.

“Ohhh, he’s about to go nexus beast on you!” the eagle cried out as he pointed at Vyrnen with one hand while stroking his own cock with the other. “I think it’s time to finish him off.”

Before the nanite dragon could react he suddenly found himself in a much stronger pin than before, one that even with his growing strength from the corruption that welled up inside of him couldn’t escape from. As Nexus Vyrnen asserted himself it was already too late; the increasingly red eye of the nanite dragon opened wide as he felt the falcon’s hard spandex cock sink down into his tailhole, spreading him open while his arms and legs were pulled together by the material that had spread like wildfire over him. So… this had been a plan to see his nexus side, Vyrnen realized, but even as he continued to transform and his muscles began to bulge he knew he had already lost as the last few inches of Falcon’s bright red maleness spread open his black spandex cheeks.

“So this what the nexus beast everyone was talking about looks like,” Falcon said with a smirk as he pushed in deep, letting Vyrnen know exactly who won as their bodies rubbed together. “As I’m sure you know even creatures such as yourself have to abide by the rules of the realm, and since I have won you can’t use that new body of yours to reverse the pin. Looks like you’re just going to have to enjoy the ride.”

Vyrnen growled but knew that Falcon was right; even though he could probably take on the spandex falcon now and possibly win the match had already been concluded when Falcon had thrusted deep inside of him. It was trick that he was going to have to remember, the corrupted nanite creature thought to himself as the spandex on his body had completely encased him from head to toe. Even if the Falcon wasn’t on top of him he would have trouble trying to escape from the sleep sack that had grown around him, the black spandex glistening in the light as red lines traced across it. As the restrained nexus beast was rolled to his side Nexus Vyrnen looked down to see his sizable bulge had been pressed up against his abs.

As his hips were pushed forward by the one behind him the eagle and recently awakened osprey had come forth and decided they would get in on the action, the green and red eye watching them even as he felt the spandex creep up his neck while the rest bulged out with his growing muscles. All Nexus Vyrnen could do was wiggle in his bindings as the eagle leaned forward and slid his hand against the tube that continued to grow up the stomach of the trapped creature, the nexus dragon letting out a moan as it was finally freed with the shiny material wrapped around it. As Vyrnen lost sight of the osprey that had knelt down in front of his face he could feel his muzzle get opened and the spandex that surrounded it get sucked in as something began to push its way into his maw.

“Looks like another successful catch by the Birds of Prey,” Osprey said as he slowly slid his own cock into the spandex-covered muzzle of the transforming dragon, watching the bulges that were Nexus Vyrnen’s horns grow longer as he continued to change under the tightening spandex. “Do you think he’s going to be mad that we tricked him like this?”

“He’ll be fine,” Falcon replied with a grunt as his hips began to shift back and forth more quickly, their smooth bodies sliding against one another as his cock sank in and out of the dragon’s exposed hole. “It’s all in good fun, right Eagle?” There was no response from the other man that had wrapped his beak around the exposed cock of the dragon, and when they looked over they saw that he had already deep-throated the entire thing. “Wow, that’s got to be a record in itself.”

If the three had been able to see Nexus Vyrnen’s face they would have noticed that he would have been smiling between pleasured gasps. The corrupted nanite creature may have been trapped by the Falcon that was drilling into his tailhole with increased speed but even beyond the pleasure he got from the group of men around him the spandex-encased male knew everything that was going on outside of his cocoon. His toes curled and quivered when the Eagle had started to suck on his cock while he did the same to Osprey, realizing those were the themes to the names of the Birds of Prey, but he still had quite a bit of power. Though he did lose to Falcon and had to be the one on bottom for him as well as remain tightly encased his power still remained, and the protection his victor got didn’t extend to the two that had decided to join in…

The eagle let out a muffled moan as the black and red spandex of the cock whose ridges were outlined in his throat began to spread outwards, the spandex nanites causing the yellow beak to start to turn the same color as a red tint appeared in the eyes of the avian creature. It didn’t take much for Nexus Vyrnen to get inside the head of the creature and the initial surprise of the eagle was quickly corrupted into lust. Eagle practically shoved his face in further to get more of the corruptive cock inside of him as the feathers of his chest turned black while glowing red lines of circuitry appeared on it. There was little else to do with Eagle since the easy access to his mind kicked off the reprogramming process immediately, the eyes of the spandex avian becoming half-lidded to hide the red tint they gained as he suckled on the dragon’s cock.

As a secondary layer of spandex began to trap the arms of the Eagle to his sides in a cocoon similar to the corrupted nanite dragon as Nexus Vyrnen drew the cock of Osprey down into his throat. As his throat muscles massaged the sensitive flesh it caused the avian creature to moan grab his horns to push in deeper, which was exactly what he wanted. With two points of contact he took the spandex that covered him from head to toe and started to have it spread, completely enveloping the avian’s member in seconds while also coating his hands. By the time the other wrestler saw it and managed to pull out of the dragon’s maw it was too late, not only had his cock grown to twice its size but had become prehensile, sliding between his legs and pushing into his own tailhole as the black and red material that covered his hands grew up past his biceps and over his shoulders. Tendrils of the tainted substance reached out and drew the corrupted osprey’s arms together as Nexus Vyrnen could feel every inch of the cock he had taken over as it pushed up between the wrestler’s own cheeks. As Osprey fell to his knees and placed his hands against his groin, which sealed them there as the corrupted spandex grew over him like a sack, the nexus beast decided to do the same thing to Eagle even though the drone programming had already been installed in his mind and his body was completely encased.

The other’s just watched on in sheer awe as Falcon continued to pound the hole of the corrupted nanite dragon that was completely encased while two of their team soon joined him, one connected to Nexus Vyrnen’s cock while the other squirmed in the spandex sack that covered him from head to toe. The two avian wrestlers that had been infested with the nanites began to transform, their heads, feet, and tails morphing into something more draconic that pushed out the pulsating black and red spandex that encased them. As Eagle’s beak turned to a snout and horns pushed out of Osprey’s head Nexus Vyrnen felt Falcon wrap around his chest and put him on his stomach as his humping into his hole intensified.

Falcon let out a cry as he came hard, his orgasm causing his body to clutch against Nexus Vyrnen’s trapped form as his own cock remained embedded in the beak of the increasingly draconic eagle. “That… was intense,” Falcon huffed as he gave one more smooth pull and slide of his cock before completely dismounting from the trapped creature. “Now, who would… oh…”

For the first time as Falcon came down from his sexual high he saw two of his Birds of Prey writhing and quivering on the ground and completely encased in the black spandex that also covered the dragon, his eyes widening as they thrusted their hips up in the air even though they had penetrated themselves. When Falcon used his power to remove the stretchy material from their faces they saw a pair of avian-dragon hybrids staring back at him, Eagle with a draconic snout and a bird’s head while Osprey was the opposite, and both with a set of glowing red eyes that were lined with equally bright circuitry. When Flacon looked back over at Nexus Vyrnen he could sense that the dragon would be chuckling darkly at them if it wasn’t for the material that was suctioned to his snout. When the others went over to try and help Eagle and Osprey their leader quickly put up a hand and told them to hold, then went over and exposed the face of the corrupted nanite dragon.

“You droned two of my people,” Falcon said as the two he mentioned tried to go after the rest of the team to convert them as well.

“You trapped me in this spandex cocoon,” Nexus Vyrnen shot back as his green and red eye looked at the Falcon, stretching his muscular arms to show that he was still trapped. “Now I know that Modino probably wouldn’t let me keep both of them, but I’m sure after I tell him how you cheated he would let me have one. Which one would you like to give up, Eagle or Osprey?”

Falcon looked back at the two and Nexus Vyrnen could tell that he was having a hard time deciding which one he would want to give up, and though the corrupted nanite dragon had no intention of poaching from another nexus creature he wanted to see Falcon squirm after pulling such a low blow. It also distracted the spandex avian enough that he had begun to get free of his bindings to try and see just how far many birds in the hand he could get. Before he could though a lithe bull man ran into the practice wrestling room in a panic. He didn’t even seem to notice that there were two three trapped creatures with glowing red eyes trying to escape a spandex encasement as he ran right up to Falcon and informed him that there was a problem.

Part 2:

With the appearance of the messenger that warned of a problem in the nexus realm of Modino the fun was over, and though Nexus Vyrnen remained in his corrupted form his body adopted the spandex that had covered him in order to blend in better. He also released the two Birds of Prey from being his drones, though part of him recognized that they enjoyed it they liked being part of their group better and if the problem was serious the nexus beast would need all his energy. Once they had gotten back to the private box Falcon sat the bull down while Nexus Vyrnen sat in one of the nearby chairs in order to hear it himself. As soon as they were away from the ears of anyone that might accidently overhear something that was wrong in the realm Falcon told the bull to let him know what is causing such a stir.

“It’s… we’re pretty sure that Cirro is back up to his old tricks,” the bull said after taking a drink of water that was handed to him. “One of our prime candidates for the gold this year didn’t even qualify and we think that Cirro is behind it.”

“Why do you say that?” Falcon asked.

“Because when we caught up with him after he left the field he didn’t even remember stepping out to do his relay,” the bull stated. “He’s one of our best runners and would never flake out on an event… and even though it was hard to see I thought I saw the colors of his eyes shift.”

The last sentence of the bull caused the others in the room to let out a murmur amongst themselves, something that caused the nexus beast to tilt his head in slight confusion. Most minions in any realm could change the color of anything on their bodies, though most prefer to stick with one theme after a while there are some he knew of that would change at least a few times a week while some shifted naturally like a mood ring. “If I can ask,” Nexus Vyrnen chimed in during a lull in the conversation. “Who is this Cirro and why would he be suspected of this?”

The Birds of Prey and the bull looked at one another, then Falcon told the bull they would take care of it and dismissed him from the room before he turned his attention to the corrupted nanite dragon. “I’m hoping that since you’ve spent the most time in Renzyl’s realm that you’ve heard about the hypnagas?” Falcon asked, which prompted Nexus Vyrnen to nod. “Well all the brothers have some sort of similar creature, one that is created with a particularly psychic individual in converted, and we call ours zentrancers. They’re blanks whose zentai body is like the hypnagas in that they’re an ever swirling pattern of colors that can even entrance those like me if we’re not careful, and the first thing they learn is how to… cover themselves up before they can interact with us.”

When Vyrnen asked for further explanation on some things he was told that blanks were zentai creatures with no identity; either they decided to shed it in order to live life free of defining features or they took delight in stealing the identities of others by turning them into blanks while turning their forms into a type of suit they can wear. A blank wearing the bodysuit of someone knows their memories and habits, but for zentrancers their power is so prolific that even in this state their eyes continue to swirl and shift with hypnotic power. “So this Cirro appears to be someone that greatly enjoys the mischief of stealing the forms of other minions,” Nexus Vyrnen stated once Falcon finished his explanation. “I know that hypnaga’s can be hard to handle and imagine that a zentrancer is the same, so how do you normally wrangle someone like Cirro in?”

“Normally we don’t,” Falcon replied with a heavy sigh. “Modino is the only one that Cirro will really listen too, and the reason he’s acting up is probably because the bull is off right now. Perhaps all of us combined can get him stuffed into one of our bags, but if he pulls his head then he’s going to have the identities of all the Birds of Prey under his control and that’s not something I want right now.”

As the spandex avian wrestlers talked about what they could possibly do Nexus Vyrnen put a finger to his lips as a plan began to form in his mind. “Falcon, you said that anyone that looks at Cirro is entranced by him like the hypnaga’s, correct?” Nexus Vyrnen asked, which prompted Falcon to nod in response. “Then I have a plan that I think may work in order to keep your zentrancer contained until Modino decides to come back. Of course it is a bit risky, if it doesn’t work than he’s going to have the power of a nexus beast and I can’t imagine what would happen if he got a hold of that…”

After about an hour of debate Vyrnen was back in his normal form and had started to wonder around the stadium as Falcon gave a tour of the facilities. While the tour itself was real the reason for it was not to show the nanite dragon around, but rather to try and find out where Cirro had possibly ran off too and whose identity he might have taken. As they went around they heard rumors of spandex creatures that underperformed in their events or acted weird, but they couldn’t seem to nail down exactly where the zentrancer kept going off to hide after performing his latest act of mischief on the realm. Unfortunately the one they were looking for was keeping to a somewhat random pattern with only targeting star athletes, which could be any one of a dozen since there were so many events that went on at the same time.

Finally as they passed by the wrestling ring Falcon had an idea and stopped Vyrnen in his tracks, then went over towards the announcer and whispered something in his ear. The nanite dragon watched as the bull man that had been calling the matches as they happened suddenly stood up and announced that Falcon was going to wrestle the winner of this wrestling tournament and if they won he would bring them on to the Birds of Prey. Almost immediately there was a large rustling of activity that happened all around the arena as Falcon waved to those that had gathered around the announcer’s table. At first the nanite dragon wasn’t quite sure why he had done that, but as he saw that some of the other events had actually stopped what they were doing in order to see the match he began to understand.

“Setting yourself as the bait I see,” Vyrnen said once Falcon returned to his side. “Are you sure that’s a good idea? We could have gotten someone else to do it.”

“We couldn’t be sure that Cirro would go after them,” Falcon replied with a shrug. “If he’s being bold enough to impersonate athletes and mess with the games then he’s not going to pass up the opportunity to try and be a Bird of Prey, much less Modino’s Second. Now let’s get to the locker room and change, we need to isolate ourselves from the others so that we can give the sneaky little zentrancer a way in, and now that I think about it I think a wardrobe change might be a good idea…”

The communal locker room was almost completely empty as Falcon moved about inside of it, fiddling with the wrestling singlet that he had taken off in order to try and sell the idea that he was changing for his match with the winner of the wrestling competition that happened outside. With a Bird of Prey about to go into the ring most people had gone out to see who would face him, which left him completely exposed with no one to call out to for help. That was exactly as he wanted it and as Falcon sat on the wooden bench to fiddle with the rest of his wrestling gear he could sense that he wasn’t alone. Though he wanted to look up and try to find whatever figure had decided to visit him Falcon waited and kept his gaze down at the helmet that he would soon put on to face his challenger.

It only took about a minute before Falcon suddenly felt something press against his feathered shoulders, a pair of hands gripping onto them as the fingers began to kneed into the muscle. “Fancy meeting you here Falcon,” the voice said, the spandex avian shudderingly slightly as he was amazed at how silent Cirro had been. “I was guessing that you would be down here with your Birds of Prey to try and ambush me, imagine my surprise when I found you here all alone.”

“Guess you must have caught me off my game,” Falcon replied as he slowly stood up, only to be brought down by the powerful arms of the one that was massaging his shoulders. “I can’t really deal with you right now Cirro, in case you didn’t know I have a wrestling match to get to.”

“I don’t think you’re going to make it to that,” Cirro replied with a chuckle, the voice causing Falcon to shudder slightly at the hypnotic power that was contained just in his speech. “Don’t worry though, I’ll be sure to substitute for you, all you have to do is look up at me.” As those hands stroked up Falcon’s chin and beak he tried to keep himself from gazing upwards, but he found his resolve failing and slowly tilted his head back. “Oh come now, you know how good this feels, just one look and you won’t even remember that you had a match… which is good, because when I have your form get humiliated out there it’s not something you want to stick with you.”

Finally Falcon couldn’t help but arch back and look at the one that stood behind him, and as soon as he did his eyes widened and his beak went slack in awe. The humanoid figure was completely featureless and didn’t even have a muzzle or ears, instead his head and chest had nothing but a muscular build underneath the glowing colors that swirled around his body. Even though Falcon attempted to look away he knew he couldn’t, and as he continued to sit there and stare he began to feel the fingers that had been around his neck slowly slide around as though looking for something. It didn’t take long and though Cirro didn’t have a face Falcon could tell that he was smirking as a finger slid up underneath his feathered skin and began to loosen it form his neck.

The pleasure that came from merely looking at such a hypnotic creature had caused Falcon’s cock to twitch, but as Cirro started to pull the spandex of his neck skin up his maleness jumped between his legs. It felt like someone was taking off a mask, but instead of something on his head it was his head as the zentrancer took his time in removing it. He deliberately teased the enthralled creature and even poked a finger in his beak, which caused it to pop away from his mouth and reveal smooth, shiny spandex underneath. As the Falcon head was pulled off of the blank underneath it though Cirro paused, and not just because the spandex avian had started to stoke his hard cock from the removal of his identity.

“That’s… a bit new,” Cirro said as he pulled the feathers of the head away to reveal shiny white spandex underneath with glowing blue lines that traced up underneath it. When the identity of Falcon was removed from the blank beneath it Vyrnen suddenly remembered who he was again, and without looking he pulled his body down to remove the Falcon hood completely off of his head before a third creature that had been waiting in the wings came forward and jammed the nanite dragon’s hollow head over Cirro. Though the nanite blank was still feeling the effects of the hypnotic enthrallment most of it had gone with the Falcon hood as he leaned back to try and pin the zentracer against the lockers so the black and brown zentai blank could finish the job.

With the real Falcon being an expert wrestler it didn’t take much to get the head onto Cirro’s body, and as soon as Vyrnen felt his own nanites latch onto someone else he turned around to see what happened. He was surprised to find his own face looking back at him with an equally shocked look on it while the rest of his body was that of a blue and purple spandex bull that he had likely stolen in order to get into the locker room undetected. “Hey, get your hands off of me!” Cirro shouted, though it was in Vyrnen’s voice as the two kept him pinned so he couldn’t take the Vyrnen mask off. “I can still trance both of you with just one look!”

“Not with that head,” Vyrnen responded as the green and blue eyes that were starting to swirl with colors suddenly began to glow a bright green and red as well. “You might be able to use your power through my eyes, but the nexus beast you’re about to become will make sure that he stays in control instead. And since you are inside of him…”

“You can’t hypnotize Nexus Vyrnen to let you out,” Falcon replied as he grabbed his head from Cirro’s grasp and slid it on over his blank zentai face. Vyrnen watched as Falcon took a few seconds to readjust a few things, sliding his beak over a bit as his eyes rolled around slightly before they went straight ahead once more. “Ah, much better, I’ll get the rest of my form back after we make sure that Nexus Vyrnen has a comfy new home.”

The blank Vyrnen nodded and with his nexus beast alter ego taking control of the zentracer from the outside in it didn’t take much to strip the stolen identity from Cirro’s body, the two looking away to make sure they didn’t get entranced, and helped the new creature get into it. Almost instantly the black spandex scales reasserted themselves along with the glowing red lines of corrupted that no doubt were also on the blank body within the suit. “So… did it work?” Vyrnen asked as he grabbed onto the neck of the Falcon bodysuit he wore while the avian-headed blank continued to keep Cirro pinned just in case. “I have to admit I’m a bit worried that I don’t have enough power like that to contain him.”

“I think that if anyone else tried to do this they would have failed,” Falcon replied as he took the suit from the white and blue blank zentai dragon and put it on. “It’s only through the sheer corruptive power given by the nexus creatures themselves that is keeping that hypnotic power in check, even I think I would have a problem containing him like this. Doesn’t hurt that yours comes from Lord Renzyl, the rubbery nature of your nanites is probably helping.”

Vyrnen found himself nodding, though it was hard for him to think as he continued to stand there while he watched his nexus beast body manifest without him being in it. From what Falcon had told them there was sometimes a bit of a transition period between switching identities where his mind would be fuzzy, especially as more than once he looked at the shiny black dragon that had started to smile and thought that he was a particularly handsome creature. When he realized he was admiring himself it allowed him to snap out of it slightly, only to see the toothy grin of the rubbery dragon looking back at him with those green and red eyes. Part of what he and Falcon had banked on was that the nexus beast version of himself would remain in his bodysuit to overwhelm Cirro, but as he stared at the evil smile that he had given to countless others he knew that it was the look he gave to someone he was about to turn into a drone.

“Well, now that Cirro is contained I think it’s time that I fulfill my end of the bargain when it comes to that match,” Falcon said as he finished getting into his bodysuit, the feathered form that was his suctioning to his otherwise blank zentai body and making him look complete once more as he moved normally. “Since this one is yours Vyrnen why don’t you go ahead and bring him back to the pen for me, I’ll have Modino sort him out later. Don’t worry about him escaping again either, once the other zentrancers know what he did they’ll keep him in line.”

Vyrnen just nodded and looked back at what was essentially himself as the falcon wrestler went out of the locker room and up to the arena. Even though the nanite blank could feel the corrupted nanite dragon, as well as the creature that was sealed within, it still felt like the other dragon was moving autonomous to him. It didn’t help that he kept fading in and out, his body and mind nothing more than a blank shell like a computer that didn’t have anything installed on it. As he watched the rubbery dragon move about it appeared his alter ego had no problem with who he was as he flexed his muscles.

“These psychic creatures are certainly something,” Nexus Vyrnen said with a low, deep chuckle. “It’s like someone connected a conduit directly into me, or perhaps into us would be a better explanation. I know that we’re supposed to get this one back to where he needs to go, but I’m thinking that we might want to have ourselves a little fun first.”

“A little… fun?” Vyrnen repeated, gasping slightly as his alter ego closed the distance between the two of him and rubbed his palm against the smooth bulge that was his groin.

“Yes, I think that this is a rare opportunity for you to see the other side of things,” Nexus Vyrnen replied as he gave the white zentai a squeeze and caused Vyrnen to moan. “Of course you’re going to need the proper equipment yourself, luckily for the both of us Cirro had that covered.”

Vyrnen looked down to see the head and body of the blue and purple spandex bull that Cirro had used to sneak in that was crumpled on the floor like some sort of costume. The corrupted nanite dragon went over and grabbed the head of the bull and reached over to slide it over the smooth, featureless material that was the nanite blank’s head. As soon as the synthetic fur brushed over his face and he felt his muzzle slide into the one that was on the mask thoughts and memories began to pour into his mind. It was similar to when he had switched identities with Falcon, though they weren’t nearly as strong as he felt the horns settle against his skull and his eyes blink once more.

As he got used to his new head he didn’t realize that the nexus beast had already started to lift his feet in order to put them into the very muscular legs of the suit next. By the time Vyrnen snapped out of the memories he was getting as this spandex bull weightlifter he felt himself standing on hard hooves instead of his draconic feet. The half-transformed blank let out a yelp through his new muzzle as he was practically picked up into the air to slide the rest of the way into the suit itself, Nexus Vyrnen seemingly taking priority to get his new cock in place. The second that the real Vyrnen felt the bull dick press against his own the suit adhered to his blank form and he suddenly had the lower body of a very large, very well-endowed spandex bull.

The rest of his body quickly followed suit and it wasn’t long until Vyrnen stood in that locker room as Antony, who had been competing in the weightlifting section of the inter-realm games before Cirro had gotten his hands on him. Unlike when he was Falcon the sensations weren’t strong enough for him to forget that he was actually a nanite dragon as he flexed his meaty arms before looking down at his foot long maleness. It was quite the sizable tool and as the situation had started to arouse him a hand suddenly reached around and began to stroke the half-hard member. When Vyrnen looked back in shock he saw Nexus Vyrnen looking right into his eyes, the bull’s mouth becoming slightly agape as he noticed the glow of the eyes seemed to shift and swirl, just like… just like…

“Relax…” Nexus Vyrnen said as he felt the powerful hypnotic command reverberate through his mind while the pleasure of getting his new cock stroked made him practically tremble. “Ever since we got this power I think you’ve wanted to see what it was like to be on the other side of the equation, to have a nexus beast take you and turn you into a drone like you had done with so many others. Even though with me your dominant side is allowed to shine that’s because I’m there, and secretly this part of you envies watching them fall to the nexus beast.”

Vyrnen couldn’t help but find himself nodding as he continued to stare into those eyes, feeling his mind being rewritten even though he essentially was the one that was doing it. As those words echoed in his mind he knew that he was jealous; every time he pushed his nanites into another and rewrote their minds to serve him he wished he could be that drone. With no nexus beast in his psyche to get in the way he was free to truly submit, and as he felt the ridged length of his own cock press against his spandex hole he could feel his muscular body shudder. Even though in the back of his mind he knew that this was just some bull that he was borrowing the idea that he was about to become a drone excited him.

The Nexus Vyrnen stroked the back of the bull and through their connection they both knew that one another were ready for what was about to happen next. The spandex bull let out a loud gasp as the black spandex dragon began to push up into his tailhole, their stretchy anatomy allowing for easy penetration. This was it, the real Vyrnen thought to himself as he began to feel the power that he had gotten so used to, he could feel his mind warping from the lustful pleasure that was being fed to him. As Vyrnen let out a low moan through his bovine muzzle he realized that technically the bull whose identity he had taken was being droned, he was just being taken along for the ride.

As the bull Vyrnen was thrusted into he could feel the nanites flowing into him, mingling with the ones that were already inside his body. Already the dragon within could sense that he would soon be corrupted just like the creature was behind him, but that didn’t stop him from enjoying it as he felt his spandex body start to swell with muscle. Since they were both similar in composition the first part of the transformation was already complete, which meant that Nexus Vyrnen could move on to the next part of the droning process. Vyrnen stamped his hoof into the ground as the thick dragon cock continued to push up into him as his hands were brought behind his back, which caused the stretchy material to merge together into one sleeve.

The two grunted and groaned as the purple and blue coloration on Vyrnen’s body shifted to red and black, the nanites sifting through his increasingly muscular body as his eyes began to glow with a bright red. Become a drone, the voice of the nexus beast whispered into his ear, serve the corrupted creature transforming you. Even though Vyrnen himself remained largely unaffected he could sense the bull whose identity he had taken immediately start to succumb to such a mantra, moaning mentally that he wanted to be a good drone. The bovine features of the smaller male’s face began to become more angular as his face became a hood complete with a set of lenses that would continue to feed their hypnotic enthrallment to make sure that the new drone would know its place. While the bull was absorbed in the commands reprogramming his mind Vyrnen was just able to enjoy getting reamed by his own cock as the bull’s tail stretched and thickened into something a little more draconic in nature.

Suddenly Vyrnen began to feel his consciousness shift, and soon he went from being restrained with his hands behind his back to being the one ramming in deep to the other male. The Nexus Vyrnen smiled more as he felt the last of his nanites that still had his nexus beast corruption filter back to him, leaving the other male with only those necessary to complete being a drone as he looked down at the black spandex bull with intricate red circuitry designs and hexagons on his body.

“Not bad for a bit of a rush job,” Nexus Vyrnen said as he pet the spandex bull drone on the head. “I suppose I should go and drop this creature off and then see what’s happening with Falcon, I can only imagine he probably has his opponent pinned by now. Maybe he’ll let me have a go for similar stakes… though I doubt it.”

About an hour later Vyrnen had dropped off Cirro and had reverted back to his regular form, though he continued to keep the bull drone in tow as he went back to the wrestling ring to watch the rest of the competition. He had managed to make it before Falcon had went on to wrestle and when the match actually happened it seemed that almost the entirety of the stadium had gathered around in order to watch the event unfold. It had gotten so big that they had moved everyone to the actual seating and put the wrestling ring up on a central stage in order to allow everyone to watch. As Vyrnen looked around he could feel an intensity in the air that was similar to when the Birds of Prey watched when it they wrestled in the private box.

As Falcon and his opponent Vyrnen could see how the one opposite the avian was the champion. The other scintillating spandex creature was a four-armed naga, which made the nanite dragon wonder if that was even legal. As Falcon got into the ring though it was clear he was the favorite as he went up to the edge of the ring several times in order to bring up the level of the crowd even more. At some point Vyrnen looked down and found himself with a tray of snacks that he hadn’t realized he had, though he just shrugged and began to much on them as he watched the match happen.

When the match started the two squared off and they began to try to pin one another, each time both of them just able to slide out of the grasp of the other. It was clear that both were professionals but as Falcon continued to assess his opponent he was starting to get more of the upper hand. Eventually the avian had gotten the four-armed creature to the mat and after a few tense seconds the naga tapped out, which caused an eruption of cheers to come from the audience that had watched. After it was clear that the winner had been decided the rest of the Birds of Prey had come up to the ring and went to hug their leader after Falcon had shook each hand of the creature.

“I don’t think anyone would have believed that he would have lost if Cirro had managed to get a hold of him,” a voice next to Vyrnen prompted the nanite dragon to turn and see Modino suddenly sitting next to him. “Falcon truly is one of the best out there, definitely shows that experience and training can overcome any other advantage out there. I also heard that Falcon had a little fun with you and showed you a few moves yourself.”

“You certainly could say that,” Vyrnen replied with a slight smirk on his face as he looked at Eagle and Osprey in the group and saw they had been returned back to their normal forms. “I knew that you wouldn’t let me keep them but I was kind of hoping that I could play with them a little bit longer.”

“I think the Birds of Prey have learned their lesson in that regard,” Modino said as he reached over and took a drink from Vyrnen’s tray and took a sip from it. “But I do believe that since I have returned you can go back to your realm, that is if you don’t get picked up by one of my other brothers.”

Vyrnen nodded and was about to stand up when a question came to mind that caused him to pause. “I noticed that you seemed a little perturbed when you knew that the others were asking me to do favors as well,” Vyrnen said. “I don’t suppose you’re going to tell me what is going on with everyone asking me to do all these favors? I would say that you are attempting to try and figure out about my powers except that Renzyl was the first to do it.”

“I think that you’re just doing a really good job helping out,” Modino replied simply, though Vyrnen could see a slight smirk play at the corner of his spandex muzzle. “For the moment why don’t you go ahead and enjoy the match, once we’re done here I’ll send you back to wherever you want to go. I mean, you are having a good time, right?”

Though the question remained unanswered for Vyrnen found himself nodding and brought his attention back to the wrestling match as the other Birds of Prey started to put on an exhibition show. Even as he watched though he wondered why was possibly going on, too many brothers were calling on his aid while they left. Was it some sort of trap? Or was something bigger going on that he had yet to find out about?