

# A Forgotten Close Encounter

It had been the end of a very long day for the lion synth, Dieter resting against the side of the wall while they let out a loud and long sigh. They had been helping with a volunteer organization that was revitalizing a local farmstead to be part of a community farm and while they really didn't have a green thumb, mostly because they were metallic in nature, they knew that they would be able to help with things like the electrical work and such. When they had gone there at the beginning of the day, however, the lion had not been told that it was mostly hauling equipment and stuff from the vans through the mud towards the newly reconstructed barn and workshop buildings. More than once during the day they found themselves face down in the mud instead of looking at wires or programming, though another volunteer was at least nice enough to hose them off when that happened.

Unfortunately the same could not be said for his shirt and pants as even with the impromptu shower they were caked in the front with the thick substance. Though as a synth they could have just walked around without them modesty dictated that Dieter see if anyone had a change of clothing, which yielded a shirt that had the logo of the organization on it and a pair of gym shorts that someone had lying in the back of their car. Thankfully both were clean and with everyone still working even as night had fallen and prompted them to fire up generators and lights the only place that they found they could change was in the storm cellar of the old building. It had been demolished due to multiple code violations and the fact that half of it had caved in from a tree falling on it, but the basement was still accessible and they could use the break as the fatigue from the day had been building up inside of them.

Though it was early autumn the heat and humidity outside had also played a factor in their misery, which was also the reason they had to move all the equipment into the storage area to protect the components. As the lion thought about it while they stripped off the dirty clothing they wondered why they even needed so much for something as simple as a community farm project, though they remembered someone saying that it was for monitoring purposes. Since they were all in crates and no one was bothering to open them for the moment they couldn't see what was inside of it, though at the moment they were more concerned about the dinner that was promised for everyone working late as they tossed the muddy clothing aside after using what little dry parts there were to clean themselves off. Once they had finished that they put on the clothing and Dieter sighed in exasperation as they realized quickly the one that had been given to him was smaller than what they had told them to get, the fabric hugging tight against their chest and exposing their midriff as well as their biceps.

At least they were clean, Dieter thought to themselves as they went back to the door to get out. As they approached the entrance however there was something that had caused them to pause, staying still and quiet as they listened outside. While the destroyed house was somewhat far from the new location they had set everything up they could still hear the sounds of the other volunteers talking and directing others, but as they strained their ears they found... nothing. There was only silence, and as the lion synth poked their head up from the cellar door their eyes widened when they saw that the farmstead was completely empty of people.

It was like everyone had just up and left, but as Dieter climbed out and began to walk towards the staging area they saw that everyone's car looked like it was still there, along with the truck that had hauled all the equipment inside of it. There was also a few crates that were still stacked on the tarps that needed to be relocated and computers that were out in the open despite the humidity. Or at least, it was supposed to be humid... but the air was not only completely still but also had a chill to it that caused them to shiver. Something very strange was going on... and with no one around the staging area they decided to go to the barn area where they hoped perhaps everyone had gotten pizza without them and were enjoying it in the same space... in complete silence...

But when Dieter got to the barn there were no people and no pizza, causing the synth to scratch their head as they looked around. There was no trace of anyone around and when they looked into the storage area they found that several of the crates had been opened despite them saying that wasn't the purpose of today. With the rest of the space being open field they would have seen if they had all run off for some reason and as their mind devolved to more paranoid theories even if the government had swooped in for some reason and took them all away they would have heard the helicopters come in, not to mention their changing only took a few minutes at most. As Dieter continued to wander around they decided to look in one of the crates and see if there were any clues in there, only to find that the first box they looked in contained some sort of machine that they had never seen before.

As they tried to reach in and pull the device out, which turned out to be way heavier than it looked, there was a clang of the main door opening and closing. "Oh thank goodness," Dieter said as they pulled their head out of the box. "I thought I was going crazy... for a... second..."

It turned out that the one who had come into the space was not one of the volunteers, nor was it any type of creature that Dieter had ever seen before. The creature's skin shimmered with an iridescent hue that was almost hard to look at, though once he had gotten over the initial shock he found it hard to look away. Other than that the creature had a reptilian body type, but that was where the similarities to the lizard men that he had been working with on the charity end. As the two continued to look at one another Dieter could see its mouth moving in a way that it had essentially four jaws that moved apart from one another, two tails that flickered about behind him, and two sets of arms which were all covered in that same shimmering skin.

The alien creature made some sort of hissing noise that caused Dieter to step back, which prompted it to move even closer to them. In the upper set of arms it was pointing at him while the lower pair wielded some sort of weapon it pointed at them. Though they still couldn't understand what was going on the synth lion could gather enough that they stopped retreating back and put their hands in the air. Once more it continued to try and say something, at least that's what Dieter imagined was going on, but they couldn't even begin to comprehend or translate what it was doing. The alien seemed to realize the communication barrier between them as well and stopped a few feet away from the synth lion before whipping his tail around.

Whether it had been longer than Dieter originally perceived or somehow stretched out the lion let out a slight yelp of shock as it coiled around his chest like a snake. When it pressed against his metallic skin it had a rubbery feel to it, which even in his terrified state caused the lion to wonder whether it was some sort of alien bodysuit or the actual skin of the creature itself. That inquiry was quickly pushed out of their mind though as both tails slithered up their neck and eventually felt the tips rest against his ears, causing their hands to go down to grab at them instinctively. The second that they moved though the gun went back to pointing at his chest while the tail squeezed around his neck, and though the lion synth didn't need to breathe the connotations were made very clear not to move.

Once they froze in place once more Dieter's body still shuddered slightly as they could feel the tails slowly begin to slither inside their ears. While they weren't exactly like the organic ones that most creatures sported the sensation of feeling them wiggle their way down inside was very bizarre, especially since they were moving through quite quickly. While not a direct link to their processing units their ears were made to vent heat from it, which allowed the alien to get access to what was essentially their brain. Dieter let out a gasp as the alien presence suddenly appeared in their own programming, connecting to them just like any other synth would and directly accessing them.

To Dieter's surprise the intrusion was a rather pleasurable experience and if they had the capability they would have blushed as they could feel the alien scan their memory banks before finally making another alteration. "I trust that will do it," Dieter suddenly heard as the tails withdrew unceremoniously, still dripping a bit of the iridescent rubber as the lion gasped in surprise at understanding the alien. "Your reaction denotes a positive result."

"Yeah, I can understand you," Dieter replied in amazement as they rubbed their ears. "How..."

"An explanation of our technological prowess would take too long for me to even download directly into you," the alien replied. "I am Jor'elian, Jor for short, and I'm on the hunt for the same aliens that just took your friends."

"My friends?" Dieter asked, the lion so stunned by this heavily muscled creature that they forgot the fact they were the only one there until reminded. "Oh, yeah, I had been wondering where they went off to. Are you saying that they were abducted?"

"Yes, by a group of slavers that that are notorious for harvesting from worlds that are strictly forbidden from even making contact with," Jor explained as he put the gun onto an invisible holster on his back. "Even with hunting them down I shouldn't be here, but after detecting a mass release of energy on this planet I knew I had to investigate. As a bounty hunter I do get some manner of leeway, and since you're a synth technically you're not a living creature and therefore not applicable to the rules of first contact."

Dieter wasn't sure how they felt about that, but as the alien bounty hunter motioned for his hands to be put down it was the least of their worries. "I'm not sure what I can do to help you," Dieter said. "I was in a storm cellar when they abducted everyone, so I'm just as confused as you are."

"I don't need you for your information," Jor replied as he began to tap something metal that was on his upper wrist. "If my calculations are correct they're going to release those that they had just abducted in order to find others to become their slaves after reprogramming them, and since they missed you I imagine you'll be at the top of their list to hunt down. That's why I needed to make contact with you, to make sure that I got to you first so that you could be useful to me."

"Wait, you're going to use me as bait?" Dieter exclaimed in shock.

"I prefer the term lure," Jor replied. "Plus I'm going to give you the means to defend yourself, but I'm going to have to make some changes quick if we're going to make this happen. After doing a deep scan of you and your preferences the fastest way to integrate is through the act that your kind call a blow job."

Dieter's jaw dropped slightly at that, especially when they looked back down and saw that somewhere during their talking the alien creature had grown a rather sizable humanoid cock between his legs. "Are you sure this isn't just some story to get laid?" Dieter asked suspiciously.

"If I wanted that I could have just programmed it into you when you allowed me into your processing units," Jor replied. "You should probably get a better firewall by the way, or you just let me in without even knowing who I was which would be rather careless. Either way they'll be back soon and that doesn't give me much time to do what I need to do and avoid their detection,"

so do you wish to help me or do you want to join your friends as intergalactic slaves for the rest of your lives?"

Dieter shook their head and upon the prompting of the alien bounty hunter he got down on his knees, feeling very awkward at being in the middle of a barn that they had built about to pleasure another creature they had just met. There was something about this creature that was quite alluring though despite being from another world and as he continued to look at him they found the idea of pleasuring this creature to grow increasingly tempting. Every once in a while that hue of scintillating colors felt like it shifted from the alien to the entirety of their vision, but their own thoughts had told him that it was probably nothing as he slowly lowered himself to his knees. He could see the alien above him and though the translation that was given to them didn't account for body language they could swear that they knew Jor was smirking down at him for some reason while goo still dripped from his ears.

But as the alien mentioned to them once more there was no time for anything other than the need to get Dieter ready for the group of abducted creatures to return in order to scoop up more slaves. This wasn't just a means to save them, the synth lion was told as they became eye to eye with the thick synthetic maleness of the creature, they were going to save everyone that had been snatched up by the slavers who hovered somewhere over their location. While the synth lion didn't expect that orally pleasing an alien was the way to do it they weren't going to complain about it, in fact they were starting to grow excited by the prospect. Jor was rather well-endowed and there was an arousal rising up in them that needed to be slaked, which broke down what little remained of the feline's resistance as he grabbed the shaft of the alien.

While he wasn't sure what to expect Dieter found that Jor's cock still had that rubbery feel but was somewhat gooier, having the consistency of a slightly melted gummy worm as he took the head into his mouth. Normally there would be a bit more foreplay involved but time was of the essence and the bounty hunter's wrist computer beeped with the confirmation that the slaver ship was starting to return. This prompted the groin of the alien creature to shift further and as Dieter felt the back of their head get grabbed they could feel something else sliding around their body. It was the twin tails of the alien again and as the thick shaft was pushed into his maw they once more slithered up his neck and not only held them there but also once more slid into their ears.

The eyes of the synth lion began to roll back into their head as they started to feel something happening to them, the alien integrating something into their processors but deep down to the point they couldn't even sense what it was. There was some sort of command system being put into place but it was more like a post-hypnotic suggestion being put into an entranced creature, which was not unlike him as the alien started to thrust his hips forward. Though in the back of his mind Dieter was pretty sure the alien was also getting off on pumping into his maw they could start to feel something more starting to get pumped into them. It was like their cock was growing longer by the second as their hands gripped onto the alien's sides, the fingers sinking slightly into the rubbery flesh as he could continue to feel Jor's presence filling them in mind and body...

...and then suddenly Dieter was standing alone, the lion blinking slightly as they found themselves in the storm cellar where they had went to change out of their muddy clothing. When they looked down at themselves they had on the clean clothes with nothing out of place about their form, and while there was something that was nagging them in the back of their mind they couldn't quite place their finger on it. It was like waking up and trying to remember a dream that was quickly slipping from their grasp as they slowly started to walk up from the storm cellar in order to rejoin the others. As they poked their head out for some reason they thought they would find nothing but an empty farmstead, only to see that everyone was out and unpacking things in order to finish up the job.

Except as Dieter made their way back towards the others there was something strange about the machinery that they were lifting out of boxes and putting together. It looked less like the equipment they were going to set up and more like some sort of radio dish, except that the metal was a strange silver color and there were bright green translucent plates that jutted out from it. Everyone seemed fully engrossed in their work too with no one slacking off, though as he walked towards them they all began to look up from what they were doing and stare at them. It was almost unnerving, like they had just walked into a private party where they hadn't been invited, but as they were about to stop and ask what was going on they suddenly felt a hand on their shoulder that caused them to turn around.

"Ah, Dieter, there you are," the fox behind them said, an easy grin on his face as Dieter recognized him as Felix the project manager. "We were wondering where you ran off to, we had all just went out to get pizza and you weren't around when we called."

"Pizza?" Dieter asked, feeling a bit confused as they looked around at the others who immediately went back to work after the fox made contact with them. "I didn't know that was part of the deal."

"It's something that our benefactors arranged in order to encourage us to keep working," Felix replied. "We didn't forget about you though, if you just come with me I can show you where we stashed it."

Though something about the entire situation was strange to Dieter they merely shrugged their shoulders, a grin forming on their muzzle at the promise of food. They told the fox to lead the way and was led towards the parking lot away from where the others were still working. Had the lion looked back at any time they would have seen the eyes of those that were doing the unpacking glow red, or that they were lifting far heavier objects than they could have possibly done before. But instead all the lion could think about was the pizza that they were promised as the fox led them towards the van that most of the volunteers

had come in on.

When Felix opened the back of the van though Dieter's face fell as they didn't see any boxes that were there. "Oh, the pizza is being stored in the building we just left," Felix informed Dieter as they picked up what looked like a rubber gas mask complete with lenses for eyes. "But right now we're setting up the clean room, which means we have to take precautions that will keep all the equipment safe."

That... didn't make any sense to Dieter, but at the same time Felix was talking there was a low buzzing sound that was just on the edge of their hearing that was causing their thoughts to grow more confused. Any thoughts they had about the absurdity of a synth needing a gas mask to avoid contamination of a room dissolved away from the noise that was like acid to their thought processes, even causing the lion's eyes to glitch slightly as they found themselves nodding. It didn't take long for the synth to go from confused to committed as they put the gas mask on their face, feeling the edges suction to the sides of their head. The second that it adhered to the metal Dieter could feel the rubber of the seals shifting and moving around, tendrils pushing their way up into his ears that formed into buds that completely enveloped the sensors.

The second that happened the ruse was dropped, the fox's face going from its usual easy-going nature as it watched the spirals and programming flash in the lenses of the mask that the synth wore. Their new masters had known from the assimilation of their minds that they had missed the synth on the initial sweep, which meant that there was someone that could potentially warn others of their presence on the surface of the planet. Much to the relief of those involved it appeared that the lion had never left the storm cellar and had sent down capture gear in order to make sure the robot would be theirs. At the moment the plan was going off swimmingly as the fox grabbed another box while the thick black rubber started to spread over the lion's head to smooth it over into featureless flesh.

With the hypnotic programming being pumped directly into his auditory and visual sensors there wasn't much that Dieter's defenses could do to prevent the malicious programming from taking over their code, the lion letting out a loud groan that caused the rubber dildo that had been forming in the mask to slip into their lips. With the synth falling under the sway of their masters the fox merely told them to lift up their legs and slide what looked like a black speedo over their legs. To the synth this was what they were supposed to do, it was needed in order to better serve the organization... even if that was shifting from the volunteering that they had been doing to something far more malicious. Either way it didn't matter much to the synth as the programming was sending stimulation directly into their brain as a reward for allowing their processes to be molded into what was needed for the time to come.

The second that the belt clicked around their waist Dieter could feel the same rubber that was engulfing their head start to do the same for his groin. Though their genitals were internal it didn't stop a lock from forming over the slit it would emerge from while a similarly shaped tentacle began to push inside them. The lion synth merely continued to stand there as their body was slowly taken over, the insidious alien programming making it so that they didn't even know that they were being slowly encased. The plugs inside them were necessary, their corrupted thoughts telling them that this was something needed in order to continue to carry out their tasks.

Once Felix had finished putting on the capture belt he instructed Dieter to go back to the barn. When the lion synth turned to nod they saw that instead of their vulpine features the creature that stood before them had a completely featureless face save for a pair of red eyes that stared out from a visor fitted to the rubber. Even before the rubber had started to spread up over their abs and down their thighs the lion had started to move as instructed, listening to the powerful hypnotic track that was being played to them.

Be a good drone, good drones obey.

Good drones serve their masters.

This drone will come in for conditioning.

Even more mantras were given to Dieter as they passed by the others, who had all shifted back into their drone forms as well now that they had captured them. Every single one had been transformed into a blank latex version of themselves, their shiny black bodies only having symbols on them that the synth was able to translate into numbers. That was all they were... cogs in a machine, ready to take the equipment that their alien masters had beamed down the first time in order to further spread the hypnotic transmission that would bring more drones to the farm. It was a plan that often garnered attention, both on the planet and from beyond, but it didn't matter to the ones doing the abduction since they could get tens, maybe even thousands of people in their clutches before they had to leave a planet.

Dieter would soon be one of those rubber cogs as he was still stimulated by the rubber that was spreading quickly over his metallic skin. The pleasure wasn't enough to make them need to stop and do something to continue the sensations, but more than enough to keep their minds occupied so that the hypnotic enthrallment would keep the lion doing what they were told. These slaver aliens had a long time of doing this to other species and knew that this was the best way to keep them in line, even their non-organic species as they walked into the barn where most of the equipment had been set up already. While it wasn't pertinent for their drones to know somehow Dieter realized that the aliens were already getting close to being able to

broadcast the same telekinetic signal that was keeping them enthralled as another leopard drone pointed for them to stand on a disk of light in the corner.

The second the synth did so they began to feel a tingling of electricity go through their body, which was almost completely covered by the alien rubber at this point. As they waited for whatever technology was about to them, likely teleport them to their ship, they were able to look down at themselves and see what they looked like. As the rubber tentacles continued to gag their mouth and tease their insides the rest of their body looked only vaguely feline, much less a lion or a synth. The alien material had completely coated him from head to paw and had merged their fingers and toes into solid mitts. When they looked up they saw that the others were much in the same state once they had transformed back, leaving Dieter even in their hypnotic state to wonder who was who even with those of different species.

But as Dieter continued to contemplate it a beam of light suddenly shot up from the circle they stood on, causing them to feel weightless for a few seconds as the entire world around them turned to bright white. When the sensation of floating had ended and they were able to see again they found themselves in a far different area than the barn they had just walked through. It was a large rotunda-style room with an inverted pyramid in the center of it, of which there were dozens of circles like they one they had been standing on. At this point the hypnotic loop that they had been hearing and seeing non-stop had ceased, the only thing in their view was a single line of green text that prompted them to move forward. Dieter did what it told and as they moved off the platform they saw another creature that was also in head to toe alien latex, but this muscular creature actually had definition to their body as well as things like a mouth and tailhole that had a long strands of latex draped over it like a horse.

But that was the only thing equine about them; as Dieter was mentally told to stand at attention they got a better look at him through the lenses of the mask they wore. The creature was taller by at least a foot and a pair of horns grew out of their otherwise smooth scalp, with a muzzle that was almost triangular and as impossibly smooth as their skin. They also had no eyes... but it was clear that he could see them as they gestured with their three-fingered hands to stand in front. Once more the synth did what they were told and as Dieter stood there it felt like their rubber body was being scanned.

"Alien integration of this creature is remarkably adaptive," the alien commented, though Dieter was fairly certain they were talking to themselves. For some reason though they could understand his language as they came up and put their hands to the latex mask they wore. Almost immediately the synth practically fell to the floor as they felt a weakness flow through their form, like it had taken the energy out of their body before the feeling quickly passed.

"Drone former designation, Dieter," the alien continued to narrate, perhaps to some sort of recorder that the lion couldn't see as they quickly shook it off. "This one is an interesting specimen from the planet as it acts much like the local species but is not organic in nature. Potential for reverse engineering, until then store in drone bay one until harvest is complete."

Harvest... why did that sound so familiar, Dieter thought to themselves as they suddenly got another command in the lenses telling them to go forward. It certainly sounded ominous to the lion and as they walked behind the alien towards a large door they began to realize that without the hypnotic conditioning they were able to think much clearer than before. Did the aliens not know that they had shaken it off already? Or perhaps they figured since they were on a spaceship hovering above the surface of their planet that they wouldn't try to run, either way it started to give them thoughts as they were directed through the HUD to the drone long-term storage bay.

Wait, Dieter thought as they began to trail behind, this gas mask thing that they wore had the ability to mark where things were. They weren't sure why but if they could just find their way somewhere important then they could help potentially stop the invasion and enslavement of so many people including the volunteers that they had been working with. Since the thing had been in contact with their processors the synth attempted to do a reverse ping and figure out how it worked. To their surprise they found that the circuitry in the mask was rather easy to navigate through, finding what they wanted and activating the AR navigation feature.

Suddenly the information on the lenses went from the single destination to giving the name and description of everything that was around them. It was a lot of information to take in all at once but for the moment the main focus was on trying to figure out how to avoid being reversed engineered, which sounded a lot like they were going to take them apart and see how they tick. As they continued to walk through the hallways Dieter continued to take stock of everything around them as each door gave them a run down of what sort of things were going on.

Armory? ...that sounded a little too risky.

Medical bay... doubt there would be anything in there that they could use to help themselves.

Communications, unlikely they could call anyone that would help unless they wanted a pizza delivered.

Electrical bay...

Yeah, that might be the trick.

When they got past the door Dieter suddenly veered towards it instead of continuing to follow the alien, watching as it opened due to the designation that was imprinted in their suit. Even though they hadn't been conditioned fully yet they had given them the means to walk about the ship, which was likely why there was an alien slaver waiting for them as they made their way inside. Even though they had gotten in the synth was still unsure of what to do, especially since some sort of weapon materialized in the other rubber creature's hands that was aimed at them. This wasn't good... if they were shot then Dieter would be potentially worse off than if they had just went to drone storage, so they did the only thing they could think of...

...and walked right into a wall.

Several times.

"What in the..." the alien said out loud as they went over to where the lion drone turned around and immediately tripped over a chair to land on the control panel. "Spoke too soon about the synth being compatible with our technology, looks like it's the diagnostic bay with you. Drone, commence shut..."

Dieter heard the alien trail off and wondered why they had done that, only to look down and see that something else had been busy bluffing while they were pretending to malfunction. They were completely erect, the rubber-coated cock throbbing slightly as the alien looked at it. "Well... maybe we don't have to shut you down right away," the alien said as they walked over, closing the distance between the two of them. "Seems there's some use that we can get out of this one before we throw it to the scrap."

When the alien was hovering over their body Dieter's entire body shook as something began to run through their processing unit, a new program that they didn't even know they had started to scroll by their lenses faster than they could consciously process it. As it started kicking on their diagnostic protocols however the lion realized that it was rollback code combined with some sort of hunter software; not only was it destroying the alien programming that had been embedded into them through the suit but it was also restoring their main processing units back before the droning took place. But that wasn't the only thing that was happening either, as the alien started to rub down his chest the hand quickly pulled back as the shiny latex rippled and swelled out, Dieter groaning as something deep inside their body was manifesting very quickly.

"Drone, what is going on!" the alien shouted, but while Dieter could feel something happening with the mask whatever digital or psychic hold it had on them was gone as several large bulges pushed out of the rubber in his chest. Two of them were right underneath their arms while four others were sliding and slithering against the rubber in such a sensual way that the lion synth was having trouble even comprehending what was going on with their bodies anymore. "Drone, shut down immediately, that's anhhhh!"

The alien let out a green as four gooey tentacles broke through the drone rubber that had covered Dieter's body, one of them immediately wrapping around the head of the creature while the other three slithered out and pinned his arms and legs together. The sensation of suddenly having four more appendages was almost as intense as the rush of pleasure that came with it, especially when they could feel that their synth form was still transforming underneath the rubber that they had ripped through. As they could feel the alien struggle in their grasp the one that had wrapped around their head shifted and slithered inside while a second one had come up from where they coiled around their arms and pushed into its pointed ear. Once more Dieter felt the lines of code rush by them, but this time it was in the form of a download that was being put into this creature as the scintillating hue of the tentacles looked... very familiar.

Jor'elian?

As soon as Dieter thought the name they were suddenly hit with another wave of mental programming, but this time not by the alien as the goo that was pushing into the orifices of his captors had started to withdraw. A slight grunt escaped from the synth's lips as they had to brace themselves against the panel from the powerful sensations that were radiating throughout their body, watching the colorful goo dripping from where their new tentacles had burst out had started to dissolve the rubber underneath it. When they looked down they saw that while they still had their abs it was no longer metal underneath, and when they pressed a hand against their hand it squished slightly. This wasn't their body, Dieter realized, and as they thought that they began to feel something else starting to bubble up from deep within the recesses of their memory banks.

It wasn't just a string of hypnotic prompts like the aliens had done to them to make them a drone, it was like there was another entire person within them that was ready to take control. As Dieter tried to grasp a hold of what was going on they suddenly felt the alien latex rip again, this time from the two lumps that had appeared beneath his arms. When they looked down they saw that it was a second pair, but unlike their own these were much more muscular and each of the fingers was tipped with a sharp claw as they flexed without them even thinking about it. When they did the same to their own arms the synth could already see something happening to the tips and with a small but potent burst of pleasure they saw their fingers were starting to thicken to match.

But that didn't matter now, Dieter suddenly found themselves thinking, if they wanted to save the people down on the surface then they would have to act fast. The electrical room was exactly where they needed to be and even as Dieter could feel the

latex that engulfed their tail starting to swell their focus was sharpened by the other entity that was swimming around in their psyche. With the alien slaver neutralized, the malicious code downloaded into their biolathe membrane causing them to essentially be put into a rubber sleep sack, it was time to enact the plan that he had thought of while chasing these bastards down. Wait, Dieter thought, they weren't chasing anyone down, they were volunteering at a farm project before aliens abducted everyone!

## FOCUS!

The word was so authoritative that it nearly knocked Dieter over as they looked around at the electrical bay of this ship. It was massive, and with the drone programming being shorted out on the increasingly tattered rubber of their body it wasn't helping them anymore. They were also experiencing flashbacks of the memories that Jor had sank deep into the goo that they had infiltrated into their synth body, the same gelatinous substance that was starting to drip out of their mouths as they could feel their head starting to swell and bloat. As Dieter began to flail about the secondary consciousness was starting to nudge them aside, the programming in their mind telling them that if they wanted to save everyone and also stop these creatures from doing it to other planets then they would once more have to be taken over, but this time not as a drone.

But as another alien.

Well that's kind of a big ask, Dieter thought to themselves, though once more they felt another part of their body go numb as they found their upper arms flexing and causing the rubber to split and reveal the scintillating goo underneath it. Another mental image was brought up in their mind, this time of the synth agreeing to Jor's plan... while he was hilt deep inside of them. It appeared they had enough time for that, the synth mused, to which the alien presence in their thoughts retorted that it was the only way to make sure that they could manifest and transform their body for the task at hand. Even if Dieter could get onto the ship there was no way that the bounty hunter could pump enough information into them so that they could stop them, it was far easier to copy their consciousness into the databanks of the lion synth while taking out all their information.

Wait, Dieter thought, what did Jor mean by taking out their information? When the lion attempted to access things like their past or their occupation they were shocked to find that there was nothing there, in fact the only thing that was theirs was a shell personality that anyone who actually knew them would have cracked. The bounty hunter had completely hollowed out their identity and put in their own in order to disguise it, to which the alien replied that the information was safe with him and that they would get it back when the task was complete along with their body. Though it was a startling revelation the past version of themselves seemed to believe in them enough, though as they looked down after feeling a strange sensation of desire rising up they realized their lower set of arms had started to stroke the rubber cock that was swelling like a balloon until the latex pulled away like a condom.

Perhaps they were both a bit horny... but as Dieter could sense that they were running out of time the transforming synth lion decided that, considering they were on an alien ship and turning into an alien, to go with the plan they seemed to have concocted. Upon submitting to the presence inside of their mind they expected to feel like they were going to be shoved aside and have their form taken control of, but as they could feel the last pieces of rubber split on their head and the two tails rip apart the coating to flail about in the air it was more like they realized that they had been Jor all along. The lion synth had merely been a construct, a trojan horse to get the bounty hunter through the door without them knowing to infiltrate the ship.

With the facade gone Jor stretched out his gooey limbs before he went to work, using the programs he had smuggled in through the lion synth in order to sabotage critical systems. It had been something he had been working on for months while tracking down this group of creatures, and with one synth that they had forgotten about he would be able to finally put plans into action. It took the better part of fifteen earth minutes but finally he could see that the glitches were starting to make their way into the primary systems of the other alien's computers. When he looked at his wrist computer Jor saw that the drones they had on the surface had also fallen to the ground, like puppets with their strings cut they wouldn't be finishing the broadcasting tower as he ran back from the electrical room towards the teleportation room as the lights began to flicker and the metal walls shook...

A few minutes later Jor was back on his own cloaked ship, looking down at his computer screen to see that the one he had been stalking for so long was slowly turning away from the planet after experiencing severe electrical failure and starting to warm up their hyperdrive engines to escape. They would get about a few light years before the malicious programming would cause them to overload, thus putting them into emergency stasis while also activating the emergency beacon that he had tied to it. If everything went right those down on the surface would be wondering why they were covered in rubber and back to their normal selves in no time as the intergalactic authorities picked up the slavers and finally punished them. That meant a sizable bounty for him as he made sure to put in his codec when they raided the computer systems so they knew he was responsible for their misfortune and eventual capture.

As Jor continued to stand there he heard a noise that caused him to look up, the gooey alien twisting all the way around to see what it was. He became quickly aware that there was someone else in his ship, more specifically the cockpit of the rather small vessel that was his home. But as he made his way through the hallway that connected the cargo bay he had teleported into down to the front of the ship he already knew who would be waiting for him as he saw the chair he normally occupied slowly rocking back and forth. When he got to the doorway he tapped his large rubbery talons on the floor of the ship, prompting the chair to slowly swivel around to reveal... himself.

"They rather left in a hurry," the other Jor said as the ship continued to lazily drift in orbit above the planet. "I take it everything

went well?"

"As well as could be expected," Jor replied as he went to the co-pilot seat and sat down next to his identical counterpart. "Dieter wasn't too keen on it at first but all things considered he took to the cloning process rather well. I imagine that they're going to want to get their own body back soon and head down to the planet to help with the volunteers that had been droned."

"You tell me," the other Jor stated. "You're the one that's occupying his core command nodes, even if all his personality and memory modules are currently out of his system there should still be some part of them processing and recording everything."

The other version of Jor closed his eyes for a few moments before they opened again, chuckling slightly as he nodded his head. "Seems this one is fine with loaning himself out a little longer, since we did save their friends and all," Jor explained as he leaned back in the co-pilot seat. "He also seems to think that we didn't need to engage in such an intimate means of incorporating our programming and essence into them."

"We can agree to disagree on that," the other Jor said as he also leaned back in the exact same manner, upper arms resting against the back of his head while the lower set remained crossed over his chest. "Though one thing that is a lot of fun with the process is once we're done with the mission, I do always enjoy some time with someone so willing to be me. Now that we actually have a little time perhaps I can convince you and them to enjoy that body of mine that I put so much time into."

The other Jor, and by extension Dieter, had already known this was coming since he already had all the memories of the bounty hunter whose body he inhabited. Fortunately for the two of them the one that Jor was currently possessing was also into it, something that they were thankful for since he knew that realizing that he wasn't the creature he was supposed to be could be a bit jarring. But as long as they were fine with being Jor he was fine with taking advantage of it as the two leaned forward and had their muzzles open to meet in a bizarre but very intimate kiss. Soon the two had both sets of hands on each other, feeling the rubbery flesh shift and become even gooier under the ministrations of one another.

Though the two were both the alien bounty hunter there was still enough presence in the memory banks of Dieter to realize that they were also the synth lion, though at the moment it was a completely passive role as his actual personality was Jor. It was a very strong, dominating presence, but he also definitely cared about the people that he was protecting by chasing down the scumbags of the galaxy. He was also what Dieter would describe as exceptionally hedonistic, using what bounties he got in order to enjoy himself whenever he could. That included whenever he cloned himself, and as they made out with their two tongues and muzzles practically clamped against one another he was very much looking forward to taking advantage of the lion synth's kind offer.

The two continued to make out like that before the identical aliens decided to move this somewhere they had a bit more access, what would be considered the real Jor taking his clone by the hand and leading him towards the bedroom in their quarters. While it wasn't a large space he had intentionally gotten a bed big enough for company, their tails wrapping around one another as one Jor led the other toward the edge of it before pushing him down. As time was passing and the arousal between them was increasing it was growing increasingly difficult to remember which one of them was which, which was aided by the fact that neither of them particularly cared who was who. To both of them they were both Jor, their rubbery clawed hands stroking along each other's flesh in all the spots that they knew would drive the other wild.

"It's definitely good to be me," Jor practically purred as their bodies rubbed together, the gooey consistency of their forms without the plates of armor from before having already dropped away to reveal their forms. Much like the aliens they had just messed with their bodies were a rubbery consistency, yet their bodies were slightly amorphous and allowed them to do things like form tentacles as the Jor on the bottom felt them wrapping around his sides. "We are so hot."

"That we are," Jor replied, their tails looping around one another in a similar fashion, twining together and practically forming into a knot. While not nearly as sensitive as their genitals, which were essentially goo tentacles that they had shaped for that lion's benefit, it was still exquisite to feel the slick, smooth sensation of their skin against one another. The two once more began to make out as the Jor on top took another little addition from the ones they had just saved, creating a hole underneath their tails so that they could really have some fun. His sexual encounter with himself usually differed based on the one that he had taken over in order to get the job done, so with adapting the synth anatomy he could really adapt himself to have a huge gooey cock.

As he had expected the other Jor had gotten the exact same idea, feeling them rubbing against one another as they ground their bodies together. With two sets of arms they each had one set holding onto one another to press close while the other set stroked each other off. While it wasn't usually feasible with what the usual anatomy was they were far more...flexible, and with the one on top being slightly more dominant he was ready to use it. The Jor underneath him let out a low growl and his jaws stretched out from the pure lust as it slid inside of him, the thick length spreading open his new inner walls that had gained the sensitivity of their usual organs.

Their gooey bodies almost started to conform to one another as the Jor on top quickly got used to his new tool, sliding it into the tailhole of the Jor beneath him as their rubbery, iridescent faces looked at one another. "Hey, I'm not sure if I'm the one that's supposed to be making me this offer, but..." both Jors had stopped by this point with one half-buried in the other while their tails pulled back and forth excitedly against one another. "I do have a lot of credits coming my way for single-handedly taking down



a slaver frigate, that means that I have a lot of opportunities for me."

"You mean opportunities for us," the other Jor replied, the two hissing from the joke before they once more got serious. "I'm guessing that this one is for Dieter?"

"That it is," Jor said with a slight nod. "I don't normally offer this for my impromptu partners but considering how well you've been responding to me I want you to travel with me... as me. What do you think about wearing my skin for a little while more?"

"I think that would be a wonderful idea..." the Jor beneath him replied, the alien muzzle stretching in what the one hovering above knew was his signature wiry grin. "Especially since I'm the original Jor. And considering that fact I believe that Dieter would be more than happy to engage in what is essentially his own idea."

What the Jor on the bed had said took the one on top by surprise, prompting him to dig in deep and try to find his processing module in order to see if the one underneath him was speaking the truth or was pulling his leg. After a minute or so he let out a slight gasp of shock when he realized that this body belonged to the lion synth, though the second he let go of that identification it was already starting to fade from his mind. "It appears that you are correct," the Jor on top said as he let out a chuckle. "Well then, it appears that I have made my decision then."

The other bounty hunter once more just grinned and stroked the back of his head as they once more resumed their activity, the one that had been Dieter eager to keep it up with his powerful member. Even though he was only vaguely aware once more that he was Dieter he appreciated that the original bounty hunter allowed him to be on top, responding with another powerful kiss while flexing his hips. Once more the incredible sensations of pleasure washed away the last of the lion synth to once more embrace the alien bounty hunter. Soon the only thing that could be heard in the room was the thrusting of the hunters as both creatures began to scheme about what to do with their newfound alliance.

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The sounds of footsteps rang out through the metal hallway, the large bull-like man huffing and snorting as he barreled his way towards the door that was at the end of it. His bodysuit was ripped and torn and as he stomped his way through he was ripping the probes out from his back. With his heavily muscled body he couldn't get the ones that were in the middle of his spine, but was something that was low on his list of concerns. As soon as he got to the keypad he began to practically pound against the screen in order to try and get it open.

"Barkley!"

The voice echoed down the hallway as the bull alien looked back to see a shadow of a creature quickly moving towards him. The infamous bounty hunter Jor'elian had been stalking him ever since he landed on this space station, unfortunately getting cut off from his ship almost immediately. That prompted a cat and mouse chase that had lasted for nearly the entire day before he had finally shot off a stun spreadshot at him. Fortunately his thick hide and bodysuit had taken the brunt of the damage but it had still caused his vision to swim and his muscles to twitch involuntarily.

"Barkley, you're just making things worse!" Jor shouted as he primed another round in the Spreadshot, and as the shadow got closer the bull gave up on escape and put his back to the door while pulling out the pistol in his pocket that was far more lethal.

"Get out of here Jor!" Barkley shouted as he waited and aimed at the encroaching shadow. "I'm not worth enough to get killed over!"

"You haven't seen your updated bounty then!" Jor shouted back. "Just make it easy on yourself, I don't even have to get you in my ship in order to turn you in to get paid!"

Barkley grimaced as he held onto his side, holding onto the area where his bodysuit had been ripped the biggest as he felt the wound that the passing probe had given him. It was just a flesh wound; but as he waited for the bounty hunter to round the corner the pain was very distracting. Just a few more seconds, the bull told himself, if he could get a decent shot at the guy and take him down then he could run past and attempt to escape. But just as the shadow shifted to indicate he was about to get into firing range there was a beep and he turned just in time to see the panel go from red to green.

In the next second the bull let out a yelp as he fell backwards, the pistol falling out of his hand the second his back hit the ground and caused the probe to jam up even harder into him. The sharp pain caused him to yowl in pain, but it was short-lived when he saw the barrel of a pulse rifle press against his forehead. "You could have made it easy Barkley," Jor said, the bull alien looking at him in confusion as he put his hands in the air.

"But... how?" Berkley asked, looking at him in confusion before tilting his head and seeing an identical version of the alien

making his way down towards their location. "No way, now there's two of you?!"

"It's funny how none of you realize that when we're able to pin you in so easily," the other Jor said once he had gotten up to the two. "So are you going to make this easy, or will we have to get really creative with you?"

In the matter of an hour Jor walked back out of the bonding office, looking at the credits on his card before putting it back in his pocket. He walked down the atrium and in his full gear the others gave him a wide berth as he went to the alley where his partner was waiting for him. "There you are," the other Jor said as he saw his own face approach him. "Here I was thinking that you would take the credits and run."

"I think you know me well enough that I wouldn't do that," the first Jor said as the two began to walk back towards the docking bay. "They almost tried to screw us though and half the fee because of that wound on his side, said it was our fault. I promptly gave him the pistol that he tried to kill you with and they called it even."

The two creatures chuckled in unison before they started to walk down the promenade. While one Jor had been turning in their bounty for the money the other one had checked the notice board to see if there were any other criminals that they had captured. The two of them had been so effective in their sweep of the area that they had either captured them or they had fled the system in order to get away, which meant there was no real reason to hide their identical natures. That was just fine for Jor as they made their way through the atrium, though as he looked at the viewscreen that had a report on failed incursion of slavers on a planet called Earth it started to remind him of something...

"Hey, you hungry?" the first Jor asked, prompting the second to shake his head.

"Yeah... I could eat, you know what I like."