It was a typical Thursday night at the hotels the day of a con, furries from all over were getting ready for a weekend of partying, meeting up with friends, and see what all the convention had to offer. Most people were loading in and getting their stuff ready since there wasn’t much that happened during that time unless it was specifically planned for. This was just fine for Vyrnen as he took the suitcases that he had brought up from his car in order to get to the hotel as he tried not to huff too much. While he could have just waited for a luggage rack in order to get his stuff up there was already a line of people waiting for them and he didn’t feel like spending an hour in the frigid parking garage just so that he could spend five less minutes of exertion.

That five minutes seemed to last a lifetime when it was actually happening though as he dragged everything up and into the elevator, getting to the floor that was texted to him before once more hauling everything to the door of the hotel room that he would be staying at for the entirety of the weekend. Since he didn’t have a key yet he knocked on the door and hoped that at least one of the two friends he was rooming with for the duration of the con was there waiting for him like they had said. After about a minute he knocked once more and heard a voice that had an unmistakable English accent call out that he was almost there before the door opened. Even though this was one of the first times he was meeting him Vyrnen knew who it was as he told Vira to help him get his bags inside the room.

“Here I thought that I might be sitting outside waiting for one of you after running late like that,” Vyrnen said as he took the bag that contained his clothes and tossed it on the couch. “Where is our third?”

“Still in the Dealer’s Den setting up,” Vira replied as he went and sat down on the bed that he had clearly claimed as his own, and as he saw the rather large bag with the sleeve of a fursuit sticking out of it he guessed that the other one had been claimed as well. “So what were we thinking of doing once we all gathered up?”

“Definitely nothing that requires using a car,” Vyrnen replied as he sat down in the nearby chair that was one of the few things that didn’t have some sort of bag or other piece of luggage on it. “I doubt there are going to be any spaces that open up in the near future. After taking a few minutes I wouldn’t mind getting food or something, do we know what the wait time is going to be for us to all go out?”

“Hmm, I just got a text from him a few minutes ago saying that he was just finishing up and should be back shortly,” Vira replied. “I could eat for sure, and after that maybe see if we can sneak into registration before it closes. I’m not sure how bad it is now but I bet that tomorrow it’s going to be a bloody nightmare.”

As the two continued to discuss their plans for the evening they heard the sound of a key being used and the door opening, their third roommate walking in with a box of stuff that they presumed was probably left over from what he had set up. “Hey Serathin,” Vyrnen said as he waved to the other guy. “How was Dealer’s?”

“Going to be an interesting one for sure,” Serathin replied as he wheeled the box into a corner. “Glad that they sectioned off parking for us, I’ve seen people driving around for minutes looking for a spot.” As he saw Vyrnen glower and Vira smirk it caused him to grin sheepishly. “I’m guessing that you were one of them?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Vyrnen replied. “Let’s just decide where we’re going to eat.”

As the three discussed the available options that were around the convention center Serathin had moved his fursuit to the floor and kicked off his shoes while they talked, Vyrnen doing the same to try and destress from the situation that he had just been in. Eventually when the option for ordering in for their first night together at the con was floated the three began to notice that the lights were flickering in the room. It only lasted for a few seconds but as they sat up to look about they could all feel something the air that was different. It was like the atmosphere was charged and as Vira attempted to turn off one of the lights near his bed he let out a yelp from the static shock he had gotten.

It wasn’t long before the electric charge in the air shifted and became a breeze that swept through the entire room, stronger than anything the air conditioner and heater that was in the corner could pump out. At this point none of the three knew what was going on and as Vyrnen tried to move towards the hallway that led to the hotel room door he was suddenly stopped by a bright white light that appeared there. For a moment all three had to shield their eyes from the intense flash and when it dissipated it left three shadows in its wake that weren’t there before. It took a while before the spots vanished from his eyes but when he did he found his jaw dropping as the first figure moved out into the room…

…it was him, but not just him, it was Vyrnen. The REAL Vyrnen, or at least a white dragon that had the same glowing blue markings on his body along with a green and blue eye that looked straight at him. As the human Vyrnen looked over at his two roommates to make sure he hadn’t just gone crazy in that moment it was clear that they were also seeing the figures that were starting to filter out of the hall and into the main room, though their eyes were drawn to the other two. For Vira it was the black furred and scaled dragolf that stepped out from behind the nanite dragon towards him while Serathin was staring right into the glowing green eyes of the purple and black furred draconic sabrewolf that grinned and waved back at him.

“Holy hell…” Vira said as he looked at what was essentially himself, Vyrnen recognizing the other two that were not the nanite dragon were the fursonas of his roommate. “Are you… real?”

“As real as you are,” the furry Vira said with a smirk as he sat down on the bed next to his human counterpart while the furry Serathin did the same. “You’ll have Vyrnen to thank for that though, at least the dragon one over there.”

The two humans looked over at their roommate and Vyrnen found himself swallowing hard as he found a hand press against his shoulder to turn his attention back to the nanite dragon being mentioned. “So… you really are a trans-dimensional traveler,” the human Vyrnen said as he looked at a muzzle that until that point he had only seen in pictures that he had commissioned. “I… guess I should have thought that this might be possible, but I never really thought it could be true, and the fact that you have Serathin and Viratan’s fursonas means that you are friends too?”

“You would be surprised on how connections made in one timeline cross over into others,” the dragon Vyrnen explained as his grin widened. “But while I know you have a ton of questions on things like things that I’ve done that you probably had gotten art about or if someone like Renzyl is real-“

“-he totally is, by the way,” Serathin interrupted with a grin.

“We really can’t stay too long in this realm and we came here for a specific purpose,” the dragon Vyrnen continued. “But with our combined powers we decided that we wanted to stop into one of our timelines where humans ruled and give ourselves a little treat. Now granted I’m pretty sure we all know what the answer to this is, but how would you like to become us?”

Though human Vyrnen found himself expecting something like this coming from his dragon side it still had shocked him to actually hear it as well, though not as much as feeling those clawed hands start to slide down into his pants. Seems there were some aspects of their timelines that were universal, Vyrnen thought to himself as he looked over to the others to see what they had chosen. Once more he wasn’t surprised at all to see that the two Viratan’s were practically giggling as they still seemed to be talking and that the human Serathin had likely made up his mind due to him kissing what was essentially himself very deeply. Given what they were all into even the final result of not becoming their fursonas might have triggered this, though the fact that he could start to see the eye teeth of Serathin push past his lips and the stub of a tail press out from the shirt of Viratan meant that they would also be indulging in another desire of theirs.

When the human Vyrnen nodded in response to himself he found that his pants had practically been pulled off of him anyway with his shirt following suit. While being naked in a room with his two friends what not quite how he expected the con to go he also didn’t think that their three sonas would be joining them either. Already he could feel his body start to tingle and as he glanced over at the other four they were starting to progress as they reached the same state of nakedness he did. For Serathin he was practically bent over the bed with his alter ego on top of him while Vira’s opted for a slightly more subdued approach as the dragolf nuzzled and licked up his neck where black fur and scales began to sprout.

Just as he began to see horns emerging from both their heads he suddenly felt his head get turned to face his other self, the dragon’s grin growing wider as he said that his friends are in good hands and to focus. He didn’t have to be told twice on that and as he ran his hands down the body of the dragon he was amazed to feel how smooth it was, the skin completely unnatural and with those glowing lines he definitely looked out of this world. Considering that he had a dragolf and draconic sabrewolf that he was rooming with though they all enjoyed the exotic it seemed and as he continued to stroke down the defined chest he saw that the skin softened and oozed over his digits. When he pulled them away the goo stayed and he could feel this fingers starting to change as it began to coat down them and over his hand.

“I’m sure that’s a scenario you’ve seen in your head quite some time,” the dragon Vyrnen said with a chuckle as his human counterpart found himself with his back against the wall. “Though you were probably the one on my side of the table. Don’t worry, you’ll probably be able to enjoy it yourself soon enough.”

“Oh… do we get our various abilities too?” Vyrnen asked even as he was being lifted up and pressed against the back of it, his legs sinking slightly into the nanite dragon holding him. “I imagine being a nanite dragon would do it for some, but can I, you know, travel like you do?”

“You’ll have to wait and see,” dragon Vyrnen said. “Honestly not sure how this world will react to our meddling here, but one thing for sure is that you’re going to enjoy it.” When the human Vyrnen opened his mouth to ask another question he found two fingers push into it and hook gently down into his lower lip, which he began to feel swelling out as the dragon leaned in. “No more questions, time to put that mouth to better use.”

Suddenly the human Vyrnen found himself with more than just fingers inside, letting out a muffled groan as the muzzle of the nanite dragon met his lips and immediately could feel something push its way in. The consistency of his tongue was very strange as it was firm at first but almost seemed to melt into his mouth as they continued their sloppy make-out session. He quickly gathered that it wasn’t actually the tongue that was morphing but rather his own mouth, which had quickly started to swell out in order to match the one that was kissing it. Finally feeling the sensation of transformation had already caused him to be completely erect and as it pressed against the stomach of his alter ego he could feel tendrils wrap around it and start to stroke.

Though his dragon form was much bigger then he was the human found himself starting to grow, especially when he began to feel something pressing up against his backside. His other self said that they had to be quick about it, though he could have honestly just stayed like that with his dragon form pressed up against him all the way through the transformation and been fine with it. As the goo spreading over his elongating face begin to slither through his hair and cause his own horns to grow out he could feel that nanite cock already pushing up against his hole. He had commissioned enough work to know what was going on, feeling the nanites seeping into him in order to make it so that his dragon side had plenty of stretch to work with in order to make sure they both got maximum pleasure from it.

Even though he had thought through what it would feel like enough there was nothing that prepared Vyrnen for the sensation of a rubber dragon dick spreading open his corrupted muscle. He squeezed around the one holding him up as it started to slide inside far more easily then anything ever had before and as he started to squeeze against it he could feel the changes happening even more abundantly. His legs began to quiver as the partially covered feet twitched and stretch while the goo defying gravity and oozing over his butt began to form his tail. Though it was a bizarre experience he could also feel his mind altering, the nanites within already conditioning him to be used to his new self as white goo began to leak out of his melting ears.

Since they were already technically the same person there wasn’t much in the term of mental changes that needed to happen to his growing clone, but that didn’t stop the dragon Vyrnen from pulling his tongue out of the new muzzle and slide it into his corrupted ear. Information suddenly became a tangible thing to the transforming human and he could sense it flowing into him, molding his mind to know how to be a nanite dragon as his form shuddered from the growth of it. When he looked downhe found that the cock that had been enveloped before was now identical to the one that was inside of him and his flat chest and stomach were being pumped up from the goo within. Anyone that might have looked at him would have guessed that maybe he was the athletic type, save for the white rubber that was starting to coat more of his body stretching up over his chest and stomach.

A loud groan diverted Vyrnen’s attention and as he glanced over even as he started to really feel his alter ego’s cock inside him he could see that the others weren’t too far behind. The dragolf had his human self on the floor with the two bobbing their heads up and down on each other’s cocks, which was causing the human’s torso to grow scales while his head was also stretching out into the muzzle of a dragon with each slurp. Since the human Vira was on top he could see his tail and wings were starting to grow out as well, especially as they continued to stroke across each other’s bodies.

For Serathin his alter was still thrusting into him, but instead of lying on his stomach he had the partially transformed human on his back where his purple and black wings were already outstretched. With his legs up in the air he could see his feet growing scaly and becoming more draconic by the second as the thick, long tail grew out just underneath where the ridged length was plowing into him. Just like with his own and Vira’s head Serathin had already grown out his teeth and as fur sprouted over his increasingly muscular form the other version of himself continued to press his own against it. But as he started to see his brown hair turning long and purple a thrust upwards once more directed Vyrnen’s attention to his doppleganger, or who would soon be his doppelganger and he found he found his own tail snaking out of his backside.

While it was hard to tell being pinned up against a wall Vyrnen definitely felt taller than before, especially with his horns pressing up as he was thrusted into. By this point it wasn’t a dragon having sex with a transforming human, as the last of his skin was covered and hexagons continued to appear over his body it was two identical dragons having sex with one another. As the tongue that had been inside his ear slid out he found himself gasping as it had always felt like he was this way, his green and blue eye locking on to the ones in front of him as he was pushed in even deeper. Though it was hard to tell with the waves of pleasure flooding his body he could feel himself being less solid, that he was something more than just a dragon.

He was a nanite dragon.

The two continued like that for a while after Vyrnen assumed what felt like his true form before he felt his other self orgasm, the two creatures letting out similar noises as their bodies pressed together. Being the one that was transformed it felt bizarre to hold the dragon as one himself, feeling those identical muscles twitch and the smoothness of their skin rubbing together. As they finished up he could see that the other two were pretty much done as well, seeing that the dragolf Vira had switched up and he was fairly sure that it was the former human who was bent over while the two draconic sabrewolves cuddled up against one another with one still inside the other. Just then Vyrnen let out a whistle and the three original creatures all gave their other selves a pet, kiss, and grope before they moved to the center of the room.

“Alright you three, have fun at the convention,” Vyrnen said as the air shimmered around the three of them. “Try not to do anything we wouldn’t do.” As the other three waved they watched them disappear, leaving them alone like nothing had ever happened. With the three looking over their own new bodies though there was certainly one change in the room as they congregated together.

“So like, this is real?” Vira asked the other two as they continued to press their hands against their muzzles, horns and other parts of their bodies. “I didn’t just hallucinate that, right?”

“Well if you did then we all are under the same effect,” Serathin stated as he looked back and swung his tail about. “So we’re really us now, but what do you think they meant by reality affecting this?”

“I mean, it’s probably your theory,” Vyrnen replied. “What do you think will happen when three extra-dimensional creatures suddenly come in and change humans that are their alternate timelines into anthros while in a predominantly human world?”

The two looked at Serathin as he thought about it for a second, tapping a claw against his chin before finally looking back at them. “Well, either the world will see us as we are and that we’re some sort of anomaly in the system but something that can be explained,” Serathin finally stated. “Or the world will adapt to our presence by making sure that it’s not strange for three anthros to be mucking about, like probably making it so that anthros are just a thing.”

The three just found themselves scratching their head before Vyrnen realized that he had a way to find out easily enough without exposing themselves, heading over towards his computer to search the internet for any inconsistencies from their old reality. One thing he immediately noticed without even having to turn on his screen was that the keys on his computer were made of metal and had slight indentations in them, which he wasn’t quite sure on what they did until he started to type and found that it caught the tips of his claws to make sure they didn’t slide about. Clever invention, and one that probably wouldn’t be on a commercial computer keyboard unless there were others that would buy it.

While he searched on his computers the other two did the same and what they found was that Serathin’s second theory had been correct; not only did anthros now exist in the world but they were as prevalent as their human counterparts as the nanite dragon found himself looking through the news feed. It seemed like their involvement had taken the subgenre of furry and made them into anthros as the feeds that normally had art and such were all either photographs or modeled pieces. Looks like the universe took the easy path on this one, Vyrnen thought to himself as he looked up his own portfolio and found that other then the fact his species had changed everything else had stayed the same.

The other two confirmed the same when it came to their own bios with only minor changes, such as the fact that Vira had an address that was in the states and instead of writing for the fandom he had an OnlyFurs instead. Given the massive shift in the spectrum from furry to anthro the latter part made sense, but as they thought about why there was a change for their normally English dragolf the only thought was that perhaps he had one because he had the ability to go back and forth more easily. That meant powers… and while it might not be the dimension breaking abilities that their other selves had as Vira gave it a shot he found that he could in fact travel across the room with just a thought. The other two seemed to have similar abilities in that regard and they wondered what else could have changed before they heard a loud series of very real wolf howls outside.

The three immediately got up and went to the door, looking outside to see that there were in fact a group of anthro wolves and dogs that were in the center of the lobby letting out a loud howl. There was a sign nearby that informed others that his was some sort of photo shoot and as they looked around they saw that there were only a few humans that were in the entire vicinity. So it looked like furry cons were still a thing, the three mused as they went back into their hotel, which meant they had an entire weekend of fun and frivolity ahead of them. As they began to discuss what was next they mused if their alter egos knew that this would make such a big ripple, though by the end of it they guessed that even if they didn’t this probably would have happened anyway.

“So it looks like I still have a dealer’s den table that I’ll have to take care of,” Serathin said as he finished checking his e-mail. “But as far as tonight goes I’m completely free. What do you think we should do first with these new forms?”

As the three looked at each other it began to dawn on them that while reality had also altered their clothing to fit them none of them had bothered to put it on. That meant that they were still looking at each other while completely naked and with their ideal forms on display they were starting to get an idea of what they could possibly do. In the end Vyrnen came up with an idea for something that they could do that would be a neat theme, and would also be a potential test to see if their powers worked even though they used to be human. Serathin and Vira both agreed on the stipulation that the draconic sabrewolf would get to do something similar the next day with the dragolf having the last as they all began to pile onto one bed.

Though they already knew the nanite dragon’s position in what they were about to attempt there was a quick round of rock paper scissors to see who would be elsewhere. With Serathin winning he elected to be the last one, which had the dragolf grumbling slightly as he laid down on the bed on his stomach. Once he had gotten into a comfortable position Vyrnen slowly got on top, making sure to watch for the wings that were splayed out as he got where he needed to be. Given the nature of what they were about to do he wanted to make sure that they were both comfortable, especially since they were going to have one more as he slowly stroked himself to get back to being fully erect.

It wasn’t too hard to do and once he was ready to go he began to slowly push his maleness into the tailhole beneath him. Vira let out a gasp as he could feel the nanite dragon dick spread open his cheeks and slowly push into his hole, causing him to grip the covers while he was penetrated. While they were pretty sure their new bodies were more resilient to pain and receptive to pleasure Vyrnen made sure to take it slow just in case they were wrong. It seemed like the dragolf took to the insertion rather well and soon the nanite dragon was slowly feeding more of his length to the one beneath him whose inner walls pressed against it.

The entire time Serathin watched while stroking himself, kneeling on the bed and getting ready for what was next. Though it hadn’t been part of the original plan he slid forward and bumped the tip of his cock against the pinned dragolf’s mouth with a grin on his face. Though Vira rolled his eyes he opened his maw and allowed it to slide inside of him, which also caused his tailhole to clench a bit around Vyrnen. Though he could feel something starting to happen he wanted to make sure and hold off a bit, but the pleasure was starting to get to the point where it was getting hard to keep control of what was about to happen next.

When Vyrnen warned that he would have to get into position soon he found his muzzle being kissed by one with a pair of saber fangs, their tongues sliding around one another as the draconic sabrewolf angled them both so that he could still make sure to keep Vira’s muzzle full as well. Though the feelings were delicious the nanite let out a muffled grunt and then tapped the hybrid on the side. This seemed to promote the urgency of getting into place and Serathin just grinned as he pulled back from both men. Soon he was out of sight from both creatures until Vyrnen felt something on his back as the purple furred chest slid up on top of him.

Once Serathin was in place the nanite dragon felt something press against his own tailhole, feeling the tip of the hybrid’s dick starting to already poke its way in while he was still on top of Vira. It took all of Vyrnen’s willpower not to start what they were planning and with him hilted in the dragolf so that he wouldn’t move he had to practically bite his lip. He could already see that his synthetic skin was turning shinier than usual, and when Serathin pressed a hand against his hip to steady himself the fingers sank in slightly. This going to go rather quickly, Vyrnen thought to himself as he gasped when he felt Serathin’s cock push deep into him all at once.

Thankfully his nanite form was more than able to accommodate the insertion and as he felt the weight of the other man settle down on top of them Vyrnen allowed Serathin to do the thrusting that caused both cocks to slide in and out of the respective tailholes they were in. Though the feelings were immensely pleasurable they were almost secondary to the excitement that he had for what was about to happen. He wanted to try and do it was evenly as possible though so after giving a minute or so for Serathin to have his fun he laid down even more on top of Vira and stretched out his arms and legs so that they were practically covering him. Once he was in position it was Serathin’s turn and he did the same, and though they heard a muffled grunt from Vira at having to people completely on top of them he was no worse for wear as the hybrid’s hips continued to pump up and down.

As soon as he could feel them both it was time to start the plan, Vyrnen letting out a sigh of contentment as he allowed himself to be fully relaxed. Almost immediately his body became gooier and began to melt over both men, Vira slightly getting more of it as the white rubber dripped down his back while the same defied gravity in order to spread on Serathin’s chest. With the three having such a similar body type it wasn’t going to transform them too much, but as their arms and legs briefly melded together while the rubber covered over it they both let out a groan. Soon Vira’s wings were almost completely the same color as Vyrnen’s while Serathin’s cock had become an identical match to theone that was inside Vira as they continued to push down into one another.

Though Vyrnen’s body had become very gooey at this point he still managed to retain enough of his form that he remained humanoid, though one part of his anatomy that he did change were his tongue and horns. It was a trick that he had learned from his other self and as the white rubber started to cascade over the heads of the two he took his tongue and pushed it into the ear of the dragolf beneath him. Almost immediately Vira’s entire body shook from the surge of pleasure as the nanite dragon gained access to his mind, immediately partitioning his thoughts and personality so that it wouldn’t interfere with the new programming that he was pumping into it. Serathin seemed to see this and snicker at seeing the blissed out face of the dragolf, at least until the smirking nanite dragon that had his horns push their way into his ears to do the same thing.

Soon both men were completely slack-jawed as the nanite dragon took control of them both, feeling his presence spreading over them just like his other self had done for him. It was a bizarre feeling having an experience that he had so vividly felt only in his mind finally play out before him. Taking two creatures to be his drones was fun, and while he had been tempted to just make three versions of himself he figured that he will be able to experience something similar once it was Serathin’s turn. For the moment though he was taking his two friends and molding their minds and bodies into what they had discussed, watching as the white liquid that began to coat their heads seal up Serathin’s muzzle while a visor formed over Vira’s eyes.

Vyrnen could feel his drone programming continue to upload into the rubberized minds of the two and as it did he could start to sense their bodies more easily. With just a simple thought he got Serathin’s body to start pumping into him again after stalling at the aural penetration. He was hard as a rock and knew that his ears were particularly sensitive while giving the horn tentacles a little wiggle. For the one underneath him Vyrnen knew that Vira enjoyed the idea of being a drone and decided that a little variety was needed.

As a hypnotic swirl formed in front of the eyes of the dragolf a swell of white rubber cascaded down it, completely erasing the features while also starting to do the same for his muzzle. He did a similar effect for the draconic sabrewolf on top of him and soon there were two faceless dragon drones that were on either side of the nanite dragon. It was an intense feeling to take someone’s identity away like that and as he continued to work in their mind he did it for them inside as well. While they still had everything about themselves, not looking to care for two drones completely, for all intents and purposes they would be his for the night.

As he let the two quivering men get used to the powerful pleasure of being owned by him Vyrnen continued to enjoy the sensation of their rutting while thinking about what would happen after this. Once he returned them back no doubt that Serathin would want his turn and most likely make them Sabredrones or versions of himself if he has the ability. He sort of hoped that it would be the latter so that things wouldn’t be exactly the same, especially if he got a chance to think like the draconic sabrewolf. While his body had been fundamentally changed by his other self and programmed as such he was still essentially himself, which meant that the idea for being completely someone else was an enticing prospect.

Vyrnen couldn’t wait to see that, and for Vira… he wasn’t quite sure what the dragolf would have in store for them, but given the dynamics of the group he was sure that it would be something fun. It was going to be quite the con for sure and it was already starting off with a bang as he was being told that his two new drones were near completion and about to orgasm. The nanite dragon always like the idea of trying to finish a transformation with their climax, so he denied it for a bit while he saw the last of their fur and scale become assimilated. The second that his programming was deeply embedded in their minds he executed the program at the same time he allowed the tother two white rubbery creatures to orgasm.

“Whew… that was a lot of fun,” Vynen said with a big smile on his dragon muzzle as he made a mental command to the two. Almost immediately they pulled away from him so that he could get up, the two identical drones standing at attention right in front of him. “Let’s see, what to name you too… let’s keep it simple, V1RA and S3RATH1N, how’s that?”

“Yes Master Vyrnen,” the two replied in unison, which was music to the dragon’s ears. As he looked them over he found that their similar body types already made them pretty similar to each other, though the slight outline of saber teeth on one of the otherwise faceless drones gave away which was which. “How do you wish for us to serve you?”

“Nice and obedient too, I like that,” Vyrnen said. “But for now let’s put those drone personalities away until we really need them again, lets have the originals come out and play.” As soon as he said that he allowed the two to access the partition he had created in their minds so that they could think on their own, thought the nanite drone programming would still continue to run in the background. As they began to marvel at their own forms he moved to them and gave them one more gift, taking their members and pushing them into their groins until they had bulge that formed a bright blue lock on it.

“Got us all tucked away there, eh?” Serathin asked, Vyrnen chuckling and nodding.

“Don’t want you hanging out if we decide to go out,” Vyrnen replied. “Though it does open all manner of customization that we could do with you. Perhaps really get you in some heavy gear, how would that sound?”

“I think that would be acceptable,” Vira replied, though as he ran his mitted hand against his smooth face it caused him to shudder. “Although I think I could get used to this; no identity, no willpower of my own, just a faceless drone that serves a master. At the very least perhaps we can do something with this for the weekend.”

“Yeah, I have to say it’s strange when we’re in that drone form and we have no sense of self,” Serathin chimed in. “But it’s kind of neat, and even like this I can tell that there are a few things that are happening where I must serve and obey you. Of course there are certain loopholes around such things…”

As Vyrnen was about to ask what that was he began to feel something growing down past his lips, reaching up to feel a pair of teeth growing there. Shocked the nanite dragon went to a mirror and saw that not only was he growing a pair of saber fangs but his white rubber skin was starting to darken. “Hey, you can’t hijack my day like this!” Vyrnen said as he turned around to face the drones, feeling synthetic fur growing on his body even as he used his processes to try and revert them. “Drones, revert!”

The two immediately stood at attention again, but the more he stood there the more his thoughts began to feel fuzzy. “You… you got your technomancer powers back, didn’t you?” Vyrnen asked, though when he tried to think of how to get it to stop the thoughts evaporated in his mind as his blue eye began to turn green. “Tell me S3RATH1N, what was my, your plan?”

“To transfer consciousness into drone master Vyrnen,” the drone replied. “Using technomancer powers to create a copy of Serathin, starting with the implantation of becoming Serathin.”

That devious little hybrid, Vyrnen thought as he could feel his thought patterns behind hijacked as he attempted to stop himself. When he had thought about what Serathin would do on his day he must have started the connection between them, which was how he slipped in to use his powers to make him think about turning himself into a version of him. Even as he thought about it he found himself laughing at how he managed to fool the nanite dragon, despite the fact that it was him. But as he tried to say that he heard a familiar voice in his own head tell him that that’s not quite true and to feel his face.

When Vyrnen did so he found that there was a smile on it that he wasn’t making, and when he tried to open his mouth to get the drone version of him to do something he found it opened but not in the way he wished. “Alright, you two drones,” Vyrnen, or maybe Serathin, said as he leaned back against the bed. “I want you to put your muzzles to work in order to pleasure me while I take care of one last little thing.”

Vyrnen felt himself flop back on the bed as the two drones went to work, trying to separate the thoughts of the hijacking draconic sabrewolf from his own in order to keep him from invading. The feel of those shiny muzzles pressing against his increasingly furry groin made it hard for him to do anything but groan in pleasure, which was just another way that he was wrestling control from him. The more he thought about it the more he believed that he had actually commissioned something like this, which would explain why he was getting so aroused by it as he found his connection slipping. He was rock hard and as his purple hair fell down around his face he knew that the nanite dragon wouldn’t mind a little trick.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to take the whole night,” Serathin said as he continued to reassert himself as the white and blue on the dragon’s body turned to purple and black fur while those two drones nuzzled against him. “I just wanted to see if I could do it even while droned, which I wasn’t until you gave me the chance to finish things off. Hey, maybe if you guys are in for it we could do something like this for my dealer’s den, what do you think?”

“We would love to, Master Serathin,” the two drones replied, one of them being the actual draconic sabrewolf as the former nanite dragon blew a mental raspberry at the invader.

As Serathin continued to tease the two drones he used his new nanite form to split his cock in half, then had the drones each take one for double the toe-curling pleasure. As he put his hands behind the backs of their heads though he could already see that the blue scales that had been there were starting to melt, merging together while turning shiny and white. Since his other self was a drone there was no way for him to maintain and he much rather feel his own subby drone mouth on his cock then to try and reassert control. This was my day after all, Vyrnen thought to himself as the copy of Serathin was purged from his system, and he wasn’t going to be having anyone take the fun away from his two drones.

“I’m going to have to think of something special for you,” Vyrnen said as he rubbed his head against the back of S3RATH1N’s head. “Maybe a little bit of time as a completely blank drone, or some really heavy bondage. Either way I’m sure I’ll think of something for this little indiscretion, we do have all night anyway.”

Once the two had finished sucking on the twin cocks of their new drone master Vyrnen had them pull off and stand at attention before deciding that he wanted to go out and show off. He looked in his suitcase and found that his attire for when he was the nanite dragon was all in there, and as he looked at the watch he knew that he would have to make the drones at least somewhat decent until later in the night. He would look forward to all the compliments that he was going to get for his drones and it only made him wonder if perhaps he could convince a few more friends to join in on the fun…

Meanwhile at the SHIFT Institute the three watched as their alter egos left the room, the two drones with collars and leashes while Vyrnen left to go and mingle with the crowd. “See, told you the first thing that you would do if you were human and became your nanite dragon self was to drone others,” Serathin said as he flicked a piece of popcorn at Vyrnen. “You owe me twenty bucks.”

“Says the one who immediately fell over themselves the second they saw them,” Vyrnen replied. “I wish we had taken bets on how narcissistic your other time lines were. Not to mention using those stupid powers of yours to hijack my body, don’t you ever get tired of doing that?”

“No,” Serathin replied with a sheepish grin.

“Well I for one thought that was a rousing success,” Vira said as he got up. “Not only did we alter an entire timeline so that there were anthros but also made our own lives better. But… I suppose that’s the only time, can’t just keep doing finding ourselves and doing that, right? Right?”

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