Haleon sat on his perch looking out the window at the sprawling game world that he had created, the robotic eagle’s eyes glowing green as they continued to look through the data that he had been gathering. He was focused in one area in particular, one where the normal lines of green alien he used to code were tainted with blue of foreign information that had somehow been uploaded to his site. While the breach had been contained and those avatars scrubbed clean it had been a chore to do so… nearly twenty people had started to spread this strange virus before it was finally contained and cleaned up.

“Looks like someone is playing about where they shouldn’t,” a muscular leather horse said, his hide as deep a black as the metal on the robot’s feathers as he walked up and shook his long, flowing mane. “What do you think Haleon, someone isn’t happy that we’ve set up shop and trying to take back their turf?”

“I highly doubt such a thing,” the eagle replied as his feathers ruffled up from his disconnection to the quarantine zone where the expunged data was being kept. “We deliberately picked worlds to start with that had a low impact, even the greatest of their hackers couldn’t put a dent in our firewalls much less upload something that wasn’t immediately destroyed by the power of my code. No… this has a familiar feel to it… potentially one of our old nemesis rearing their ugly heads and interfering with our little game.”

The horse snorted and adjusted the strap on his harness as the robotic eagle walked past him and went to a table that displayed the ten different lobbies that each brother had set up. “Well you’re in charge of our digital security,” Santer replied as he stepped next to him. “I just swung by to thank you for purging whatever that was from my lobby… had we not caught that in time I’d hate to think of the resources we would have needed to expend in order to keep that from getting out of hand.”

“No need for thanks,” Haleon replied as his electronic eyes scanned over the digital landscape, narrowing slightly as they searched. “I have the feeling that whatever this is that invaded your space has only just begun to manifest here…”

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Julian couldn’t help but hold his breath as he appeared in the lobby owned by the goo naga brother known as Athear, all of his instincts telling him that he was about to be discovered with a mod on from another one of his siblings immediately. As he began to walk though nothing seemed to happen save for a few looks from the others in the game and one of them commenting that he had a nice avatar as he made his way through. Once again there was no one waiting to get him, nothing that was stopping him from going around to the various areas either. So far it appeared that his benefactor was telling the truth that they really did have the power to stop him from getting caught as he put it to the test and wondered into the open market. The shop keepers hardly gave him a second look as he looked from stall to stall, seeing everything they sold from various weapons and armor to the body mods that he wanted to get.

“Wish they could just give me the money so that I could buy these here and now,” Julian muttered to himself as he looked at the masks that they sold to take up the face slot. “Save me a lot of time and effort…”

“Well part of the fun is the getting,” a voice suddenly said that caused the disguised male to jump slightly, looking up to see a purple gel naga grinning at him. “Of course you don’t know that feeling yet it seems, I would suggest putting on one of your starter mods before you start looking at upgrades, going to help you go and get those coins. Of course if you got the coins and one of the starter pierces you got wasn’t a mask I’m sure I can be of service somehow, as long as the price was sufficiently appropriate…”

Julian thanked him for his tame but declined his offer before moving on, but before he could even get ten steps he suddenly heard a loud voice in his head tell him to get to the nearest privacy area and log off. Though he knew he was frowning he didn’t want to give anyone any sort of impression so he just gritted his teeth and moved his way to an area that wasn’t currently buzzing with avatars. Once he was alone he looked himself off and began to take off his VR headset, but before he could he even take off the strap he was suddenly greeted with a blob of purple and black mist that floated in his screens. While part of him wondered how they managed to get into his system without even needing to buzz him first he realized that these were creatures that he’s already seen do a great many things as the swirls flared around angrily.

“Why did you not engage that shopkeeper?” the voice asked angrily. “You had a chance to get a face mod from Athear’s realm and yet you declined.”

“I did,” Julian replied with a hint of anger in his own voice. “I know what that snake creature wanted in exchange for me just looking at them and there was no way this was happening. Plus doesn’t sex fill that corruption bar of mine or something? I don’t want to have to be a snake creature just because I let one of their avatars stick it in me.”

There was a small rumble that sounded like thunder from his headphones as Julian could almost feel the intensity of their displeasure. “I don’t think you realize how time is off the essence in this situation,” the voice replied. “The longer you take to get each piece the more likely it is that the brothers will discover our plan and move to stop it, especially the more mods you get. If you wish to retain our protection you will seek out every opportunity to get new mods… I would hate to see us have to part ways and for you to lose what’s keeping those horse legs of yours from taking you over.”

Julian swallowed hard and his hands felt the supple leather of the pants his avatar wore. He hadn’t taken into consideration that they had been holding back the corruption of his body, he just assumed that they knew of a way to neutralize it so that the mod could be his. At any time the ones that he made the bargain with could back out and he could become enthralled by the very mods he was attempting to collect… essentially he had strapped a time bomb to his legs and whatever was communicating with him had their finger on the stop timer button. It was something he hadn’t anticipated but it was too late now, if he didn’t complete his tasks he would be just like every other avatar in the game and there was no way he was going to miss the opportunity to become the most powerful gamer in the most popular video game in the world.

It appeared that the voice also knew that it had made its point, disappearing and once more leaving Julian at the login screen to get back into the game. It was clear what the voice wanted him to do and though he wasn’t keen on the whole idea it did have a point that it would be the easy way in order to get one of those masks. He sighed and took off his headset a moment to give himself a chance to think before putting it back on and logging in. Once he had gotten back in the game completely he immediately went back to the marketplace and silently hoped that the offer hadn’t been rescinded. When he got to the shopkeeper that had made the pass at him in the first place he slowed down and pretended to be looking around at things as he heard a happy hiss.

“Welcome back handsome,” the gel naga once more said as he gave him a pair of bedroom eyes. “I was hoping to see you wonder back around my way again. Still interested in a mask or have you found something else that catches your fancy?”

“I think I might have,” Julian replied as he leaned against the counter and gave him his best flirting look. “Though I am still very much interested in a mask, as well as your proposal. Do you think you might have some time for a private fitting?”

The naga’s entire body swayed as he nodded, motioning for one of the other nagas behind the rows of goods to take over for him while he helped a customer find the perfect mask. The other naga just rolled his eyes and nodded, the goo creature motioning for Julian to follow him towards one of the back rooms. As he moved past the stacks of mods already out on the table part of him just wanted to take one and run, but he had a feeling that it would only cause his modified avatar to be put on the radar and that was the last thing he wanted to do. Instead he continued to move his way towards the back of the market and was greeted once more by his amorous companion once he went through the door to the small room.

“My name is Ansel,” the naga introduced as he slithered over to an area that looked like a workshop. “I’m one of the mod makers for Master Athear as well as the shopkeeper for that store. It’s a lot of work at times but I couldn’t be more honored that he decided that my work was good enough not only for me to make for the public but also to sell without having to go through him first. But enough about me, what should I call such an exotic creature such as yourself?”

“Oh, I’m…” even though he hadn’t meant to Julian felt himself trail off as he realized that his real name might possibly be flagged by those that are trying to hunt him. “My name is Fayne. This is my first time playing such a game and I really wanted to see what it was all about.”

“Well it’s certainly a pleasure to meet you Fayne,” the goo naga said with a grin as he motioned for Julian to move towards his workshop. “I can certainly see that you’re very green, though those weapons of yours look rather high level you don’t have a single mod on you. Tell me, you’re not one of those that just try to run through the entire game without putting on a single piece of armor, are you?”

“I don’t think that I would be here if I was,” Julian quickly replied, causing the naga to chuckle as he slithered around his workstation while picking up a mask or two. “So what do you have in store for me today?”

The naga just shook his head and wagged a finger in the air. “I’m a very good judge of what mask should go to who,” he boasted as he picked up a mask, only to put it back down before holding up another one. “While you would definitely look good in something more serpentine the question is what mask you should wear to help you fully snake yourself out. Something gooey to help nudge you towards the path of the liquid snake, or perhaps I’ll give you a nice lava lamp style mask… or if you’re looking to go the cobra route something electronic that will spread to whatever head implement that you decide to get. I’ll find the right one for you though, the only thing that you have to do is enjoy the surprise once I do.”

Julian began to feel a bit nervous as he watched the naga dart from one place to another, wondering just what he may have gotten himself into. What really made him nervous was the fact that he probably wasn’t going to get the mask out without trying it on first, which makes him wonder if he might get ensnared by Athear or if the two mods cause him to transform into something unexpected. Part of him wanted to do to him what he did to the bartender but with the creature being made of goo and the possibility that shop keepers have extra protections he didn’t want to risk a direct assault just yet. Despite the resolution that he was going to ride it out didn’t cause his stomach to settle as Ansel finally seemed to settle on one and directed him towards the bed.

Just as Julian flopped down on the bed he thought that it was an incredibly squishy water bed until he looked down and saw that he had flopped on Ansel’s body. The naga was incredibly quick, he hadn’t even seen him slither over and already start to coil around his body until he already had one of them wrapped around his waist. As more of that serpentine form curled and twined around him Ansel made a comment on how nice his leather pants were and for a second he thought that he might have gotten caught, but when it appeared that it merely was a complement Julian took no chances and willed all his clothes to disappear. There was a hissing chuckle from the other male as goo suddenly touched against bare skin which caused the drow elf’s breath to catch slightly in his chest.

There was no turning back now, Julian thought to himself as he felt the slick body continue to slide and wrap around him. Despite being made completely out of goo his body wasn’t wet, it felt like more like jello that didn’t stick to his skin as Ansel wrapped himself completely around his arms and legs to lock them against the rest of his body. “Time to see if I made the right choice,” Ansel said as he finally got face to face with Julian again while waving the insides of a mask in front of him. “I think you’re going to really like this one, it really goes well with your style.”

Though he felt his panic rise slightly Julian made sure not to let it show as the confines of the mask were lowered down onto his face. As soon as it touched his skin his entire body tensed from the sudden feeling of pleasure that cascaded down from where it connected to the rest of him. Ansel watched with a smug look on his face as Julian could feel his face stretching, conforming to the shape that had just put on it as the mask mod appeared in his face slot. Despite the intense pleasure he continued to look down at his legs, hoping that they didn’t turn into their equine counterparts as entire form continued to quiver from the blissful surge of energy.

As Julian felt fangs extend past his lips and his serpentine nostrils flared he almost breathed a sigh of relief as his bare thighs and calves remained humanoid in nature. That breath came in a heavy hiss as he felt his tongue extend outwards just in time for him to watch it fork. Much like the naga that completely surrounded him it looked gelatinous in nature yet as he flicked it against his lips it still felt solid. When his muzzle finished his extension it was met with his own, that new tongue of his slipping into his newly mutated maw.

With the danger of revealing himself to this shopkeeper was gone Julian found himself more into it; even his earlier trepidation about sleeping with another male was gone. It was replaced with the power that he been granted as he was just given another piece of the puzzle, continuing to feel the energy coursing through his body as he assimilated the power as his own. Even when it began to fade into an almost post-orgasmic feeling every fiber in his being basked in the pleasure of what he had just received. More than that though was his desire to gain more ramped ten-fold, the need to feel that raw strength increase once again almost intoxicating now…

Though the power was quickly going to his head the goo naga was still the one in control, his serpentine form wrapping around him. Despite the gel-like nature of the other male his body was surprisingly strong, keeping him pinned down against the bed as those coils made quick work of maneuvering his lithe body around. It wasn't long before the snake-faced drow male was on his chest with his butt up in the air and his chest resting against the semi-translucent scales of the snake's lower body. Julian let out a hiss of pleasure despite himself as that tapered cock head began to press between his cheeks.

As Julian looked at himself in the mirror that hung on one of the bedroom walls he saw that his face had turned completely into that of a snake, though what really impressed him was the level of detail that was put into it. It was a black mamba head complete with similarly-colored scales, but it also had silver stripes on it that seemed to shift as he watched them like they were made of mercury. Overall it was a very interesting effect and one that he was glad to have snatched from the amorous mod maker, though as the naga continued to push his way inside his anal entrance he realized that he was soon about to return the kindness in a different way.

Julian's fingers gripped the naga's body as he was slowly impaled by the male behind him, both males shuddering and hissing as he allowed Ansel to penetrate him. It was surprisingly easy to take, though from the composition of the creature it wasn't hard to realize that the goo cock was made for him. With the high he was riding from the power trip he didn't even care, the stimulation he was getting from the gel naga just added onto his euphoria. If this was all it took for him to get the power he so desperately craved, he thought to himself as Ansel pushed deeper into him, he'd gladly take as many cocks as needed to get the rest of the pieces.

With the earlier trepidation towards sleeping with another male evaporated it became much more enjoyable for the two of them. As though Ansel seemed to sense his acceptance he began to hump in even deeper, both males bucking against one another as their bodies pushed in rhythm with Ansel sliding in and out of the male beneath him. The anal walls of the drow provided the perfect pressure to stimulate the naga and in return he continued to thrust into him and stimulated his prostrate. As the gel cock thrusted in and out of the twitching hole both partners failed to see the glowing blue tendrils begin to infiltrate his cock and infiltrated his body.

The two continued to rut against one another as both Ansel and Julian rocked back and forth until finally the naga came hard inside of the drow, though it wasn't much longer that he did the same with the addition of his clawed hand stroking the sensitive flesh. After both had gone through their orgasmic highs Julian quickly began to realize just what he had done and slid himself out of the embrace of the naga. Though he no longer felt the same anxiety from before there was just a hint of shame, mostly from the fact that he had enjoyed such a base act so much as the gel cock slipped out of his well-stretched hole. Even though Ansel continued to hiss seductively at him and said that he could continue to stay with him for a while if he would like Julian could feel his face begin to shift back to his elven form.

Though it was clear that Ansel was disappointed Julian knew that this was the only way to do it, the last thing he needed was to have to explain why the mod he had lovingly crafted disappeared. With his back still turned he thanked the mod maker and quickly rushed out of the area in order to find a safe place to log-out. Though Ansel frowned and sighed he decided that it wasn’t worth the pursuit, deciding again to make a new batch of masks for deployment once the daily rewards were calculated. As he dipped his virtual hands into the raw coding to make them the tendrils that had snaked their way through his entire system flashed with a blue bioluminescence, then once more went dim as he crafted his next mask.

About two hours later there was the usual buzz in the marketplace as those that had just gotten their hard-earned rewards looked for new mods to spend them on. One of the more popular places was Ansel’s shop; not only had he made a fair number of masks in a sudden rush of inspiration but he had also slashed the prices to get them. The result was him nearly selling out instantly, everyone too busy grabbing their discounted goods to notice the veins of glowing blue that had invaded the goo naga’s eyes. Two such snake men had quickly went back into the main lobby area with their prizes, one of them with a cobra hood while the other had gotten a basilisk mask.

“I’ve been wanting one of these for the longest time,” the half-transformed gamer said as he ran his fingers over the ridges of his monstrous mask while his friend already pulled on his. “Thought I was going to have to rank up at least two more times. Hey, once this is done do you want to meet at my place and try out the mouths on these things?”

“You read my mind,” the other male replied, his words slightly garbled as the goo mask conformed to and altered his human face. “Though I wouldn’t mind trying to see if I couldn’t get this maw around one of those cute zentai creatures, particularly the bovine ones with those horrrrrrnerrr... hurrrrr...”

The friend that had just put on his basilisk mask realized that his friend had trailed off and started to grunt and groan, causing him to look over to him in concern. What he saw caused him to gasp; the cobra head that his friend had gotten had continued to warp and spread down his neck as blue lines began to spread over the colorful gel. The fact that the latex had continued to go past the designated head spot was concerning enough but as the shiny material flared out into a hood those bright blue lines began to glow brighter as it formed into alien symbols. Before he could go over and ask what was wrong he heard loud moans and grunts from others around them as the masks they had on either assimilated or spread over their bodies before he began to feel his own face starting to warp.

Though the basilisk-faced liquid male attempted to try and unequip the mask from his face slot he found himself unable to do so. When he continued to transform he could feel an entirely different kind of corruption beginning to push into his mind, alien whispers that told him that he needed to spread, to corrupt... and though it felt similar to what they felt in the game the compulsion felt far stronger as he let out a loud groan. As the corrupted goo fused to his face and began to cascade down to merge with his basilisk chest piece he saw that his friend, who was now mostly corrupted cobra with blue lines flowing down the colored liquid, had captured another player that had likely come to ask if he was alright and had his cock shoved deep into his tailhole.

Normally such sexual acts were not done out in the open, the lobby rules stating that they keep such activity to the private rooms or designated areas, but it appeared that was going out the windows as other infected goo creatures began to do the same. The goo basilisk naga began to feel the same urges as well while he watched those that had taken the corrupted gel masks continue to transform until they were almost monstrous in nature, feeling his own body doing the same as his body swelled and the lines spread. Those lines were also starting to spread on the ones captured by the infection, the gel basilisk naga seeing that those same glowing blue lines had spread to the body of the one that his cobra friend had in his coils.

“Room for one more?” the basilisk hissed as his friend looked at him with glowing blue eyes.

“Of course,” the cobra replied as he waved him over. “The faster we corrupt this one the others the faster we can capture another!”

The restrained player let out a shout when he saw the goo basilisk naga slither towards him but wasn’t able to say much before those thick coils were wrapped around his upper body and his head, his goo cock sliding easily into the fanged maw of the player. Almost instantly the lines traced across the naga-captured player as his eyes widened, his head shaking slightly around the thick cock in his mouth as his eyes immediately began to glow. It didn’t take long after that for the two nagas to completely corrupt the one they had spit-roasted, the newly minted corrupted goo naga rocking back and forth between them as the pleasure of their spreading washed over them.

The sense of accomplishment was short-lived however as the entire lobby began to get rained upon, except that it was clearly not water as it clung to their bodies like glue. The two nagas remained stuck with their members still hilt-deep inside the holes of the one that they were about to release, their wiggling causing all three males to writhe in pleasure underneath the increasingly sticky substance. Around them others were experiencing the same difficulty, some of them still mid-rutting as they get coated in the substance while others attempted to run only to get dragged down to the ground. Soon no one in the immediate vicinity was moving anymore as those posing as the game moderators came out to see just what sort of damage was happening…

About half an hour later Athear stood angrily in the main control room of the Nexus War game along with Haleon and Kirdos, the former looking over the lines of source code while the latter looked out the window at the completely paralyzed realm that they had just come from. “No one else can log in at the moment and luckily we contained those that gotten the corrupted masks before it leaked out into the real world,” the robot eagle announced as he continued to look at his screen. “The lobby is also completely locked down as well, no one will be able to log in and those that are coming back from missions are being deferred to other realms at the moment.”

“This is not the first time that this has happened Haleon,” Athear hissed. “The others are starting to wonder just how far this… system incursion has gotten and how many realms it has affected. First Santer, now my realm has been compromised.”

“This is not just some virus that has infected our system,” Haleon shot back. “Well… maybe that would be the best way to describe it, but it’s not just present here otherwise I would have found it already. No, I think what we’re looking for here is more like a rogue program that happens to be a carrier for a virus, much harder to find if it’s not on-line for long periods of time. There’s no way to determine where it’s coming from and unless I have the signal I can’t put something on our firewalls and portals to detect a stealthy signal.”

“I’m sure that you’ll find it Haleon,” Kirdos replied quickly as it appeared the gooey naga still had more to say, but as the stone feline interrupted all he did was cross his arms and look away with a slight frown on his face. “I’m sure that we’ve bothered you long enough, we’ll leave you to your devices and I’ll take my best serpentine brother for a drink. Shall we Athear?”

Though Athear didn’t reply, still fuming from the incursion in his virtual realm, the naga proceeded to follow the tiger and leopard hybrid out of the control tower to leave the robotic eagle to his own devices. Though Haleon was thankful that the distraction was taken care of by his other brother the fact remained that he still had an incursion on his hands that he couldn’t track and was escalating quickly. What happened in Santer’s realm was extremely isolated, but what they had just seen in Athear’s realm was quite the escalation. The sound of metal against metal could be heard as the avian tapped his own beak as his mind processed all the possibilities for what could be going on…