Resetting to Factory Standard

A few weeks after the new security system had been implemented in the corporate harbor bays word had quickly spread that it not only unbreakable but also growing stronger with every failed attempt from some criminal that attempted to steal from it. Eventually most who operated in the underworld knew that if whatever job had to take place there that they would avoid it, which prompted those who needed work done to up the price. Eventually it would get to the point where the money was too good and either the desperate or the foolhardy take the job, only to never be seen from again. Finally after nearly a dozen people from the criminal world disappeared it prompted an entirely different response as two guys carefully made their way through the waters of the harbor with their boat.

“I don’t like this…” the elf man in front said as he slowly let his plastic oar cut through the water to drift to one of the nearby docks. “You’ve heard what the rumors said, anyone who gets taken down by this security becomes a part of it. I don’t know about you but I don’t want to be turned into some sort of living camera.”

“Don’t be such a crybaby,” the wolf synth behind him said. “I’m telling you the info is good, and if we rescue everyone from the maze then we’re going to get massive street cred. Think about Angler, if we were the ones that got caught don’t you think that he would be trying to get us out of there if he could?”

“If it was us we wouldn’t be dumb enough to take a six-figure contract out here,” the elven man said as he rolled his eyes. “Seriously, what was he thinking? Are mods really becoming that expensive out there?”

“They sure as hell ain’t cheap,” the wolf replied, absentmindedly adjusting his metallic saw that he had just replaced. “Let’s just find them, use this thing, and get out of here.” The other man nodded and the two silently made the rest of their way towards the dock where they took the cheap boat and tied it up. Surprisingly they had found when they did their research that the way it was made it didn’t trip any of the sensors, which they hoped would allow them a backdoor into the corporate storage warehouses that had been nicknamed the maze.

The two snuck their way past the public warehouses and got into the corporate ones, both of them looking around to see if they could find any of the more traditional measures only to find that there were none. The wolf synth even risked a full scan on the area and though there were a number of cameras and other things in the public area the corp section was vacant of any network that he could tap into. No security, no guards, that usually meant one thing… that whatever happened to those in the maze the corps didn’t want to get out. There had been a variety of rumors that had come out and most of them were related to a picture that one of the criminals that had attempted to run the maze got out that showed some sort of bull synth charging at him, though that was the only thing that got out before the feed was cut off.

As the two stepped foot into the corporate area of the warehouses after hacking an electronic log on a fence door the two began to hear static in their comms that prompted them to turn it off. Anti-connection measures, the wolf synth frowned as he realized that hadn’t been on the list of things that the corp docks were equipped with. It was another sign that those in command didn’t want it to leak what was happening with their new security system, possibly as a result of the picture that managed to get out. None of this was adding up to a good experience and the wolf synth still thought they were dead despite the conjecture from the one that said they could help them save their friend.

Once they were inside the wolf synth brought up the mapmaking program he designed specifically for this purpose and added a marker for the door they had just left, making sure that he put it in the right spot before they moved forward. As they turned the corner and began to move away from the water of the harbor they could see why the maze was a fitting description for the place; all the walls had been covered with some sort of material that made everything look the same and it appeared anything outside of it had been moved in to make sure that there was nothing to tell them where they were. The wolf synth made sure to continue to carefully mark their progress whenever they turned a corner while the elf clutched onto a metal canister they had been given.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but are we almost at the security center yet?” the elf asked as the wolf synth continued to move forward.

“You know we have to put out the decoy first,” the wolf synth replied as he continued to look at the map he had been creating. “Speaking of which, let’s go ahead and do that now, I think we’re in the middle of the warehouses.”

The elf nodded and took something else out of the belt pouch he wore, taking the small metallic disk and setting it on the concrete. At the moment the wolf synth was masking as much of their signatures as he could, everything from radio to heat, and since they had not encountered any physical security that the system might employ. The disk that the elf put down on the ground would mimic someone that had gotten in as the synth watched his partner set the timer for a few minutes to allow them to get away. While there was really not a lot of places to hide the lupine synth knew that it would only be a matter of time before the cover he was providing them would slip and hoped that the decoy would draw the focus of the security system instead.

Once the elf was finished with programing the device a small timer appeared on the screen that flashed with three minutes before counting down. The two quickly made their way down the opposite side of the alley and moved towards the area that was believed to be the security center where they stashed the drones or whatever was kidnapping criminals as the wolf synth had a timer in his eye display to tell them how much time they had. He continued to keep marking the path as they walked and continued to lead the elf towards the small building on the edge of the maze. With only fifteen seconds to go the wolf synth believed that he had found it and hoped there would be a place for them to watch the response as they turned the corner…

…and saw an alleyway with a silver disk on the ground.

“What? No…” the wolf synth said as he looked at the map in his HUD to see the line that he had traced, only for it to flicker and show a different path that crossed over itself multiple times. “How is this possible?”

“It’s easy when we knew you were here as soon as you got in through the gate,” a voice behind them said, the two turning around to see a rather large minotaur synth standing in the entrance to the alley that they had just went into. “We were curious to see where you were going, trying to get to the security center were we?”

The elf swallowed hard as the two began to back away from the sculpted muscular creature, onto hear the sound of hooves clop against the concrete that caused them to spin back around once more. “Neat little toy we have here,” the second identical minotaur said with a smirk as he looked at the disk, watching as the timer went down to zero. “Oh, some sort of decoy beacon, that’s quaint. I’m sure it would have worked if you had another chance at it.”

The wolf synth and the elf found themselves pressed against one another as the two creatures penned them into the alley. They were identical synth minotaurs; their sculpted muscular bodies covered in crimson and chrome save for the black mane of hair that trailed down their backs. They also had a pair of saber teeth that they licked eagerly as the two looked desperately for a way to get out of the situation. The one that had picked up the decoy had crushed the metal disk like it was a piece of plastic and with no way out all the two could do was stand back-to-back as they got closer.

“Now, if you wanted to see our security center you could have just asked,” one of the minotaurs said. “We can escort you there if you’d like, though if you attempt to escape and we have to chase you then our more… aggressive programming will kick in. If you can behave yourselves then just follow me.”

The two minotaurs smirked when they saw the two hang their heads and nod, following the lead as the other one took up position behind them. At this point the synths had long since forgotten which one of them used to be the synth lion named Dieter and which was the former technomancer Serathin, the identical bulls content for their identities to be the guardians of the maze that they had taken over. Even though they had captured quite a few others they had remained the only two actual drone masters, the rest becoming rubber drone bulls that aided in their patrolling. The addition of so many others had also included the lending of abilities such as being able to tamper with the wolf synth’s tracking ability as they led them to what had been the two criminal’s original destination.

“We’re glad that you came along when you did,” one of the synth minotaurs said as they held a hand up to a black panel on the door, his arm glowing briefly before the door unlocked. “We still don’t have quite enough power to expand the maze yet to the rest of the harbor and was worried that we were running out of those who wanted to try and beat us. It also causes our drones to get a bit antsy, you’ll make for decent playthings for them.”

Both the elf and the wolf synth were led a few steps into the darkness of the building before the lights suddenly turned on, causing them both to jump as they suddenly saw that the two bull synths behind them were not the only ones in the room. This was far more than the dozen or so criminals that had gone missing, the two realized as they saw the blank rubber faces of the bull drones that stood there looking at them, and as the door closed behind them they started to approach the trapped creatures slowly. “Ha ha!” the elf suddenly said as he jumped forward and held out the metal canister he had stashed in his sleeve, which caused everyone to stop. “You may have thought you led us into a trap, but we are the ones that trapped you as we save our friends and everyone else!”

The elf pushed the button at the end of the canister and the wolf synth let out a yell of triumph as their back-up plan worked, the two minotaurs leading them right where they wanted to be after capturing them. The lines of the canister began to glow with a bright blue light and it quickly intensified to the point where it lit up the room more than the overhead lights. Within seconds it discharged the energy and caused a pulse of the same blue light and radiated from the device and through the room. At first the two criminals smiled at each other as the drones looked frozen, but as they started to move around again and look at themselves the happiness drained from their faces.

That was it, the wolf synth thought as he felt panic well up in his system, the device they were given was a mere scanner? When they looked back at the two minotaurs they merely smirked and crossed their arms over their chests as the rest of their drones approached them. Though the two synth bulls could have easily taken them over by this point it had been some time since they gave their pets a chance to play with their catch, and since it appeared their last big gambit was a dud there was no more threat that came from them. Plus as drone masters they were connected to the bulls and could feel everything they did, and admittedly they were interested into exactly what the two thought that canister was going to do… which they would learn once the two were converted.

While they didn’t have any weapons on them, which would have been easily detected by even the scanners in the public area of the dock, the two attempted to push their way past the rubber creatures in order to escape. As the wolf synth tried to move past two particularly big rubber ones though he felt something press against his neck and suddenly his visor informed him of an intrusion into his systems. The firewall that was supposed to make such hacking impossible was completely obliterated and as he was put back into the circle of rubber bulls, most of whom had started to stroke either themselves or one another, he could feel them messing around in his mind. Once they had wiggled their corrupted code into his programming it immediately shut down his ability to move, which was something else that shouldn’t be able to happen as he was turned to face his elven companion.

All the wolf synth could do was stand there and watch as the elf attempted to jump over one of the bulls to escape, only to have him get immediately brought back to the ground. As the bull leaned down and pressed his forehead against the elf his rubber horns began to stretch at the tips until they turned into tendrils that pushed into the pointed ears of the smaller male. Almost immediately the elf’s eyes rolled back into his head and he went from struggling to completely limp within the grasp of the bull drone. If the wolf synth could have his jaw would have dropped as a moan escaped from his friend’s lips and saw that he was starting to get aroused.

Organic reprogramming… it was one thing to do it to a synth, the wolf thought even as his neural patterns were being corrupted with images of lustful naked rubber bull men, but an actual person? Mentally he couldn’t help but scoff at that but soon it was replaced with his own arousal quickly building as the one plugged into him removed his inhibition filters. Unlike the elf he had no need to wear clothing so when he started to get erect his metal cock slid out for all to see, which prompted another of the bull drones to kneel down and nuzzle against it. At first he thought that’s all that could happen but as he pressed the front of his sealed snout against it the rubber pushed back to open into an opening that mimicked a mouth to slide his growing erection in.

Meanwhile the two minotaur bulls watched as the criminals they captured had their settings tweaked and altered, giving them an intense desire for rubber and sex with the other male drones. As the elf was stripped of his clothing his body already started to twitch and his shaft soon had a thick rubber drone bull tongue coiled around it. As with the others and their own assimilation they knew that pleasure was the easy way to distract and overload processes in order to subvert programming, whether they were organic or synth. Already they could feel the elf succumbing to the connection that was being made to his converted brain, humping his hips forward into the maw of the one sucking on him as another came up behind him to take his rear.

The drone that had made contact with the wolf had allowed the synth to move his body again, and both minotaurs chuckled as the first thing the lupine creature did was grind his tailhole up against the thick shaft that had been pressing against his thighs. They could see that the injections of lust programming were clearly kicking in to the point where neither creature cared that they were about to become bull drones, both just wanting to slake their growing need to have rubber cocks inside of them. The drone behind the synth was all too eager to oblige and began to push his thick member in, causing the wolf to shudder and moan as he was penetrated that only increased the download of the drone programming into his mind. The elf wasn’t too far behind and as a lump started to appear just above where the rubber cock stretched him open a pair of horns were already developing on his synth counterpart.

Though the drones could transform them to some extent it was the masters that did the finishing touches, one moving to each male as they instructed those that held the two criminals to get them into position. The tendrils that had slid into the elf’s ears quickly pulled out and the two were placed next to one another bent over with their groins still full of rubber bull muzzle while being penetrated from the rear. That still left their mouths though and as they put their hands on the heads of the two they presented their thick, throbbing shafts to the two and began to push forward. Almost immediately the two began to tried to push as much of it into their mouths as possible, though the one with the wolf used the new horns on his head to keep him back and laughed as the synth’s tongue stretched out just to lick the tip of their new master’s cock.

As both men tried to get as much of the minotaur’s members into their maws their faces began to stretch and change, the elf’s more than the wolf as his jaws pushed outwards around the cock in his maw and his nose swelled. Rubber almost immediately began to push out past their lips and creep over their heads, coating their eyes and rendering them completely featureless even though the new drones could see. Inside their minds a chorus of voices reinforced what had been programmed into them; that the minotaurs were their new masters and that they were just a pair of loyal, obedient bull drones that protected their territory. Soon the hands of the other bull drones began to stroke and massage the increasingly shiny skin of the two as they were welcomed into the fold as the cocks of the two minotaurs pushed further until it slid down into their throats…

Meanwhile in another area further away from the harbor or still close by three creatures looked at the screen that showed a detailed layout of the security center that the bull drones and the two minotaurs had made into their nest. The synth eagle had been looking at the image himself ever since the pulse scanner had been activated and as he rubbed his black metal beak he turned to the other two that were sat behind him. “As you can see the corps solution to the problem of security is about to spiral completely out of control,” Haleon said as his silver eyes narrowed at the nanite dragon and draconic sabrewolf that sat there. “And it’s your fault.”

“Our fault?!” the draconic sabrewolf said as he sat up in the chair. “I haven’t visited this timeline in ages, ever since Vyrnen and I had our fun in this realm… if anything it’s his fault that he left the nanites with the other me in the first place.”

“Hey, I didn’t give you those nanites Serathin, you STOLE them,” Vyrnen quickly shot back as the two pointed at one another. “The only reason I let you keep them was because I had already moved on by the time I noticed them missing and it’s a pain in the tail to track the real you down verses all the other timelines you seem to have out here. How was I supposed to know that your other self wouldn’t realize what they were?”

“Again, I blame both of you,” Haleon chimed in as he waved his clawed hands in the air. “But that is not the point right now, right now the reason you two are here is to help me fix it so that this entire city doesn’t become a whole bunch of minotaur drone master clones running rampant in a world that has the potential for trans-dimensional travel.”

Both of the other creatures stopped looking at one another and turned their heads towards the synth eagle with a look that took the nexus creature slightly aback. “Wait a second,” Serathin said as his own green eyes narrowed. “Nexus creatures typically don’t get involved in things like this just because they want to keep the peace, especially with what I’ve seen when something one of you created gets out of hand. What’s in it for you?”

“What, you don’t think that my brethren and I can be purely altruistic at times?” Haleon countered.

“Considering I’ve met you and all your brothers,” Vyrnen said with a smirk. “No.”

“I’m just trying to make sure that a whole bunch of innocent synths on this world don’t end up getting converted,” Haleon replied as he put up his hands once more. “Maybe not everyone here wants to be turned into a rubber bull drone, but that’s what’s going to happen if we don’t do-“

“Ah, I got it!” Vyrnen interrupted suddenly as he snapped his fingers. “This is a synth world and these two are making rubber drones, you just don’t want to share with Renzyl.”

A deep frown formed on the bird’s beak as the two chuckled. “I think you got it,” Serathin stated as he leaned forward. “C’mon, you can tell us, what are you getting out of this deal?”

“I… may be getting access to the ability to connect with synths in this realm if I keep the fact that they created illegal conversion drones under wraps,” Haleon replied as he went back to his usual countenance. “Plus the chance to get one of the minotaurs for myself…”

“Called it,” Vyrnen said. “My question is what do we get out of this deal.” The hybrid snickered as an audible sigh escaped from his lips. “Hey, you called us in and then blamed us for the problem, I want something for my efforts to help with the solution.”

“Yeah, the institute doesn’t really like us interacting with ourselves like this either,” Serathin added in. “So if you want to get my help it will also cost you.”

A groan of frustration came from the synth eagle and for a few minutes the two discussed what they were going to get out of it, with Vyrnen and Serathin eventually agreeing to take some of the bull drones for themselves as well as a synth or two and the knowledge of how Dieter and the other version of Serathin managed to do something like this in the first place. Once they were done Haleon guided their attention back to the screen that showed the layout of the security building as well as another insert that was the maze itself, though the avian told them that if they don’t act soon they were going to override the programming that limited them to the corporate section and take over the entire harbor. The two drone masters had already caused problems by not only capturing criminals like they were supposed to but dock workers and others that had legitimate access to the warehouses, to the point where those who had goods inside were trying to pay others to extract their own merchandise for themselves.

“I have a question with this plan,” Serathin said after Haleon had finished his idea for how to handle the two minotaur drone masters. “As it boils down I’m supposed to be essentially seducing myself in order to try and break the identity reinforcement that the two have on one another, what makes you think that I’m going to be able to break that cycle?”

“Because you are a borderline narcissist with an ego complex that enjoys making clones of himself,” Haleon replied bluntly.

Serathin opened his mouth as though to reply, then closed it and sat back against his chair. “Yeah, I suppose that’s fair,” Serathin stated as Vyrnen snickered.

“I also have a question,” Vyrnen said, causing Haleon to sigh once more before asking what it was. “Why aren’t you just doing it yourself?”

“Why go in myself when I have you two?’ Haleon replied with a smirk as he went over and patted them on the head. “Plus if things go wrong someone needs to be around in order to create a contingency plan. Now off you go, you have a date with a pair of minotaur synths that I’m sure will be surprised to see you.”

Part 2:

The two minotaur drone masters came back from their patrol in the corporate warehouses as the moon dropped below the city skyline. As what had become increasingly common there was no one that had dared try to enter their domain, and while it proved their efficiency they were a victim of their own success. Other than the two that had come earlier in the night they had been on a dry streak and without more bull drones they couldn’t expand the maze like they wanted into the rest of the harbor. Though they knew that the corps that created them were growing increasingly desperate to get their stock they knew if they seized the entire means of sea-based trade that the companies would practically sacrifice people to become bull drones if it meant getting their shipments on time.

When they got back to the security building they saw the bull drones they created had settled back down, two more in their number that were indistinguishable from the rest of them. Every time they saw their work it caused their chests to swell with joy and knew that soon there would be hundreds, thousands, maybe even millions that would join by their side. They would eventually have to create more drone masters to handle them all but the city was full of people like their former selves that would probably jump at such an opportunity. The mere thought of all the streets and subways becoming their domain, their maze was causing the two identical creatures to get aroused as they turned their amorous attention on one another.

The two synths shared a brief kiss before a knock on the door immediately caught their attention. Both immediately fired off their active scanners and were surprised to find that there was an organic creature that they hadn’t sensed at the door. With all the technology that they not only had been given but also created themselves they thought nothing could get to this place, especially since the static net kept flying creatures from landing on their roofs. Yet there was another knock at the door and the two minotaurs just looked at one another before they both went to the security door and opened it.

The surprise quickly turned to confusion as they saw a somewhat familiar hybrid standing at the door, creating a spark of memory as they looked down at him. What caused them pause though was that this creature was wearing what appeared to be a girl scout uniform as he grinned at them. “Would you two like to buy some cookies?” Serathin said with a grin as he held out a box with a cartoony version of him and a nanite dragon on it. “Freshly baked and ready to distract you!”

“Um… what?” Both minotaurs said as even their synth minds had trouble processing the bizarre scene in front of them.

“I said that they’re a distraction,” Serathin said as he took one of the cookies out and started to eat them. “Given the number of drones you have and the technology you’ve put into place to find intruders both of my friends reasoned that you were probably already taxing your systems, so I’m standing here right now providing so much absurd nonsense including this description to keep you from utilizing your drones or the scanners that we were hiding ourselves from. But anyway I’m sure by now Vyrnen has snuck in and put the EMP chips on you so I’ll be seeing you two later.”

Before the two minotaurs could react a surge of electricity coursed through their bodies and caused them both to power down, the draconic sabrewolf squeezing between them and the door to the other side where Vyrnen stood. “Alright, they should be down long enough to make the neural interface connection,” Vyrnen said as Serathin nodded, the nanite dragon looking him up and down before shaking his head. “I can’t believe you wore that.”

‘I can’t believe they had one in my size,” Serathin replied as he spun around while he took the hat and pigtail wig off and tossed it aside. “Oh wait, actually I probably can. Shortbread?”

Vyrnen looked at the box before he shrugged and put on in his mouth while readying the cables necessary in order to transfer their consciousnesses into the mind scape of the two they had just temporarily disabled. Since Serathin wasn’t a technomancer naturally it was on the nanite dragon to get them hooked in so they could deal with the corruption straight at the source. Since the two minotaurs would just continue to try and revert back to their synth bull selves even if they did manage to transform one of them back physically they had to go in and deal with their programming first. Fortunately the combination of the synth eagle nexus creature and nanite dragon was able to take care of that part as Vyrnen finished the last of the preparations and handed a headband to the draconic sabrewolf who had stripped the last of his costume off.

Once they were properly hooked in Vyrnen transferred their consciousness into the shared mind space of the two minotaur creatures, and as soon as they got there they realized that it wasn’t going to be easy as they stared up at the walls that towered over them. It was clear that the maze the two prided themselves on was not just relegated to the warehouse district they lorded over as they began to move forward. This was not going to be like when they managed to sneak up on the two in the real world; no doubt the two minotaurs had already sensed their presence and would make sure that they were properly converted before being brought to them. It wasn’t just them either, they realized as they turned the corner of a junction and immediately had to run when they saw the faceless bull drone start to charge towards them…

Meanwhile in the center of the sprawling mental maze the two minotaurs sat on luxurious pillows while being served by several of those that were more inclined to such things, the drone masters huffing slightly as two each massaged their muscular bodies while another provided them with food and drink. Even though it was just in their minds it was just as real to the two synths as they laid there being pampered, although as soon as they sensed the intrusion it caused everything to come to a stop. The two identical creatures both looked at each other at the same time as they could feel the drones that wondered the maze identify and pursue them.

“That’s right,” one of the synth minotaurs said as they got up from their seats. “Those two attacked us in our own domicile. How did they manage to get past all our defenses?”

“It’s something that we can ask them after they are properly assimilated,” the other minotaur replied. “If they do truly have powers that can render them invisible to us then perhaps they would be better suited towards being drone masters themselves, especially that hybrid… there’s something about him that’s quite familiar.”

As the two nodded they realized that both of those that were now running through the maze had a note of familiarity to them, like there was something about them that resonated within their very beings. The minotaurs didn’t know that it was Vyrnen’s nanites and Serathin’s power that coursed through their own bodies but as they began to make their way to where the drones reported their location it seemed to get stronger the closer they got. As they got closer to where the two were wondering they decided to split up and attempt to trap them like they had with so many others in the real world. They also had the advantage of this being their mind space and shifted the walls around to funnel the two towards them.

They have no idea what they had gotten themselves into, the synth minotaur thought to himself with a big smile on his face as he continued to track them. Soon instead of two there would be four of them and that would be more than enough to take over the harbor and expand the reach of their maze. Once they did that then it would only be a matter of time before the city was theirs, and that would be just the start… but as he ran down the halls in search of his prey something floated down in front of him that caught him by surprise. It was a single metal feather, something that definitely didn’t belong in their mind space as he leaned down to pick it up.

As soon as the synth minotaur did a shock went through his system, but unlike the electricity that had disabled him this was more of a surge as his eyes went wide. For a few brief moments he no longer saw himself as a hulking crimson and chrome synth minotaur, but a lion instead? The minotaur shook his head and quickly dropped the feather as strange programming began to corrupt his systems, though he was quickly able to purge it from his systems as the feather dissolved into metallic dust. Once the minotaur had regained his composure he stamped his metal hoof into the ground and then continued the pursuit of the two invaders.

Eventually the minotaur managed to catch up with the two in one of the small rooms they had created in order to trap them, sealing up the only other passageway in order to create a dead end that effectively allowed the two to come up on their prey. As soon as they saw the nanite dragon and draconic sabrewolf standing there they both grinned and snorted as they flexed their muscles. “Looks like it’s the end of the line for you two,” one of the minotaurs said as they continued to block the exit while also approaching, though as they willed their power the last remaining opening in the room soon disappeared. “I have to admit that you did well to evade our drones both here and in the physical realm.”

“We aim to please,” Vyrnen replied as he looked between the two before glancing over at Serathin. “So which one is you?”

“Doesn’t matter,” Serathin replied. “Their thoughts, personalities, everything is so homogenized that whichever one becomes the other me will have the other become Dieter again.”

Dieter… once more the image of the lion came up in the mind of the minotaur and as he looked over at the other drone master he could see the same level of confusion in him as well. “Enough of your tricks!” the minotaur shouted as he stamped a hoof into the ground. “You have a choice, either submit and become drone masters like us, or choose to continue to try and fight your fate and become drones like the others.”

“Yeah… I don’t think so,” Vyrnen said with a smirk that surprised the two. “Now that it’s just you two and us without your drones I think that it’s time we enact the rest of our plan.”

The nanite dragon tapped the ground with his own toe claw and as he did the stone floor underneath it turned a deep black and began to radiate outwards, and as it spread along towards the wall glowing red circuitry and hexagons followed suit. “You want to see a drone master?” Vyrnen said with a growing grin on his muzzle that had started to darken as well, his blue eye turning red as his stature began to grow. “I’m going to show you a drone master.”

The two minotaurs suddenly felt the connection that they had to their own maze get cut off, the corruptive programing seeping inside through the virus that that downloaded when each of them touched a feather that had been left in their path. With the growing nexus beast using the power given to him by Haleon the corrupted nanite dragon took a step forward and began to gesture for them to move forward. Though the transformation of the white-scaled and glowing blue dragon into a shiny black draconic creature with bright red lines caused the two to pause the minotaurs remained resolute and got ready to attack. Even with the added size and muscle the nexus beast remained slightly shorter than him and as one of them squared off with Vyrnen the other one eyed up the draconic sabrewolf.

“Well I don’t have quite the same dramatic transformation as my friend here,” Serathin said as he squared off. “But I think you’re going to find me just as formidable. C’mon bull boy, let’s dance.”

Just as the minotaurs were going to charge in they both stopped for a second and teetered a bit on their hooves, which caused the other two to look at them in question. “That was interesting,” Nexus Vyrnen said as the two bull creatures quickly recovered. “I detected a spike in subservience that almost overwhelmed their dominance programming. What did you do?”

“Me?” Serathin replied. “I told you I don’t have powers like my other self does… although… if I know me I probably put something where I could take control. It must be…”

Serathin didn’t have the chance to finish his sentence as the two minotaurs let out a bellow and charged forward, the draconic sabrewolf jumping out of the way as Vyrnen stood his ground. As the nexus beast and minotaur drone master collided they could immediately feel one another starting to try and exert their programming over the other. Since they had essentially the same nanites they connected together with no problem, but as rubber began to spread over the hands of the minotaur while growing claws the dragon also found his horns curving and the toes of his draconic feet starting to merge into hooves. Even as their muscles flexed and their bodies pressed against one another it was really a battle of wills taking place as the minotaur licked his saber teeth while watching Vyrnen grow a set of his own.

The combination of nexus energy and the attempted corruption of one another’s programming was also having a completely different effect on the two as well, both beasts looking down to see that they were both completely erect at this point. The minotaur huffed and couldn’t help but drink in the masculinity of the nexus dragon, especially with those muscles covered by that shiny rubber skin. While the bull was better at brute force the nexus beast knew that his strength lied in subtle manipulation, and as they continued to grapple one another he took the thoughts of the creature and pushed them hard in a more carnal direction. What was a fight over dominance and who would convert he other soon became a wrestling match to see who would come out on top, and as Vyrnen continued to use his abilities to sap away the minotaur programming it also eroded the need for dominance that came with it.

More images began to flash in the mind of the minotaur and he quickly tried to push them away, but with the rubber dragon on top of him it was hard to concentrate on anything over the lust he felt. He realized that this was the same technique that they used in order to make drones, but as his body started to shrink slightly he found that he wasn’t becoming some sort of dragon drone creature. No… the minotaur thought as he tried to look over at his identical counterpart, he was a synth minotaur! They were synth minotaurs!

But when he did see where his counterpart was he gasped in shock as he saw that he wasn’t the only one that was starting to be transformed. Unlike him and Vyrnen the draconic sabrewolf seemed to have coerced the other minotaur much more easily, seeing him continue to whisper something into the ear of the synth that had laid down. Even though he couldn’t hear it he knew what it was through their connection, whispers of being a good, obedient bull starting to affect him as well without even realizing it. As the other minotaur laid down the crimson and chrome of his muscular body began to shift to purple and black, becoming a familiar pattern as the real draconic sabrewolf took the rather large cock of the creature that jutted up in the air and pushed it against his own tailhole.

That’s right… the other minotaur drone master had been Serathin… as the first minotaur thought that he could feel the programming loop he had been caught in this entire time start to fracture, especially when the nexus beast managed to get him onto all fours. He could feel the body of the other male press up behind him and as the new programming of the invading nanites ate away at the minotaur personality that had been given to him a new one began to emerge. Since he saw the synth sabrewolf nearby with his muzzle connected to the real version in a deep kiss it caused the other one hidden away to take hold in him. Dieter, his name was Dieter, and though he enjoyed being in the body of the minotaur immensely he knew that he was actually a lion.

The realization caused Dieter’s body to begin to shift back, his stature continuing to shrink slightly as he felt something press up against his tailhole. Though he could sense the nexus energy attempting to convert him it appeared the corrupted nanite dragon was holding back on that aspect, along with other things as he suddenly felt a pair of hands grab onto his horns. The changing minotaur let out a groan as he felt the thick cock of the rubber creature slide inside of him while his tail thickened from a bull to something far more feline in nature. As their neural networks were altered and new thoughts entered int the heads of both minotaurs they suddenly no longer felt the need to build a maze empire, the drone master’s reverting back to their normal selves in their minds.

“It seems that we were rather successful in our endeavor here,” Vyrnen said as he continued to thrust his hips into the synth body in front of him, watching the muscle melt away to reveal the normal body of the lion underneath as his nanites aided with the changes. “What do you think?”

“I think I like this synth version of me,” Serathin replied as he looked down at his own robotic counterpart, whose face was locked in a silent moan of pleasure as he continued to slide up and down on what was becoming essentially his own cock while he stroked his own. “It seems this version of me has made some upgrades to his powers since I last inhabited him, I might have to bookmark this life for later.”

If Serathin had more to say it was interrupted by a groan as he completely hilted himself with the synthetic version of himself, his purple-furred stomach pushing out slightly as Dieter felt his own do the same from the nanite dragon inside of his body. As the horns disappeared and his hooves split back into paws he was still able to feel the drones that he had created and some of the virile bull programming still inside of him even as Nexus Vyrnen caused his lusts to spike. One hand of the corrupted nanite dragon continued to hold him by his shoulder while the other reached down and grabbed onto his cock, stroking it as the assimilated programming all seemed to drift down towards it. It appeared that both Nexus Vyrnen and Serathin were about to purge the two synths of the remainder of their programming in the most pleasurable way possible as the two former minotaurs gasped and panted from the sudden spike in arousal.

The connection that remained between Dieter and Serathin allowed the two to orgasm at the same time, and when they did the walls that were around them fractured and cracked before they finally shattered completely. The maze had been obliterated as the nanite-laden cum with the minotaur drone master programming came out, Dieter’s seed spilling to the floor while the draconic sabrewolf that remained impaled on his identical counterpart was filled. As the shared digital space collapsed around them the four suddenly found themselves back in the modified security center, though Dieter could still feel the cock of the nanite dragon stretching him open for a while as they looked around.

As the reverted synths took a few seconds while the other two removed the connections that had been made to their bodies the lion couldn’t help but look around in awe. “I… can’t believe that I did all this,” Dieter said as they looked at the rubber bull drones that stood their motionless. “I mean, I remember doing it, but it doesn’t seem like it was me. What’s going to happen to all them?”

“They’re going to fall under my wing,” Haleon said as he suddenly seemed to appear next to the four. “Since I’m going to be establishing myself in this particular realm I could certainly use the help, and I’m sure that those in the city won’t mind a few of their criminals being repurposed for the task. While you four were having fun I managed to find some space that I can move them all too since they are no longer welcome in this particular harbor.”

The four watched as Haleon cut the air with one of his finger claws and opened a portal before motioning for the four to go in, and when they stepped through they found themselves out of the security office and in a rather large room that looked like it used to be a nightclub. Everything had a thick layer of dust on it and other than the bar itself there weren’t any tables or equipment, though it started to fill up with rubber bull drones after the synth eagle had stepped through to the other side. “Welcome to my new nightclub,” Haleon said with a grin, patting Dieter and the synth Serathin on the shoulder. “Got the building for a very reasonable price as well as the warehouse next to it, once I’m done it’ll be the go-to spot for the synths of this city.”

“A synth nightclub,” Dieter said as they stepped over towards the bar and wiped a hand on it. “I’m guessing it’s going to be very exclusive. Going to need a lot of work though.”

“This is why I have help,” Haleon replied with a smirk as he waved a wing out at the bull drones that had already started to move out garbage.

“Ah ah, not as much help as you think,” Vyrnen quickly interjected. “Don’t forget our deal. We may have the blueprints for the minotaur drone master but we still get some of the drones themselves too.”

As Haleon, Vyrnen, and the visiting Serathin began to discuss the finalization of their terms Dieter looked at the bull drones they had created and then down at themselves. They frowned slightly as the ylooked at their body and remembered that he had gone to the technomancer in the first place in order to change it, and though they had gotten a little carried away that bull body was still theirs. While they appreciated their feline form every time they thought back to when they were the minotaur it caused a shiver of pleasure to go down their spine. Finally Dieter went over to the three as they talked and interrupted them as politely as they could, the lion swallowing hard as three sets of eyes were suddenly on them.

“I don’t mean to pry, but do you really still have the programming for the minotaur drone master?” Dieter asked, all three of them nodding in response. “I don’t know if it’s possible, but… I would like to become him again.”

“Me too,” the synth sabrewolf said as he suddenly stepped forward next to Dieter. “I’m going to be turning back to my flesh and blood self here pretty soon and I really don’t want to, there’s something about having just that raw, primal personality and all those drones under our command that was very tantalizing. At first I wasn’t going to say anything about it but if Dieter’s jumping in I want to as well.”

For a few seconds the two waited as the others looked at one another, watching as the other Serathin and Vyrnen both shrugged before Haleon turned back to the two synths. “I suppose since I’ll be here you two won’t get out of control again and your other forms would definitely be useful to me. If you do this though it’ll be just like it was before, you two won’t remember that you’re Dieter and Serathin and the reinforcement loop all but ensures that you two remain identical horny minotaur drone master synths.”

“Um, yeah, I think I’m fine with that,” the synth Serathin said with a big grin on his face while Dieter nodded their head in agreement.

“Well in that case I would like to donate my drones to my other half,” the real Serathin responded.

“Yeah, Dieter can have mine as well,” Vyrnen chimed in with a wry grin on his face. “I already have enough drones myself and they are technically theirs anyway.”

“Well, probably all of them are theirs,” Haleon stated as he looked at the faceless rubber creatures that surrounded them. “Since I wasn’t in control there of this there may be a few that don’t enjoy their new lives, though I’m not sensing anything like that at the moment, and will have to take some time to sort out the unwilling to return them to their normal lives. My hunch though is that these two are still going to have quite the stable once we’re done.”

The two thanked Vyrnen and Serathin for giving them the drones and after a brief time chatting the two eventually left, disappearing through a portal that Haleon had created for them before the synth eagle turned back to them. “Alright then, I suppose we need to get you squared away,” Haleon stated as he held out a feather to each of them. “Encoded within is the same programming that this one created to render you into those minotaur synths, I will warn you that although you won’t have the same drive to spread like you did before it will be replaced with other instincts and personality traits.”

Dieter saw that Serathin was already practically reaching for the feather and knew that even with the warning their own mind was made up. As soon as he grabbed onto the metal began to liquify and seep into their palm. As soon as it did the digits began to swell and the metal of their hand was given a crimson hue. This was definitely faster than it would be with the sabrewolf in charge, Dieter realized as their wrist and forearm thickened next, and since this Haleon appeared to be rather powerful it made sense as they felt the new programming already start to corrupt their old thought processes. Unlike the last time though it was like slipping into an old pair of clothes as Dieter began to feel their personality begin to shift already.

As Dieter looked over at Serathin they saw that he wasn’t content in just letting it spread up his arm, taking his hand and pressing it against his groin in order to stimulate it. The changing lion found himself doing the same but to their chest, watching as his pectorals grew heavy with synthetic muscle before they shifted down to work on their flat stomach. They couldn’t help but moan as seeing their body transform before their eyes was much more intense than when they had been in the daze of enthrallment. Dieter could feel the grin spread on their face as their biceps surged with growth, causing them to moan loudly as his thighs grew to match and their cock began to tingle.

“Yes…” Dieter groaned as his mind basked in the pleasure of being a minotaur once again, feeling his cock swell not only with new growth but from the stimulation of feeling dominant and powerful once again. As he began to sink back into his new mindset he also felt something else, a growing need to assert himself not only over the drones he had created but also over others… but instead taking over it was to provide as much pleasure as he could. As crimson and chrome assimilated the metal of his neck and a pair of thick metal horns sprouted from his mane once more he connected with one of his rubber bull drones and told him to come over and suck him off while he finished the change.

The bull drone was all too willing to oblige and it wasn’t long before he had a shiny synthetic muzzle stretched out over his tool as he bucked his hips forward. When he looked over to the sabrewolf he only saw another minotaur standing there with a lithe rubber bull in front of him, the other domineering male pushing his cock deep inside to the point he could see the outline in the drone’s body. As their eyes met they knew what one another was thinking; this was their playground, these were their drones, and they could do whatever they pleased as long as it was within the confines of the walls that Master Haleon provided them with. They were the caretakers of this new maze but also the masters of their new domain, and the mere thought of other synths coming in to worship their bodies was enough for him to push the drone forward and slide his new cock down into his throat.

As the former lion stamped his foot against the floor in pleasure it caused the tile to crack as it reformed into a hoof, capping off the muscular leg of the synth male as the idea of being a lion became a foreign concept to him. His head had already started to get affected by the programming and since it had corrupted him once before it was easy for it to evaporate the idea of Dieter. As a pair of saber teeth grew out from his bovine muzzle and his ears flopped to the side of his head the chrome and crimson metal bull knew that this was how he had always been, just like the identical creature that was to his side. He found himself licking his lips as he imagined rutting his clone, and from the connection that grew in their mind he knew that the other one was thinking the same thing.

In fact both minotaurs began to think a lot of the same things as the updated software synchronized their minds once more to a singular personality, that of a hunky dominant synth. As the last of their former bodies disappeared the two dismissed the drones that pleasured them and went straight to the source, their muscular forms rubbing against one another as they engaged in a deep and passionate kiss. They grew more attached to their bodies by the second and the lust they felt while groping one another reinforced it to the point where they couldn’t think of anything better than what they were. As the two locked eyes with one another their crimson orbs flashed and they knew that while they inhabited two bodies they were one creature, an incredibly sexy, muscular synth creature as their cocks rubbed up between their synthetic washboard abs.

“It appears that you two are taking to your new bodies quite well,” Haleon said, which prompted them to break the kiss and look at him while their beefy arms were still wrapped around one another.

“What do you mean, Master Haleon?” one of the minotaurs said as their heads turned back to one another while a smile grew on their face. “We’ve always been this handsome, though we appreciate the upgrade. I can’t wait to get some new synth to wrap themselves around our cocks.”

“You’re going to have to upgrade our drone stable for how many are going to want us to change them,” the other minotaur replied as they stepped apart and flexed, their hard members jutting out from their groins. “In fact, we plan on… um… something, or wait… man, is it just me or is it getting kinda hard to think straight?”

The former lion scratched his mane as he tried to figure out what his twin was saying, but as he tried to figure it out his thoughts seemed like they were moving slower than normal. As he looked down at his muscular body he guessed that being the huge beasts they wanted to be took more processing power than they thought, but as he admired the other minotaur that was essentially his reflection he knew that there was no need to worry. Master Haleon would take care of their needs and that would allow them to do what they did best, which was create drones have hot, hard synth sex with each other, their drones, and anyone else that wanted to participate. It filled both linked minotaurs with glee and didn’t even realize that Haleon had come around to put a loincloth around their waists, gold bands around their arms and legs as well as their necks, and a gold ring in their nostrils.

“I think that’s pretty good for now,” Haleon said, his voice causing the two minotaurs to immediately snap to attention as their master spoke to them. “You two are going to make fine additions to this place, now tell your drones to continue to clean and prepare this place. I’m thinking with the bull theme going on I might name it something like Labyrinth, since it appears you two are very much enjoying being synth beast men.”

“Yes master,” the two minotaur synths said in unison.

As the commands that had been given to them, as well as the pleasure they would get from fulfilling them, dominated their thought processes they were suddenly stopped by Haleon once more. “There is one more thing,” the synth eagle said as the two immediately spun around. “Can’t have you going by just minotaur, as drone masters you are going to need something that distinguishes you from the rest. Do you have a name that you want to go by?”

The two minotaur synths looked at one another and though the personalities and memories of the two that used to be them were gone the knowledge retained by them remained, and when asked about a name the fog over their thought processes. With the dumb horny minotaur persona pushed aside for a moment the two thought collectively on what to name themselves, and as they did they remembered back to the mythology-based documentary that had been used in order to enthrall them to the idea of being a bull man in the first place. “I know what our name is,” one of the synth minotaurs said before they both spoke in unison. “We are Asterion.”