The Grass is Greener

It was just starting to get dark as Dieter made their way from their workplace back to their apartment, though it was less from the sun setting and more from a storm front that was starting to move in. Though the weather hadn’t predicted that they were supposed to be getting anything the sky told the synth lion otherwise and quickened their pace to get home. Though their metallic body was just as resilient to water as any organic one it was also just as unpleasant as others that were around them rushed about as well. Thankfully they had already made the sojourn through the city on the train and were at the final leg of their journey home.

There was a small plot of grass that the city had named as a park that Dieter cut through and as they quickly walked down the path there was something there that caught their attention. While they weren’t the only one that used the small path to get where they needed to go this person was just leaned up against the light post that bordered the small cement path. What had caught the synth’s attention was that they were dressed head to toe like a cowboy, the equine muzzle partially hidden under the brim of his hat. That was… unusual, but as Dieter felt a droplet of rain against the back of their head they just continued on past the strange creature in order to get home.

But Dieter only made it a few feet before they felt something fly over them and wrap around their waist, looking down to see that there was a lasso roped around them that had not been there a second ago. Before they could turn to ask what was going on the synth let out a yelp as they were pulled backwards, stumbling onto the grass before landing on their back. “Hey!” Dieter managed to shout as the cowboy they had passed came up to them, taking more of the rope and bringing up his hands and legs before tying them so quickly that before they knew it they had been completely hogtied.

“Howdy there partner,” the stallion said as he tipped his hat while leaning down next to the lion, who unsuccessfully tried to hop away before falling on their side. “Why don’t you relax a spell, I have a proposition for you.”

Dieter once more tried to wiggle free of the bindings but found that while they weren’t necessarily tight whatever knots the guy had put them in were not coming loose anytime soon. “Could have just asked you know,” Dieter stated. “What exactly am I being roped into?”

“Well since there’s a storm a-comin perhaps it would be best if we moseyed on over somewhere that we can talk in private,” the horse said as he took off his hat, causing the synth to gasp as they could see that his face looked leathery… like actual leather, the black material reflecting the light from above as the black clouds continued to roll in overhead. “What do you say, I’ll take you to my ranch and make you an offer that I know you’ll enjoy.”

“The hell you will!” another voice called out before Dieter could say anything, the lion turning their head to see that they weren’t alone as a rather imposing synth eagle practically stomped up to them. “Damnit Santer, what did I tell you about poaching? I was just about to take this one!”

“Hey, I can’t help it if you’re too slow,” the one called Santer said as he stood back up. “Plus if you really read this one they clearly belong with me. Why don’t you go storm off somewhere else?”

As the two argued back and forth Dieter found himself still hog-tied and unable to escape from either of them. From the sound of it both were set on confronting him, though the one that the horse called Haleon was adamant that he had marked him first. “Yeah, you might have your plushies and whatever this… cosplay thing is you’re doing,” Haleon commented as he gestured to the outfit that Santer was wearing. “You look ridiculous, by the way.”

“Says the one with the personal avatar builds that you don’t think we all know about,” Santer shot back, which caused the beak of the synth to drop slightly. “Look, it’s clear that I got to him first before your little storm came. Why don’t you go ahead and ambush someone else in their apartment like you usually do.”

“Aha, so you knew that I was going after him!” Haleon shouted back. “You sniped me Santer, just admit it!”

“Um, excuse me?” Dieter asked timidly.

“WHAT?!” Both shouted back at them, the lion’s eyes widened as both quickly changed their composure with Santer coughing while Haleon looked away for a few seconds before the horse continued on. “I profusely apologize for the outburst, unlike my friend here, what was it you were trying to ask?”

Though Haleon balked at that comment a strip of leather somehow found its way around his beak that muffled him from speaking as Santer looked down at Dieter. “I was just going to say that, um, you two are arguing about taking me…” Dieter stated. “…and I have no idea what’s going on. Plus I’m kind of tied up at the moment…”

The two seemed to realize that they had someone at their feet squirming around as rain began to come down from overhead, and though the two glared at each other Santer grabbed onto the ropes and then snapped his fingers. By the time Dieter blinked they found themselves sitting opposite the two at some sort of diner, the change of scenery startling enough along with being unbound that it caused them to jump slightly. “So about what I said earlier,” Santer started to say before Haleon managed to get the leather strap off his beak and chucked it at them, which prompted the leather horse to look at him before they engaged in a brief bout of smacking one another until they both immediately turned to regard Dieter once more with their hands on the table. “My name is Santer, I am a nexus lord.”

“And I’m Haleon,” Haleon followed up. “Now I’m sure you’re curious on why we’re talking to you right now.”

“Extremely,” Dieter replied.

“Yes, well, our kind seek out those that fall within our sphere of influence to join us as minions,” Haleon explained. “As such you will serve us, but in exchange we can help you indulge in your deepest and wildest fantasies.”

“Like becoming a living plushie, for instance,” Santer interjected, causing Haleon to roll his eyes and put his hand under his beak. Dieter found their own jaw dropping slightly at the mention of plushies, it was something that very much interested them but they had told no one about. “We’re able to see your desires, which is how we know who’s right to be a minion for us.”

“And as you can see sometimes someone has interests that overlap with multiple nexus lords,” Haleon chimed back in, causing Santer to frown. “Now there are a variety of ways that we handle such things, should you decide that our offer is appealing to you, but since the choice is ultimately yours it’s up to you if you want to become a bad-ass synth that’s capable of certain… personality adjustments.”

“Which I can also do if you become a plushie,” Santer interrupted again. “Since you’ve already been a synth I can imagine that a chance of pace might be nice, right?”

“I think because they’re already a synth that it would be more likely that they would enjoy my realm more,” Haleon said.

“Or maybe they’re sick of it and want to indulge in something else,” Santer replied. “Plus don’t you already have a version of them?”

“I don’t know, maybe we should ask Arthur about that,” Haleon shot back. Santer just responded with a huff and shoved into him to squish him against the wall, only for the synth eagle to use his wings to push the leather horse completely out of the booth. As the horse tumbled head over hooves onto the floor Haleon once more turned to Dieter with a grin. “Anyway, as you can see we’re not quite inclined to share.”

Dieter found themselves continuing to sit there in both shock and slight awe at the scene that’s unfolding in front of them. Personal grudges aside it sounded like they were there in order to indulge in their fantasies, and while they both hit on some rather interesting concepts the rivalry between the two was starting to do their head in. “I… still have no idea what’s going on here,” Dieter said finally. “The fighting is very distracting and I’m not sure what you’re offering me other than some sort of service to one of you, perhaps there was a place where we could talk separately before I make my decision?”

“A capital idea!” Santer said from the floor as the two looked to see his hand stick up in the air, then grab onto the counter in order to hoist himself back into the booth. “How about we each show them exactly what we have to offer so that they can choose for themselves. That way no one can be accused of sniping or poaching, lay out all the options.”

“Well… I suppose that’s better than you lassoing and dragging them back to your realm,” Haleon said with a sigh. “Why don’t we switch back and forth so that he doesn’t get over inundated from one side or the other. That sound good to you?”

“Sounds fine to me,” Santer replied with a big grin on his equine snout as he got up from the booth. “Since I had technically snagged them first I think it’s only fair that they come with me, don’t you think?” Though it looked like Haleon was about to protest Dieter quickly got up and said that they were fine with that, leaving the synth eagle to fume as they started to walk towards the door before Santer turned his head back. “By the way, you’re in charge of paying.”

“Paying what?” Haleon asked in confusion. “We didn’t order anything!” As the eagle watched the two go out the door Santer stopped at the front and picked up a rather large bag of to go orders and stuck his tongue out at him before leaving. Dieter didn’t look back but could hear the sound of metal claws digging into the wood as they went out the door into the rainy streets of the city…

…except that when Dieter walked through to the other side of the threshold he found himself looking up at the sun in a clear blue sky with only a few clouds dotting it. The city was gone; in its place where a number of buildings set against a dusty desert backdrop, something that looked more like a cattle ranch or a horse farm. As they began to approach the synth could see a number of horses, except that they were leather horse men that strutted about. Santer explained that this was where he would bring most new minions in order to get the hang of life as a stallion, which made it the idea place for them to start.

When they got up to the main building Dieter saw a few muscular stallions get let out into the training ring, the synth becoming slightly flustered at what they wore. Most of them were clad only in a leather harness and thong while some had a full bridle as well and a number of other cuffs. It was actually a rather elegant mix of pony play and actual ponies, which was likely the idea as those that were handling them began to call out commands. This was certainly going to be an interesting experience, Dieter thought to themselves as they were led into the front of the main building.

“Dieter, I would like you to meet Clyde,” Santer said as he gestured towards the golden leather palomino with a bright white tail and mane who had been looking at a clipboard up until that moment. “Clyde, I got a new pony for you, or at least potentially a new pony. This is Dieter.”

“Pleasure to meet you Dieter,” Clyde said as he reached out and shook Dieter’s hand while looking at Santer. “Potential new pony, eh? You know after the last time with Spirit you said that if I named him I get to keep him.”

Santer chuckled at that and rubbed his hand down the head of the other leather horse. “I would keep them as is for the moment,” Santer replied. “This is just a tour right now, and this time we’re competing against Haleon. I thought for the moment we could start with an introduction into the realm before the eagle comes in and takes them for the next part.”

Clyde nodded and looked Dieter up and down, then motioned for them to follow him to the back. As Dieter followed Santer brought up the rear, the three going outside again except at the other side of the house towards the middle of the compound. The lion synth could feel all manner of eyes on them as they walked and they guessed that it was unusual to see their kind in a place like this. There was an eagerness in their stares that made them wonder if they shared in their master’s zeal towards converting them from their synth form, even those that were in training licked their lips as they passed by.

As they walked into the barn Dieter found it to be empty, which made sense given that most were out in the training ring as they walked over to a padded bench. As Santer and Clyde talked about what they were going to do with them the lion synth decided to let them muse and keep quiet unless they were asked a question. More than once their ears perked up as they talked about things like what type of breed they were going to use and if they would be on two legs or four by the time they were done. It seemed Santer was inclined to leave them anthro, but everything else was obscured as they dropped their voices to a whisper before finally the leather stallion nexus lord turned to him.

Dieter hadn’t even realized that Santer had a series of leather straps in his hands, telling the lion synth to stand still as he began to put a harness over his chest like the others had on in the corral. “Hey Santer, can I ask you a question?” Dieter asked, Santer nodding his head as he manuevered deftly around their form. “So this thing with Haleon, why are you fighting over me anyway?”

A chuckle could be heard from where Clyde was mixing some sort of oil together and Santer scoffed as well. “There are some out there that have greater potential when they become minions then others,” Santer explained as he finished with the harness, which hung a bit loosely on their frame, before starting on a pair of wrist cuffs. “While anyone that had a desire in our sphere of influence can become one there are those out there that are far more versatile and accepting then others, and its those that we can not only draw the most power from but also give more power too. It’s not rare for two or more nexus lords to fight over someone that’s particularly potent in their kinks, and while we no longer fight each other creating nexus hybrids is still a rather novel concept.”

Could have fooled me about the fighting thing, Dieter thought to themselves as Santer finished with cuffs on their wrists and their ankles before moving up with one last item. As the thick leather collar was placed around their neck it was just as loose as the rest of the gear that was on them, something that the stallion said would be fixed shortly enough with a wink. Once he had finished up with the collar Dieter could hear Clyde ask if they were going to use a bit or would be caging them, to which Santer just shook his head and say that they were taking it easy for their first foray. This is taking it easy on them… as Dieter looked down at the gear they were wearing it made them wonder what was ahead if this was just the first stage.

Dieter didn’t have long to think about it though as they had the synth lion move over to the bench. “I’ve honestly never had to break a synth before,” Clyde said as he continued to swirl the thick oil in the bottle he carried. “I made it as strong as I could in order to soften them up. They going on their back or stomach?”

“Since they’re not going feral there’s no reason to put them on their stomach,” Santer replied before patting Dieter on the shoulder. “Alright Dieter, we’re going to have you lay down on here with your head facing Clyde there. Once you feel the small of your back against the edge and your tail lying past it then just relax and we’ll take care of the rest, alright?”

Dieter just nodded and laid down where they were told, feeling the soft, supple leather against the metal of their back as they suddenly found themselves looking up at the smiling face of the leather palomino. That was only for a few moments and as soon as they told the two that they were in position both ducked down out of their field a vision. The sound of chains could be heard and as they felt something get looped into the rings that were attached to the cuffs they suddenly found their arms being pulled down and their legs getting spread apart before being locked into place.

With the positioning of their body Dieter quickly found themselves unable to move much more than wiggling from side to side, which was what Santer asked them to do in order to make sure that the restraints were tight enough without being uncomfortable. Once more it seemed that the leather stallion nexus lord was a master of his craft as the bindings were right in that sweet spot where he could hardly move but it wasn’t straining any part of his body. As soon as they did one last check to make sure the synth lion was secured the two passed the bottle of oil to one another and poured some of it into their hands. At first they thought that they were going to start trying to massage it into the metal of his body but to their surprise they began to spread it over their own groins instead.

While Clyde had already been exposed and was starting to oil down his member Santer had coaxed his out of his body, which given the size of it should have produced some sort of bulge in his body if it had been tucked away in some sort of slit. Instead it continued to emerge out of his leather form like he was sculpting it while it was being pulled out of his form. Dieter continued to watch the show until their head was suddenly pulled back and they were looking at the palomino once more, except instead of his muzzle they found themselves face to face with their glistening gold leather cock. Though even with their synthetic form they weren’t sure that they could handle all that Dieter still opened their own feline maw when prompted to do so.

Dieter wasn’t sure what they were about to experience as the oily leather head began to split past their lips, but as their tongue was pressed against it they found it really didn’t taste like much. There was an earthy tone to it with a hint of musk and leather but they were more preoccupied with the fact that Clyde had gripped onto their head and was slowly but surely starting to push inside. With their arms bound and spread out to their sides there was nothing that they could do but let the palomino continue to slide down into them. A few droplets of oil dripped off of their snout as Dieter could see his muscles clenching while slowly rocking his hips back and forth to aid in his insertion while letting out a groan.

While Dieter wasn’t exactly how long Clyde was it felt like they had an entire foot of leather horse cock inside of them, their feline maw being stretched as his throat and inner mouth began to tingle. It was a strange sensation and the more that the palomino pushed in the stronger it started to get. Dieter found themselves twitching in their restraints as they felt a hand against their own maleness that had slid out, and while their head was completely tilted back they guessed that Santer was involved in providing even more pleasure then they already had. As the soft head of the horse’s member began to push against the back of his throat before starting to slide down into it Dieter’s eyes began to grow unfocused, though as they watched the shiny groin of the other creature continue to move towards their face it felt like something was happening to their nostrils.

Santer mentioned something about enjoying that throat while he could but Dieter was more preoccupied with feeling the top of his neck starting to bulge while also feeling Santer’s hips start to press against his thighs. For a while Clyde was the only one taking advantage of their restrained state abut as their member continued to get stroked with one hand the other was guiding Santer’s cock to their exposed tailhole. Though once more Dieter didn’t have the ability to lift their head, especially with his throat muscles starting to clench around the surprisingly firm shaft that was slowly sliding in and out of him, they managed to catch a glimpse of it from some nearby metal sheets. Their eyes widened as they guessed that the nexus lord was twice as big as the one stretching his muzzle to the limit and nearly three times as thick, thinking no amount of oil or being synthetic was going to help with that.

As the nexus lord continued to press gently against his tailhole undaunted by the size Dieter suddenly heard a cracking noise that caused Clyde to pause and look down. About three-fourths of his shaft was inside the lion synth’s maw and there was a bulge that had been traveling up and down their throat in time with his thrusts, but as he started to push in a little deeper he could see that the metal of the synth’s throat was splitting. Another crack formed on the top of their feline muzzle and Dieter found themselves becoming increasingly aware that what he thought was just the sensation of deep throating the stallion’s cock was actually a pressure building up in their face. They let out a muffled huff as their awareness of it only seemed to make it grow, and finally with a loud stifled snort a piece of their nose practically popped off their face!

At first Dieter’s eyes widened but Clyde was quick to grab a nearby mirror and show them what was happening. Other than seeing their maw practically pushed up against the groin of the leather creature it looked like something was pushing its way out of the hole that had appeared in their casing. It was a dappled pink and as they tried to shift their head it caused another piece of metal to fall away and expose a leather nostril that was definitely not feline. The palomino grinned and while still holding the mirror began to thrust in and out of him once more, which also served to crack the metal around their throat and expose the brown leather that bulged up underneath.

Clyde chuckled and commented that it looked like their technique worked as they put more oil on their palm and wrapped it around the shaft of their cock to lube it as he continued to work Dieter’s growing maw. So that’s how they got around their metal skin, their body twitching as the feline ear broke off completely and a leather horse one emerged in its spot. From the size of their nostril it looked like what they were creating was going to be much bigger then their old form, though they were suddenly torn away from their own image as Santer took the opportunity to push into them. The effect that the nexus lord had on their body was much more immediate as they pushed in their girthy equine member, causing the plating of their entire rear to practically burst out from the thick, muscular leather rump that came from it.

With both leather stallions feeding into his changes the transformation started to accelerate, Dieter groaning more loudly as they felt their face continue to push on their feline muzzle until the metal fell off of them like a mask. As soon as their new equine snout was free it stretched out to its full length as the synth’s entire body shook in pleasure from the changes. As Santer had warned Clyde found themselves unable to push as deep into them as more of their shaft was engulfed by the leather maw of the horse headed creature against his groin. When a surge of growth hit Dieter that caused them to grow taller it not only caused the plates of their back and chest to separate but also the last of the metal on their head to fall away and reveal a thick mane of hair that cascaded down to their neck.

With the growth of the new horse, which another peek in the mirror told Dieter that there was a lot of growth to go given they were becoming a Clydesdale, the metal of their neck cracked and fell away from their swelling leather neck as something similar was happening to their quivering thighs. As Santer pumped into them it didn’t take much for the entirety of the massive member to fit inside of them, though as it got about halfway in something began to happen to their stomach. The entire plate of metal that had been covering it started to lift off as Santer continued to sink inch after inch of leather horse cock into them until the head of it stretched out their belly with each thrust. As that fell away Dieter felt extremely confined in one area in particular and the nexus lord smirked as they grabbed onto the metal tube that had been their maleness and started to pull it off.

As an intense pressure was released Clyde pulled his own cock out of the equine maw of the man so that they could watch. Their eyes widened slightly as it looked like thick brown leather was inflating the second that the metal no longer confined it. It was like watching dough that puffed out after pulling apart the cylinder and when Santer had pulled the last of it off their new flared head the feline member had become a foot long leather horse cock with medial ring and flared head just like the ones inside of them. The act of being released like that almost made them orgasm right there but the two still had work to do until they were completely done with their form.

Soon Dieter’s head was yanked back and once more the palomino’s shaft stretched out their lips as the rest of their body soon followed suit, large metal plates being pushed apart and dropping away while they gained more muscle. It wasn’t just a little muscle either; more than once the two had to adjust themselves as the beefy arms an legs of the new leather horse bulged and swelled. Though it was hard to tell with lying down they guessed that they were almost as big as Santer at this point as the last of the metal left their feet, though as they felt their toes merge together and harden into a leather hoof it capped it with a horseshoe instead of completely falling away. The bench trembled from the Clydesdale as Santer and Clyde both hilted them for their orgasm, and as they did the nexus lord surprised Dieter by bending down while grabbing their throbbing cock and pushing it into his own maw.

The effect of that long leather tongue sliding around their new shaft along with everything else brought Dieter to the edge and his powerful form flexed its new muscles while they orgasmed. The other two weren’t far behind and in the back of their mind the Clydesdale was happy they were chained down as their body was thrashing and bucking about from the intensity of the orgasm coupled with their new physique. Every muscle remained tense until Dieter finished and when they did they found to their surprise that their feet were able to touch the floor with a soft click of metal against concrete. Since they hadn’t been close before they could only imagine how big they were, though they wouldn’t have to wait long to see it in action as Santer and Clyde unhooked them from the breeding bench and got them in front of the mirror.

As soon as they saw themselves in the reflection Dieter saw the horse head gasp, finding it hard to believe the brown and white muscle stud in the mirror was him. He was huge and as he flexed his muscles he found that it was all leather and stuffing that seemed to conform to their movements. Despite having thick pecs and washboard abs there was also a softness to them that one doesn’t normally see in large creatures, something Santer said that they might enjoy as their first step on being a path to plushie. Dieter just found themselves nodding as they couldn’t help but see their dark brown leather horsecock dangling at their groin, though Clyde handed them a jock to keep them at least somewhat modest that they slid up.

When Dieter finished tucking themselves into the huge bulge they sported Santer was about to say something when they all felt a distortion in the air, followed by seeing the avian synth emerging from it. “Hey, ready to see what my realm is all about?” Haleon asked as he looked Dieter’s new form over. “Leather Clydesdale huh, I suppose everyone has to start somewhere.”

“And you’ll probably turn them into some robot raven or something as you always do,” Santer said before sighing and nodding their head. “I suppose they may as well get your part of the tour over with before they can get back to the good stuff.” Haleon just smirked at them and directed Dieter, who had been marveling that the previously loose leather gear fit them like a glove, back into the portal where the two of them disappeared leaving Santer looking at Clyde.

“So now what do we do?” Clyde asked.

“We wait,” Santer replied before motioning with his head. “Hope you like strawberry rhubarb cheesecake, I got like four of them from the diner since I had to order while on the floor.”

“I enjoy strawberry rhubarb…” Clyde mentioned as they walked out to wait for their turn with Dieter to come about once more.

 Chapter 2:

As Dieter stepped through the portal to the other side the difference between the two realms was staggering; while Santer’s had a rustic charm to his dude ranch Haleon’s realm felt like they had just stepped into some sort of cyberpunk video game. There were synths and robots of all kinds walking around on the street as vehicles streaked by with some racing through the streets while others flew through the air. This probably would have been a great place to be a synth themselves but as they looked down at their body at their huge muscular leather horse form they felt more out of place then ever. Haleon seemed to sense their trepidation and said that they would be fixing that soon enough.

Haleon explained that being the lord of technology often had its perks as he had the potential to control gaming spheres, social media platforms, and also often was the bank for most incursions into other dimensions with a high enough tech level. It also meant that he catered to synths like them and it wouldn’t be uncommon for a planet to suddenly have synths in their reality because they found a few people that really wanted to be one. As Dieter wondered if that was possibly what happened to him Haleon once more somehow knew what they were thinking and said that he had never gotten involved with their planet. That was somewhat of a relief to the former lion synth as they walked to the huge spire in the middle of the realm where an arcade took up most of the floor.

“Dieter, this is Nevar,” Haleon said as he gestured over to the metallic raven man that came over to them. “He’s my second, which means that when I’m away from the realm he’s in charge and often is even when I’m around.”

“That is kind of you to say, Lord Haleon,” Nevar replied before looking at Dieter. “Oh, and we have ourselves a leather horse. Did this one defect from Santer or is this part of that whole living circuit plushie project thing that we’re working on with him?”

Dieter found himself slightly shocked at hearing that Santer and Haleon had some sort of project together, but instead of potentially going into it Haleon just shook his head and said that they were courting a potential new minion that had a choice between him and Santer. The synth raven seemed to understand and nodded his head before asking where they were going to start him at, which Haleon just motioned for the two to follow him. Once more as they walked along he found himself being looked at by many of the avian synths that were in the area, though just like with Santer’s realm he couldn’t tell whether it was because he looked like one of the leather horse’s minions or if was the general lust that these creatures seemed to have towards fresh meat. It didn’t seem to really matter since they wasn’t approached at all, likely due to having the nexus lord himself standing there.

Eventually the two went from the brightly colored midway to another section of the city, this one slightly more industrial or scientifically oriented then the flashy section they had just come from. “This is where we have those that are more interested in the scientific curiosities of technology reside,” Haleon explained as they made there way into one of the labs. “This is where we’re going to give you a more proper form, at least until Santer comes back and demands your time once more.”

“Yeah, hey, about that,” Dieter stated as they kept pace behind the two. “What is this living circuit plushie project that you were talking about? It sounds like you have something going on with him with these nexus hybrids or whatever you called them, seems strange that you are so competitive with him.”

“Oh, that’s a separate thing,” Haleon explained. “While many of our minions reside right here in our realms there are those that choose to have pocket dimensions or shops throughout the nexus realm, or sometimes they’re put there strategically in order to monitor some sort of threat. With the nexus war done there’s really no need for the latter, but I already had someone established in the same area that Santer did and we’re having them try to get along for the sake of the peace. The two aren’t very fond of one another though.”

How shocking, Dieter thought to themself as they made their way into an area that had a large cylindrical tank in the middle of it. There were several that were busy on consoles or walking around it, all of them bowing to Haleon as he passed, and eventually they made their way up a set of stairs that led to the top of the tank. At first they thought that it was some sort of enclosure but when they got above the lip they saw that there was actually a fine mesh screen that completely covered it. When Dieter looked to Haleon to see what they were doing they were surprised when the synth eagle merely gestured for them to go out on it.

Dieter tentatively put a leather hoof on the screen, feeling it sink slightly under their weight. They felt themselves slip slightly from the horseshoe that was on the end of his hooves but managed to stay upright as they started to walk towards the middle of the container. The mesh was more than a screen and actually felt like a soft floor that had some stability to it and after a little while they managed to walk about without too much problem. When they got to the center Dieter looked up once more to ask what would happen next only to see something rising up around the edges that looked like some sort of clear plastic or crystal that separated them.

Dieter felt his jaw drop slightly as the two halves of the clear material formed into a dome that sealed shut over him, though his attention was quickly brought back down to the metal mesh floor that began to vibrate underneath his hooved feet. They found themselves slipping a bit but with nothing to hold onto and no way out there was nothing they could do but stand there and wait to see what happened. Eventually the vibrations lessened until they could move again, though as they leaned down and put their fingers against it the floor hadn’t stopped… it had actually sped up to the point where the frequency dropped. The leather horse found themselves looking around more and more as they waited to see what would happen without a clue of what was going on.

It didn’t take long before they got their answer as something began to rise up from underneath them, the silvery liquid sliding through the vibrating mesh to form a puddle. When Dieter saw it they quickly moved out of it and as they got to the edge they saw that it continued to rise up, but instead of spreading outwards it formed into the column of rippling liquid that was slowly taking shape right in front of them. As more mass was drawn into it eventually the silvery substance began to form a pair of arms, then wings, and finally legs until the avian had been completely formed. It looked like some sort of metal statue but as the last of the substance drew up into it the body rippled with every movement that made them believe that it was still a liquid.

As the humming that came from the vibrating floor turned to background noise Dieter continued to look at the avian creature that was standing there, unsure of what to do. It was at this point they had become acutely aware that they were still completely naked and when they tried to cover themselves it caused the creature to giggle. “No need for that now,” the creature said, though as it spoke not only did its throat move but their entire head rippled and vibrated. “Considering where you are and all.”

“Oh, I suppose that it is,” Dieter replied as they let their hands fall to their sides. “So… if I may ask, what are you? I’ve never really seen a creature like you before, is this all for your containment?”

“Oh no, this is all so that I can actually manifest,” the liquid avian replied. “My name is Alan, and I’m actually a sophisticated AI program. Now unlike most of the creatures here I don’t have a body and don’t have the ability to pilot one, but using a suspended nanite matrix and sound frequency generators I can shape this liquid so that I can interact with others.”

“Um, wow,” Dieter replied, causing the blank avian to grin. “It’s really nice to meet you Alan, I’m just not sure why Haleon wanted me to come in here.”

“I’m sure Master Haleon expected me to explain what is happening here,” Alan said as he began to walk up to Dieter. “This nanite matrix doesn’t create synths of a traditional sort; when merged with organic matter, or in this case nexus leather, it creates a creature that’s a little… gooier than most. I’m here in order to hold the shape while we merge so that you can have the correct form, you’d be surprised how hard it is to reset a liquid metal creature when you don’t get it right the first time.”

That was certainly intriguing, Dieter thought to themself as they ran their fingers down the lithe chest of the male to watch his entire body ripple like it was water. “That’s really cool,” Dieter exclaimed. “So… you’re turning me into a liquid metal creature?”

“A liquid metal nanite creature,” Alan corrected. “If you wanted goo or metal you could have gone to Lord Athear or Lord Kirdos, this has the ability to interact with technology in a very fun variety of ways. I’m sure that Master Haleon has quite a bit planned for you if he wishes for you to take a nanite form, but of course the first thing you have to do is pick your shape since I’m thinking you want to be more defined than I am.”

Dieter chuckled at that and then thought about it, though as they did they realized that there were a lot of different birds out there and it sounded like they wouldn’t be easily changing to another. Did they want to go with a bird of prey? Maybe a duck… or not, that sounds silly, perhaps one of the songbirds? Was it possible to do something exotic, or would that make them seem pretentious?

As they heard the tapping of fingers they realized that they had been thinking about it for quite some time while Alan waited patiently for their answer. “I, um, how about a crow?” Alan gave them a look as though to ask if that was their final answer, which they found themselves nodding their equine head. “Yeah, let’s go with that, a Fish Crow if you can manage it.”

“You’d be surprised at what I can manage,” Alan replied with a grin as his features began to shift, his beak and body becoming more defined as his wings stretched before forming into the proper shape. “Now it’s time to begin the merge, and since you’re already a nexus creature we can really have some fun. Oh, and fair warning, this does get a little weird, but since you’re already here I can assume that what I’m about to do to you is going to probably be the tamest of times.”

Dieter found their eyes raising slightly at those words but the liquid metal crow had already flapped out their wings and began to close the distance between them. The leather equine found themselves knocked off their feet as they were practically tackled into, but instead of falling back against the mesh floor they found themselves floating in the air! It was like they were flying except that there was no wind, just a hum that grew steadily louder as they floated higher up in the air. Though Dieter felt like they were flailing about the liquid metal creature had clearly done this before as eventually the leather Clydesdale found themselves looking down with the creature pressed against their back.

With nothing to hold onto Dieter was at the mercy of the other man, which it definitely was a guy as he could feel something press up against the small of their back. Given the proclivities that they had in Santer’s realm it quickly became apparent that this was a trending theme for these minions as a pair of silver clawed hands roamed down their muscular chest. Probably how they had gotten so many minions in the first place, they thought to themselves as they began to feel something pressing up just underneath the leather horsetail he had gotten from Santer. At first they wondered if being made of liquid would affect things like firmness but as the crow wrapped an arm around their shoulders and thrusted forward their spreading tailhole quickly inferred they knew what they were doing.

While they hadn’t gotten a good look at what Alan looked like down there since up until they were floating his crotch was smooth metal Dieter found that they were quite large, though was quickly getting to them was the deepness. Every time that they thought the liquid metal crow had gotten to the hilt it just kept thrusting in even more inches, until the point that it went from impressive to perculiar. While they were currently in the air suspended by soundwaves as they were being rutted by an AI possessing a liquid metal body there had to be a limit to what their cock size was going to be, right? But as Alan continued to plow into his sturdy leather rump there still didn’t seem to be an end to their insides being spread open, even as their stomach began to swell while obfuscating their abs.

Something else was happening while the smaller man was humping into them, Dieter feeling like the one above was starting to spread more over their back. A similar sensation could be felt with the arms around their waist and as they looked down they gasped at seeing the deep brown leather stained silver underneath the partially melted appendages. Alan did mention something about merging with them, but they were not quite expecting this as they could feel the cock plowing their insides spreading out more. So that’s what was going on, and as his belly started to turn silver it rippled slightly while the contents within started to spread outwards.

The fullness they felt in their bowels was starting to travel to other parts of their body, and as a leather creature they guessed that having stuffing instead of meat and organs was expediting the process. As the liquid metal began to melt down their sides and shoulders they caught the head of the crow in the corner of their eye. He smiled at them and leaned in while closing their eyes as though for a kiss, only for the beak to push into their equine muzzle when they tried to reciprocate! Dieter let out a gasp which only served to allow the liquid metal to pour into them, feeling their muzzle started to warp and reshape from the metal flowing over it.

As the head of the crow became nothing more than a liquid metal tentacle slithering into their throat Dieter found that the beak had reformed, just on their face as they reached up and touched it. Though they couldn’t see it tendrils of it were already infiltrating into the rest of his face and head to shift their mane into feathers while their ears were assimilated and melted into the side of their skull. At this point it didn’t feel like there was anything back there at all save for something holding onto their shoulders, though as their partially avian head looked back Dieter could see that the wings Alan had formed were now on their shoulders. When they attempted to give them an experimental flap they found that the simulacrum of feathers warped and twisted, becoming misshapen like the rest of their form as the silver metal began to shift to a black hue.

As Dieter attempted to try and steady themselves they found their stomach completely flattening down while the cock that had been plunging into their depths was gone. Well not quite gone as they felt the feathers that of the liquid metal avian’s backside merge with and attach to their own back. When they looked down to their groin they found that they were still incredibly aroused, but when they reached back to stoke themselves they ended up mushing their half-formed maleness back into their black liquid metal groin. That was not what Dieter was looking for as they frowned deeply, though they could feel it distorting as the changes spread to their arms and legs where they were starting to deform as well.

They were melting, and as Dieter felt their fingers merging into one solid mitt panic began to set in on what they were supposed to do. They were still suspended up in the middle of this dome and the one that might be able to help them had melted and merged their body to assimilate the leather into more of the substance. The muscles of his chest and shoulders had completely smoothed over as they felt more of the liquid flow into their wings that seemed to make them more stable. Perhaps it was from the fact that they were still changing, and as Dieter managed to flip themselves around they took their already coated hands and spread as much of the substance over their hooves and shins as possible.

Reaching down caused Dieter to nearly morph into a solid ball as their beak nearly sank into their thighs and they felt their chest rub up against their crotch. As the last of the leather disappeared though and they straightened themselves out again the rippling of their body began to lessen. They began to lower down towards the floor and as they did they saw Alan’s blank avian head look up at them once more and he gave them a thumbs up before disappearing back down. For a brief moment as the black liquid metal touched against the mesh Dieter had a fear that they would flow through it and join him, but instead it seemed that whatever nanite matrix they were infused with seemed to keep their form gelled together as the dome above them slowly opened again.

“Well, I would have to say that was quite the rousing success,” Haleon said with a smile as he watched Dieter continue to look over themselves, feeling their arms that looked liquid yet felt solid to the touch. “With Alan programming those nanites your crow form is what they will revert back to regardless, and since the fluid that you are made of is technically non-Newtonian it means that with the signals coming from the nanites it can go from liquid to solid so that you can touch, lift, and do whatever you want. This little experiment has been quite the feather in our cap and we owe it to that lovely AI avian that you met.”

“Yeah, Alan is a really cool guy,” Dieter replied with a smile of their own on their beak before giving Haleon a questioning look. “If I may ask though, I know that you were looking for something to really show me that your realm was the best, but why not turn me into some sort of synth? You said yourself that the reason I would be attracted to this place was because that would fit me more.”

Haleon and Nevar both chuckled at that as they went down the stair, Dieter finding themselves squishing through the holes in the metal stairs before the nanites reasserted their form once more. “As I mentioned before nexus lords can peer into the desires that you might not even realize you have,” Haleon explained. “Now I happened to notice something that I touched on before and I think that a body like this is going to help more as a base. Plus you make a very lovely crow, I do hope that I get to see you around in such a body more.”

Dieter found themselves blushing slightly, though it was more of a mental thing as their avian cheeks were completely composed of the black nanite fluid. As they walked back towards the central tower the looks that they had gotten before had almost all but vanished, except for one or two that they found admiring their new body it looked like they once more blended in with the crowd. When they got into the arcade once more instead of going inside they went to a nearby elevator that Haleon pressed a digital display to go up. Nevar was the one that explained that while normally they would just fly to their roost liquid wings weren’t great for flying and they didn’t want them to splat on the ground just as they were getting used to their new form.

When the elevator doors opened once more the Haleon stepped inside the room that made up the entirety of the top floor, which looked like a cross between a penthouse suite and a mad scientist lab, only to stop as they saw someone laying there on the bed. “Santer?!” Haleon said as he moved forward in a huff, Nevar and Dieter keeping some distance as they followed behind. “How the hell did you get into my room?”

“Don’t you remember?” Santer replied with a smirk as he slid off the bed and walked towards Haleon. “When two nexus lords are courting someone they are allowed to go wherever their charge can go until the new minion makes up their mind. Considering how you hosed Renzyl with a similar rule I find it hard to believe that you don’t remember that.”

“Of course I remember the rules…” Haleon said as he clicked his beak, then turned and gestured towards Dieter. “But if you don’t mind, I was going to show them how their new body worked before you came and interrupted us.”

“I’m sure you were,” Santer said, sticking his tongue out before walking up to Dieter and checking out the liquid metal crow. “Well I do have to give you points for creativity, though I’m not quite sure they’re going to do when they become a puddle on the floor. I don’t suppose Nevar here is going to get you a couple sponges.”

“Ignore that Dieter,” Haleon said. “Obviously he’s jealous of your form over that stock standard leather Clydesdale number that you had before.” As Dieter looked down at themselves they had to admit that this form was far more complex then the one Santer had transformed them into. Not only in the fact that they were made of liquid metal but also that they had a pair of wings as they ran their clawed hands down the smooth, lithe build that the form had also given them.

“Well your possession play or whatever your planning has to start next time,” Santer said as they stamped their hoof, a portal appearing in the air next to them. “I transformed them and you said it was your turn, now you’ve transformed them which means its mine. I trust you want to keep things fair so we don’t have to bring up the matter of rules to… him?”

Both Haleon and Nevar shuddered slightly and shook their head before the synth eagle motioned for Dieter to follow Santer into the portal, which as the crow did so made them wonder just how crazy this rivalry was going to get before everything was said and done…

Chapter 3:

When Santer and Dieter reappeared on the other side of the portal he was not on the ranch as expected, instead they found themselves standing on the floor of a rather opulent casino. When Dieter looked down at themself they found that their body was no longer that of the liquid metal crow as he pressed a hand against his soft leather chest. “Can’t have you coming into a fancy place like this without looking decent,” Santer said with a small grin as he patted the Clydesdale on his shoulder. “Now, I’m not sure whether you’re a gambling man but that’s not what we’re here for, at least not directly.”

“Oh?” Dieter asked as they began to walk through the casino floor.

“Yep, got something else all lined up for you,” Santer explained. “We’re hosting horse races here tonight, brings in a big crowd and a lot of action on the ORB, which is our Off-Realm Betting system. Now we don’t necessarily have a big cash prize for the winner but we do offer something that’s very fitting in compensation, and tonight that’s going to be you.”

“Oh, I suppose that makes-“ Dieter began to say before fully processing what Santer had just told them. “Wait, what?”

“I’ll explain more once we get to that point,” Santer said. “For now you just get to enjoy my hospitality and watch the races. They are quite the show after all.”

Dieter wasn’t quite sure what to expect from the rather cryptic notes that the equine nexus lord had given them, but for now they just decided to go with the flow and take in the scene around them. To their surprise a lot of the area looked rather normal, maybe a few overtly lewd themes like the statue of a naked horse that may or may not have been an actual minion. Even the people looked normal enough as they got further in; however the true nature of what was going on was revealed as they saw someone at a card table bet big and lose, watching as they went from the rather meek mouse that they were to growing nearly a foot in height and having their ropy tail become a leather horse one. Though it was surprising to Dieter to see Santer explained that unlike other such establishments the ones that he ran were all in good fun, though since there was no system of currency they often dealt in favors instead and mentioned that transforming rat was probably going to have some races to run himself at this rate.

Eventually the two made their way to the track itself, which was set up much like a stadium with seating all around and a number of box seats. The leather Clydesdale was a bit surprised that the horses races were actual races considering the nature of the realm that they had been exposed to so far and Santer chuckled at that, explaining that while more carnal pursuits were usually on the table they dealt in what people desired, not just lusts. That notion was confirmed when they got to the private suite of the nexus lord and found a number of leather creatures, including Clyde, eating and talking to one another while they waited for the races to start. They were definitely more open about their public displays of affection, Dieter thought as they did notice that conversation included a stroke of their fingers down another’s leather chest or through their mane.

Once the two were inside Dieter was allowed to have free run of the place, Santer telling him that he just needed to take care of some business before walking outside the box for a few seconds. This seemed like a great opportunity to get some more information on the realm that was courting them and talked up a few of the stallions. Everyone naturally had wonderful things to say about the realm and as he asked about their previous lives it seemed that most of the people here entered into being minions through gambling. It was strange to hear such a common theme and remembered what Santer said about desire, which meant that this entire area catered to them so that he could get more power while also keeping them happy.

As one of them started to talk about the crocodile they were under before Santer came along they heard an announcement that the races were about to start. Since the nexus lord wasn’t there Clyde seemed to step right in and guide him towards one of the seats while also squeezing their rear. It caused Dieter to jump slightly not from the actual contact itself but from how deep those fingers managed to get. They realized that they had jumped into Haleon’s realm pretty much instantly after they had been transformed and hadn’t had much of a chance to explore their new form, but considering what Santer alluded to it sounded like they would be getting that chance soon enough.

The races in themselves were quite interesting; as Dieter had expected it was more like watching a track match then a horse race, though there were some leather horses that had a more feral appearance to their forms that ran in a few of them. What was even more fun to watch was how enthusiastic both the ones in the box and in the stands were when it came to who got in first. While they had never indulged in horse racing while in their normal life they had seen enough representations to make it feel like this was rather close in nature. Since it looked like it was mostly nexus minions that were occupying the stands they didn’t find anyone really transforming, Dieter remembering the bit about favors and guessing that those who practically tore up their slips were going to be indebted to others for a very long time.

As it got closer to the final race Santer came back into the box, Dieter turning around to see them talking with another stallion while entering. The other creature he was with gave them a slight chill as their appearance was slightly more demonic than most that they had seen, especially with one of their eyes being green while the other was a bright orange similar to Santer’s. They only caught a brief glimpse though before the door was closed and Santer came down to the viewing area to sit next to them. Clyde had been occupying the seat previously but even before seeing his master come into view the leather stallion hoped up and bowed before saying that he will get preparations ready.

“Is everything alright Santer?” Dieter asked as the nexus lord sat down.

“Oh yes, we just made sure that the races were run fairly,” Santer explained. “Even in the nexus realm some people attempt to cheat, but that’s why we have generals and that nexus beast I’m sure you saw to take care of things. We’re also thinking of perhaps putting in a Nightmare race for holiday most realms celebrate called Halloween, which is a rather fun time if one enjoys dressing up.”

Dieter nodded and Santer took Clyde’s position in explaining things to them when the question came up, mostly just about what happened to those who raced and won along with the results of the bets that were made. It was a rather intriguing system as those that ran were essentially indebted to Santer, though for the most part those that ran in the races usually just ended up being his minions anyway, and had a number of races that they needed to run before they were free to do something else. For those that got in debt through their gambling system those that lost were paired up with those that won when it came to favors. It wasn’t even just minions that made bets either as Santer explained that there were certain multi-dimensional creatures who knew about the ORB that enjoyed placing bets as well.

When the time came for the final race however Dieter found Santer patting them on the shoulder and motioning for them to get up. “It’s time,” Santer said with a grin. “Once the race is done the winner gets their reward pretty quick, and I want to make sure you’re ready for both your and their sake.”

“So what exactly am I getting ready for?” Dieter asked as they walked out of the private box, still hearing the announcer give off the list of names of the racers that were competing.

“As I mentioned we offer the winner a rather generous price in order to help inspire them to do their best,” Santer explained as they went up to a nearby elevator in the casino proper and pushed the button. “One of those things is that after the race they get a chance to relax and potentially release all that pent up energy that they have. Usually I have a line of volunteers that are ready to be the stuffed animal that they get to snuggle up with, among other things, but the one that had been chosen for the honor had gotten called away on something more important. Fortunately for you and luckily for me I have someone that can take their place.”

“So I really am their prize for winning,” Dieter stated, Santer nodding as the elevator got to their floor and he swiped a card before pressing the top button. “Out of curiosity, what else do they get?”

“Some quality time with me,” Santer listed. “The prestige of winning, any unclaimed favors from the ORB that couldn’t be assigned to others, free passes to the gym I co-own with another, sometimes dinner in Jerkah’s realm, and a few other perks that go along with it. For those who come in second and third we have a few consolation prizes as well but I think it’s safe to say that other than Modino and his variety of sports tournaments we’re probably one of the more competitive realms.”

Dieter found themselves nodding and Santer continued to explain what their role as a prize was while they waited to get to the top. It sounded exactly how it sounded as basically Dieter would just do whatever the winner was feeling like at the moment, even if that meant just cuddling up on the bed watching movies for the rest of the night. Sometimes they would go back down to the casino to get some accolades from their performance or even take their prizes out for the night, regardless they only got them for the rest of the night. By the time the nexus lord finished the doors opened and they walked out into a rather large and nicely appointed penthouse, though much like the ranch house it wasn’t very lavish or elaborate and had a slightly more modern feel.

There was also quite a bit of bondage equipment scattered about, Dieter mused as they made their way towards the living room where there was a few presents for the winner. From the look of the binders, cuffs, and other equipment that were on the couch they were expecting someone very much into that sort of thing as Santer had them stand there in the middle of the couch. As they did the nexus lord explained that since most of the racers were typically the more dominant type, including the favorite for the race, that they were just going to get him wrapped up to be presented to them. Dieter still found themselves looking at the equipment in awe even as Santer told him to put his thick, muscular arms behind their back so he could get the arm binder on him.

As they felt the soft, supple leather squeeze down on his plush-like body Dieter couldn’t help but imagine what it was going to be like. In a few minutes the winner would be coming in and see them completely bound up, probably on their knees waiting for him. From the manner of gear that Santer had set up the winner was going to have to unwrap parts of them in order to get at anything, especially as they felt a hood get put over their head and straps tightened around their muzzle. Dieter shuddered slightly at feeling the tightness, but as the collar was secured around their neck the phone in suite suddenly rang.

Santer said that was probably the results of the race and went over to answer it, and as Dieter watched they saw a look of surprise on the leather nexus horse’s face before asking if they were sure. That didn’t sound good, Dieter thought as Santer seemed to listen to whomever was on the other line before hanging up the phone and coming back to them. “Alright, so there was a bit of a shake up with the last race,” Santer explained as Dieter felt him fiddling with the arm binders. “I guess Abara whiffed it on the last quarter stretch and took out half the competition with him.”

As Dieter tried to respond all that came out of their bound muzzle was muffled grunts before Santer went up and also loosened the straps to their hood. “So what does that mean?” Dieter asked once they could speak again. “No one won?”

“Oh, someone won alright,” Santer replied. “How do you feel about being the dominant one?”

“…really?” Dieter asked.

“Yeah, the longshot is the rather meek type and does the races mostly because he enjoys being dominated by the others,” Santer explained as the mask was pulled off of his head. “Still tries his hardest to win, but all things considered he’s usually back of the pack and only got to the final race because he was on the lowest bracket and managed to come out on top among them. I’m pretty sure the ORB network is on fire right now given the upset and there are going to be a lot of people owing, but I don’t have time to switch you out with anyone else so it’s all you.”

“I can certainly understand that,” Dieter said as the last piece of bondage gear was taken off them. “I can… certainly try to be the dominant one, I certainly have the body for it. Just how forceful are we looking at though?”

Santer stopped what he was doing and looked Dieter up and down, then sighed and rubbed his hand against his head. “I’m not quite sure that’s going to be enough,” Santer said before he snapped his fingers. “Actually, our previous conversation gave me an idea, I just need to get Clyde to stall for a bit on the winner while we get it up here.”

Though Dieter wasn’t sure what was going on they continued to stand there while Santer made their way out of the room. They wondered if they should sit down or if they still needed to stand where they were while waiting for the nexus lord to come back. After a few minutes they decided to at least take a look at the bondage gear that they were almost going to be decked out in and picked up one of the cuffs. As they admired the rather exquisite crafting Dieter still found themselves wondering what Santer had up his sleeves in order to make them a better prize to the one that won the race.

As Dieter put down the cuff they jumped as the door opened suddenly, Santer on the other side walking in brisky with a collar in their hands. Unlike the one attached to the hood this one was a black leather with red etching and small silver spikes that adorned the length of it. “Put this on,” Santer said as he tossed it to Dieter, who fumbled it in their hands but managed to catch it while the nexus horse moved about to gather up all the gear. “Don’t have much time to explain, but by the time the winner comes in you should be ready.”

“Just the collar?” Dieter asked.

“That’s all you’ll need… hopefully,” Santer replied as he finished cleaning up and smoothed back his mane. “Alright, I’m going to talk to the winner to buy you more time for the collar to take effect. Have fun!”

Before Dieter could ask anything else Santer practically sprinted out the door before it closed behind him. He’s really fast, they thought errantly as they looked down at the collar in their hands. The leather was quite warm and there was a tingle that they could feel just from holding it, but given that they were on a rather tight time table there was little time to examine it and put it up to their neck. There was no clasp but the second it was wrapped around they could feel it bond to his leather hide, and as soon as it did Dieter felt a rush of energy that caused them to shake their head slightly.

When they looked down at themselves they thought that perhaps their body would be changing, but Dieter didn’t really notice anything different about themselves yet. There was definitely something happening though as they could feel that warmth that was in the collar spreading from it, and as they went over to a nearby mirror to see that the leather around their neck was shifting from brown and white to black and red just like the collar. They doubted that it was just going to be a pallet swap, though as they continued to look at themselves in the mirror they found themselves lingering on their reflection. With everything going on it had been the first time that they really got a good look at themselves and they found they were quite handsome.

A coy smile began to play on their muzzle as Dieter continued to admire their reflection as they felt something happening to their muzzle. It was hard to tell what was happening but as they brought up their fingers to their lips and pulled back on it they found that their teeth were turning into fangs. The sight of it caused Dieter to snap out of their haze of and noticed that the nails on their fingers had started to turn black and length as well. They looked like claws… but as their overall body shape didn’t change at all it looked like they were still going to be an equine. As the blackness tendrilled up through the brown leather they found themselves growing increasingly distracted with lewd thoughts entering into their mind, shaking their head once more as their mane shifted to a brilliant red hue.

Ohhhh, something was definitely happening, Dieter thought to themselves as they snorted while holding onto their head as more strange thoughts were pouring into it. As their red-tinted eyes looked over at the box of bondage that Santer had put away they found themselves moving towards it as though an unseen hand was guiding them there. By this point the blackness had spread down their chest and over their muscular form with their mane growing more and stretching all the way down to their tail that also became a bright red. As Dieter picked up one of the cuffs they found themselves snorting once more, a plume of black smoke blowing out of their nostrils and coating the leather before more small spikes formed out of it.

Much better, Dieter thought as they slapped it around their bicep before getting another one. As they brought up their leg in order to get one around their thigh they saw that their hooves had turned completely black and they found their grin growing wider as more spikes pushed out of them to give him a truly demonic appearance. After corrupting a second pair of cuffs and putting them on they found that there was quite a bit more stuff… but it wouldn’t be for them. As more ideas took root in the leather creature’s mind the transformed equine first took out a different collar and leash, this time giving the strap a lick that caused lettering to form on the outside…

A few minutes later the door to the suite opened once more, but this time instead of the equine nexus lord a slightly different creature poked their head into the door. “Hello?” the leather deer called out, slowly walking into the suite before closing the door behind him. “Is anyone there? I was told that I should come up here for some sort of prize.”

“It’s about time you showed up,” a deep voice replied, causing the deer to jump slightly as it echoed around the room. “Come into the living room, there is much I have planned for you in celebration for your winning.” The deer hesitated for a bit but started to walk towards the sound of the voice, stopping as he entered the threshold of the dark room to see a pair of glowing red eyes staring back at him.

“Lord Renzyl?” the deer asked timidly.

“I don’t think so,” the voice said with a chuckle. “But I appreciate the comparison. Now on your knees, it’s time for you to meet your prize.”

The leather creature quickly did what he was told and watched as the glowing eyes in the room got up and started to move towards him. When Dieter was finally revealed by the light of the room streaming in through the door the deer let out a slight gasp and put his hands to his mouth. “Whoa…” the deer exclaimed. “I can’t believe it… you’re a…”

“The word you’re looking for… is Nightmare…” Dieter said as he leaned down, his fanged muzzle giving the deer a wicked grin as he placed a clawed hand under the deer’s chin. “Now it’s time for you to get your prize, which I happen to have right here.” Before the deer could say anything he found a black leather collar around his neck, a single word in red stamped into it as the cervine let out a slight groan. “As your reward for winning you are mine tonight, my Toy to do with what I please, understand?”

The deer swallowed hard as his body was practically trembling with excitement as Dieter hooked a leash to the front of it where he had embossed the word Toy on it. With a small tug he got the racer to his feet and they went from the living room to where the nightmare had already set up after they had transformed. The only thoughts that the infernal equine had were how to make sure that this one enjoyed themselves, which meant utterly and completely dominating them. This was a good start, but as the cervine trailed behind they knew that there was still so much further that they could go…

The second that Dieter had gotten their toy into the bedroom the deer started to head towards the bed only for another tug on the leash guiding him to a different section that had been set up. While the Nightmare hadn’t set it up there was already a swing there ready to go, though it was likely intended for them to be in instead of the winner of the race. As they lowered the leather toy into it they could see that he was already fully erect and practically throbbing from having his big, muscular creature telling him to stay still and be a good toy. With their corrupted mind Dieter was more than happy to oblige as they went over to another stash of gear and grabbed an equine hood that would fit even with the antlers of the other man.

“It’s time that you get ready for your new lot in life,” Dieter said with a smirk as they ran their hand over the lean body that trembled in the swing. “Let’s start with something easy, and that’s good toys have no voice. Only their owner can give them one, and as such I’m going to take it away from you now because it will please me to do so.”

As Dieter stroked his shaft a few times to get ready he could see the deer already open his mouth as though in anticipation. Since they were so eager to please they obliged him by slowly hovering the tip in front of their muzzle and ordering them to lick. As Toy did so they gently rocked the swing back and forth to watch them extend their leather tongue out as far as they could in order to keep it coiled around his shaft. After teasing the deer for a while Dieter stepped forward on the back swing and as the other man swung forward he let out a muffled grunt of surprise as the momentum caused several inches of horse cock to be pushed into his muzzle.

The Nightmare started to thrust his hips forward and with the other leather creature completely restrained and swinging in the air Toy had nothing he could do except let it happen. As they started to get into a rhythm they found themselves sliding deeper into them with each thrust, eventually seeing their rather large shaft spreading open his lips while the tip was causing the leather of his throat to bulge up and down. This guy was clearly experienced at deep-throating, Dieter thought to themselves as eventually the deer was pumping up against their groin with the entirety of their shaft enveloped. This was just the appetizer though and once they had enough the Nightmare pulled out and shifted the deer a bit to get the hood on him.

The horse mask had dark tinted lenses on it much like a pony play mask and was made of a black leather similar to their own body. With the deer bound it was up to them to slide it on and as it was pushed over the cervine snout they heard a slight yelp that caused them to smile. Though not as big as the one that was previously inside of him the mask also came equipped with a rather large dildo gag, one that stretched the restrained man just like they had as it continued to get slipped over him. The deer huffed and let out a muffled groan but took the gag like a champ as once more Dieter could see something bulge out the leather creature’s throat just above his collar.

After giving the lump in his neck a few strokes to make them hyper aware of its presence Dieter adjusted the last of the hood down, readjusting the collar in order to make sure that no one could tell that he was also gagged. While he could have merged the leather with his face there was something about this that made it even more desirable, knowing that the deer couldn’t really see, hear, or talk unless the mask was removed, and the only one that could remove the mask was them. As the nightmare Clydesdale gave the smaller man a chance to get used to it they began to put on the other parts of the gear that they could, holding Toy up and pressing his back against their chest while securing their arms from behind with the same restraints that had been put on them previously.

With the deer’s arms secured behind his back Dieter set him back down in the swing, using more of the straps that were attached to it to make sure he couldn’t move much more than a wiggle. The antlers turned out to be useful as well as they looped a few smaller ones around them just to keep them in an upright position. Even though it was hard to see the equine-masked deer could probably still make out what was happening to him, which was that the horse had looped around a harness across his chest to accent what muscle he had before adding a few cuffs to his upper arms where they could still be seen. One his upper body was completely adorned Dieter left him squirming for a bit in his restraints and gear while they got the next item.

“I think you’re going to really like this next part,” Dieter said with a dark chuckle as they poured a bit of oil over their hands while moving up between the restrained creature’s legs. “Since you’re just my toy you really shouldn’t be having erections without my say so, which means I’m going to control them for you. Since you’re already hard as a rock right now and probably not going to go down naturally anytime soon I have just think to fit your next piece of gear.”

The deer let out a muffled grunt as he felt those oiled up fingers start to slide along his shaft, even pushing slightly into the slit that it came out of. Like most of the leather creatures in Santer’s realm they had slits instead of sheaths to make themselves able to look like plushies if they wanted, and that meant they had specialized ways to induce chastity like the object he was holding. As the oil soaked into the sensitive flesh the nightmare once more started to push his cock into the tailhole of the man, which only caused the fact that his own member was softening to cause him to wiggle about. The pleasure was still there, in fact it was probably growing steadily more intense by the second, but as he quickly sank his shaft deep into the body of the leather creature eventually it was time to put on the piece of gear.

It was a simple hardened piece of leather with straps that look like it might have been a thong, but on the inside it had a piece that flared out which Dieter placed snuggly into the slit of the other man once his maleness was completely inside. Once it was in the nightmare made sure that it was strapped in tightly, and as he did he could already start to see something happening as the oil quickly wore off. The toy was getting hard again, or at least he would have if it wasn’t for the chastity device that was in the way. Even though the pleasure was probably maddening with having his tailhole getting stretched out the combination for his subservience and the dildo gag in his maw made it hard for him to say anything.

Once the nightmare had made sure that Toy was secure in that regard he played around with him for a while longer, mainly thrusting into him while he was in the swing while also teasing his bound form. He could almost sense how deeply conflicted the creature was that was practically bouncing on his thick shaft with every push into him; on one hand the fact that his pleasure was building and there was no way to relieve it was driving him crazy, on the other hand he was so deeply in the throes of lust he wouldn’t want the gear taken off even if meant he could finish. One was feeding into the other, and that felt like a good spot for him to be as the nightmare Clydesdale a few last additions before moving on to the next part of this man’s reward…

About an hour after the winner had been declared in the final race of the derby the deer was back down on the floor, though he was extremely hard to recognize as he slowly trailed behind the man that held his leash. With his arms tied behind his back and his senses limited all the Toy could do was follow behind, walking a bit funny as the loincloth he wore had another dildo attached to it that Dieter had slid into him after removing their own cock from their backside. Along with that were a pair of horse hooved feet that matched the rest of his gear and unless someone really knew it the nightmare doubted anyone even knew that this creature was the winner at all.

Perhaps except for the lord of this particular nexus realm as Dieter saw Santer approaching them, looking over at the deer marked Toy with his collar as he stopped when he felt the lead slacken. “I knew that you would take to the personality augmentations rather well,” Santer said with a chuckle. “How is our winner faring under your hoof?”

“I have been enjoying my toy,” Dieter replied simply, huffing slightly. “If you want to use him I can arrange that, just would need to take off a few things.”

“That’s quite alright, I’m sure he’s enjoying himself just the way he is,” Santer replied before Dieter could see a slight frown on the nexus lord’s muzzle. “While I wish that you could continue to parade him around and then find other creative ways to dominate this creature I’m afraid we have to cut things a bit short, you see…”

“It was really foolish of him to think that he could just have you be that way for an entire night,” Haleon said as he came out from behind one of the vending machines, looking Dieter over in his Nightmare Clydesdale form before looking at Santer. “Seems someone was trying to impress, trying to engage in a little dominance play?” As Santer rolled his eyes and crossed his arms the synth eagle leaned in, causing Dieter to lean back slightly. “Oh… oh my, is that the angle you’re taking with them after all?”

“Hey, I’m just trying to show them a good time,” Santer exclaimed.

“Well now it’s my turn,” Haleon said as Dieter started to feel funny, the collar falling off their neck as his body was reverting back to its normal state. “Looks like you have something to occupy yourself with while we’re done.”

As Haleon and Dieter disappeared once more Santer looked back at the deer that continued to stand there silently. “Looks like you’re in luck,” Santer said as he tugged on the leash. “Guess I’m your prize for a while.”

Chapter 4:

When Haleon and Dieter stepped through the former leather creature found themselves once more back in their liquid metal crow form, causing them to shake their head slightly. “At this rate I’m going to get whiplash I think,” Dieter said as they took a moment to get used to their body being essentially a non-Newtonian metal liquid.

“Since we’re on a bit of a timetable reverting you while in transit is the easiest way to get you back to a more proper form,” Haleon stated as they found themselves back in the roost of the nexus lord at the top of the tower. “Now before we were so rudely interrupted I was going to show you one of the benefits of that new body you have there, something that I think you’re really going to enjoy. As a suspended matrix of nanites you have the ability to absorb yourself into other synths and even other machines, and while there are some very fun ways of doing it you’re going to need a little practice first.”

“Practice?” Dieter asked, Haleon turning to see Nevar coming in with what looked like a rather large, somewhat bulky battle mech. “You want me to practice on that? It looks like a tank.”

“It essentially is one,” Haleon replied. “We like to call it dumb tech, because it’s not actually a minion nor does it have any sort of complex programming. Since many in my realm are tinkerers at heart we have quite a few of these all scattered about and one of us was kind enough to loan us theirs so that you can practice integration, which eventually lead to things like absorption and assimilation.”

Dieter just continued to look at the large robot that had been brought in as Haleon explained what he was supposed to do. It looked… very complex, and considering that he had technically just got turned into this type of creature they weren’t quite sure if they could do it. It was different with being that nightmare creature, all they had to do was put the collar on and it was like that dominance bubbled right to the top, this was taking hold of a piece of sophisticated machinery using their body. Regardless Haleon seemed confident they could do it as the crow was brought over towards the side of the machine.

As they got to a metal panel Haleon advised them that if they wanted a successful assimilation that it was best to come in from a place that would give them easy access to their internal components. While that was something quite different for a humanoid synth for a robot it was just an access panel, which Haleon took a claw and slid it into the gap of the metal before popping it loose. On the other side of it wasn’t a large hole like they had expected, instead there were several small ports and vents. They were supposed to get through that… but as they looked at it they felt their hand get lifted up as the synth eagle pressed it against one of the larger data jacks.

Almost immediately Dieter began to feel a tugging sensation against their palm and it wasn’t long before they saw a divot in the back of their hand. It was like the machine was drawing them in and while it was partially Haleon helping the nanite creature felt like it was their own instincts that was telling them to push forward. As more of their hand was sucked into it they could start to feel the internal components of the robot, not only just sensing their presence but starting to interface with them. Haleon explained at this point they could potentially piggyback on things like their sensors or other modules without losing too much of themselves, though if they wanted to fully possess something they would need to go further than that.

With the initial shock of feeling their body flow into a machine passing Dieter was finding it easier to do so, especially when the sensation felt rather good. It wasn’t just the pleasure that came from it but also the fact that they could start to feel the inner workings of the machine and understand what made it tick. It was like reading the mind of someone and as they had to step forward when they were into the machine up to their elbow they felt the goo touch the main processing unit. Suddenly a wealth of sensory input came into their mind as they could get everything from diagnostics to actually seeing out of the cameras, though for a second it gave them double vision.

Things were going quite smoothly until Dieter had gotten up to their shoulder and realized that their head was starting to flow into the limb attached to the machine. Things once more were starting to feel surreal and as they resisted with it going inside they could start to feel their feet getting pulled up. Well, pulled up wasn’t quite the right word, it was more like they were pushing themselves in at this point as his feet lost their features while their wings melted into their back. The process was speeding up and when their head dipped down and they felt their beak stretch the liquid metal crow decided to press forward and literally go all in.

When their head disappeared into the machine it was dark for a while, but then they remembered the cameras and quickly turned them on. Almost immediately they got back all the information that they had tapped into and as they pierced through one of the lenses they saw a pair of avian feet and a tail look like they were getting sucked into the machine. There was a bizarre absurdity in feeling their legs still kicking about even while they could see them, but eventually the last of their body oozed inside and they had completely integrated themselves into its components. Once they were fully inside they slowly scanned about until they saw Haleon standing there giving them a thumbs up before he told them to try turning on the power and moving about a little bit.

As Haleon and Nevar watched the tank stood still for a while before finally coming to life, the two of them hearing Dieter’s voice say excitedly that they had got it through the speakers of the machine. Though they were in a part of the roost that had a rather open floor the possessed tank gingerly moved about as the eagle told them to experiment with a few of the controls before leaning in towards the raven synth. “That thing’s not loaded, right?” Haleon asked as they saw the turret start to move about while other weapons appeared as well.

“Of course not,” Nevar replied. “They assured me that they hadn’t even gotten to the weapons sy-“

The raven was interrupted as both of them ducked down both from the explosion and the shell that rocketed past them, hitting the wall behind them as the tank was propelled backwards. The last thing they heard out of the speakers was Dieter shouting for Haleon to stop this crazy machine before the entire vehicle disappeared out of sight, Haleon putting his head against his forehead and Nevar’s hands going to his beak as the machine dropped off the edge of the balcony. “So… he included the weapons system…” Haleon said as they heard Dieter shouting all the way down. “But forgot the brakes…”

“It would… appear so,” Nevar replied, both flinching as they eventually heard a loud crash from very, very far down below. “At least he’s not really going to be harmed, even though the tank is toast.”

“Yes, what a wonderful first impression we just made,” Haleon said with a sigh as he brough his hand down his face and beak before heading towards the edge that the possessed mech had fallen from. “If we have to get the sponge then I’m personally taking the one that gave us this mech and putting him in long term data storage… right next to you, until then find something more appropriate that our new friend can try out next.” Nevar gulped and nodded as Haleon hopped off the tower edge himself, gliding down to the small crater that had formed in the concrete below.

A mental command had cleared out the area below so no other synths got in the way and as Haleon landed on the ground next to it. He was pleasantly surprised to see that most of the tank was actually relatively intact, save for the occasional sparks and busted components it did pretty well for a hundred story or so fall. As the eagle used his power to repair the concrete and also bring up the debris he could already see a shiny black liquid starting to leak out of it, though it wasn’t oil that was coming out of it. When all the cracks had been repaired Haleon went over to the puddle of liquid an reached out a hand, which caused one of the crow’s to reform and grab onto it.

When Dieter’s head reformed they let out the end of the scream that they had been holding before realizing they were on solid ground once more, the remains of the mech that had given them the express route to the ground a mostly shattered heap behind them. After accidently activating the firing mechanism they could see themselves moving backwards but the shock of actually firing something had completely messed up their integrations with the systems. When Haleon didn’t intervene and they could find the method to stop they tried to move forward instead, but by that point the proximity alarms that had been going off were immediately replaced with far sterner warnings while they spiraled through the air. Dieter wasn’t sure how long they had fallen but as the rest of their body reformed and they looked back up at where the roost was they were surprised they weren’t a permanent puddle of goo on the ground.

Haleon apologized for the mech not being of the standard that they were hoping to train them on but still congratulated them on their successful integration up to that point. Though it ended slightly more disastrously then originally intended he believed they were ready to move on to the next step, which was actual possession. Most of their synths were well versed in not only transforming others into similar but also being able to take over said creatures when they were done. There were some drawbacks though, like having to leave their form behind or only getting partial control, something that Dieter didn’t have to worry about as they went to another area away from the tower as they heard a small explosion behind them that came from the machine.

The two continued to make their way down until they reached a package delivery depot, something that had surprised Dieter since they sort of assumed that minions didn’t do any actual work. This was clearly a delivery company though and the drones that worked it ranged from small creatures to huge behemoths that others were actually able to walk inside. As they looked at the massive feral dragon being loaded up they heard a chuckle and told him that they wouldn’t be tackling anything that big quite yet. Once they walked out of the main delivery area eventually they got to a break room where Nevar was talking to a much smaller anthro synth eastern dragon.

“Dieter, I would like you to meet Klaus,” Haleon said as the two synths shook hands. “He’s one of our loaders in this area and currently willing to help us with the next step of your training. I think that he can take it from here and we’ll come collect you once you’ve finished up.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Dieter,” Klaus said as the other two avians left. “Interesting body you got there, I take it they gave you a crash course in the fundamentals of integration?”

“You could say that,” Dieter replied as they grinned sheepishly.

“Great, then we get to do the fun part,” Klaus said as he motioned for them to follow, eventually being led to another room further back that was mostly empty save for a few shelves. “Since we’re used to be either remote piloted or seen through when it comes to orders we’re more used to intrusions, which means you’ll have an easier time actually doing what you need to do. Now would you like me to take the lead or do you want to take charge?”

“Um… I suppose if you want to lead,” Dieter said.

“Don’t mind if I do,” Klaus said with a grin before running his hands along the body of the lithe liquid metal crow causing them to caw in pleasure. “Easiest way to access a synth is through the mouth, but while you do that I’m going to help provide some motivation that will aid in such a thing.”

Through the mouth… Dieter realized that it probably was the most direct route to the central processing systems of a synth since they usually mimicked the creatures that they were based off of. They were pretty sure how the other man wanted it to happen too but as he leaned up to kiss the muscular dragon synth he found a finger on their beak that kept them back. Before they could ask what was going on they suddenly found the body of the eastern dragon start to stretch as the midsection, lengthening out while still maintaining the same amount of control as Dieter found themselves being coiled around by the other man. An interesting adaptation to the normal shape of an eastern dragon and considering that the liquid metal crow was able to be picked up off their feet it was probably utilitarian for their job as well.

But neither Dieter nor Klaus were interested in the technical aspects of what were happening, especially as the crow found the reason for why they had been lifted up in the first place. With his legs up in the air they saw that Klaus had positioned their lap right beneath them while his abdomen was still coiled around theirs. It was a surreal feeling and they imagined that this is what it would feel like to be mated by a snake as they could already feel the ridged draconic dick just beneath their tailhole. Consider they had just fallen from a building and hadn’t felt it Dieter was pretty sure that they didn’t have to worry about anything concerning penetration, but that didn’t stop them from squawking and tensing as the scaly metal coil of the dragon stopped squeezing and let them get impaled.

Dieter’s beak opened in a silent caw of pure pleasure as the first few inches were sunk into their tailhole before the nature of their body suddenly firmed up and kept it from going in any further. The metal maleness of the other man was surprisingly soft for looking like it was made out of gold and chrome and as the coils tightened back around their waist it was still quite firm while pushing up inside of them. The feeling of the muscular synth behind him felt nice as their body rubbed up against his, and as the elongated form of the dragon continued to press against them the crow could already feel a connection starting to happen between them. For a few minutes Klaus had complete control over Dieter’s form as he thrusted up into them, the crow practically bouncing on the lap of the creature while his serpentine body kept him in place so that he could go even deeper.

Finally though Klaus shifted Dieter around so that they were face to face, which with his cock still inside their tailhole it caused both men to let out loud groans, and finally it seemed that the dragon was ready to interface. Their avian form was already starting to feel slightly more gelatinous then before as though in preparation as their beak met his muzzle in a kiss, which the dragon then opened his maw as though to have some fun with their tongues. Instead the crow’s beak started to slide inside as they could feel it start to deform, turning more into a tentacle than his head as he felt like he was being pulled into the throat of the creature. Just like with the robot though they weren’t being pulled, his body was actually pushing itself into this synth dragon even as he continued to ride the cock that was being pumped into them.

With the hole being much bigger than the machine they had attempted to infiltrate the first time the integration speed was much faster, though it slowed down a bit when they started to pull away from the pleasurable sensations of riding the synth dragon’s lap. As they once more felt their shoulders, wings, and then their arms melt together and flow into the other creature Klaus felt like he was attempting to compensate by pulling his body down even while Dieter disappeared into it. As systems became connected and the darkness that they had been in ever since their head melted and flowed into the synth became replaced with the light of the room as they saw the dragon’s muzzle in their field of view. It was the feed that was coming from the eyes of Klaus as they saw their own body disappearing once more except this time as their black metal body flowed upwards their legs and backside were moving about due to still being plowed into.

Dieter thought as the last of their body was integrated into the eastern dragon that he would have to stop, but as they began to feel less through their own form and more through the sensors of the one that they were inhabiting they realized the serpentine midsection allowed for much greater flexibility. To them it felt like they were sucking on the dragon’s cock with his own maw because that was exactly what was happening, eventually even sharing in the orgasm that came once they had finished up and Klaus was just pleasuring himself with his own maw.

“So, what did you think?” Klaus asked once they had given their shaft a lick and let it slide back into his slit. “Go ahead and just mentally think it, I can hear your thoughts just fine.”

That was pretty cool, Dieter thought to themselves as the dragon nodded as though in response. “Now given enough time you can actually take active control of a synth that you possess in this fashion,” Klaus explained. “Right now I doubt that you could push my psyche aside even with my predilection for being controlled, but that doesn’t mean I can’t give it to you so you can experience what it’s like controlling another form. Just don’t have me fall off the side of a building please.”

If Dieter had the capacity they would have blushed as they found themselves starting to tap into the movement controls. It was a bit of work figuring everything out, especially since it was far more complex then the mech that they had accidently crashed, but after a while they found themselves taking a step while the dragon synth was in his normal shape. “Wow, I did it,” Dieter said, though he found himself speaking through the mouth of Klaus as they brought the scaly fingers up to the muzzle. “Oh hey, I’m talking through you, that’s really weird to hear…”

For the next hour or so Klaus allowed Dieter to go out into the main package terminal while controlling them, letting them get the feel for moving a synth body that wasn’t his own. More than once it felt like they were spinning out of control but they could feel the psyche of the dragon nearby in order to correct in case they were about to fall. As they passed by some of the other workers they all shot knowing looks at them and the synth dragon explained mentally that for minions of Haleon they usually could tell when something was possessing one of their own. It wasn’t foolproof though and more than one incursions into the realm happened when someone got filled with goo or smoke or something from another nexus lord and tried to sneak in.

As Dieter attempted to use the extending midsection of the eastern dragon to reach the highest shelf in the place, something that Klaus had to do frequently, they saw that Haleon and Nevar were approaching their position. It caused the possessed creature to start falling backwards and once more Klaus intervene to keep them from falling completely backwards as they found themselves almost completely upside down. As Dieter regained control of things they found themselves tilting the dragon’s head to see that Haleon was right there giving him a smirk while he stood there. With the two being there they quickly gave the reins back to the one that owned the body to reset their position before turning to face them.

“Looks like you’re starting to get the hang of it,” Haleon said. “Little missteps here and there but you’ll get the hang of it, those types of forms are some of the hardest to figure out and especially when using the power to integrate with another.”

“Yeah, it’s definitely quite the trip,” Dieter replied, once more talking through the dragon’s mouth and surprising themselves. “Oh, that’s some getting used to as well. Anyway did you need me for something?”

“We actually believe that you’re going to probably get called back here pretty soon,” Haleon said with a slight huff. “So we wanted to make sure that you weren’t inside someone when it happens and Santer drags back one of my minions along with him because he thinks that we’re hiding you or something.”

“Perish the thought,” Santer said suddenly, the three turning to see the leather stallion nexus lord suddenly appearing. The buzz of the station suddenly went dead quiet as everyone turned to see the two standing there, the sound of a box falling and hitting the ground echoing as Santer turned towards Dieter. “Why don’t you get on out of there so I’m not poaching his minions like he thinks I do.”

Dieter found themselves quickly wanting to comply and after a brief tutorial from Haleon since the last time just involved them leaking out of the damaged mech they found the dragon’s maw opening and his gooey form reconstituting as it poured out. As the last of him emerged Klaus mentioned that he thought he had left his oven on and immediately backed away from the situation while Haleon just rolled his eyes. “No one around here even has an oven,” Haleon commented before he looked back at Santer. “Do you think that you could at least announce your presence before you pop out of nowhere, like I did at the casino before you tried to get Dieter to stay the entire night?”

“Hey, that was just the way things happened to work out,” Santer replied before pointing a finger accusingly back at the synth eagle. “Plus don’t try to talk to me about trying to spend more time in your realm, you picked a power set that has the potential to have them merged into another for quite some time. Is that the end goal, trying to get them to enjoy being in your realm and then having them stuck here so that they make their decision?”

As the two continued to argue back and forth Dieter found themselves taking a step back, only to have Nevar suddenly standing next to them. To their surprise he motioned for them to take a walk away from the two bickering nexus lords and into a slightly quieter part of the warehouse. “You’ll have to excuse them,” Nevar said. “Even though the war between the nexus lords has been over for quite a while it doesn’t mean that rivalries and bad blood can’t form.”

“What happened between the two of them?” Dieter asked. “From what I heard from you before it sounded like they were actually getting along, or at least their minions were. Is it really me that is causing all this animosity?”

Nevar sighed again and explained how due to the success of their project they were finding more people wanting to become living circuit board blanks with plushie exteriors, but they had never had to share to this extent before. The synth raven was pretty sure that none of the nexus lords really had thought of what having actual peace and the ability to compromise between them would garner and as more of the powerful minions asked to be either nexus hybrids or sided with one or the other eventually they both ended up breaking. That was why Santer stepping in for them was causing such a problem, several minions that they had shared ended up siding exclusively with Haleon and the synth eagle believed that his actions were retaliation for luring them over to his side.

This couldn’t keep going on, Dieter thought to themselves as they could still hear the raised voices of the two nearby. They were already at each other’s throats and they couldn’t imagine what would happen if things got even more escalated, though when they shared that thought with Nevar it caused the raven to chuckle. When the liquid metal crow looked at him in question the other avian responded that despite everything, even one taking over the other during their war, they never got to the point where they hated each other. In a way how they acted was something akin to children despite their awesome power and the fact that they had been around since the beginning of time.

The conversation was a bit of an eye-opener and caused Dieter to form an idea in their mind. They asked to head back to where the two were talking and were surprised to find that they had taken several crates filled with bubble wrap and were throwing them at one another. “Hey, that’s enough!” Dieter said, their voice loud enough that it caused both of them to turn with Santer holding a roll over his head while also getting hit in the head with one tossed by Haleon. “I know you guys both really want to have me be your minion and don’t want to share, but if you keep acting like this then I’ll choose to join neither of you.”

The words of the crow not only seemed to strike at the heart of the two nexus lords but also everyone around as several gasped, Nevar one of them as Santer took the roll of bubble wrap and tossed it aside. “Really?” Santer asked. “You won’t join either of us if we don’t stop fighting?”

“Well, you have to admit that bickering between you two doesn’t make you look very good,” Dieter stated. “Plus I know that there is a little animosity because of the project that you two worked on causing them to favor one side over the other, but if you are going to keep acting like this then I don’t think that either of you are going to get many more minions on your side.”

“I didn’t realize that you were a canary Nevar,” Haleon said as he glared at the raven, who just laughed sheepishly before looking away slightly ashamed. “But I think that Dieter is right, perhaps we have been letting our desires to beat one another cloud what we are doing here. In the end we are trying to gain minions in order to raise up our own strengths, especially now the nexus war is over it’s more important then ever that we keep each of our little clans as powerful as possible… with the right people joining the right side.”

Haleon was about to say more but stopped when a roll of bubble wrap hit him in the chest, but as he turned to Santer angrily the stallion had already stepped forward. “Yes, I agree that we need to stop this fighting, you know, right now,” Santer stated. “Instead of trying to sneak in more time or find a way to put the other at a disadvantage lets do this straight up, and whichever nexus lord Dieter happens to pick is going to be the end of it… much like I’m sure that Renzyl had wished you had done Haleon.”

“Why you…” Haleon started to say before seeing Dieter looking straight at him that caused him to chuckle. “…are absolutely right. From now on we won’t interfere with one another and once one person is done then we can call on the other to switch off until Dieter has made his choice. Sound fair?”

Dieter nodded and as they saw the two start to discuss things they found themselves breathing a sigh of relief. Though this problem had been diverted however there was another that was silently rearing its ugly head. Every time they went between one realm or the other they found themselves getting comfortable with their form and then had to switch, and each time they thought that they had an idea of where he wanted to go before they got another experience that moved the needle. As of that moment… Dieter had no clue which one they were going to pick.