Putting the D in DLC

The signs had been up for ages advertising the new expansion pack for Centerland, one of the hottest RPG’s to ever hit the VR scene. Ever since the invention of total feedback nanites that could make it feel like the player was actually in the game world the game and related hardware sold like hotcakes. The nanites themselves were just like the medical-grade ones that would seek out and heal diseases in that they only lasted a week until they were completely absorbed into the blood stream, but for the nerve-stimulating nanomachines it meant that for that week any time the player connected with his game set he was transported to a world of fantasy adventure. Touch, smell, sight, sounds, even taste was translated by the nanites so that the player would feel like they were actually there, and they could be tweaked in order to make sure the experience was as realistic or toned down as they wanted.

For Reggie he worked two jobs in order to make sure he could sustain his game habit, getting to the point where some had said he might be addicted to the fantasy world. The young man just scoffed at that and said he could do what he wanted with his life, and if he wanted to live as an elven warrior going from town to town slaying goblins and getting laid by the tavern wenches than that was what he was going to do. With the countdown to the new expansion coming in a matter of weeks he had been spending even more time in the world preparing for it to the point where he was doubling up on his nanite dosages. While it wasn’t harmful the overlapping experiences had a law of diminishing returns on it, but the last thing that he wanted to do was spend any time waiting for the tiny machines he injected into his blood with an autopen to calibrate to his systems.

Fortunately for Reggie he happened to find a place with someone as equally obsessed with the game as he was, and it was from his roommate Brandon that he learned about the world of mods. While they weren’t supposed to be in the game several clever programmers had hacked the system language and produced a number of very unusual themed adventures to coincide with the world of Centerland. Some were fairly mundane like polymorph into a bird to experience flying through the air while others, such as the succubus trials, were much more mature in nature. Reggie usually knew when his roommate had found something good when he came home to find him completely naked, and as he got home from work that day he saw that it was one of those times.

“You’re not going to believe this man!” Brandon exclaimed as he went up and held the other guy by the shoulders, Reggie pulling back to not get touched by his naked body except the hands. “Someone got a leak from the new Centerland campaign, it’s going to be a cyberpunk expansion!”

The news took Reggie by surprise; most of the time Centerland was more of a traditional high fantasy game, to have them switch to a techno theme was a bit unusual. “So that’s the reason that you’re not wearing pants?” Reggie said as he pointed downward. “Because you know that unless there’s a new mod I have a very strict wearing pants in the common room rule.”

“You don’t think that I’d be out here just to show off, do you?” Brandon replied with a smirk, causing Reggie to roll his eyes only to stop when he saw a flash drive in front of his eyes. “I have for you the latest and greatest advancement that has come out of Centerland yet. Are you ready for this? Non-human. Synth. Races.”

Reggie felt his jaw drop slightly at that; one of the mainstays of Centerland was that the players had to be humanoid characters with only slight modifications, such as pointy ears, tusks, maybe a pair of short horns. For them to come out with something that will allow to experience things such as a tail, fins, or other such augmentations was an incredible leap in their technology. As Brandon continued on it seemed that they were sticking with anthropomorphic creatures for the time being, but part of Reggie wondered what it would be like to be a centaur or naga or something like that. He heard a chuckle that brought him out of his fantasizing and when he saw where Brandon’s eyes had wondered he saw that he had gotten a tent in his own pants.

“Just… give me that,” Reggie said as he grabbed the flash drive. “What sort of races can you be?”

“So far they just cracked felines,” Brandon replied. “You can also only have one per pad so I just gave you jaguar. I put cheetah as mine and was just about to start up, try not to moan too loud!”

Reggie once more felt his eyes roll into the back of his head as he walked over towards his room and quickly shut the door. While he liked what Brandon found and the two were compatible as roommates it was clear that the word modesty was not coded into his brain. More than once he had to tell him to not download any mods that included homosexual content because that wasn’t how he rolled, yet at least once a month he would find himself in the middle of some male elven bath house or something like that. Admittedly he did actually enjoy that one and let it play out, but only because he had been super pent up that entire week and the last thing he wanted to do was have the guy drown him with those types of experiences.

The new race builder in the game however was something entirely different, and after giving his nanites a recharge since he was a day away from absorbing them he plugged the flash drive into the Simdisk and loaded the newest cracked mod into the system. He put it to the top of his list as well and then stripped down; the nanites worked best when there was nothing that rubbed against the skin to remind the player of the real world and he even had an air mattress pad that allowed him to float in the air. It cost him two months of his wages but it was the best investment in his entire life as he activated the currents and settled himself a few inches above his covers. After setting an alarm in game so he could work his double shift the next day he activated a new game in Centerland and enabled the mod menus that he had just downloaded.

The sensation of his world changing from reality to fantasy felt to him like being submerged in water, and though he remained floating for a few seconds he soon found himself on his feet with the sensation of concrete beneath his bare toes. A menu for the new Cyberlands game came up and he clicked on new game, then chose the synth jaguar that floated in the air in front of him. When he had selected it he expected to suddenly feel like he was a robot, sort of like when he had used the werewolf mod to transform into a big snarling beast, but instead his screen flashed red for a moment before loading the next screen. He still felt… human though, and when the world reinitialized before his eyes he suddenly found himself in a factory setting holding some sort of pulse energy rifle.

“Ohhh, I get it,” Reggie said as he looked around to see alarms going off. “It’s just like the werewolf mod, origin story to get us used to the tail and such. Means that I’m probably going to fail out eventually, but doesn’t mean I can’t have a little fun in the process.”

Reggie wasn’t sure whether he was supposed to fend off whatever enemies might come at him or was supposed to try and leave the facility, but as soon as he took a step forward a voice in his ear nearly caused him to jump out of his skin. “A virus has invaded the synth manufacturing plant!” the deep voice said. “All personnel escape the facility or risk being converted!”

Now this is an interesting story, Reggie thought as he brought up his map and saw it was a holographic display on his wrist. He saw where the exit was and naturally he was on the other side of it he building, so he charged his energy weapon and moved in the shortest route between the two points. As he made his way down the darkened hall he expected to be approached by the enemy, but as he kept an eye out nothing approached him as of yet. There was probably going to be a single one to attack him first, he mused, and then once he got a little more used to them would come in bigger waves.

Just as he got halfway through the hallway the walls all lit up with multiple monitors showing the same colorful swirling pattern on it. It was a slight jump scare to be sure and Reggie could feel his heart pounding out of his chest as he continued to walk. Things became harder to focus on as the swirls dominated his vision, almost making it hard to move as the initial tension in his body melted away. Soon the alarms that had been blaring became background noise as his eyes seemed to focus more on the screens than the hallway that he had been going down, which was why it surprised him when he turned his head and he suddenly saw a large robot cat person standing there.

Reggie let out a yell and fired his weapon as the feline attempted to pounce him, the electricity arching around his form and causing him to fall on the floor. “This is a reminder that your weapons only stun lock these creatures!” the voice in his ear said. “And whatever you do don’t stare into their eyes, they have the same hypnotic effects that the spirals on the screen use to take you over!”

Virus takeover… that was certainly going to be something to experience as he went over and carefully shifted the creature onto his back. It was a tiger creature that was thickly muscled, or at least that’s what his metal body was sculpted to look like, and came complete with rounded ears, striped tail, and thick paw pads on his feet. Despite being made of metal his body looked very realistic and soft too, a strange pretense that provoked him to lean down and touch the feet of the creature. To his surprise they were like soft, silken pillows and when he gave them a squeeze he saw the entire tiger man twitch in pleasure.

That was when Reggie noticed something else about the synth, his face turning to a frown at the thick cock that rested between his legs. “Damnit Brandon,” he said as he saw the flaccid member that twitched slightly. “Every single time something new and exciting comes out…”

A low growl suddenly came out of the creature he had been poking and realized that the stunning effect was staring to wear off on the synth. Reggie had no desire to see what might happen with a game over for these creatures and decided to try and try to get to the end while hoping that perhaps there were some busty feline females that could pounce on him instead. As he moved through the hypnotic hallway however he did find himself looking back again, glancing at that throbbing metal member that was quickly growing more erect by the second. He quickly snapped himself out of it though and moved on to the next part of the level, though as he moved he could still see glimpses of those spirals in his vision.

As Reggie moved through the next room he met two more synths and as he stunned him he quickly saw that they were both guys as well. It seemed that Brandon definitely had his fingerprints all over this mod, but unless he wanted to find and crack it himself he decided to just try out how the new body worked when it was on him. Every so often he would find himself also suddenly standing in front of one of those hypnotic screens, and he found the best way to disable them was to shoot them. He had to be quick though, more than once he had gotten caught staring at one of them and almost got pounced on because of it.

Just as he was about to move into the main manufacturing plant Reggie checked his virtual map, only to be surprised when the hallways and rooms started to shift and move into a spiral. “I’ve just been informed that the virus has infected some of our systems!” the voice over the intercom said. “Spirals are now appearing in huds, maps, and aiming sights. If you stare at them too long you will worship and obey the snyth!”

Obey the synth… as the words caused him to shudder he wondered how the game would make that happen. Would he lose control of his character, or was it some sort of role-play mechanic that he could act out if he wanted too? Either way the horde of creatures that were trying to get him were definitely increasing and it became harder to shoot each one as he found himself looking into their eyes before firing. Despite it being all guys he was starting to get aroused as he felt a very real loss of control every so often, like this spiral was really infecting his mind or something.

“Soldiers… we have new orders…” the voice in Reggie’s intercom said just he blasted away two more synths that were in his way. “We must… obey the synth… gaze into the spiral… become synth drones…”

The man’s voice trailed off as if he was being mind controlled and suddenly there were several more voices that started to chant the same thing. Obey the synth, become drone, gaze into the spiral, the mantra repeated over and over again as a low buzzing could be heard in the background. It was becoming hard to concentrate on his firing and without being able to see his map he found himself going in a random direction. As he got into another dark room he thought that perhaps he had lucked his way into it, only for one of the pitch black walls to illuminate and have a close up of a synth lion’s head with deep, powerful swirls in his eyes that were more alluring than any that he had seen before.

Reggie didn’t even realize that he had dropped his weapon, or that his lips had started to repeat the same words that he heard in his radio. Obey the synth… as he stared at the lion in front of him he could almost feel the power in him tell him to kneel before him. Gaze into the spiral… his eyes were already fixated on those eyes as they continued to swirl around and captivate his attention. Become drone… it was the last part of the mantra, yet he felt almost ashamed he didn’t know how to become a drone before more words echoed into his mind.

Interface with synth, begin the download… it was like the words were coming from his own mind even though he didn’t think them. As he continued to kneel there he suddenly felt the presence of another that was in the room with him. It was two more synths, one of them a stunning, toned tiger morph while the other was a muscular black metal leopard with bronze spots. Both of them had the same hypnotic eyes as the lion counterpart on stage and as Reggie broke his gaze with the screen he suddenly became fixated on them. Your synth brethren will aid in your reprogramming… you will become a synth drone…

A horny gay synth drone…

The last words caused a bit of a spark in Reggie’s mind, but by that point he had already allowed the two to flank him on either side with their erect cocks pointed straight at him. “Prepare yourself for download,” the tiger said as he brought Reggie’s gaze back up to his own, bringing the human under his thrall once more. “Receive your new programming.”

For some reason the only thing that Reggie could focus on was getting that new form, of pleasing his new synth masters by becoming a drone like they asked. The spirals continued to remain the forefront of his mind as he felt his mouth slowly get pushed open by the thick rod of metallic flesh. There was no taste to it, but he did feel a tingle spread through his mouth as it began to push deeper inside. The same sensation was happening as he realized he was getting taken from behind by the panther, hearing him let out an electronic huff as both sets of his cheeks were stretched open.

“Input link established,” the tiger said, Reggie feeling the surprisingly soft hands of the tiger press against his head as the cock seemed to continue to slide down into his throat and completely suppress his gag reflex. “Beginning neural upload.”

“Input link established,” the panther said as he let out a growl while sliding into the hole of the human. Reggie had never had anything back there before and he knew that the nanites were making it be a purely pleasurable experience as his throat began to get filled with metal tiger cock. “Uploading virus, removing human program… installing drone protocols.”

Virus… removing human program… as Reggie felt a cascade of tingles go through both ends and the felines started to thrust into him he found himself able to break out of the trance that the computer had somehow managed to put himself in. He found himself incredibly shocked that he found himself with two feline metal dicks inside of him and that they were surprisingly good, but even more surprising was that he could feel his body start to shift and morph where they were thrusting into him. He let out a gargled moan as the cock inside of his mouth had gotten all the way down his throat, using it like a sleeve while his backside clamped around the one behind him as he felt his spine began to stretch. This wasn’t just some add-ons given to him by a computer program like the werewolf mod, it was as if his body was physically growing and stretching to conform to a feline synth body!

Even though he was hard as a rock, though he felt the cock between his legs already start to lengthen, he continued to keep from looking into the eyes of his captors while putting his hands on the thighs of the tiger. With great effort he managed to pull his thoughts together and mentally command the program to stop, which caused him to gasp as both his mouth and rear end felt empty before they both instinctively closed up. Despite the program ending he still felt the intense shivers of pleasure that came from their coupling, to the point part of him wondered why he stopped. They were just gay, horny synths… nothing wrong with being one of those…

As Reggie voice commanded the bed to turn off he found himself with his hands still playing between his legs, his cock aching due to the lack of release in the game. When he went down to see if he could relieve himself manually though he gasped at what he saw. Not only had he become huge between his legs, his member at least as big as the tiger in the game if not bigger, but his hands had also become completely covered in black metal with irregularly shaped gold spots. As he flexed his fingers not only did he find them more movable than before but a set of gold claws also pushed their way out of his metallic digits.

He couldn’t believe it, but as he got up from his bed he could feel his head also feel different on his body as well. When he looked over at his nearby mirror his human flesh looked swollen and his lips had thickened while also becoming as black as his hands and shaft, and even as he watched his reflection he saw his face starting to push out more into a muzzle with each second. The virus hadn’t just infected him in the game, Reggie realized as he got up and felt a pulling on the back of his spine which was his new tail still growing out, it had infected his nanites too! The metallic nanomachines were somehow turning flesh and bone into metal, which augmented his hearing as he felt his ears begin to push up to the side of his head while stretching out into a more feline configuration.

Damn, Brandon must not have scanned this program for viruses like he should… and as Reggie thought about his roommate he realized that he would be in the exact same boat. Even though he was still naked he quickly made his way over to the other bedroom and threw open the door to try and help the other guy. His eyes widened though when he saw that it was already far too late as the toned, athletic body of the new synth was covered with gold metal that had obsidian spots on it. He was a good drone, a voice in his mind told him, he embraced the spiral and obeyed the synth…

Reggie’s body shuddered as he held his head, the virus still downloading itself into his mind as the spiral began to appear in his vision. No matter how many times he tried to blink it remained there, and as he brought his hands to his eyes he felt that they had become glass. The spirals weren’t being broadcasted from anywhere, they were his own eyes, and they would forever enthrall him to obey the synth. Without even realizing it the cheetah synth formerly known as Brandon slipped off his air mattress and moved over to where the partially converted leopard drone stood there in shock, purring and pressing his hands against the spotted thighs of his fellow drone before taking his half-hard cock into his muzzle.

The sudden sensation of the drone sucking him off kicked the virus into overdrive and suddenly Reggie was overwhelmed with desires and needs that he hadn’t experienced before. When he looked down at his former roommate he could see the tight colorful spirals in his eyes and realized that this was C-129, a submissive cheetah drone that was sucking the faulty human programming out of him. It was to help repair his damaged systems, allowing him to fully enjoy his obedience to the synth and bask in the glory of the spiral that continued to spin in his vision. As the metal continued to cascade over Reggie’s body his muscles swelled and bulked, becoming a drone designed with more dominant desires that would still be the pet of whoever owned him.

The jaguar drone let out a growl as his feet swelled and morphed, becoming soft pads for his owners to snuggle on as his hands reached down and clasped the ears of the cheetah drone sucking him off. He thrusted his hips forward with a smirk of pure lust on his face, his teeth growing into fangs as his tongue lengthened. It could become a cock as well if his owner wanted, but for now he was satisfied with the one he had as he fulfilled his duty of being a horny gay synth feline. The spirals in the jaguar synth’s eyes grew brighter as the last of the humanity was drained from his body through his cock, the data being absorbed into the cheetah below as J-214 asserted control.

Without a word to the cheetah drone C-129 turned and shifted his position so that his legs were spread and his tail was exposed, allowing the bigger male to come in behind him. While the virus had successfully integrated their new personalities it needed to fine-tune the dominance and submissiveness of the pair, and since they had one another they were the best ones for the job. C-129 whimpered slightly in need as he flexed his taut, rubber hole against the erect cock of his counterpart, J-214 more than eager to put this submissive drone in his place with a few gentle but purposeful thrusts of his hips. In no time whatsoever the jaguar drone had buried his ten-inch cock completely into the cheetah underneath him, and as soon as he was fully hilted he grabbed the sides of the smaller feline and began to pound into the tailhole that squeezed purposefully around his member.

Unbeknownst to both drones a new program had been uploaded into their memory banks, one that the virus in their systems ran immediately along with all the background subliminal training that they were receiving. The swirls in their eyes would continue indefinitely, not only continuing to enthrall the drones themselves but anyone that happened to look into them for too long. But the newest data that was being displayed was not a command program or obedience module, it was another level to Centerland that had been hidden in the cracked copy of the DLC that Brandon had downloaded. As the two continued to rut on the bed they were suddenly transported to a room in the game, only this one was connected to the general internet as a number of portraits appeared around them.

“Now our next lot is a pair of new feline synth drones,” a voice that boomed over the entire room said. “As you can see we have one submissive and one dominant, and they do come as a set. If you’re a switch or a couple that would like to mix it up without having to change your desires then perhaps this these are the drones for you. They are fully obedient and have integrated training and enthrallment software as well as color shifting options if you’re not a fan of black and gold. Let’s start the bidding at two million dollars.”

As the numbers are steadily called out in the room neither C-129 nor J-214 care about that, the only thing they were focused on was the intense pleasure coming from their bodies rubbing up against one another as well as inside. Soon a new master would take control of the programming within the virus and they would continue to embrace the spiral and be horny gay synths for the pleasure of one another and the one that owned them. The two found themselves going at it even harder to put on a bit of a show and it seemed to spur the bidding even higher until finally someone bought them. A digital collar was put around their necks and as they finished they received a mental note that someone would be coming to pick them up and deliver them to their new owners.

As the two feline synths disappeared one of the portraits that didn’t bid on the two at all disappeared, Haleon shifting his focus away from the auction house had just created in order to step down onto the floor. Sare was right there waiting for him as usual, using a cloth to shine his metallic plates while at the same time giving him the stats of the interdimensional site they had just created. “Are you sure that it’s good that we just give synths away like that?” Sare asked, which prompted a look from the nexus creature. “I mean, don’t get me wrong Lord Haleon, it serves to double your influence in certain areas and being able to spend real cash in an area without creating it is very helpful, but aren’t you worried about those that aren’t in your control?”

“Who says they’re not in my control?” Haleon said with a chuckle. “They may have a new master but eventually those eyes of theirs will ensnare them as well, and soon they’ll want to be drones just like their former playthings. Then we get the entire lot of them in and all the resources that come with it, plus it flies under the radar of my brothers so I can start distributing them out to more places.”

“That’s very clever Lord Haleon,” Sare chirped. “You might have just created your own brand of hypnaga.”

“Hypnagas… everyone thinks Renzyl is so special because he created powerful psychic creatures that can even turn other minions,” Haleon scoffed. “My dear rubber brother is about as subtle as a neon billboard in a desert. My synths, on the other hand, can blend in to many societies that are a touch on the advanced side… I could have a new wave of synth masters, pets, and slaves come in before the others are even aware of it. Then it’ll be my wings that usher in the age of technology to the nexus realm.”

Just as the two started laughing they stopped as a portal opened in the middle of the realm, a shiny black spandex bull poking his head out and looking at Haleon with his orange eyes. “Haleon, the cable is out in my realm again,” Modino stated. “Can you fix it?”

“Did you try… turning it off and on again…” Haleon said as he tried to hold back a sigh.

“Yeah, it still just does the weird blinky thing,” Modino replied. “Can you just come over and do it? You’re so much better at it and Wrestlemania is on in thirty minutes!”

“Ugh… I’ll be there in… five minutes,” Haleon said, the bull giving him the thumbs up before disappearing again as Sare looked at the eagle incredulously. “What, sometimes it’s a bane to be the technologically savvy one in the family…”