Serathin sighed as he came back to his desk to see the pile of papers that had been stacked upon it during his absence.  Ever since he had been cleared to come back to work after his little problem, though becoming a shapeshifter wasn't much of one in his mind, he had been inundated with work orders that usually fell on his shoulders.  It seemed that anything that wasn't an emergency had been held for him, and while he normally appreciated the work he was starting to get stressed as the deadlines were cut pretty close to the time he had gotten them.  He had also been told that he needed to keep taking it easy so that he could continue to recover from his condition, and as he felt his fangs growing slightly longer and his fur becoming shaggier he knew that this wasn't helping his stress levels.

After taking a second to breathe deep and revert the changes he looked at the pile of paperwork and realized that he was so far behind that it would take three of him to get it all done at a reasonable time.  As he tapped his muzzle he thought about it and realized that he might have something there, though he would need some help in order to make it happen.  He looked at his watch and hoped that the one that would help with it would be at the food court...

About thirty minutes later he was sitting opposite the soulfire phoenix, both Serathin and Slypher sitting opposite one another while they had the same large slice of sausage pizza in front of them.  "So you want the power to clone yourself?" Slypher asked, a coy grin on his muzzle as the hybrid nodded in response.  "How cheeky, though I suppose considering I come from you and how much I enjoy it I guess I shouldn't be surprised.  I'm very much looking forward to indulging in this, any particular method of doing so?"

"I suppose I haven't really thought about it," Serathin replied.  "Can we make it versatile?"

"Of course, but you will have to understand that there will likely be a lustful component to it," Slypher explained after taking a sip of his soda.

"Yeah, I figured when it comes to you," Serathin scoffed.

"Well then, if you don't mind such a thing then I suppose I can give you that power," Slypher said as he plucked a feather from his wing and slid it towards him.  "Won't be permanent, but I figure it'll be long enough for you to be lazy and have someone else doing your work.  Should be interesting all things considered, but not going to stand in your way."

Serathin rolled his eyes as the phoenix chuckled and stood up in order to leave.  The draconic sabrewolf looked down at the feather that glowed in front of him and found himself biting his lip while he rubbed his fingers.  While he normally didn't like to call on favors from the phoenix considering how little the Institute liked them fraternizing with one another.  They couldn't stop the two from talking to one another and since Slypher was one of their best Red File clerks they could get away with a little more than usual.

Once he picked up the feather it immediately turned to ash in Serathin's hand, though the glow remained briefly.  He could feel the power of the phoenix within him and as he finished his food he immediately thought about how to best go about utilizing it.  Fortunately he still had access to a few tricks up his sleeve, and while that was frowned upon by SHIFT as well it was the least of what he was about to do...

About forty-five minutes later Chaos found himself in his apartment, the husky putting his keys on the table as he walked into the living room.  It didn't take him long before he realized that he wasn't alone, letting out a slight gasp as he saw someone was already there.  "Wait, I think I know you," Chaos said after getting over the initial shock at seeing the draconic sabrewolf sitting there.  "You're... Serathin, right?"

"Top marks," Serathin replied with a grin.  He had picked out the husky before after having interacted with him for a different job, knowing that he was perfect for what he intended to do as he stood up.  "Normally people don't remember me after I leave a place like this, but then again I had given you a little reminder so that I could get your key."

Chaos found himself confused at what the hybrid was talking about, only to notice that his glowing green eyes had started to shift in the sclera.  "What... is going on..." Chaos asked, his voice trailing off slightly as the black turns to a green and purple rings that radiated from the irises.  "Oh, your eyes, they're really pretty..."

"That's right, they are really pretty," Serathin replied as his smirk widened, knowing how susceptible this husky was as he saw those red eyes becoming dilated while they continued to stare into his own.  "I bet that you can just feel yourself sinking into them, feeling the power that comes from looking into them.  In fact its not just my eyes, I bet you find my entire form to be enticing.  You just want to see more of it, don't you?"

"Yes..." Chaos said simply as he found his head nodding, unaware that his teal hair was starting to shift to a different color at the tips and grow slightly longer.  Already the power that Serathin had gotten from the phoenix was starting to take effect and as he took of his jacket and shirt to leave himself bare he continued to make sure that their eyes remained locked on after checking him out.  "You look very handsome."

"That's right, you've always wanted a body like this," Serathin cooed as he stood there half-naked, prompting the husky to rub through the purple fur on his chest.  "Of course, if you want to see more I'm going to have to see some reciprocation.  Why don't you go ahead and get more comfortable and we can make your dream come true."

Chaos just nodded and found himself groaning in delight as he began to feel his fingers go up towards the collar of his shirt, and as he did he happened to notice that they looked different.  The white fur looked shinier than normal and the hue shifted to blue while he pulled off his shirt and exposed his upper body.  As the fabric pulled up over his head he felt it catch on something and when he brought his changing fingers to his head he felt something hard just behind his ears.  Horns... somehow he knew that they were a pair of horns and as they looked at Serathin he could see the same ones on his head.

But already the idea of those being his horns continued to erode away at the self-identity of the husky while they began to push further out from the increasingly purple fur of his head.  As Chaos pulled down his pants Serathin did the same, mimicking his movements as they both got naked together.  With their members both being revealed the husky was momentarily surprised that they looked identical, but that thought was quickly pushed out of his mind when the draconic sabrewolf in front of him grabbed both and began to stroke them at the same time.  A wave of pleasure cascaded through his body and as he let out a groan he found that his voice had changed slightly and his muzzle felt different.

Serathin just stroked the cheek of the changing husky as he saw that one of his eyes was starting to shift as his mouth hung open a bit, allowing him to see one of his teeth on the same side growing longer.  As Chaos stood there he could feel thoughts worming their way into his mind that were not his own... or were they?  It was becoming increasingly hard for him to think of himself as his husky self the longer he stared into those eyes while one of his sclera began to darken with the red shifting to green.  when it started to glow Serathin knew that the hypnotic enthrallment was taking root and as Chaos gasped it began to sound more like him.

"How are you feeling?"  Serathin asked as he watched Chaos continue to look slightly confused, no doubt from the alien thoughts that were starting to replace his own.  He could see the black start to infiltrate his sclera and as his tail thickened behind him it was time to really start hammering home who he was about to be.  "Serathin, you alright there?"

"Serathin?" Chaos asked, though being called that name was familiar to him as the fingers of the draconic sabrewolf ran through the purple fur of his chest.  "I... I am... I'm feeling really good right now."

Serathin smiled as the other man didn't rebuke him on the name change, especially as he let out a moan of pleasure when he was turned around.  Though the personality of the hybrid was starting to bubble up within the other man there was still enough of Chaos left to realize what was happening to him.  It caused the hybrid to smile; he had seen Slypher do this enough times that he wondered what the fuss was about cloning himself, but he found it fun to watch the confusion starting to sublimiate into something else.  Hearing his voice shift as he let out a groan, seeing his muscles swell and bulge in certain areas to match his own had a certain appeal to it beyond just having someone else to do his work.  It was...

"This is so hot right now," Chaos said, finishing Serathin's thought as he turned back to he hybrid behind him.  There was a smile on his face that was so familiar as the last little length of his new saber teeth pushed out.  "So, Serathin, what's the plan now?"

Serathin found himself slightly taken aback at the sudden question that came from Chaos, though as blue scales spread over the lupine muzzle and the purple hair fell among his face it was like staring into a mirror.  "Oh, looks like my personality came on a little stronger then I had thought," Serathin admitted sheepishly as he found himself face to face with... himself.  "So, since this is my first time doing something like this, do you still remember Chaos?"

"Oh, he's still rattling around in here somewhere," Sera-Chaos said as he wrapped his arms around the other draconic sabrewolf, the copy version this time going down to stroke their identical members.  "But that's not why we're here, is it?  Asking Slpyher to make a clone of us just so we can get our work done faster, are you sure that you just wanted it to be that way?"

Serathin found himself biting his lip as he knew that his other self was making a good point.  Having seen Slypher clone himself onto others before he knew that there was still a bit of the old personality still swimming around in there, but if there was then Chaos certainly didn't mind someone else being in the driver's seat of his mind and body.  Before he could say anything he found their muzzles meeting together, sabreteeth pressing against one another's lips as he found the odd but satisfying sensation of kissing himself.  As he felt a hand rub against his chest and down towards his still throbbing member Serathin wondered if he was always this horny when it came to others before he found the kiss being broken and being led to another area.

It turned out to be Sera-Chaos' bedroom, the knowledge of the former husky coming into play as he knew where to go as Serathin was pushed onto the bed.  It didn't take long before Sera-Chaos was on top of him and they began to make out once more, though it was quickly getting more erotic than just simple hanky panky.  It was so enticing to move in a way and feel the one on top of him do the same, or to brush against his partner's back and feel the same wings as his own.  He could tell that the other Serathin was feeling the same way, which made sense since they were the same creature.

"You are a handsome beast," Sera-Chaos said as Serathin grinned.

"I could say the same for you," Serathin replied.  "I'm starting to see why Slypher does it so much."

"Ah, so are you thinking of maybe making some more?" Sera-Chaos asked.  "I think that would be fantastic, we could get started as soon as we're done making sure that Slypher did a good job."

For a second Serathin was just about to nod but as he flipped Sera-Chaos onto his back to turn the tables what the other version of him said finally sank in.  "Wait, we?"  Serathin asked, the draconic sabrewolf underneath him giving him a sly smile and bedroom eyes.  "What does that mean?"

"I mean, I'm you after all," Sera-Chaos explained.  "Which means I have your abilities, including the one that the phoenix gave you.  Wouldn't it make sense that I could also go out there and find another one to make into us?"

Serathin found himself biting his lip as his mind drew to the potential implications of letting out another version of himself that had this kind of power.  He had thought about maybe getting one or two more... and if that was what he was thinking then no doubt his new clone had the same idea.  When he gazed into those glowing green eyes however he found himself leaning more towards trusting himself before diving in for another sensual kiss while pushing between those purple and black striped thighs.  There was no reason to believe that this version of himself would go too crazy with this power as he got those blue-scaled draconic feet in the air.

For the rest of the night the two enjoyed the company of one another, the two Serathins knowing exactly how to please one another as well as extend the pleasure.  The real Serathin watched his own face twist into pleasure as his maleness slid into his depths while the identical cock throbbed against the purple fur of his chest.  It was an incredible sensation to hear his own voice moaning and groaning while he did the same and as their lean bodies grinded against one another.  As Serathin thrust his hips forward and began to get deep into Sera-Chaos' tailhole he could only imagine what it would be like to have someone else around just like them... for work, of course...

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The very next day the two Serathin's decided to seperate for the moment, the original one heading back to SHIFT to get some help with bringing in a clone on a temporary basis while the one that used to be Chaos got used to being the draconic sabrewolf.  When they weren't together it was much easier for the former husky to just call himself Serathin and did so as he made his way through the crowd.  With the original seeing about calling in a few favors on this day he had used the dimensional shifting capabilities to go to another realm to investigate something.  The new system that they had with the two splitting the work was already cutting into the backlog, but as Serathin made his way down the street he found himself itching for something more.

Ever since that night he had spent with his other self he had wanted to have another experience like that.  He hardly remembered that he had been the one transformed and instead just remembered a passionate night with himself, though as he passed by a few shops he found his interests had also been drawn elsewhere.  More than once he had gotten distracted from his duties by the allure of something shiny or rubbery that the hybrid was very much into, and as the days passed it was a need that was growing stronger by the day.  He imagined creating a clone while wearing glistening latex gear... but both had promised one another that they wouldn't create another clone before the situation with the SHIFT Institute was properly figured out.

But that didn't stop Serathin from fantasizing about it as he made his way down the street.  Underneath the clothing he wore he had on a rubber catsuit that hugged his fur, clinging to his body as he walked.  The longer he wore it the more it felt like it was getting tighter around him but it was only more arousing as he looked over the notes he had collected.  He was just about to find someplace to eat and get in contact with his other self when something piqued his interest that had caused him to turn his head.

When he looked at the source of what had captured his attention Serathin saw a lion synth making his way down the opposite side of the street.  As someone who had haunted multiple timelines of his own self it wasn't uncommon for him to see people that he knew, and this time was no exception.  He remembered that the lion was named Dieter and also had a few other pieces of information about him.  Something in particular caused the hybrid to halt his progress down the sidewalk and cross the street to follow him while feeling his rubber covered groin to throb.

Dieter remained unaware of the fact that they had picked up a tail, blissfully in their own head as they made their way towards the apartment that they lived in.  While it wouldn't be the first time that the lion had met Serathin before in other dimensions this one was unaware as they turned back towards the street and saw the hybrid standing there looking at them.  The synth just smiled and waved before turning back to the door and opened it before slipping inside.  Even before the door closed the draconic sabrewolf had disappeared as well, the only thing that indicated that Serathin had even stood there was a pair of strangely rubbery footprints.

The lion synth finished their usual ritual as they walked their way towards the kitchen while thinking about what they wanted to make for dinner.  Even before they made it to the refridgerator Serathin had managed to sneak his way into the house, using his thieving skills in order to break in undetected.  As he slunk his way through the open window he could feel something drip past his lips and down his chin.  Though he thought it was drool his lust-addled mind was unaware that the liquid was particularly thick and had a shine to it that dripped onto the shirt he took off.

By the time Serathin had gotten to the entrance of the hallway the draconic sabrewolf had done more than just take off his clothing.  As he had gotten his pants off they had already started to tighten around his legs, fortunately the fabric still managed to slide off the increasingly shiny skin.  Patches of fur had already disappeared and were replaced with rubber, especially his silver stripes as they began to glow with a green light.  It was a form that Serathin was familiar with and as he stepped out from the shadows of the hallway and into the kitchen a smirk had formed on his face as his body swelled with synthetic muscle.

When Dieter turned around they had dropped the plate on the floor in shock at the sight before them.  "I... uh..."  The words falted from the feline muzzle as he saw the naked hybrid standing there with a smirk on his face and his throbbing rubbery erection pointed right at him.  "Hi..."

"Hello there Dieter," Serathin said as he stepped forward, blue rubber paws squeaking against the wooden floor as he appraoched before he was close enough to touch.  "I can tell that you like what you see, so why don't we skip the pretense of who I am and what I want with you and get right to the fun part?  You can trust me, right?"

Even though it wasn't probably necessary Serathin's eyes had started to swirl with hypnotic energy that he was passing into the lion, watching the other creature gaze into them almost immediately.  It was always fun to watch someone so willing succumb without even realizing it, the newly born rubber sabredrone overlord thought to himself with a smirk, and he could only imagine the strange but enticing thoughts that were swirling around the lion synth's mind.  It didn't take much for Serathin to overpower the other man and soon he could see the willpower crumbling away to complete submission as he curled a latex finger to beckon them over.

Dieter found their feet moving of their own accord as they followed the transforming creature without a thought to the contrary, feeling a strange sense of connection with the rapidly rubberizing hybrid.  The lion could hear whispers in their ears as they were led to their own bedroom where the synth found themselves being led towards the bed.  Whatever Serathin had planned for them the draconic sabrewolf wasn't going to say it as his muscles twitched and swelled.  The rubber had covered most of his body that point and had helped transform him from the normal hybrid to a corrupted muscular god of latex.

One that was more than happy to gain their first convert, Serathin thought to himself as he watched the lion get on the bed.  The power of Slypher had combined with the corruption of the hybrid's timeline to create a very unique circumstance.  Normally there would only ever be one Overlord when it came to this manifestation, but it seemed that with their new power they could do some rather interesting duplication.  Considering the desires of this one it won't be too hard to enact his plan as he started to crawl up on top of them.

"Hmmmm, what exactly am I going to do with you," Serathin said with a growl as Dieter found themselves looking face to face at the rubbery muzzle hovering over his own.  "I can see the desire you have... but it's not quite conducive to what I'm looking for.  However... perhaps we can make it so that we both win with a little bit of a creative solution."

Dieter was so enthralled by this creature that they were unsure of what was even happening, only knowing that as their muzzles pushed together that they were having trouble keeping hold of their thoughts.  "What's... going on..." Dieter said as soon as their lips parted, only to find it hard to speak as the rubbery tongue of the rubber Serathin was slithering around their face.  "I... mppfhh..."

The last word was merely a groan as their muzzle became sealed up in the shiny drool that came from Serathin's mouth.  Dieter's eyes widened as the living rubber began to spread over their metal skin while they felt their legs got lifted up into their air.  As the rubber tendrils began to push into the lion's ears the already fuzzy thoughts were becoming more vapid by the second, their eyes becoming glassy as the pleasure of their encounter washed over them.  By the time Serathin's maleness had begun to push into the one beneath him the rubber had already completely enveloped the feline's head, leaving it completely smooth and featureless.

But unlike the other clone that he had created Serathin had other ideas for the pleasure struck lion in order to help fulfill his desires.  He watched Dieter's back arched as he began to slide his shaft into their tailhole and watched as the rubber of his body began to spread over their groin as well.  Their entire body began to shudder as the lion's maleness that had jutted out into the air was enveloped by the rubber and pulled back against his body.  Once the bulge had formed Serathin reached down and pressed against it, not only causing more pleasure to suffuse through the lion but also manipulating the rubber while his cock sank into the hole underneath it.

By the point the purple rubber had spread over most of the body of the squirming lion and as Serathin pumped deeper into Dieter a smile crossed over his face.  The texturing of the metal plates were enveloped and smoothed over just like the features of the lion's groin and head, the body becoming just as blank as the mind it was attached too.  While the feline was still responsive to his thrusts that was all that was passing through the blank creature's empty mind.  There would be no need for such things as thoughts or personality for this drone, Serathin mused as he leaned in for a kiss, not for what he had planned for them...

As the sound of their rubbery bodies slapping together filled the air Dieter's body arcs again as another surge of pleasure courses through their body.  Though they could still see perfectly fine the lion could only see the shiny purple pecs of the draconic sabrewolf pumping into him, though as their back began to stretched they slowly began to get more to eye level with one another.  With no mouth there was nothing they could do to ask what was going on, though even if there was they didn't have a thought in their mind that could be held in there.  Once more their muzzles became locked in a kiss as Serathin thrust in deep and wherever they touched the rubber on him transfered to the blank creature below.

There wasn't much to be pushed aside as a face formed over the lion's form, saber teeth pushing down from the expanded muzzle that had pushed out from the blank base.  As soon as the lips formed they curled back into a smirk as the alien entity spread through and took control of the body that it was quickly coating.  Muscles swelled and grew as Dieter was completely encased by it with the rubber forming into an exact copy of the Overlord that was above him.  Soon the grunts and groans of Serathin were joined by others that had an identical pitch, though it was punctuated by a throaty chuckle as the hybrid underneath wiggled about while his tail and wings pushed out from his back.

"Ohh... this one is definitely enjoying themselves inside," the newly formed Overlord Serathin said as their green eyes stared into one another, the first Serathin taking a moment from his rutting to admire their identical forms.  "Quite the brilliant idea, encasing our little drone like that instead of just outright cloning him."

"I figured that you would appreciate something like that," the first Serathin said.  "Now I'm sure we can create a few sabredrones of our own as well, but the fact that we can have multiple overlords is something that tickles me like nothing else."  Both Serathins chuckled and with the last of the black and green rubber coating the one underneath he grunted and pushed against the pecs of the one on top of him.  He had caught his captor by surprise and it wasn't long before he had the original sabredrone overlord on his back, their rubber tongues twining around one another while their shiny muscular forms grind against one another...

Meanwhile in the SHIFT Institute the real Serathin woke up with a start, gasping slightly as he panted heavily.  Though he wasn't sure what woke him it felt like there was something in the back of his mind that he was forgetting.  After a few moments though he decided it was nothing and sighed before he turned to his side.  The identical draconic sabrewolf didn't stir as he cuddled up next to him, the first of several that he had planned on creating.