

# Hypno Anthology - Nanotech

Crunch.

It was a sound no one wanted to hear, especially when they just dropped their earbuds after trying to put them back into their case in order to recharge them. As Dieter slowly pulled back their foot they can see that the damage had already been done and as they dropped to their knees in order to pick up the electronics they practically fell apart in their fingers. How can something so expensive be so easy to break, the synth lion thought to themselves as they finished getting all the components together and putting them in their pocket. As they looked at their watch it was still potentially early enough to go to the store that they had gotten the item from and maybe get them replaced, turning away from their apartment was just a few blocks away and breaking into a jog in order to get to where they needed to go.

As they got to the bus stop though Dieter groaned as they watched the vehicle drive off down the street. With the hopes of catching it dashed they knew that they would have to wait at least forty five minutes for the next one to come, and that was if they were on time. They sighed and looked around as though some other solution would present itself only to see that there was actually a shop that might be of use. It was one of those buy and sell electronic stores but as Dieter looked closer they had a sign on it that said that they would fix anything.

Perhaps they could get their earbuds fixed somehow, Dieter thought to themselves as the lion synth quickly walked across the street and made their way towards the storefront. It was strange that they had never recognized this place before but they just chalked it up to not noticing it until they needed it. When they walked inside they were surprised to find that instead of the usual second hand electronics that were present in these kinds of stores everything they had looked very sleek and modern. It was like they had been transported to the store that they wanted to get to via bus and as the lion looked at some strange devices through the display glass they found themselves no longer alone.

"Welcome to my humble establishment," the voice said, Dieter turning their head to see the face of a boa looking right at him. The creature was a synth like him, something that he doesn't usually see often enough as the snake walked them over towards the counter. "My name is Syrath, how can I help you?"

"Well, I actually have these ear buds that I have... accidentally broke," Dieter said as they took the earbuds out of their pocket and placed them on the counter.

"Oh my, you know that these go in your ears, not under your feet?" Syrath said with a chuckle as he gave the broken electronics a poke, causing the lion to blush and grin sheepishly. "I think that these are even beyond my capabilities, but you're in luck that I happen to have something that I think you'll find as a suitable replacement. Just got them in stock, wait here."

Dieter nodded and watched the snake synth disappear into the back room of the shop, coming back out with what looked like a pair of small speakers with loops to hold them in place. "These little babies are amazing," Syrath said as he handed Dieter the devices. "They sync and pair up with anything, crystal clear sound quality, and the best part is that you can still hear the outside world while you wear them. Now if you let me keep your... slightly used ones I suppose I can let these go for about a hundred bucks, what do you say?"

"That's all?" Dieter asked as they looked at the ear pieces, poking his fingers against them. "If I had gone to the store I got those in I'd be paying a lot more."

"Think of it as a first time discount," Syrath replied. "The only thing that I ask is that you come back and give me a survey on how well they work. The technology is a bit experimental so if they break go ahead and bring them back for a free replacement."

Dieter found themselves fishing out their card and giving it to Syrath in order to process the order. A few minutes later they were walking out the door while putting the new ear pieces into his ears. As they started to walk back towards their house they turned their head and looked back at the shopkeeper, Syrath looking out and giving a wave back. The lion synth smiled and did the same before moving on while playing around with their new gadget, failing to notice the plates of metal on the snake synth melding together and forming into a seamless metal body that rippled as he smirked...

By the time Dieter had gotten home they had managed to get the new tech synced with their own programming, the link surprisingly easy as they got through the door. As the snake had promised there was no interference with their own hearing as they tried to play up the music that was on their phone. There was surprisingly little latency between the ear pieces and the music and was surprised how well it integrated with their own systems. All they could guess was that since the one that was running the store was a synth he knew what to get that would be compatible with their own systems as they got a pop-up in their own HUD informing them that the device had finished pairing and wanted permissions for additional connections. Though

Dieter was told that they should usually scan for such things and make sure that the tech they do that for is from established companies, and while they didn't know who this piece of hardware came from it was just a pair of earpieces as they accepted permissions.

As soon as they did they immediately forgot about them as they set about to do their usual nighttime chores, listening to the music as they did the dishes and started to prepare dinner. The lion synth remained unaware that the ear pieces had begun to shift around while they were on their head, what the lion synth thought were speakers began to leak a silvery goo that pooled in their ears. The nature of the liquid made it nearly undetectable to the creature and with their focus on their work it made the tentacles that were forming on the ear pieces able to slide inside. The only hint Dieter had that something was going on was a strange tingle of pleasure that went through their body as the nanites that leaked from the ear pieces continued to infiltrate their skull and start to work on the processing units that they had given permission to.

Once Dieter had finished with everything they thought about doing their usual routine of watching television while surfing on the internet, but something about that seemed... dull. It was something they did every night and while normally that was enough for them today it felt like they needed to go out. Unaware of the silver droplet that had dripped out from their ear the synth lion accessed the internet and looked about for something to do tonight that would be fun, though as they continued to scroll the usual things they would be interested in they found themselves not really being into it for that moment. They wanted something new, something exciting, and finally after a bit of going off the usual searches that they did Dieter finally found something that had caught their eye.

It was club that Dieter had never heard of before, one that normally would have never crossed their path with them being interested in it. As they was about to scoff at the idea of heading to a fetish nightclub there was a tickle in their ear and they were reminded that those were places that they actually loved to go to back in the day. It had been so long since they had gone to one of them and as they looked up the club a little more they found that there were several special events that were happening. It was a chance to really stretch their legs and get out of the house, Dieter thought to themselves as a grin spread on their face while they got up and gathered their stuff before heading out the door...

When they eventually got to the club they found that it was quite busy; as Dieter walked inside after showing their identification they found that there were already quite a few people in the bar, activating the noise canceling option in their ear piece as they went to the bar. As the website had promised there were a number of different types of outfits on display from guys wearing leather vests and chaps to those wearing rubber pup hoods and suits. It was always interesting when they saw an anthro like a wolf or dog in that sort of get-up, and it made them feel almost under-dressed having just a shirt and pair of khakis on before they went out. Perhaps there is some gear that could be rented out, a stray thought in their mind reminded them, and though it drew their interest their attention was suddenly grabbed by the dragon bartender wearing only a collar, cuffs, and leather thong.

"Hey buddy, are you alright?" the bartender asked.

"Me?" Dieter stated as they pointed to their own chest, the dragon nodding. "Uh... I am, why?"

"Cause your nose is bleeding... or I guess whatever it is that comes out of you synths," the dragon said as they brought up a small polished piece of metal from behind the bar to show it to Dieter.

As the lion synth looked at themselves in the mirror like object they found silver liquid dripping from their nostrils, something that they hadn't expected until they suddenly remembered why. "Oh, yes, it certainly does happen sometimes," Dieter replied with a grin. "Don't worry, it's not toxic or anything like that, but could I have a napkin? I don't want to drip on your bar top."

The dragon just nodded and handed them a napkin, then asked what they would like to drink while Dieter wiped themselves off. Though a little leakage was something that happened with synths like them it was not something that they needed to show and internally made a recommendation to make sure all such fluids remained inside. Once they had gotten completely cleaned up the dragon bartender came back with a drink that the lion synth didn't remember ordering, though they just chalked it up to having been more focused on their nose. As they got the drink and asked how the method of pay was the bartender just smirked and said that they were covered and pointed over to someone that was across the bar.

As Dieter got a better look of the one that had paid for their drink their eyes couldn't help but widen slightly. The wolf that was there was very thickly muscled and wearing an x-harness across his chest that showed off his pecs and abs underneath a layer of thick white fur. The arctic wolf locked eyes with him and as those shining sapphire blue irises bored into them the man got up from their seat and made their way over. For a second the lion synth could practically feel their entire body tense all at once before reminded themselves that this was fine, that it was only natural to have these kinds of interactions at a place like this and to just be relaxed.

"Hey there kitty," the arctic wolf said he sat down next to them, licking their lips as Dieter saw that other than a pair of rubber briefs that kept him at least somewhat modest. "Couldn't help but notice that you were here all by yourself, was wondering if perhaps you wanted someone to accompany you tonight. I happen to have a free pass to the back rooms and I think you would look real good with what I have in mind."

That was... incredibly forward, Dieter thought to themselves as their first instinct that came into their head was to tell them no and merely thank them for the drink. But as the wolf leaned in and slid a hand underneath their shirt there was something about the entire experience that was... familiar, like the memories of doing such things had been in the fog of his mind but then brought to the forefront. The lion synth liked it when they were forward, remembering their first time in such a place with a huge horse that had practically told them that they would be bending them over the bar and taking them in front of everyone. They were named... as Dieter thought about details of the horse that name it felt like the entire memory vanished, but the imprint of what it meant was left behind on his processors as the tentacles inside their ears continued to pulse and push deeper into the unit.

Dieter was unsure of how long they had been sitting there staring off into space but it was apparently enough for the wolf to pat them on the shoulder. "Hey, you're not completely tossed, are you?" the arctic wolf asked. "Because if you been drowning your circuits then I can get you a cab and continue on the prowl."

"Oh no, sorry, just lost in thought I guess," Dieter replied with a sheepish grin on their face. "I would like that very much, I don't think I've been in the back rooms of this place at all?"

"Really?" the arctic wolf replied, both relieved and excited to see the lion synth perk up at his offer. "If you don't remember then you probably haven't been, but I'll make sure to change that and give you a night to remember. Let's go kitten, the night is young and there is much fun to be had. Name's Zero."

Once more Dieter found themselves getting up and following the man's instructions, the words and tone that he used quite compelling as they followed him towards the area marked as the VIP area. There was something strange about all this that the lion synth couldn't quite place their finger on, but all they could think of was that they just hadn't been out in a while. They were going to have to make up for lost time, the voice in their head whispered as they watched Zero take the card out of their speedo and slide it through the reader to allow them inside. As they walked inside the tone of the club had quickly changed; though there were plenty of people grinding and fondling one another as well as dancing while on the floor there were the clear sounds of people having much more intimate fun as they passed by the doors until there was one with a green light instead of red.

Zero mentioned something about these rooms always being busy when they have a big kink celebration like this as they walked inside the room once the arctic wolf had opened the door for them. Inside were a number of straps, equipment, and gear that was strewn about the wall that caused Dieter's eyes to open wide. It was more stuff in this place than they had ever seen before and they felt themselves almost get lightheaded from how much there was. They were still looking at the wall of masks that adorned one side of the room as the arctic wolf closed the door behind them and poured himself a drink.

"Safe word is cinnamon," Zero said simply once he had taken a sip from his glass as he walked up next to Dieter, the lion synth registering what he meant by that as he put a hand on their shoulder. "So, what's your poison? I can be quite versatile and can be either quick or take a while, or if you want to be rolled up on the rack we can certainly have a little fun there. Otherwise if you're feeling cheeky we can always do a bit of roleplay with those masks on there, those can really help with the mood depending on what you're looking to do."

"Roleplay?" Dieter repeated, huffing slightly as they began to feel the strange tingles going up and down their body once more while they looked at the masks. "Yes... let's do that, I love doing roleplay." Hearing their own words took the synth slightly aback, they didn't enjoy roleplay, did they? On a whim as Zero began to look the masks the synth did a diagnostic check on themselves and though there was a bit of interference it got done and sure enough, there it was on the list of preferences in their primary memory storage... what a strange thing for them to forget, Dieter mused, they might need to get serviced soon.

But those thoughts were quickly pushed aside as Zero came back with a few things that they had taken off the wall, handing Dieter a neoprene mask. When they unfurled it they were surprised to find that it was shaped as a rather realistic wolf mask and as they looked at the other stuff they saw that it was an entire suit that had been pulled out and put on the table. Zero explained that if the lion hadn't already guessed they had a rather dominant side, and that he most liked doing so to bigger, more powerful creatures. Since it was rather rare to find someone that fit the bill he often looked upon smaller, meeker men and if they were into the roleplay aspect of things would have them pretend to be such. It wasn't a perfect system, the arctic wolf lamented, but since the synth seemed interested in such he was more than willing to have some fun if Dieter didn't mind.

The more the arctic wolf talked about his fantasy the more that Dieter understood it, finding their interest level going from curious to wanting to also be a part of this. They would be the one what would become the creature he was talking about and as they looked at the suit they found there was a certain order to things being put on. Just before they did though Zero stopped them and said that there was something on their face, which as Dieter looked at one of the many mirrors that was in the room they found that the silver liquid this time hadn't just been leaking out of their nostrils but also had been drooling down the side of their mouths. Once more they explained that it was just something that synths do, even though somewhere in the deepest parts of their mind they knew that wasn't true, and after using one of the courtesy towels to wipe their face they said they were ready to go.

The hood came on first once the lion synth was naked and as with Dieter's own head being synthetic it didn't take much to get it on them, adjusting the muzzle so that it would be fitted against their own feline jaws. The fit was quite comfortable and after a few minutes testing it the lion could hardly feel the weight of it at all despite it being a somewhat heavy hood. Zero was

surprisingly helpful in getting everything going and also with making sure that everything was on right as the paws and hands came on next. Just like with the head they were specially made so that they would adhere and almost suction to the lion synth, and while they still had the same number of fingers they found their feet being pushed into a heavy four-toed wolf paw that mostly just enveloped their own toes. They were quite the sight to behold and as Dieter felt the neoprene material stick against their arms and legs they experimentally wiggled their paws and couldn't help but giggle a bit.

Once they had finished with that there was one last piece that needed to be put on with the muscle bodysuit that Zero had picked out, but much to Dieter's surprise there was one more thing that the arctic wolf wanted to put on them. Though the lupine creature continued to try and remain his dominant, aloof self during the entire process even the lion synth could see that they were a bit bashful about this one as he gave them a sheepish smile that he very much preferred taking men that were bigger than him... in all aspects of the word. The sheath that he had in his hands slid quickly over Dieter's maleness and after looping the silicone ring around the base suddenly the lion had a cock that was twice as thick and also nearly double the length. Once they were finished with that the muscle suit was on last and though it stuck a little bit Dieter found that Zero seemed to definitely know what he was doing when it came to putting such things on other men.

Once they were finished up Zero told Dieter to check out the mirror before they got started, and as the neoprene-suited synth got up from the table where they had been getting dressed they looked to the mirror and almost did a double take. The suit had covered them completely and given them the body of a muscular werewolf, though there wasn't really any fur it was close enough as they turned around and saw that the backside of the suit had a tail that hung over the slit that would allow back access to their form. They really were a werewolf... at least from the looks of it, and as they thought about how good they looked like one suddenly Dieter realized they were starting to drool again. Thankfully the silver saliva remained in the mask this time and though they could feel it start to drain down through the sealed up suit towards their feet they didn't want to worry about it until after they had some fun.

"Now that is a sexy creature," Zero said as Dieter turned back towards them. "How does it feel to be a werewolf?"

"A werewolf..." Dieter replied as there was another strange tingling in their head, unaware the ear pieces they had forgotten to take off before putting on the mask were now adhered into it. With no one to notice them the tentacles of nanites had started to stuff themselves even further inside the head of the synth, spreading over more than just their processing units while still controlling their auditory capabilities. "Yes, I am a werewolf, aren't I?"

"Damn straight you are," Zero confirmed as he moved up behind the slightly confused creature and began to rub against their pectorals. "Not just any werewolf either, no, you are an alpha werewolf, the pinnacle of strength and dominance. You are powerful, strong, the epitome of masculinity, and you know it too. You know that you can have anyone in your pack that you want just by looking at them, spreading them open with that thick dick of yours."

As the words filtered through the ear pieces and directly into the processing unit of the synth within the words went from mere fantasy to truth. They were an alpha werewolf, they had always been one. Unknowingly the concept of Dieter as they were had quickly been filtered and filed away, replaced with what Zero had told them that they would be. Such an idea of being a puny lion synth was beneath this new creature as the words took hold, causing the neoprene werewolf to start to huff and pant. It was getting to the point where the need to go out and find a member of the pack to breed was starting to sound like a great idea as the thick neoprene cock pushing out of the suit throbbed.

"Ohhh, now you're getting into it," Zero said with a chuckle, unaware of how potent his words were to the one in front of him as he stroked down the faux muscles of the other creature. "Yes, you are... Fang, a powerful werewolf warrior, one of the strongest that are out there, at least until you heard of an upstart that had come along and was wandering around in your territory. You are a fierce defender of your pack and was unsure of having a strange werewolf wandering around so you decide to go alone and check on what it was.

Fang... Fang... the name continued to echo in the head of the werewolf as the eyes in the mask squeezed shut. He was a werewolf warrior named Fang, he was an alpha of a pack... even though these things were objectively not true they were written into his mind as though it was what he had been all his life. Between the pleasure that came from the wolf stroking down the muscle suit he was contained in to the feeling of intense pleasure from his core self being rewritten by an amorous arctic wolf that didn't even realize what he was doing the personality known as Dieter was quickly overwritten. The somewhat meek and timid nature of the lion synth was replaced with confidence, pride, and a hint of arrogance as he found himself letting out a growl

"Yes... my name is Fang, and I am the alpha of this clan," the one in the werewolf costume said, opening his eyes to reveal the silver orbs that had completely overtaken the lion's previous eyes. "There is a wolf... someone that I am not familiar with."

"Good, good..." Zero replied, slowly pulling away from the slightly quivering man as he got into position himself in front of the neoprene werewolf. Though Fang was so lost in the plot that he truly believed he was staring at a trespasser from another tribe the other man wasn't aware, the arctic wolf's entire body perking up at thinking that he had found a partner that was really into the scenario that he enjoyed. "So, you must be Fang then, tales of your brilliant tactics and manner of building your pack have reached even my ears from the far north."

It took a second as Fang processed the information that was being given to him, the nanites that had completely infused his

brain digesting what the arctic wolf wanted and fed Fang the response to give. "If that's the case then you shouldn't be here," Fang replied with a growl. "What foolishness brings you here to my lands?"

"I'm here because I think that I can beat you," Zero replied with a slight growl of his own. "Plus I happen to know your secret."

Secret? What secret? Fang found himself momentarily distracted by that, but decided to push on without it as he just let out a snarl. "There is nothing that you know that could possibly phase me," Fang replied, sinking deeper and deeper into the role. "Now you have a chance to get off my lands before I properly thrash you and show you why you shouldn't have ever messed with me."

Zero was clearly getting off on this and was more than happy to get even more into the role, his rubber speedo hardly containing his arousal as he stepped in close. "But you see, I happen to know that while you fancy yourself the king of the castle in your pack you secretly enjoy being dominated by other men," Zero said, once more programming the synth within without even realizing it. "You'll still maintain your dominant, tough-guy exterior and warrior's poise deep down you're a slut for cock, you just need someone that you believe is strong enough to give it to you. Now we could fight and I can show you that I am stronger, or you can submit to me like you desire deep down and we can keep this little facet of yours in the dark."

There was a deep, reverberating growl that came from the other man but deep down Fang knew that this man was correct; he lusted after strong, dominant men that could best him in battle, and while it was a rarity he rewarded such efforts with his body to be used with as they pleased. It was his guilty pleasure and while his pride normally wouldn't allow him to indulge with someone he believed to be unworthy he could tell that this one is rather powerful. He would potentially have bested him in battle, and if that was the case then he could give him such an honor... and if his enemies knew then they could potentially use it against him.

"You think you're so clever," Fang growled as the two continued to circle around one another. "Exposing my weakness to me before we fight. Suppose I do allow you to dominate me as you see fit, you would keep such a secret?"

Zero nodded and went up to the other man, pressing his palms against the neoprene pecs as Fang let out a low groan. In allowing this other wolf to press against his pectorals and approach him unmolested it had given him permission to act on his desires. There was nothing that he could do at this point anymore as he had already submitted to this other creature, huffing a bit as his secret lusts were being brought up to the surface. Even though he wanted to save his pride there was something about this wolf that made him want him to dominate his body, to show him that even the alpha of the pack could be brought to his knees.

And that was exactly what was happening, Zero's smirk widening as he saw Fang continue to show a sneer of defiance even while he was lowered downwards. This creature, this wolf had one of the most powerful werewolves at his beckoning and he could see from the look in his eyes that he was savoring every moment of it. This was as much what this man wanted as he did... though why did he know that? It didn't matter, there was nothing that he could do as he had already succumbed to his own desires and allowed his weakness to be seen. There was nothing that he could do but see what this wolf wanted to do with him, and as he saw the man grab something off the nearby counter he realized that what Zero wanted to do was probably a lot.

The first thing that Zero did was put a collar around his neck, one with a leash attached to it as it was fastened around his neoprene neck. Somehow the fact that his muscular flesh was so unnatural had been put into the story created by the nanites that were flooding his form, spreading between his synth body and the suit that encased him. None of that really mattered to Fang, in fact he didn't even notice anything except for the pleasure that was coming from indulging in his fetish that he hadn't had in a body that wasn't actually his. Fang merely continued to growl and stare defiantly up at the one that had leashed him as he was brought in close to a passionate kiss that caused his wolf muzzle to compress slightly from the force of it.

Zero's tongue pushed into Fang's maw and as they continued to make out Fang began to feel even more strangely than before, his body heating up as he felt the wolf push against his body. The nanites were doing more than just suffusing through the processors of the synth, it was assimilating them as they continued to replicate inside and outside the host while Zero pulled back. "Yeah, you like being dominated, don't you pup?" Zero said, the dominance in his voice increasing as he took the leash and gave it a yank. "On your feet, alpha."

"Ugh... you can't just... do this to me," Fang said as he was once more given instruction, the nanites channeling everything straight into the processors of the creature. "You may be powerful, but as you said I am still alpha."

"the only thing that you're going to be alpha of is my cock inside you," Zero said as he grabbed something else, taking the muzzle that he had set aside and wrapped it around the neoprene snout of Fang. For a brief moment the other man was surprised that he could feel every inch of those rubber straps being wrapped around what should have been a hollow mask muzzle, but then he remembered that this was his face and that he really was a neoprene werewolf as he let out a muffled snarl. "Feel free to keep struggling though, I do enjoy my prey with a bit of fight in them."

Once more it felt like a switch went off in Fang's head as he flexed his powerful muscles and tried to shake off the muzzle that

was on him. He could hear Zero laughing and while that flustered him the earlier order of being submissive to him continued to reverberate in his mind. It was an interesting balance of reprogramming but the nanites knew enough how to prioritize, the tentacles spreading even further into the systems of the creature as they integrated with the suit. For Fang this body really felt like his, so when Zero reached around and squeezed the silicone dick that was around his own the werewolf let out a muffled growl from feeling the sensitivity of it.

"Yeah, that's it," Zero growled as he continued to press up against him, rubbing and stroking possessively along the body that he had claimed. "You're my pup now, such a big strong werewolf so used to dominating others, how does it feel to be reduced to my play toy?"

Fang found himself at a slight loss of words on how to respond to that, the conflict in his functionality and the programming that was being given to him. Zero wanted a big, strong, hulking werewolf, but he also wanted him to be a pup? Though the nanites continued to imbue the hypnotic effect within the encased nanite it was still having trouble processing a bit, though as he could see the wolf looking at him in slight confusion he knew that he had to say something. After a bit of mental deliberation the nanites formulated a decision and integrated it into the entity of Fang.

When Fang tried to open his mouth to speak however there was no way that he could with the muzzle on him, so instead he decided to just growl and lower his head as though in submission. That seemed to be what Zero was looking for and as the arctic wolf brought him back up to his feet he continued to pet and stroke down his back. Even though it wasn't fur it only seemed to entice the other male further as they were brought over to a restraint bench where Fang's head and hands were restrained inside of it. In the position he was in it left his rear completely open and since he didn't have to speak he just let his body squirm and let out muffled growls, trying to intimidate the man that had so dared disrespected him like that.

With the nanites adapting to the somewhat vague and contrary dirty talk that the arctic wolf had given him Fang once more got back into his stride, tensing and shaking his hips in defiance while still showing the signs of submission that caused the other man to throb. All the while he continued to believe that he was a neoprene werewolf as silver rivulets dripped down his snout and leaked out of his cock that throbbed hard between his legs. If Zero had noticed anything about that though he didn't say anything as he began to feed his own maleness into creature before him. The second that the tight synthetic walls squeezed around his shaft the back and forth that the wolf was enjoying became more muted, instead he merely continued to growl and tell the werewolf that he was the alpha and the dominant one as Fang huffed and snarled within his bindings.

Zero showed surprising stamina despite how excited he was and more than once Fang was pushed against the binding stocks he was in as he thrust hard into him, causing the werewolf to gasp in pure pleasure from being dominated in such a way. More than once he could feel the wolf give his maleness a squeeze as though to show that such a big cock didn't matter when he was on top, whispering about as much into his ears while they practically shook the bindings he was in. Once he had gotten close enough Fang felt his hips get gripped and Zero pumped in a few more times before letting loose, howling as he orgasmed hard. Feeling his submission becoming complete caused Fang to climax as well, the nanites within rewarding the disillusioned synth pleasure for succumbing so well to its ministrations.

The two remained together for a while before Zero finally regained his breath, pulling out of the quivering neoprene werewolf and giving his butt a squeeze. "Man, you were the best partner I ever had," Zero said as he started to undo the restraints. "By the way... what was your name again? I can't even remember asking you what it was and you were so interested I sort of got excited."

As the muzzle was removed from the neoprene werewolf there was a slight growl that escaped from his throat as he looked back at the wolf. "I am Fang," Fang replied. "I thought you knew of me before we met?"

"Ah, you're really into it I see," Zero said with a chuckle. "Well then, my strong alpha werewolf, I think that the night is young and that my fine companion deserves a drink for how willing you were to indulge me. Who knows, perhaps you might find someone that will be willing to take their rightful place in the pack."

"Yeah..." Fang said, his eyes glowing slightly as he flexed his neoprene muscles, feeling the strength in them as flecks of silver could be seen in the otherwise black material. "Find someone, put them in their rightful place in the pack..."

As the night continued on Zero introduced a few people to Fang once they got back to the main bar, and as they marveled at how well the muscle suit fit him the werewolf merely corrected them in saying that this was as much his body as anything else. The group got a kick out of it and as he was treated to drinks from the arctic werewolf, who once more thanked him again for being such a good sport, the eyes of the creature continued to scan the room. As he had been instructed in his incredibly influential state he was looking for someone to catch his eye, a peculiar look that let him know they were interested. It didn't take long before he got that in the form of a twink jaguar that came up to the bar next to where Fang was sitting with Zero and his other friends.

"Hey there stud," the jaguar said with a grin on his face. "My name is Jamie."

"Fang," Fang replied gruffly.

"Now that's a name befitting of a creature like you," Jamie replied as he pressed a hand against his arm, squeezing the neoprene muscle. "Oh... that's quite firm, usually these suits are more squishy. Are you supposed to be some sort of bodybuilder?"

"I'll have you know that I am an alpha werewolf," Fang said as he gave the jaguar a big grin that exposed his fangs, something that if the feline was aware of being impossible in that kind of mask he didn't show.

"Yeah he is," Zero replied, his voice slightly slurred as he put an arm around Fang's shoulders and pointed to his chest. "This one is the biggest, baddest, most dominant werewolf around. You want someone to really give it to you he will make you part of his pack underneath him in every way."

Fang's back stiffened slightly at hearing that and the jaguar took advantage to stroke down the thick exposed pecs of the creature dressed only in a rubber jockstrap. "Oh, now that's something that I would like to see," Jamie said with a grin on his face, watching Fang look at him hungrily while licking his lips. "You gonna make me part of your pack, big boy?"

The challenge just caused Fang to smirk and as he was about to reach out towards the jaguar he felt a tap on his side and looked down to see Zero handing him the VIP card that he had used to get them into the back rooms while giving him a wink. The neoprene werewolf gave a silent nod of appreciation and the nanites took the mental cue to push the synth within for a more intimate encounter. When Jamie got off the stool with him Fang could see his eyes sparkle at seeing the card in his hand and wrapped an arm around his waist as they walked into the back room area. With the card in hand Fang used it to get into the area and found that no one had taken the room he and Zero had used.

Jamie walked inside and looked around the room as Fang went over to the wall where Zero had gotten the mask. While the nanites continued to enthrall the creature within that he was an alpha werewolf they knew that he would need a little help in the matter. As Jamie laid back on the bed and remarked on the comfort he was surprised to find a set of neoprene gear laid down next to him. Though he was a little confused at first as he saw the similar wolf mask to the one he believed Fang wore he gave a wry smile and took off the mesh shirt and shorts he wore.

The sight of the naked male before him caused Fang's lusts to rise, but this creature was not yet part of his neoprene werewolf pack. The smaller man was more than eager to play along and remarked on how kinky the one towering above him was as he was helped into the suit. Since the werewolf had considered this part of his own transformation he was able to help, remembering the order that it had been placed on him so that he could instruct the feline on how to do it the same way. Within a matter of minutes there was another shiny werewolf that laid on the bed, though the body suit that Fang had picked out was not nearly as muscular as his own.

That was just fine for a member of his pack, Fang thought to himself as he watched the former jaguar stretch and flex while remarking on how nice the suit hugged his contours. The only other thing that was different between the two suits was that there was no cock sheath that they needed, but that was because there would be no need as he slowly crawled up on the bed towards him. "You're mine now, pup," Fang said with a wicked grin on his face, looking into the sparkling eyes of the other man as he began to move up on his body. "Ready to be bred into the pack?"

"Ohhh, you better believe it," Jamie replied as a shiver ran down his spine. "Make me into your little submissive pup, turn me into a slutty neoprene werewolf that worships you and begs for your cock."

The suited up jaguar's request was received wholeheartedly by the creature on top of him, the feline unaware of their folly in word choice as he was pushed back against the bed in the room and their muzzles met in a deep kiss. The smaller male writhed as Fang showed off his impressive strength, pinning him easily down to the bed while his body rubbed deliciously and sensually against the one beneath it. Though Jamie thought that it was a little strange that there seemed to be an excessive amount of drool coming from the sloppy kiss it mattered little to him as the more ambulatory maw of the bigger neoprene werewolf continued to press against the one beneath it. They continued the make out session until Fang had gotten his fill, then had the suited jaguar flip over for the main event.

As Jamie moaned while getting his legs and thighs massaged in preparation for what was about to happen next he noticed that his voice sounded a bit wet, coughing slightly as he was rocked back and forth by the one behind him. "Uh, Fang, my mouth feels weird..." Jamie said, the werewolf behind him merely responding with a growl as his eyes widened while tendrils could be seen pushing up the neoprene of the mask. "Fang... my head..."

"Quiet yourself pup," Fang said, hearing the one in front of him starting to pant heavily as his head moved back and forth. "You are part of the pack now, you will listen to your alpha and submit to his pleasure. Understand?"

As several moments passed Fang could see the creature's head lean forward and continue to moan in pleasure, this time with a slight gurgle as several tendrils had moved all the way up into the lumps where the jaguar's ears would be. "Yes... alpha..." the

smaller neoprene werewolf said, his head leaning forward as a growl escaped from his lips. "I am yours..."

The sound was music to Fang's ears as this new creature learned his place, rewarding him by taking the tip of his leaking cock and pushing it into the creature in front of him. The silver goo that had beaded on the tip of it made the insertion much easier and as he slid in he could hear a slightly gurgling sound come from the quivering man in front of him. He could tell that he was learning his place as Jamie's wet gasps soon became silent, the eyes behind the mask rolling back into his head as the muzzle on his mask began to push and swell. As the alpha werewolf slowly and methodically pushed into him something else started to slither out past the lips of the neoprene on the jaguar, silver tentacles coiling around as the hollow section of the mask began to fill out and become more rigid.

"Your submission is wonderful," Fang growled as he took on the role of the dominant, rubbing against the underside of the other man as he could feel him quiver in his grasp. "It matters not your former master, you now recognize me and me alone, I am yours to command and you will be my loyal pack mate." The neoprene werewolf squirming in front of him merely nodded his head as their entire body convulsed upon the words entering into their mind, his head nodding before it drooped down and allowed the mercurial liquid to drip out of his muzzle. That was good enough for Fang and he sealed their pact by pressing down against the other creature's back and starting to thrust deep into him.

"Oh... alpha..." Jamie started to moan, his voice notably deeper after the tendrils had retracted and his jaws started to move more fluidly like the one behind him.

"Yes, moan for me, my pet," Fang growled as he began to thrust deep into his new neoprene werewolf, unaware of the ripples and swells that were happening in the lithe body of the creature beneath him. "You will get exactly what you desire, you are a wolf of pleasure that exists only to serve me and the thick cock inside of you. Your body will yearn for it, crave it, and you will think of nothing other than how to serve and please your alpha."

Though Fang himself couldn't tell the nanites could sense the words sinking deep into the psyche of the other creature, their enthralled and assimilated mind being rewritten in the exact way they had unknowingly programmed the alpha werewolf to do. "Yes Alpha, I can only think of that thick shaft inside of me," the werewolf in front of him slowly swaying back and forth as their body throbbed and tingled in powerful pleasure. "My head has no thoughts other than yours, everything belongs to you."

"That's right," Fang replied eagerly, his humping starting to grow more insistent as the neoprene of their bodies squeaked together. "You are Pup, and you are mine." Much like the creature on top of him the new identity solidified with the former name and species of the creature disappearing into the ether, replaced with a needy, submissive neoprene werewolf that was loyal to his alpha and part of his pack.

The two continued to reinforce one another in their roles as they eventually switched positions, Pup's legs up in the air and toes curling as his alpha continued to plow into him. The pleasure they both felt was more intense than anything they had ever felt as it was fed directly into their minds by the nanites while making the finishing touches to their bodies. As the two locked into a fierce kiss their neoprene tongues twined around one another as their shiny muzzles locked together while Fang's hips bounced up and down. Eventually the two synthetic creatures reached their orgasm, the alpha going first as he should with his new packmate following right up behind him.

The two remained locked in one another's embrace for a while, panting heavily despite the fact that neither of them needed to breathe. For Fang his purpose had been fulfilled, he had found another of his pack to dominate in order to show his dominance. The new creature knew his place and as he looked into those silver eyes he could tell that he was looking into a packmate that would be completely loyal to him, one that would serve under him for as long he remained alpha. But as he thought about it he realized that he hadn't technically fulfilled every aspect of the order, he remember distinctly something about Zero saying that it was members of his pack that he needed to find, not member...

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The very next day the synthetic serpentine shopkeeper hummed to himself as he got everything ready for display, the trinkets and technology that he put out there ready to be sold to some eager customer that needed it. With only a few minutes left until the store opened he wanted to make sure everything was completely where it should be before he raised the shutters. Everything had to be perfect after all, Syrath thought to himself, otherwise he might not make any sales. But he also noted to himself that perfection is the enemy of progress and decided that he had gotten everything good enough and it was time to open.

As he pressed the button to open the shutters he watched as the metal slowly raised up into the ceiling, but when he looked back down again what he saw on the other side of the door caused him to jump slightly in shock. It was a very well-muscled wolf man dressed in what appeared to be a silver and black neoprene bodysuit with a pair of rubber shorts as well. The werewolf stood there expectantly and as the snake man walked over and slowly waved to him, only to see those silver eyes merely staring back. With nothing else to think of the shopkeeper slowly unlocked the door and then went over to the counter as Fang slowly walked inside.

"Welcome," Syrath said with a big grin on his face as the neoprene werewolf walked into the shop, though it faltered slightly

when three smaller men in similar attire made their way in as well. "uh, welcome to all, usually I don't have visitors so early in my shop but I'm glad to see that you've all taken such an interest. Is there anything that I can do for you today?"

"You told me to come in order to leave a review on the product that you sold me earlier," Fang said with a grin as he approached the counter with the other three right behind him. "I have to say that they work great, and in appreciation I would like to add you to part of my pack. They all also have rave reviews in order to share with you."

"Oh, uh, I think I totally got it," Syrath said as he slowly backed away, only to stumble backwards as the alpha werewolf hopped up on the counter with the other three maneuvering their way around it. "So those are the headpieces that I sold? If that's the case then I'm guessing you're... Dieter?"

"No idea who that is," Fang replied as he licked his chops, silver drool dripping from his lips as he dropped down from the counter in front of the retreating shopkeeper. "My name is Fang, and soon you'll be joining my pack. Just relax and allow me to dominate you just like all the others."

As Syrath found himself up against the back wall the alpha continued to smirk in his direction, only for a wry grin to form on his serpentine snout as he brought his hands about and clapped them together. Though it was just a simple act it felt like every inch of Fang's body had suddenly turned to stone and there were no thoughts that entered into his head while his senses remained on a passive mode. "I think not," Syrath said with a chuckle as he walked up and looked inside the mouth of the neoprene werewolf. "The nanites completely integrated into the neoprene, I'm going to need the data logs out of you in order to figure out what happened."

The four neoprene werewolves continued to stay completely still until Syrath snapped his fingers, and this time as the four creatures stood straight up the serpent synth gestured for them all to follow while heading to the back room. The one completely dominant and assertive alpha werewolf followed behind obediently while the other three followed behind a few feet after. As he opened the door and walked inside the nanite creature saw that it looked like a small storeroom, only for the synth to go over to a nearby wall panel and press his hand against it. As soon as he did the floor in the middle of the room opened up and revealed a secret staircase that Syrath immediately went down.

Even without prompting this time Fang made his way down following the snake, though as they walked he saw that the features of the one in front of him were changing. Not only were the more traditional metal plates of the creature melting and merging together to become one solid, smooth surface but his legs were also merging together, his movement not missing a beat as he went from a pair of legs to one long tubular lower body that slithered along. The silver shifted to black save for stripes that glowed with a purple hue as he grabbed a pair of goggles that hung on the wall and strapped them on. The last thing to shift was a pair of wings that sprouted out of his back as he made his way to what appeared to be a huge laboratory.

"Alright Fang," Syrath said in a slightly mocking tone as once more he beckoned the neoprene werewolf over while the other three remained in the hallway. "Let's see what happened here. Obviously we're doing a remote integration because there is no way that I would let those nanites near mine."

Though Fang's mind wasn't even functioning as far as thinking he could still comprehend what was going on as he was brought over to the large computer, letting out a slight yelp as he felt something push into his ear that the draconaga had grabbed. Almost immediately he felt his thoughts come on-line and as he saw Syrath looking at the screen he found his head turning to do the same. As he started to see things in his mind's eye he saw an identical copy of them on the screen, looking at the night club that he had been at all night. Syrath waved his hand and suddenly everything went into reverse all the way up until he saw himself in a reflection and noticed that he saw a strange synth lion instead of the neoprene werewolf.

"Ah, looks like the tolerance settings for the reprogramming are just a tiny bit sensitive," Syrath mused as he looked over readings that made no sense to the neoprene werewolf, though as it had reversed back to his earliest point that personality was starting to wane as a new one took its place. "It also appeared that the permissions were not set, which makes for a very, very interesting means of integrating commands with more... active comments. This may actually be something worth looking into however... perhaps a few more tests need to be run after I fix these four."

As Syrath raised his hand and Fang, or Dieter as that name started to manifest in his mind, started to feel a tingling sensation in his body he could start to feel the nanites being pulled out of his system, only for the draconaga to stop and close his fist that caused the feeling to cease. "Then again, we have ourselves an unprecedented opportunity to play around with this new system before I patch in a fix," Syrath said as he looked back to the screen, which flickered and shifted. "Especially with three slave systems to the master one that I have here."

Once more Fang wasn't sure what was going on but just watched the nanite creature as he continued to manipulate the computer with more complex actions. The screen shifted and the neoprene werewolf saw the words download in progress before a strong tingling sensation began to radiate from the plug in his ear into the rest of his mind. What little of Dieter that had manifested underneath the Fang personality disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, but as his body quivered slightly even that part of him was falling away. It didn't take long before the bar that was underneath the words filled up all the way followed by the words download complete flashing underneath it.

Before the creature could formulate a question about what was happening Syrath reached up and pulled the plug out of him, and as soon as it disconnected there was suddenly nothing there for his mind to latch onto. It was like when the nanite creature had first taken control but without anything that he could latch on what little activity there was in their processors was free floating and ethereal. They didn't know how long they stood there for but suddenly they heard the draconaga talking again. It was just a name, but as they heard it a program node began in their processor.

"Yes... I am Wolf," Wolf replied, the neoprene creature looking at the smiling nanite snake.

"Oh yes," Syrath said as he gave the otherwise blank creature a pat on the shoulder. "This is going to be a lot of fun."