Fiddling with Factory Settings

It was yet another busy day in the bustling metropolis that many called home and the sidewalks were packed with synth and anthro alike trying to get from one place to another. Most had a specific place that they were going to, and Dieter was no exception as they weaved their way through the crowd on the sidewalk in order to get to their destination. The lion synth looked at the street signs with their glowing gold eyes as his internal nav system pointed the direction to go next. They were glad that they had gotten such an upgrade since the buildings of the city all looked the same and it was hard to tell which ones were commercial only and which actually had residential spaces for rent.

The one that they was looking for was the latter as Dieter turned the corner and moved down the street indicated in his HUD, one of the buildings highlighted in their vision that they made their way towards. It was a loft apartment above a Chinese restaurant and as they approached their display told them to head towards the door that was next to the establishment. When they tried to open the metal door they found it locked, then looked over to the side where there was a metal intercom box. There were no names but only one button on it that they pushed to see what would happen.

For a few moments nothing seemed to happen but as Dieter thought to push it again there was a buzzing noise and the door unlocked for them. It was to be expected that the one that they intended to visit would be there, the lion synth thought to themselves as they opened the door and walked inside. They had made sure to call ahead and make sure the one they wanted to visit was there ahead of time and hoped that they were expected as they made their way quickly up the stairs. When they got to the top they saw a single door that was already cracked open that Dieter took as an invitation as he went up to it and looked inside.

The entire area was a large studio space that had no walls; Dieter could see everything from the kitchen area to the bedroom along with a rather large entertainment center filled with screens. They didn’t see their host yet but they could be off in another area of the large loft as the synth stepped inside and closed the door behind them. “Hello?” Dieter called out, attempting a scan of the room only to find that he couldn’t get a good read on anything inside. “Serathin, are you here?”

As Dieter contemplated moving further inside they suddenly felt a hand on their shoulder and jumped slightly before they looked to see a smiling draconic sabrewolf next to him. “Didn’t mean to startle you,” Serathin stated as he patted Dieter on the shoulder. “Thank you for coming here, there was something that you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Yes, actually,” Dieter replied as they moved over towards a small table where the two sat. “I know that you are a rather established technomancer and I’ve heard from other synths that you can… mess with their programming a bit. I was just wondering if that was true?”

“Well as I’m sure you know tampering with the inner workings of a synth is highly illegal and morally reprehensible,” Serathin said with a slight smirk. “Plus it’s a lot like hypnosis; if the synth doesn’t accept the changes that I allegedly make than it won’t stick, there would have to be some sort of willingness on the synth’s part. That being said I’ve picked up a few tricks here and there that can be useful if said synth is so inclined, which of course I wouldn’t think of using on anyone.”

Dieter nodded, but as they did they began to feel strange. At first they thought that it was just warm but as they looked over at Serathin he didn’t seem to be uncomfortable and knew that the hybrid was partial to the cold. The temperature in his display also showed that the temperature hadn’t changed, though when they switched to their internal gauge they saw that their readings had spiked a bit. It was a bit unusual and might cause the discomfort, and as they saw it rise a bit more he began to move his shirt to try and move some air in it.

“You alright, you looking a little warm,” Serathin said as he leaned back in the chair. “I thought synths didn’t have to wear clothes since you’re a robot and all.”

“That doesn’t seem…” Dieter trailed off as they tried to think about how that sounded like it was wrong, only to realize that the draconic sabrewolf was right. “I suppose you’re right, I just enjoy being modest. It appears my thermal regulators need some calibration though, do you mind if I take something off?”

“Hey, if you don’t mind I don’t,” Serathin replied. “Nothing like a little nudity between friends.” When Dieter looked over at the draconic sabrewolf they were shocked when they suddenly realized that the other man was completely naked. While they could have sworn that they were wearing clothes when they had walked through the door it was clear that they weren’t wearing a stitch on them, and since there were no piles around him it must have been that way since they came in.

 Eventually the lion decided to take the hybrid up on his offer and stripped down, exposing his metallic feline body. Once they were done they were completely exposed but was quite comfortable with it as they sat back down in the chair. They weren’t sure why they had even been wearing clothes in the first place since the draconic sabrewolf preferred that friends who visit are naked. It did make things more comfortable at least and as they continued to chat they began to feel cooler as well.

After a few minutes another problem began to present itself to Dieter as Serathin got up in order to prepare the two of them a drink. The lion synth watched him sway his tail back and forth slightly and had to admit that they felt a little silly coming in with clothes like that, but it appeared that the draconic sabrewolf didn’t mind it at all as they waited. As they sat there a sudden noise caught their attention and he looked over to see that the television had turned on. They knew they hadn’t done it after checking to make sure they weren’t sitting on a remote and then looked over at the technomancer, Serathin humming to himself as he went from cabinet to cabinet in order to make whatever cocktail he thought that they would enjoy.

As Dieter turned their attention to the television once more they noticed that something was playing on it, some sort of movie about mythology, but what was strange about it was that the coloration seemed to be off on it. “Hey Serathin,” Dieter asked as the synth lion found themselves standing up and moving towards it. “Is there something wrong with your television?”

“Yeah, had a power surge recently that messed with all the settings,” Serathin replied as he shook a cocktail shaker in his hands before pouring the contents into a glass. “It’s been turning on and off all day and the color is messed up, which is total bull since I just bought the damn thing. If you want you can turn it off, unless you want to try and give it a fix.”

Dieter wasn’t sure what they could do that a technomancer couldn’t, but decided to give it a shot to see if they could find something that Serathin had missed. As they went up to the television they noticed that there was no remote, which meant they would have to get up close in order to use the buttons that were on the device. Unfortunately the lion synth had no idea where they were and ended up sliding their hands all over the edges to try and figure out where the buttons were. After a few seconds of trying to find a physical means of altering the screen they found a wifi signal that came from the television and connected that way in order to access the settings that way.

As soon as the synth opened the connection to the device the coloration of the television rapidly shifted and Dieter let out a slight gasp of surprise as the screen seemed to get even worse. The image on the screen was hard to make out as the hues not only became more drastically different but also began to shift around like an oil slick. It also seemed to fill their own vision as well and it was hard to see the options that they were attempting to change and found it impossible to do anything, even the command prompts they were sending becoming hard to focus on. Soon the synth was so overloaded with corrupted information that all they could do was stand there and as Dieter remained frozen they could only hope that Serathin would soon notice and come to help.

Meanwhile the draconic sabrewolf’s ears twitched when he heard the synth gasp and turned to see that the lion stood there in front of the television with an expression on their face that went from shocked to blank. Though Serathin had noticed that Dieter had gotten themselves into a bit of trouble it was not his intention to help him, in fact it was quite the opposite. “Looks like you’re about to get exactly what you wanted Dieter,” Serathin said with a chuckle as he went over and put a hand against the bare chest of the robot. “While it would have been fun to completely keep you oblivious as you changed this part can get rather intensive, so let’s get you into something more fitting and we can write in the backstory once I get you fully on-line.”

Serathin took the enthralled Dieter and moved them over towards the couch; there was no need for them to watch the television any longer since the lion had connected themselves to it, unknowingly downloading the trojan that the technomancer created to keep the port open. Even though his programming was locked the lion was still aware of everything that was happening to them, though only for his subroutines which the draconic sabrewolf would be able to tweak more easily later on. With the synth lion unable to move all they could do was watch as Serathin stood there for a second until the colors completely took over his vision and made seeing anything else impossible. With his video sensors blocked Serathin went over to the wall next to the television and pressed a hand against one of the bricks, which flickered briefly before disappearing to reveal a safe that he opened with ease.

Once the safe was closed and disguised once more Serathin allowed Dieter to see once again as he took the vial he had taken out and dumped the metallic contents down his throat. “If you see the one that pointed you in my direction you’re going to have to thank him for this,” Serathin said as he flicked the vial to the side as the flesh of his muzzle began to turn to metal. “If it wasn’t for him I wouldn’t be able to do this next part, and I wouldn’t be able to mess with cute little synths like yourself. The only thing is I can’t produce my own nanites, luckily anyone with a nice enough printer can make them… but enough tech talk, if I’m going to be swallowing thirty hours worth of work I’m going to be putting it to good use.”

Though Dieter could hear the hybrid talking there was no ability for them to respond to it as their systems remained completely overclocked. As Serathin sat down in their lap and wrapped their arms around them the lion synth could see the green eyes that were staring at them start to become glass-like, then glow even more than before as the metal around them turned a shiny purple. The technomancer was turning himself into a synth, Dieter realized, but they didn’t even know that was possible until it was happening right in front of their face. But as the lion synth’s mouth remained open from the program lock that transforming face suddenly pressed against his own and a long tongue push inside of their maw.

Almost immediately a rush of new information was downloaded into the lion synth’s system, something that was only reserved for the upgrading of his core OS and was likewise protected as such. While Serathin had already gotten access into his system settings without the synth lion being aware of it this was something different; the increasingly synthetic sabrewolf was not just tweaking settings, he was taking full control of his systems. As the muzzle of the other man continued to press against theirs Dieter suddenly found his own kissing back as the corruptive data began to initiate processes of their own accord. Their entire metallic body trembled as there was nothing that Dieter could do to stop the technomancer from taking over, even his firewalls and failsafes being overwritten by the wave of data downloaded through the tongue that had pushed inside their maw.

But as lines of bright green code danced in front of Dieter’s HUD it wasn’t the only thing that the draconic sabrewolf was changing as their making out also transferred some of the recently activated nanites into the lion. The feline muzzle began to stretch as Serathin took his metallic hands and pressed them against the back of Dieter’s head, feeling the metal morph underneath his ministrations. Most synths had some semblance of malleability to their forms to allow for upgrades, but with the combination of the nanites and the technomancer programming Serathin hijacked that process to mold the creature into a completely different form. While the program that the technomancer executed that wove within the complex synth algorithms the metal of the lion’s head turned to a bright red as a pair of horns grew out where Serathin touched them.

As Serathin continued his work he could feel the cock of the synth lion throb against his inner thigh, where his own increasingly rubber member pressed against it. It never ceased to amaze the technomancer how horny these synthetic creatures got when you messed with them, especially after ramping up their libido while also transforming them. While his focus was on the head of the lion he decided to change one more thing before he let his new pet project go, squeezing his black metal thighs together and commanding the nanites to transfer onto the shaft of the lion. It immediately began to grow even bigger, thickening as it swelled into a meaty cylinder of synth cock with a flared head and medial ring that was nearly a foot long. It was quite the upgrade, Serathin thought to himself as he felt it throb hard against his abs, but he knew better than to play with it when he was right in the middle of the process he had started.

After about a minute Serathin had completed his first task and pulled away, his metal tongue retracting out of Dieter’s mouth as he did. The prehensile appendage looped once around the bovine muzzle that had stretched out the synth’s mouth as the gleaming metal horns slid up between the hybrid synth’s fingers and stretched out until they were a proper set of bull’s horns. “Looks like you’re doing quite well,” Serathin said as he looked into the eyes of the other synth while the changes continued to morph the feline’s ears and the synthetic hair turned a deep black. “You alright there Dieter?”

Dieter blinked a few times as they felt their processes return to their normal levels and the overflow that came from the television disappear. They immediately severed the connection to the device, unaware that there was a second one that had formed to the synth sabrewolf, and then did a full diagnostic check on themselves. Everything appeared to be green however and there was no lasting effects that they could find, though when they looked over to Serathin to tell him about the faulty television they found themselves staring into the glowing green LED eyes of a muscular draconic sabrewolf synth. There was something very strange about that fact… but for the life of them they couldn’t figure out what it was as they were helped to their feet.

“I think that you might need to get a new television,” Dieter said, only to bring a hand to their throat when they heard their voice sound deeper than before. “That’s… strange…”

“What’s strange?” Serathin said with a faintly-veiled grin as he slid around behind the bull-headed synth and grabbed onto his tail, turning the ropy lion appendage into something shorter and slid the excess mass into the other synth’s body to bulk him out. “If I had known that you were going to get so into that program I would have just let you keep having fun with it, I know how shows like that get your motor running.”

Program… Dieter tried to remember what show they was watching when he connected to the television but the only thing they could remember was some sort of bull creature that stomped around stone hallways, possibly chasing someone as they brought a hand and shook their head. “I guess I must have really gotten immersed,” Dieter commented as he looked down and saw his cock was completely erect and jutting out from his legs, which rippled slightly as they grew more thickly muscled with the synth sabrewolf’s ministrations. “Didn’t mean to pop a boner in your apartment Serathin.”

“You know that I don’t mind handsome synth studs doing that in my place,” Serathin replied with a wink as he slid his blue hands upwards and saw the metal turn a deep crimson hue as well as swell with synthetic muscle. “We’ve done far more together that you don’t have to apologize for showing off like that, especially since I admit I did tease you with what was on that television. If there were draconic sabrewolves that I could watch I’d probably get horny looking at them too, you’re lucky that you’re modeled after the minotaur.”

A minotaur… the word caused the corrupted programming in their mind to spread even more into their own thought processes as he remembered being created, the ones that did so taking the form from mythology. Behind him Serathin’s grin widened as he saw that his program was integrating swimmingly, though the connection between them only allowed to see the conversion inside the synth happening. The technomancer was far more hands on though and knew that this was a crucial time to mold Dieter into the specifications that he wanted as he took his rubber dragon cock and pushed it between the metallic butt cheeks of the other man. Just like with his tongue Serathin used the penetration to connect deeper into the OS of the transforming bull while his hands squeezed the chest of the other synth to form a pair of meaty pectoral muscles.

“O-oh… Serathin…” Dieter said as they felt the draconic sabrewolf press up against their back and something push up into their tailhole. “I… damn…”

Just like with the television Dieter found the pleasure to interfere with their thinking, which was exactly what Serathin wanted as one of his hands went down and sculpted the former lion’s stomach to have a six-pack that any athlete would want. “What, it’s not the first time that we’ve been together like this,” Serathin stated, his eyes flashing as the new commands were assimilated into the growing bull’s memory. “Ever since you came to me with your calibration problem we’ve had quite a bit of fun, and though I know you tend to be the dominant male they programmed you to be I appreciate the vulnerability of being my bull boy.”

Dieter let out a gasp, not only from the thick cock spreading his tailhole open and firing off his pleasure sensors but from the new memories that were forming in their mind. With the technomancer corrupting the others his learning analytics took the information and extrapolated new ones, remembering that they had been over to the other synth’s place multiple times. At first it had just been to talk shop but after a while Dieter found themselves on the table with the sabrewolf synth’s cock deep inside of them. At the same time though they remembered being the ones on top, taking the image of synths that Dieter had just passed in the street and the corruptive programming putting them underneath them with their thick cock inside.

“Can I just say how much I love this body of yours,” Serathin cooed as he nibbled on the synth bull’s ears as Dieter’s biceps flexed while gaining definition to match the rest of his body. “You just ooze masculinity, even when you’re on the bottom you have this dominant aura that drives all the synths wild. Maybe it’s just that aura of authority that being a security drone master has, all your thralls probably tell you that you are the pinnacle of the male form.”

Before Dieter could respond a grunt escaped from his muzzle as Serathin pushed in deep, keeping the minotaur synth from thinking about it as the words seeped into him. Combined with the adaptive programming that Serathin continued to feed through his cock the technomancer knew they were getting to the core identity now, his hand stroking the throbbing member of the bull as his very core of his being was rewritten. As Dieter looked down at the muscular crimson and chrome body the minotaur synth knew that Serathin was right; while the original intent had been for security whomever created him had wanted a paragon of the male form, and with it the dominance to keep those that were his subordinates in line as synths beneath him practically worshipped his body. His lips curled slightly into a sneer as he remembered the drones that he had bent over or sucking on his cock after a successful day of keeping out anyone that didn’t belong.

As the newest commands took root Serathin felt the bull shift slightly and look down at him, the formerly smaller lion now nearly half a foot taller than him, and gave him a wry grin. “Hey Serathin,” Dieter said as he flexed his hole and squeezed it around the cock of the draconic sabrewolf synth to get his attention. “Mind if I switch things around a bit? I don’t need you standing on your toes trying to thrust up into me and I would like to control the pace.”

“Whatever my bull boy wants,” Serathin replied with a big smile, the two synths shifting their position until the hybrid was on his back with the minotaur on top. They managed to keep the thick cock inside of the bull and Dieter straddled the other man before starting to lift his hips. It appeared that the dominance effect had taken root quite deeply, Serathin thought to himself as he brought his hands to the thick hips of the bull while trying not to thrust upwards.

It gave the technomancer to properly mold the last part of the minotaur’s body though and as Dieter began to huff and pant Serathin placed his hands on the still feline feet of the other synth. With the pleasure coursing through every inch of his body and the thick cock deep inside of him Dieter didn’t even realize his metallic toes fused together, forming into a pair of glistening chrome hooves that completed the effect. With the necessary physical transformation finished Serathin continued to tweak the programming of Dieter to fit with his new personality and memories, though as he was finishing up he was surprised to find the bull’s hands grab him by the horns and pull him forwards.

“Don’t think you’re getting off that easy,” Dieter said with an evil grin as he pulled the muzzle of the hybrid towards his groin until his cock pushed past those metal sabreteeth and into Serathin’s maw. “I may be your bull boy, but you’re still going to put that mouth to good use while I ride you.”

The draconic sabrewolf just let out a muffled grunt as the synthetic shaft quickly slid down into his stretchy throat, causing Dieter to lean back and let out a loud bellow of pleasure. It also caused the bull to push all the way do the hilt on Serathin’s cock and as the two synths began to both shift back and forth eventually the pleasure was too much and they both tripped an orgasm in their forms. Dieter continued to moan and press the muzzle of the sabrewolf between his legs as he felt the clawed hands of the other man grip onto his sides and pull him downwards, both of them sharing in the data of their climax to create a mini feedback loop they enjoyed. As the minotaur let out a long exhale from his nostrils Serathin continued to feel the heavy bovine cock stretch out his throat, pinned under the bigger man until finally Dieter calmed down enough to pull out.

“Well that was certainly quite the romp,” Serathin said once he was able to close his mouth again, pulling himself up as Dieter did the same. “How are you feeling now Dieter?”

“Fantastic,” the minotaur replied with a smirk as he flexed his arms as though to pose for the other synth. “Fun as always Serathin, and now that I got my hole stretched it’s time to find a few others that I can bend over.”

Serathin couldn’t help but chuckle at the total transformation from the timid lion synth that had walked in to the bold minotaur synth that stood there before him. But there was just one last thing he had to do, something he was glad that he had decided to wait for until the end as he once more came up behind Dieter and wrapped his hands around him. “Well I’m sure you’re going to get a lot of that at work tonight,” Serathin said as he grabbed the semi-soft shaft of the bull with one hand and stroked the large sack that hung beneath it with the other. “Of course you’re not going to want to walk out like that and cause accidents, let me help you get back into something more proper. You don’t want to get in trouble for droning people outside of your duties, master minotaur.”

Even though Dieter had just came he started to feel his arousal build from the deft metallic fingers against his groin, but as they shifted his cock around the sensations started to dull slightly and he looked down to see strands of flexible crimson metal slither out and over his package. It took a second before he remembered that as part of his employment he could only convert those that were found trespassing and as such his mighty tool would have to remain covered until such a time occurred. He was thankful that Serathin was so understanding as the throbbing tool and sack were completely covered in soft, yielding metal that still outlined his groin and watched as a chrome lock appeared over it. While Dieter was outside the bounds of his security perimeter that would remain, though he could still feel pleasure radiate from it as Serathin gave it a squeeze.

Once Serathin had finished up he gave Dieter a pat on the head and wished him a good night at work, the synth sabrewolf breaking all connections with the new muscular minotaur that walked confidently out of his loft. Once he was sure that the other synth was gone Serathin reactivated the alarms and sent the footage from the hidden cameras around his place to an external hard drive for archiving, then cleaned up the clothes that were scattered about. As he dumped them in the trash he suddenly got a phone call, the hybrid going over to the television he had originally used to ensnare Dieter in the first place and watched as a shadowy figure appeared on it.

“I trust you didn’t have any troubles?” the digitally-altered voice that came from it asked, Serathin keeping from rolling his eyes at the electronic measures being used to keep the identity of his client hidden.

“Yep, one minotaur drone maker security synth is heading to your place as we speak,” Serathin confirmed as he sat down on his couch. “You were right about the target, I hardly had to nudge him in order to get him to accept the new synth personality I created for him, but as I’m sure you’re aware the changes aren’t going to be permanent.”

“Not permanent?” the shadowy figure asked. “I underestimated you Serathin, I thought that it was clear in the contract-“

“What’s clear in the contract is that you get your product long enough for him to create a stable of bull drones to take care of your espionage problem,” Serathin explained as he tapped a metal toe claw against the glass of a nearby coffee table. “While Dieter will not be under your employment forever those he creates will be as punishment by the law, and then when he does start to change back you’ll have the chance to ask him if he wants his upgrades to be permanent then. That’s all our contract entitles you to, and I already told your company that the ability I’m using isn’t even mine in the first place.”

There was a moment of silence before the figure spoke once more. “Very well,” the figure replied as Serathin sipped on the drink he had created earlier. “I suppose as long as the synth takes care of our theft problem it was worth it in the end.”

“I guarantee that it will,” Serathin replied before he severed the connection, giggling to himself once he was sure the line was dead. “Especially since I was the one that stole from you in the first place. But since my contract is completed it won’t hurt to see my bull boy while he’s on the job, of course for that to happen I’ll need someone to actually activate him…”

Part 2:

The moon had slowly risen above the docks that stood silently on the edge of the waterfront, illuminating the buildings and alleys between them. It also shined a light on the human that wondered through the narrow areas as he attempted to sneak from shadow to shadow. Miles was a rank amateur thief that had gotten a tip on a stash of portable electronics equipment that had just been delivered to the harbor but hadn’t been shipped off to its respective stores yet. While it wouldn’t be a big score they would be placed in the lower security areas away from the major corporate deliveries that he would have to be a fool to try and steal from.

While the moonlight was making it hard for him to sneak from place to place but did give him the added benefit of being able to see if there was anything as security in front of him. One thing that Miles had also heard was that the docks had installed some sort of new system that was completely automated or something like that, but once again that was probably for the corporate warehouses that he had no intention of going to as he turned a corner and looked around. He was also glad there were no cameras around as he ducked behind a dumpster and took out the map that had also been provided for him, scratching his head as he looked at the directions to the warehouse that stored the goods. Once he got his bearings he checked to make sure there were no patrolling guards or synths and then snuck out to the next building that it told him to go to.

“This place is like a damn maze,” Miles grumbled to himself as he went down several more corners and found himself at yet another brick wall that was the way to the outside. “Doesn’t this place know how to hang up a sign?”

The thief continued to grumble as he tried to double back to see if he could get to a landmark to read the map, only to stop dead in his tracks as he saw a hulking figure standing in the alley he had just come from. It was clearly a synth, the minotaur standing at around seven feet tall with his crimson and chrome body gleaming in the light of the moon above him. “You are trespassing on corporate property,” the synth announced as those bright red eyes stared directly at Miles. “Per extraterritoriality law you are now corporate property as punishment for your crimes, prepare to be assimilated.”

Miles let out a scream and began to run in the opposite direction of the synth, but without the map to guide him and already turned around from the labyrinthine alleys that the buildings created he had no idea which way led back to the hole in the security fence he had snuck through to get inside. He could immediately hear the heavy clomping of metal hooves against concrete as Dieter left impressions on the ground with every step he took. Though the thief managed to keep ahead of the synth for a few of the buildings it would do him no good; even when he stopped hearing the synth chasing him all he had done was lose the security guard, he was so turned around that he didn’t even know which way was the harbor as he looked behind him to see if the minotaur would come around it at any second.

As he caught his breath Miles didn’t see anything that indicated the synth knew where he was, and though he knew it wasn’t likely it was possible that he had lost the bull in the chase. The second he turned around however the thief let out a gasp as the minotaur that stood a few inches behind him grabbed him by the collar and slowly lifted him up into the air. He attempted to kick the shins of the synth but when his shoes did connect the only thing it did was cause a pain to radiate from his toes as he was brought eye to eye with the bovine synth. While Miles wasn’t sure what being assimilated meant he was pretty sure he wouldn’t like the process, but as he continued to squirm in the grasp of the bigger synth nothing else seemed to happen.

Finally Miles brought up the courage to look at the face of the one who captured him and saw that the red eyes the minotaur had previously sported were gone, replaced with swirling colors that seemed to radiate out from the metallic creature. At first he wasn’t sure what that meant but as he continued to hang there in the grasp of the bovine his struggling quickly ceased until he hung there in Dieter’s grasp. Once Dieter was sure that he had properly enthralled the other male he allowed a small smirk to show on his muzzle as he took the burglar and brought him up against the wall. It would be his third catch of the night and like the other two this one wasn’t a synth like him, but that hadn’t stopped him before as the picture of the chrome lock on his groin disappeared.

The second that Dieter had detected the intruder on his radar he had begun to produce the necessary nanites in order to transform them, the master minotaur eager to create yet another drone that would aid him in his securing of the area. When he had detected that the thief had a cortical implant he was able to connect with it and gleaned that this one was named Miles and that he was ripe for conversion, unlike the other two that he had to just throw in the holding cell for police to take. As the metal retracted his cock sprang out and he could see the drone programming that had been downloaded directly into this human’s mind had already started to affect him, seeing the thief start to move again as a tent formed in his pants. Miles started to take off his clothes but didn’t have the chance to even get his shirt off as Dieter leaned in and ripped the fabric apart, finding a rather pleasing physique underneath, since he wasn’t going to need them soon anyway.

Once he was naked the Minotaur pushed Miles down onto his knees and pressed his thick cock into the face of the human, watching his enthralled face hardly register that there was a heavy rubber member that rested against him. “You are my drone now,” Dieter explained as he pressed his hands against the head of the human where he always saw strands of metallic rubber starting to spread over the messy hair of the other male. “You belong to me for as long as the corporation deems fit to punish you, now open your mouth and accept your new role.”

The human did what he was told and Dieter slid forward, pushing the head of his cock into the mouth of the smaller man. All he was able to do was get the flared tip past the lips of the thief but that was all he needed, the minotaur continuing to keep the human kneeling as his brain was being rewired through the implant that he had. Rich red rubber immediately began to flow over the face of the thief as nanite-laden synth cum dribbled into the mouth of the human, though as Dieter began to push he watched as more of his throbbing shaft was able to slide inside. After getting another inch and hearing a muffled grunt come from the human beneath him he decided to pull back, and as he did the man’s face stretched out with it.

Even with the hypnotic commands seeping into his brain Miles knew that something was going on when his jaws felt like they had just extended several inches. The cock of the minotaur had started to push in again and when it did he felt his tongue and mouth become more coated with the strange rubber as the material against his face hardened while the edges still spread out. As his hair was assimilated his eyes widened as he saw strands of it cover over his eyes and form into lenses that once more began to swirl with the same alluring pattern that had enthralled him in the first place. In a last ditch effort to try and escape Miles pushed back but found the minotaur synth’s cock stretch with him as he fell back into the wall while more of the thick substance flooded down into his stomach.

Dieter chuckled as he watched the human squirm with renewed figure as the crimson bull gas mask crept over his face, his cock pushing deeper into the new rubber maw as he stepped forward. “You can try and struggle all you like,” Dieter said as Miles shook his head, causing the minotaur to shiver from the stimulation before he moved forward and got the head of his member to bulge out the thief’s throat. “Your fate was sealed the second you allowed my programming to filter into your mind. Just let the changes wash over you, soon you will be a rubber bull drone…”

“Looks like someone has stepped into the shoes given to them quite well,” a voice said that caused Dieter to look up while the thief grew more relaxed, seeing a draconic sabrewolf synth hop down from the wall that he was perched on. “Or rather hooves. I hope I didn’t interrupt anything.”

“Nah, just pumping this one full before sealing him off,” Dieter said as they looked down to see that the thief had went from sliding his hands along the minotaur’s cock to try and pull it out to stroking his own, though as the minotaur’s rubber cum began to bloat out his stomach it had also gotten onto his hands and caused Miles to spread it to his groin. As Dieter pulled his cock out, the bull gas mask sealing up as soon as the head popped free, he left the transforming male to squirm from the rubber spreading over his body and stimulating him further. “First bull drone of the night, if you can believe it.”

“I can certainly can the way you seemed to fill him up,” Serathin replied as he watched the rubber form a bulge that completely coated the cock of the thief that he rubbed his mitted hands against in a struggle for pleasure. “It’s too bad that he didn’t leave himself some string to try and escape you, but that one was never known for being prepared. Anyway I wanted to check up on you and just see how things were going.”

“Never better,” Dieter replied with a cock grin as he crossed his arms over his muscular metal chest. “Once I get this one back he’ll take a few hours for the drone programming to take, but once it does he’ll be calling me master in no time. Still will need a few more in order to properly cover this entire harbor but if tonight is any indicator I should have a full stable in no time, anyway I don’t suppose you want to stick around and see the show?”

“It would be a repeat for me,” Serathin stated with a chuckle. “I’m glad that you’re enjoying yourself though, I’ll leave you to have fun with your new pet.”

As Serathin turned to leave however he suddenly felt a strong hand grab him by the arm and spin him around, tossing him up against the wall before he suddenly felt the bull behind him. “I do believe that you are trespassing,” Dieter said with a dark chuckle as he pinned the other synth against the wall, feeling him wiggle slightly as the minotaur leaned in to the hybrid’s ear. “That means that you’re mine… at least until those nanites of yours wear off.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about…” Serathin growled as he tried to escape the grasp of the minotaur, only to turn back to see Dieter smirking at him. “I see, so how much do you know exactly?”

“Enough that this isn’t my real body,” Dieter revealed as he pressed his body against the other synth to increase the pressure as he continued to look over the muzzle of the sabrewolf synth. “I do get glimpses of my real identity, and while I could restore the back-up you missed I’m having way too much fun right now with this new identity you’ve given me. So much so that I think it’s time that I return the favor.”

The minotaur’s smirk widened as he sensed that Serathin pieced together that he had missed a node, but that was quickly replaced with a lust that was matched on the hybrid’s muzzle as he just grinned back at the minotaur. “Alright then,” Serathin said as he dug his metal claws into the brick. “Let’s see what you got, minotaur master.”

Though Serathin could have used the command word that would have triggered the subservience in Dieter the technomancer decided to let the bull have his fun, and was admittedly curious on what the minotaur had in mind. As he glanced over at the half rubberized bull drone he wondered if that would be his fate too, but as he felt connections being made from Dieter’s body to his own the sabrewolf realized this would be something different. They were both synths after all, at least for the moment, and with both of them harboring the same nanites it meant that Dieter had just as much control over his body as he did with Dieter. As Serathin could feel the minotaur connecting to his systems he mused that perhaps he had set the dominance and conversion desire settings a bit too high, but those thoughts were quickly erased as Dieter opened the dataport and flooded the hybrid with the corrupted code that originally came from him.

Since Dieter was still on the job his cock hadn’t retracted back, and after being interrupted by the sabrewolf synth in the first place he was still as hard as a rock. The minotaur synth snorted as he pushed his throbbing shaft several inches in at once, watching it disappear inside Serathin who let out a sharp gasp not only from the penetration but the hardline connection they made as well. The black metal of the sabrewolf’s rear end began to shift in hue as Dieter pressed his chest against the sabrewolf, the wires between them glowing from the data transfer. As the minotaur looked down he saw that several of them were green instead of the usual red, which meant that the technomancer was attempting to hack back.

Serathin let out another yelp as he was spun around while still impaled on the cock of the minotaur until his back was against the wall, the stone cracking as the two powerful males continued to press against one another. With Dieter being bigger than Serathin he was able to hold the other synth male up against the wall as several more wires opened on the chest of the minotaur and latched onto the same spots as the sabrewolf. The flood of data combined with the pleasure coming from Dieter thrusting up inside of him was causing all manner of data leakage in the draconic sabrewolf, which was what the minotaur wanted as he leaned in and kissed him deeply. As Serathin felt the metal tongue snake into his mouth and down into his throat there was nothing he could do as it connected with his OS just like he had done to Dieter a few hours ago, his green eyes slowly blinking as new data was being added to his old systems.

The cock of the draconic sabrewolf throbbed hard as it began to stretch and grow while sandwiched between the two of them as the nanites of the minotaur took over the ones inside of his body. The clawed feet of the hybrid twitched in the air as the coloration that had just been where his insides were wrapped around the thick shaft spreading him open spread down his legs, thickening them considerably before they reached his toes. As soon as the corrupted minotaur nanites reached Serathin’s feet the draconic digits merged together, the metal coalescing until it turned into a hoof similar to the ones that supported both their bodies. No, Serathin realized as he saw his already muscular body grow slightly bigger and taller from the mass that was being absorbed up from his shrinking tail, they weren’t just similar to Dieter’s…

…they were exactly like Dieter’s!

Serathin let out a snort as he tried to say something about it, but the only thing he could do was pant and moan as the crimson and chrome coloration spread up towards his head. Already the alien programming had started to instill him with the same thoughts of dominance, of finding others to turn to bull clones like the one that had completely transformed and stood at attention and waited for orders. It didn’t help that he already had similar inclinations, Dieter feeding on that to bridge the gap between his own thought processes and the ones of the minotaur program that had been downloaded into his mind. As the changes reached Serathin’s chest Dieter could feel the lupine muzzle that housed his tongue shifting as well, becoming more bovine in nature by the second as the horns of the hybrid began to grow and curl.

The green eyes of transforming sabrewolf synth began to flicker more intensely as his personality was being overridden by the new commands inside of him, and though Serathin continued to try and fight it Dieter could sense that his core was being corrupted as he thrusted his cock up hard to hilt the other synth. An identical copy of his member rested against his own pectorals and the minotaur decided that he wanted to be fair, leaning back slightly and curling the sabrewolf to push the head of it into his own maw just like he had done to Serathin earlier. Dieter found himself having to take a step backwards as the spine of the other synth popped and stretched, growing out the extra feet until they were identical in height. With the added stimulation it didn’t take long for the minotaur to reach orgasm, watching Serathin’s eyes flashing from green to red until they finally settled on the latter color as he came too.

Dieter could sense the same transformative nanites that came out of Serathin’s new cock that were in his own, but since he was a minotaur synth already the only thing it did was cause even more tingles of pleasure as they were reabsorbed back into his body. As Dieter pulled off of the former sabrewolf he pushed in deep once more, hilting the other synth and pumping every last drop of seed into him in order to make sure the transformation stuck. Serathin bellowed loudly as the code imprinted itself onto him, the minotaur programming taking hold as his entire body continued to quiver while in the embrace of the equally muscular creature that continued to press against him. With the other synth’s body now as tall as him Dieter felt Serathin’s feet hooved feet hit the ground with a loud clop as he put a hand against his head and felt his new horns.

“Ugh, this is not what I was expecting,” Serathin said, jumping slightly from his new deeper voice as his legs wobbled slightly. “You just wait Dieter, when I turn back into a… um…”

“Into a what?” Dieter asked in confusion as he tilted his head. “You’ve always been a drone master minotaur like me.”

The two minotaur synths looked at one another as the programming inside of Serathin’s head did exactly what it had done to Dieter, forming new memories where the two had been created together from the same parts in order to make the perfect security team. Originally Dieter had intended to enjoy watching as the other crimson and chrome minotaur, which had still retained his saber teeth despite being a perfect copy of him every other way, he realized too late that he was still under the influence of the same program. By the time he figured out that they were about to fill in the blanks of each other’s fabricated backstory Serathin grinned and patted Dieter on the shoulder before nodding his head. At that point Dieter wondered why he had even thought that either of them were anything different in the first place, the other minotaur shaking his head as his tongue licked around his own saber teeth that Serathin had given him before being taken over himself.

“Oh man!” Serathin said as he grabbed his head when he turned around, Dieter once more looking at him in confusion before he also saw the large indentation in the stone that they had caused. “We are going to get written up again, as soon as corporate sees this they are going to be pissed. Plus now we’ve left something that others could use to get their bearings if they try and steal from them.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that,” Dieter replied. “If corporate can’t fix the occasional wall that comes from two of its best sabre minotaur masters fucking while on the job than they can fire us, hasn’t stopped them yet. Speaking of such things… we need to figure out what to do with this one.”

The two looked over at the rubber bull drone that continued to stand there, his lithe rubber body glinting in the moonlight as the two synths looked him over. “Oh yeah, Miles,” Serathin said as they approached the unmoving male. “Which one of us captured him again?”

“Does it matter?” Dieter replied, an identical smirk playing across their lips. “We could always flip for him, heads or tails.”

“I can think of a better way to determine who gets to break him in,” Serathin said as he moved forward, grabbing Dieter by the shoulders and pushing him up against the wall. “Little contest, winner gets to top, what do you think?”

“Says the one that is worried about putting holes in walls,” Dieter replied, though as the two grinned at one another the other minotaur synth quickly shifted his position to get a better stance. “But you read my mind, let’s do this. I look forward to pinning both of you to the floor.”

“Funny, I was thinking the same thing,” Serathin shot back, the two locking hands as they got into position to wrestle one another like the beasts they were. Just as the two were about to lock horns however they heard the sound of something hitting the concrete and turned to see a wolf man that had decided to hop the fence in that area, the two locking eyes with the creature that suddenly froze in his tracks at the sight of two identical muscular minotaur synths that stared right at him. Had Serathin still had his original memories he would have remembered that he had set out several lures of information in order to draw people into the harbor that night, but all the two thought of was pursuing their latest prey as they saw the wolf swallow hard before he ran.

“Looks like a rain check on our little wrestling match,” Dieter said as they both stood up straight.

“Seems so,” Serathin replied. “What do you think, should we let them run around our little maze for a bit before we catch them?”

“I don’t see why not,” Dieter said with a grin. “Half the fun is in the chase, and once we get him then we can each have our own rubber bull boy servant.”

Serathin looked at him for a second as though the name he had given their drone sparked something in his mind, but the other minotaur synth just shook his head and motioned for him to follow. After a few seconds the two moved in perfect synch with one another, a product of their own creations as their very presence reinforced the identity of the other…

Meanwhile in a dark room a screen that showed the same scene of the two synths running after the wolf shut off, those that were gathered at a table murmuring to one another after they had seen the footage not only of the minotaur transforming the thief into a bull drone but the sabrewolf synth into an exact copy. “This shouldn’t even be possible,” the cheetah man in a nice suit said as he used a handkerchief to wipe his nose. “Our synths are designed to be tamper-proof and even technomancers aren’t able to completely wipe out their identity modules like that.”

“It seems that they can,” a tiger woman in equally expensive attire said as she leaned forward. “If this is the case then we have the potential to mod the synth population in ways that could never even be dreamed of before, even if its just these drone master minotaurs that we saw. The problem is if they decide they would rather create more of themselves than follow the protocol given to them we may have a problem, especially since the one we hired to do the original program insertion is one of them.”

There was another murmur from the group until one of them, a heavyset orca man, stood up and prompted the others to go silent. “I don’t believe we’ve heard from someone yet that I think needs to speak up,” the orca said as he turned to a shadowy corner of the room. “You were the one that brought the sabrewolf to our attention in the first place as well as told us about the illegal modding he’s been doing, now you have potentially opened Pandora’s box when it comes to synths in general and yet you say nothing about it.”

“Yeah, that’s right,” the tiger woman spoke up as everyone started to turn their attention towards the mysterious figure that remained cloaked in the darkness. “It was you who had come to us in the first place about someone who could do this, what exactly is your end game for showing us this?”

The others waited with baited breath as a pair of glowing golden eyes could suddenly be seen peering out from the darkness. “I’m honestly not surprised,” the obfuscated individual said in a deep voice after a round of mocking laughter. “You see two synths get transformed, one of whom wasn’t even a synth to start with, and your first thought is how to profit from it while your second is how to cover your own tails. When I saw this place and those that dwelled within it I thought that perhaps I could do something with synths myself, so imagine my surprise when I saw that someone else had beaten me to the punch and with the essence of a nexus beast to boot.”

“A nexus beast?” the cheetah man said nervously. “What does that even mean?”

“It means that this falls under my umbrella,” the man responded, slowly walking out into the light that glinted off his black metal body. Several gasped in surprise as the avian synth was unlike anything that they had ever seen before; not only did his muscular body move with a fluidity that bigger models like him didn’t possess but there was an aura of sheer authority that seemed to radiate around him. “If you want me to fix your little problem then I’m going to need your cooperation as well as a few synths that I can… alter to my own specifications.”

“That sounds like what we’re trying to prevent Haleon!” the orca man shouted angrily. “You think you can just come in here and take charge while-“

The orca was cut short as the eagle synth shifted one of his wings and two metal feathers suddenly were poking out of the other man’s suit, the others in the room gasping in shock as they could see metal spreading over the orca’s body. “It appears that I am going to come in here and take charge,” the eagle said as everyone watched the orca pull the feathers out, only to stop dead in his tracks as tendrils pushed out of them and into his ears that caused his eyes to roll back into his head. “Personally I find your treatment of synths abhorrent; if it wasn’t for the Synth Equality act you would tinker in their heads as much as you wanted, and while I don’t want to turn this entire room into synths like our dear orca here I’ll do what I want when I want… unless someone else would like to voice their disagreement.”

The others in the room quickly shook their heads, which caused a smirk to form on the beak of the avian synth as the orca drone removed his clothing to reveal the toned physique under his new metal skin. “Excellent, now if we want to factory reset these two I’m going to need to spread my wings a bit,” Haleon said as he brought back up the pictures of the two minotaurs. “I may need to also bring in the nexus beast responsible for giving our hybrid that particular ability, and the actual draconic sabrewolf himself. This is going to turn into quite the party…”