Jonah was all about game preservation. Total fan. He’d browse his local gaming shop for anything rare and sold at a decent price and try to decompile it so that it could forever be saved through the web. An obsession born from too much free time and a console that was a hand-me-down from a cousin that he had talked to a total of two times in his life was what led him up to this point. He got some income from his online ventures—donations a plenty from his streaming left him free from the strain of having to work a horrible nine-to-five and he was his own boss. His life would be pretty much perfect… were it not for just one thing.

Old video games were a *bitch* to buy.

Sure, if you went last generation you’d see some price hikes from an extra ten dollars to twenty. Not ideal but expected. Things only get downright stupid when one would look at anything behind them. Unless you were buying things that were sold by the millions back in their time, your wallet would quickly empty. The problem only got worse when it was a *job* to constantly review and preserve these.

So sometimes, it was just better to say ‘fuck it’ and throw your morals to the wind. The fact that making a custom CD with the game’s design on it and burning the ROM into it was three times as cheap as buying the games was enough for Jonah to do it without any doubt lingering in his mind. It wasn’t like most people checked, and if he ever got found out, he’d just say that he was sold an illegitimate copy from an online seller, and anyone that accused him of being dishonest would get eaten alive by his fan base; a foolproof fan.

Still, he had to check that his custom disc was working. The PS2 whirred loudly as it came to life, reading the CD as the intro came in with ear-bursting intro came in with loud, almost deafening volume—quickly prompting him to fetch the remote and lower the volume. “Jesus, did it get louder?” A sudden, pulsating ache spread from his temple to the rest of his head. “I’ll need to get that checked out… probably something wrong with the audio of the console or something.”

His live chat had similarly blown up in shock—messages going down so fast that he couldn’t get a word down. “Sorry, sorry.” He appreciated the fan base he had accumulated over the years, but passion was always a double-edged sword for a public figure. Well, a public figure might be an overstatement, but he sure as hell was *a* figure with the number of rabid fans that he had built over the years. From having his DMs spammed to hell and back to having some ex-fans of ‘inappropriate behavior’ which amounted to ignoring their incessant questions in chat, Jonah had his fair deal of parasocial pests following him.

*CyXilo: What game are you playing? The disc could’ve caused it to glitch out.*

“Just X7. I’m planning to marathon all the X games soon and I wanted to test out if they all worked.” He already had the X collection with games one through six and the eight games in his collection. The poorly reviewed mess that he bought more out of obligation to a theme than genuine interest was the only thing that had escaped his grasp. “Considering that the game’s old as hell, I think that it probably has some scratches. Nothing too out of the ordinary.” Keeping it cool; that was the most important part of a lie.

*NovaBigBad: I mean fair but why are you even testing it in the first place? I honest to god expected that you’d just skip X7. It’s really not worth the stress.*

*FuyumiGram: Yeah hard agree. I mean I won’t say not to seeing someone suffer through X7 but just shocked that you bothered in the first place.*

*NoivernShark: Oh god. How much did that game cost you??? I’ve been trying to get it for years but it’s so damn expensive.*

“It was just… a donation from a fan. I don’t remember who, exactly. The package was unlabeled by the time.” *Okay, wasn’t what I planned, but if I keep my story straight, no one’s going to bat an eye.* “Like I said, it’s just to check if the game runs well enough before we do the series-wide marathon.”

Suddenly, a donation message popped up on the screen—the text-to-speech beginning to read it out for Jonah and the viewers.

*Zulu: Do you mind doing some quick things to see if it’s a genuine copy? The lava texture of Flame Hyenard’s stage flickers and tears if it’s not being played natively on an original copy.*

Jonah immediately swallowed, clutching the controller and trying his hardest to still his expression. *Relax. Relax. You can still deflect since it’s not YOUR copy.* “Sure! Although I’ll probably need to lower the volume even *more.*” He forced a laugh to try and hide his building anxiety. The schadenfreude of being forced to play what was probably the worst boss in the series certainly didn’t help—viewers clamoring to see him suffer through it the second that the suggestion popped up on screen.

The guitar riff burst through the television speakers as he selected the stage, followed by the announcer’s voice declaring the maverick’s name. The audio was somewhat bit crushed—like a compressed, old Youtube video—but by now, the callout for foul play was as inevitable as a ticking time bomb’s explosion. Worrying about any inconsistencies would be just wasting mental fortitude that he could use to deflect accusations when they came.

“God, getting to the stage when we’re late into the marathon is going to *suck*. Might as well know how the stage layout is so that we can blitz through it when we get to it.” *Deflect. Deflect. Deflect.* As long as he didn’t admit to anything, he’d be safe. A callout post here and there, but it wouldn’t be anything major. He’d be fine—

*CyXilo: What the fuck is happening to your setup?*

The donation message broke him out of his one-tracked mental fog. The sound of burning, sizzling plastic filled the room with a putrid, acrid smell to go along with it. The cacophony of whatever was bubbling melting and bubbling on top of its melting surface drew Jonah’s eyes downwards. The once perfectly rectangular PS2 had started to be smelted into a boiling pile of black sludge. The hard, sharp edges got lost in the constantly shifting pile of tarry, plastic-y semi-solid liquid that had become his console.

The feed on the television had turned into a corrupted, glitch-covered mess. The announcer’s line kept looping—the name ‘FLAME HYENARD’ repeated over and over with increasingly messier audio lines.

“W-what the fuck?!” Jonah threw himself to his knees, reaching for his console. The bottom half of the memory card peeked out, the rectangular memory disk now turned into just a blue stain that melded itself with the base. The very lifeblood of his financial stability was melting in front of his eyes. The prospect was so unthinkable that self-preservation didn’t cross his mind until his hands grabbed the molten console.

The burning plastic seared into Jonah's palms, causing him to yelp in pain. He quickly dropped the ruined console onto the floor, watching as the black sludge oozed across the carpet. The room was filled with thick chemical smoke. Breathing got harder as each inhale filled his lungs with gaseous chemicals.

He stumbled backward, coughing and gagging on the acrid fumes. His mind was racing, trying to figure out what had caused the console to react in such a way. It had been working perfectly just moments before. This couldn’t be anything normal like a short circuit or a power surge. The only thing that he could think of was—

*Zulu: This is what happens when you cheat.*

“W-what the!? No, NO! This is bullshit! I didn’t do anything wrong!” The tarry remains of his console stuck to his arms, refusing to budge and compressing the strands of fur underneath the thick layer of sludge. Each millimeter was scalding, yet not to the extent that molten plastic *should* normally be. His skin crawled with discomfort as the broiling substance crawled around him, clutching to his arms like a living, breathing parasite. “I didn’t cheat! I-It was probably just, ah, uh, mistake!”

*NoivernShark: Are you okay?! What did you do to your PS2?*

“I don’t know!” Jonah said, biting his lip as he tried to pry the black sludge away from his arms. His goop-covered fingers gripped the layer, feeling both his fur and skin be pulled in unison with the black coat. “Fuck, fuck, fuck…” He cried, tears welling up as he continued to pull at the coat. His arm trembled as he desperately clutched and pulled. His mouth hung open, no scream coming out as he tried to control himself. “A-agh… Mgghugh…” The agony kept building on top of each other, quickly reaching a breaking point as he finally let go of his arm, feeling the skin and muscle snap back into place. “Fucking… hell…”

He opened and closed his palms, almost in a daze from the pain. After minutes of constant pulling, the sludge had paradoxically almost smoothed over. The irregular clumps and bumps had smoothed over in a strange pattern. It had discolored from the tarry black to a silver, metallic look—separated segments forming his fingers. They no longer felt like *his* fingers. They felt foreign, like a prosthetic limb having replaced his flesh and blood palms and digits.

The melting machine whirred again, clunkily opening the disc tray. The once functional disc came out in the form of similarly liquefied goo; a mess of red, yellows, and grays. It crawled out of the console like a giant slug, slithering across the carpet and stopping in the middle of its trek. Jonah stared at it, waiting for when it would move.

The slime shot off the ground, its body coiling around Jonah's neck and head in a matter of seconds. Jonah screamed as he felt the hot, sweltering bog around his face, but even screaming for help wasn’t something that he was allowed to do as he felt the substance crawl inside his mouth as soon as he opened it. He tried to spit it out, heaving and gagging against the tendril-like protrusion that had burst from the inside. The feeling of his neck bulging outwards from the swelling coil was like being slowly suffocated—barely able to get air through the thick layer of slime around his face.

It was hot. It was *so* hot. Sweat poured down the side of his face. He could barely think as the heat wave that contained itself to the confines of the sludge boiled him alive. His ears drooped, folding in on itself. Even the air he was breathing through the small holes in the sludge was incandescent. “Mghhugh… mghhuh…!” He moaned, gripping his head and trying to pry the slime ball away from his head in a similarly futile attempt to his arms. *What… So… The* ***heat****…* Even thoughts were fragmented and melting from the high temperature.

Slowly, that same vibration began to spread around his face. Like putty giving into the push of an invisible force, the sludge began to morph into a specific shape. It was uniform and with a clear vision, guided into a shape that—while he couldn’t directly confirm through sight—was sure that it was distinctly… *canine-like*. He could feel an elongated muzzle protruding from his own muzzle, a hard nose forming around the top.

Panicked—yet still trying to not make too sudden movements with the giant tendril still bulging down his throat—Jonah began to feel up the head that had formed around his own. He didn’t know if it was because of the metallic coating around his fingers, but as he pressed his fingers against the canine muzzle, he heard the faint clacking of metal surfaces meeting. *This is… it* ***has*** *to be impossible…* The iron was still hot to the touch, tremors moving down Jonah’s shoulders—yet not as painful as before. There was still some ache as the boiling heat rushed through his veins, but the pain was almost fascinating. It made him feel sensations that he couldn’t quite put a name to. An intoxicating, saccharine feeling that made him stay still—helplessly docile. *This is… so weird…* He let out a muffled whine, tracing his face further.

Slowly, he began to realize that the tapestry of warbling colors began to clear up—vision returning to him. It was blurry at first, but slowly, the sight in front of him began to turn clear. Without thinking twice, he rushed to the mirror in his room, ignoring the countless chat pings coming from his speakers. As he gazed into his reflection, a part of his brain pieced the puzzled together. In retrospect, the aspect should’ve been obvious. There was only one way that the bizarre morphing could’ve ended. It was unthinkable, yes, but the *whole* situation was unthinkable. When rationale was thrown to the wayside, the only thing that was left was the insane truth.

A tight, metal shell had encased his head—acting as his new head; sight, hearing, smelling, and probably taste all integrated into the new mechanical canine head. The yellow base with black accents, a muzzle of the latter color, and the red line separating the two told it all. Around his face and hands were the matching effigies of Flame Hyenard. “T-this shouldn’t be possible…” He finally managed to speak, his voice now dry and croaky like the character’s. Jonah glided his finger over his throat as he muttered his name over and over again, trying to feel for the oxygen going up his windpipe. “N-nothing… makes sense…”

He shuddered as he felt more of the goo suddenly ooze from underneath his new head and onto his shoulders. The feeling was akin to an extreme massage done on his shoulders, arching his head back and pushing the nape of his neck against his back as a robotic, droning moan left his mechanical lips. Glancing over, he could see that his neck and shoulders had been adorned with mechanical plates littered with exhaust holes. A constant stream of steam poured out of them, each *hiss* of the smoke making Jonah squirm in place. “W-why does it feel… so…” Fingers twitched as the feeling of a tantalizing thrill completely overtook him. The sensation of having those heavy plates compressing down on his shoulders just felt thoroughly right.

A part of him screamed out that something was terribly wrong. He was the prisoner of whatever was holding his head locked in—a parasite, an alien, or something that couldn’t even be explained—but for some reason, rejecting the clunky metal affixing itself to his flesh. The industrial hissing that poured out of the holes was like a panacea to his building stress, stomping down whatever resistance that he could’ve put against him. While his fingers continued to twitch—the sensory overload and the pleasure that it brought basically *pouring* out of them—his arms had gone limp against the assault.

***Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. Hiss.***

More and more came out from the exhaust holes. The constant flow of hot air fastened to the point that there was exhaust being blown almost every second—an unending cacophony that massaged his body and mind alike. He was burning up every second—every inch of his being engulfed by flames within. “Hot… So hot… Can’t… thiiiiiink…” Jonah whined, his gravelly voice dragging his complaints on. “So… burning up! Burning up, I’m burning up!” He screamed, suddenly grasping his own body as a *burst* of flames shot out of the sides of the exhaust. “Burning, burning! Soooo hooohot…”

Further liquid metal poured from underneath the shoulder plates just as it did from his headpiece. Incandescent. Inescapable. Unstoppable. While some of the substance wrapped itself around him rightly in the form of a shell, some more formed into tubes that connected directly to his body—both around his chest and his back. A torrent of foreign substances flooded his system, Jonah rolling his eyes in pure intoxicated bliss.

***Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. Hiss.***

“Can’t… control it…” He gasped for breath, feeling blood rush through his veins like a raging river. The unfettered pleasure of it all made him almost completely immobile, the air around him growing gradually hotter as he trembled in sheer ecstasy. Hands made of iron caressed and groped his new metallic shell—frame mercilessly compressed around it. Every inch of his body was as sensitive as a cocktip, each brush of his steel digits causing him to shudder in pleasure. “Mgh, fhuuuck… I’m… metal… a… reploid…”

He couldn’t resist. His hand wandered downwards, fingers shaking at the mere thought of stroking himself. Sizzling, oil-like drool poured out of his mouth as he hung lolled out of it. However, once he reached downwards towards his groin, he didn’t grasp his cock. The few seconds that followed—short moments of horrible, almost *painful* sexual deprivation—sent flames shooting out of his shoulders. The bursting, crackling flames burned fiercely as he looked down at what had happened.

A black, metal plate had wrapped itself around his waist and groin. Encapsulated in a round, shiny nub that seemed slightly less firm than the rest of the plate was his cock—completely locked away from any outside stimuli. The round protrusion was large enough that it completely filled his hand as he gripped it in a mind-bending mix of confusion, excitement, and fascination. The hissing filled his ears, drowning out doubt. It didn’t matter; how he got here—why it happened to him—how he could get out. Those lines of thinking were forcefully turned into dead ends, leaving one track for his mind to follow.

He began to *grip*. The nub let out a rippling, ear-piercing *squeak* under his grasp. His aching cock throbbed. His body beggedhim to continue, no matter how futile it seemed—no matter how *useless* his constant gripping was. His nullge squeaked louder and louder in unison with his frantic grasping. “Mgh, w-what’s going on!? Why can’t I…” The sexual deprivation was downright *suffering.* He craved nothing more at the moment than even a second of pleasure. “I need this! Why won’t my body let me! Why is it making me, mghh… *suffer?!*”

The more he squeezed, the more desperate he grew. He remained completely unmoving—body locked into a desperate pursuit for stimulation. Underneath the barrier that his new body had formed, the carnal *need* was palpable. The last bits of organic life within him were holding his mind hostage, tightening their grip around it and holding him back. The small bursts of steam turned into harsh, boiling gales that made him grow even hotter. His original self was like a sweat-overfilled sponge—a sticky, uncomfortable feeling that he would forever be unable to solve with the layer of metal around him. “T-this is all wrong! All wrong, I’m supposed to… be invincible…?” The last word felt like it had been slipped into his thoughts by another entity, but he wasn’t allowed to focus on it. The bulge started to vigorously buzz—doing so in a low enough frequency that it was nowhere near what his body desired, but enough to make him desire it even more. “Give it to… ME! Give it to me, now! *NOW!*”

Saliva flew out of his mouth as he let out a frustrated, furious roar. By now he was practically tearing at the bulge, digging his claws into it in an attempt to pop the bubble of air that kept his cock hostage. The constant shuffling and movement only made the craving worse, but the *red* that tainted his vision and thoughts blinded him to the fact. The only thing he was aware of was the building pressure and the desire to break free of it.

His constant struggle accelerated the spread of the liquid metal. The substance coated his legs and arms so fast that he didn’t even realize that the final part of his body had been claimed by the goo; black, sleek legs that had their bottom half covered in brightly colored yellow greaves. Even a mere tap of the foot caused the piece of armor to clunk loudly, only chipping away at his already lessening patience. “I’m supposed to be the strongest… the most… powerful reploid…” Was he a reploid? What was he? He tried picturing the person underneath all the robotic extensions that had taken over his body, but nothing but fog came up as he tried to reconstruct his self-image.

He furrowed his brow, but the constant sensory assault made it impossible to steady himself and *focus*. There was just too much going on. He couldn’t tell where the actual fire inside him started and when the all-consuming need for arousal ended. It was all a giant bonfire of cravings and desperate pleas for help that couldn’t be quelled. “Please… please… someone…” He begged with the cadence of a pathetic, cornered animal. “Someone let me… mgh…” His legs began to quake, the constant flow of burning hot aching coming from within his groin spreading to the rest of his muscles. The more he gripped, the more *numb* his body became to it. The lingering need would remain, but the hope of ever achieving it grew more and more distant.

“I’m… strong… so why… am I… so weak…” He could see faint figures in his memories. Who did these thoughts belong to? The sound of crackling blazes and a sharp metallic finger stroking his cock, calling him needy and congratulating him for his job… and the burning, searing color of *red*. The sheer imagery made him alert, his metallic skin crawling as he yearned for such a thing. “Mgh, Red… Red…”

The feeling of pleasure was so sharp it twisted like a knife in his gut. The warmth was so intense that the spinning heat and sweat made him feel as if he was about to pass out. His lower body thrummed with orgasmic release, feeling himself float through cloud nine. “B-burn! Burn, burn!” The words flowed out of his mouth like a raging body of water breaking through a dam. They were senseless and loud, like the angry tantrum of a child. “Burn, BURN!” He screamed out, his voice muffled by the steam’s hiss—his body shivering so intensely from the sudden rush of warmth that it neared turning into convulsing. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, an ominous red glow coming from them. His chest heaved in and out, his breath catching unevenly. Was this pain or pleasure? Was it both? Was it neither?

He didn’t know. All he knew was the intense, all-consuming *burn* that came from within his body. More memories tainted by fire smeared themselves into the forefront of his brain, like the substance itself wanted to tell him what he was supposed to think.

The memories of being pampered and doted on by his leader. A man coated in crimson leveraging his power over him, petting him and making him purr with pure shamelessness. His tail curled as more of those memories flooded into his brain. He was a *toy*—never in control of his mechanical flesh. There had always been a crimson guiding hand leading him along—dictating his pleasure and suffering alike. “Mgh, please… please… *Red…*”

He collapsed on the ground, biting his lip as he thrust his hips into the air. Maybe if he was good—if he tried hard enough—he’d be rewarded. “Burning, burning… burn…” He said in a whisper, only half-lucid. Nothing but serving mattered. His pleasure was tethered to the whims of someone else—just as his existence. He wanted more—he wanted to burn and be consumed by the flames of pleasure—he wanted to be embraced by the heat and let it take him to a mental state where he was the mechanical animal he was made to be—he wanted for his usual stalwart resolve to melt into the crimson fires that his owner fueled. “Red, Red… Burn…”

The memories were clearer now—all of them featuring himself being used and nurtured by his crimson-colored master; tugged around by a cybernetic collar—petted after capturing a whole dozen mavericks by himself—the fire inside him validated and appreciated—his lubed-up fingers slowly going in and out of his behind—his sheath stroked and teased in an agonizingly yet wonderfully slow. They were all clear as day—not a doubt in his mind that the animal inside those memories *was* him.

“My name…” His mouth quivered as he stomped his feet against the ground—the clanking of his greaves going over and over and over again. The burning intensified, and each thought more and more focused on the pleasure that was promised to him when he served and the identity that revolved around it. “My name…” He repeated, each time more and more passionate than before. “M-My name…”

His name was Flame Hyenard—the loyal pet and soldier of his crimson master. He was made to be used and controlled—both a toy that was loved and accepted by its owner and a ruthless soldier to be commanded. His pleasure and pain were dictated by someone else—but that was all right. He was content in knowing that he could make someone else happy—that he could make them proud. In a way, his owner’s guidance had become a part of him—something that was woven into the fabric of his existence.

Flames *burst* out of his shoulder plates. “Burn, BURN!” He screamed, rubbing his bulge so fiercely that he felt like he was going to burn up if he didn’t cum this *instant*. He wailed desperately and thrashed around, fiercely kicking everything around the room and igniting every single thing around him. The intensity of the fire inside him seemed to know no bounds as it kept getting higher and higher—his screams growing more and more frantic with each passing second. “BURN! BURN!” He was close—so close that he felt like he could cum at any moment… if only someone would tell him it was okay to do so.

His vision was clouded with red; crimson flames seeping out of every corner of him, threatening to swallow him up whole until he was nothing but a fiery inferno of pleasure. His limbs shook as the pleasure kept intensifying, threatening to overwhelm him if he didn’t release soon. His breathing was coming in shallow gasps. “Please, BURN! Please let me cum! *BURN!*” He pleaded.

He was Flame Hyenard; a reploid that belonged to Red Alert. Most importantly, however, he was an object that only served one purpose.

And that was to… ***“BURN!”***

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Zulu hummed as he continued staring at the screen. He didn’t expect that this little endeavor would be *this* fun. Transmutation had many different purposes, but the all-purpose morphing property that he could give any object with enough heat and energy was his go-to. He didn’t know why he exactly went for Flame Hyenard with this one—it was just the first thing that popped into his mind. Playing the role of an angry, disappointed viewer made the spectacle all the more wonderful.

The slow progression of the viewers of trying to ask for help, then thinking that it was some kind of hoax mixed with a public display of degeneracy once Jonah started to rub his nullge, and ending with a chat full of perverts with a newly discovered fetish was *priceless*. Thank god that he saved the vod, because Jonah sure as hell wasn’t going to even remember what a vod was by the time the slime completely engulfed his brain.

In truth, the results had inspired him to expand the experiment. It’s not like he had anything to do with all the free time he had. Turns out that after transmutating stones into two retirement funds’ worth of gold in an alcohol-imbued afternoon, working was rather useless. “All right, one down…” He crossed off Jonah’s name of a list, looking at the other seven victims chosen. “Seven to go… I think that the next one in the weakness order was Ride Boarski…”