An Ultimate Nexus Party

The entire realm of the synth eagle Haleon was buzzing with activity, most of it centered around the huge futuristic skyscraper that served as the beacon of the nexus lord himself. The entire top floor that was normally meant as a perch for the metal avian had been completely converted into an extravagant party hall complete with a large circular stage that’s been set up in the middle of it. As lights and smoke swirled around the metallic curtain however no one was allowed to even go near it with a ring of avian sentries standing guard with their wings up to form a living fence around the display. Those that had been invited to the party however had plenty of other things to occupy themselves with the grand unveiling, including a few designs that were set up by several of the other brothers of Haleon himself.

At one end of the rather large room was an entire catering table set up by Jerkah, the large spread of food catering to all tastes as minions and creatures from around the nexus and not just in Haleon’s realm had been invited to this particular party. As Jerkah stood there personally making sure that everything was properly heated the chocolate crocodile watched as a neoprene shark and leather horse started to make their way down the line. “Looks like you’ve outdone yourself once again,” Famjin said with a deep chuckle as he looked over the seafood portion of the table. “Do you have some of those fried fish biscuit things, I loved those.”

“That would be the salmon croquettes,” Jerkah said as he pointed over to one of the serving trays. “So what do you think this party is all about? I haven’t seen Haleon with his feathers this ruffled ever since he figured out that he could turn telemarketers into living robodialers.”

“Won’t say,” Santer chimed in. “But with all the favors that he’s cashing it I have to imagine it would be something significant, he even had me put in a small pony riding ring. Naturally I had no shortage of volunteers but it was still quite the ask.”

“Yeah, he had me put in the water slide that goes outside of the building,” Famjin stated as he pointed towards one of the windows just as someone went sliding down the translucent slide to the pool below.

“Is that… is that even safe?” Jerkah asked as Santer watched another go down.

“Of course it is!” Famjin said, though as he turned his head back towards it one of the sliders overshot and launched himself over the edge, then tumbled out of sight. “Well, mostly. They have wings, they’ll be fine.”

“Anyway…” Jerkah said as he scanned the party area. “We have you two and myself, seen any other of our brothers here?”

“Athear is behind the bar naturally,” Famjin pointed out as they looked over past the display and saw the goo naga mixing drinks, making about a dozen at once with the various goo tentacles enveloping bottles as they go. “I saw Kirdos roaming around too and I’m guessing he provided some of the décor and the basic remodel. The new guys aren’t around and I haven’t seen Tarien or Yavini either.”

“Modino said he wouldn’t be able to come at the moment also,” Santer added. “Has anyone seen Renzyl lurking about?”

“Nah, he hasn’t come up to the buffet yet at least,” Jerkah stated. “Strange, usually he’s ever present at any of these parties, and I imagine whatever it is that Haleon has up his feathers he would want to show him most of all. But even without him or the others this is probably the most of us that have been in someone’s realm in any one time, so I have to say that I’m quite interested in what we’re in for here.”

Santer and Famjin nodded, then moved on so that the growing line of people behind them could get food as well. While the other brothers had certainly helped with the party it was clear that Haleon had invested heavily into it as well, not only with the platform but the games and music along with all the décor too. It party continued on for about an hour with their host still not present, but suddenly as it got to the top of the hour the music suddenly shut off along with all the main lights that plunged the guests into darkness save for the neon strips that hung about. For a few seconds there were murmurs that something had gone wrong, only for the spotlights to light up the sky as a figure flew straight down towards the building.

The music suddenly shifted in tone and everyone went over towards the window to see the airborne acrobatics, the main eagle synth flanked by several others before they broke off once more and drew brilliantly colored designs into the sky. As the music reached its crescendo Haleon streaked down towards the building and at the last second flared up his wings and landed through a hole that opened in the ceiling before landing on his feet with a loud clang. The avian minions of the nexus lord immediately started to hoot and cheer as fireworks went off in the background while the other brothers just looked on in amusement, Athear tossing Haleon a drink as the robotic creature flourished his wings before retracting them back. After about a minute of walking through the party he jumped up to the upper balcony and then motioned with his hands to kill the music, which happened immediately as the main lights went back on in the house.

“I would like to think everyone for coming to my humble abode tonight,” Haleon announced, his voice amplified through the speakers that he was keyed into as everyone waited eagerly for the grand reveal. “I wanted to make sure that this was a party to be remembered and so far I think we’ve done rather well, but before I offer up the piece de resistance I would like to thank a few people for their help tonight. As always a huge thank you for Jerkah and Athear for providing food and drinks, which I imagine are both top shelf for what I had to pay in order to get them.”

There was a chuckle in the crowd as Haleon brought the glass he had been thrown a long sip, then set it aside for continuing on. “I also have to thank Kirdos for his help in setting things up, our statuesque brother always does have an eye for architectural detail and knew exactly what I wanted when I asked for something where I could have a big reveal on,” Haleon exclaimed, another round of applause going up as the obsidian leopard-tiger suddenly appeared and waved as the spotlight went on him. “I also want to thank my dear brothers Famjin and Santer for helping with tonight’s entertainment as well as a few additional flourishes.”

“Get on with it already!” Jerkah shouted, causing a number of others to snicker and for a small grin to form on the metal beak of the eagle.

“Don’t worry, your curiosity will be satiated soon enough,” Haleon said as he moved forward. “But before I do I have one last person that I need to thank, probably one of the most important ones that are in this room today. I daresay that without him I don’t think any of us would be here, and even though he can be a pain in the neck sometimes he had proven himself to be quite reliable when it comes to helping us all out in his own special way. So I would like to have everyone give a round of applause to our guest of honor, our eldest brother Renzyl!”

There was a thunderous applause as the spotlight went around the room, but as all those in attendance looked around they could see the rubber dragon anywhere. “That’s really strange,” Santer whispered to Famjin as they saw that their other brothers were just as confused as they were when Renzyl failed to show. “Since when has he not been around whenever he’s receiving any sort of praise?”

“Oh dear, it appears that our dear Renzyl is a no-show,” Haleon stated. “It’s fine, he’s probably just tied up at the moment. In any case I do believe it’s time that I show you what you’ve all been waiting for, wanting to see what’s behind this mysterious curtain here. Get yourselves ready, you’re about to find out in three… two… one…”

Haleon snapped his fingers and the bolts that had been holding the metallic sheet up to the ceiling suddenly popped in a flash of sparks, causing those that were closest to the stage that weren’t the security sentries to jump slightly. The metal curtain came down with a cascading clang and when it finally fell to the floor everyone let out a gasp of surprise and even the nexus lords found themselves with their jaws dropped, even distracting Athear who had still been making drinks to lose focus at what he was doing and the bottle he was flipping around smashed to the ground. “No way…” Famjin said as both he and Santer took a step closer to the revealed stage. “He finally did it…”

“Ah, it appears we’ve found our guest of honor after all!” Haleon said as the crowd stared at Renzyl on the middle of the stage, the rubber dragon bound and on his knees with his hands behind his back. They could see him squirm slightly in the metal arm and leg bands that were locked together, preventing him from moving around while a thick metal collar on his neck was attached to the tip of his tail that was keeping his back arched and in a presenting pose with his harnessed chest pushed out. As both Athear and Jerkah came out from behind their serving areas there were whispers that this couldn’t be the nexus lord of rubber and it was some sort of ruse, but the other brothers knew better as they saw the glowing red eyes behind the visor of the helmet that completely covered the dragon’s head.

“Damn, I thought I was going to get Renzyl first,” Famjin said as they got as close as they could, parting the crowd of minions that knew better than to stand in their way as they got up closer so they could see.

“Well Haleon has been quite motivated for some time now,” Santer stated. “Remember when Renzyl turned him into that rubber chicken for Thanksgiving? That was hilarious.”

The others also chuckled at that and tried to move forward, but unlike the other minions the sentries stayed put and prevented them from going any further. “Sorry guys, but Renzyl is my toy for the evening,” Haleon said as he leaned forward and looked at the other brothers. “But don’t worry, he’s going to be more than willing to serve all of you after he’s had his time on the big stage for everyone to see. Until then enjoy this short compilation that I put together of his capture and subsequent droning.”

A video began to play that showed the tale of Jason becoming a virus and taking several others that were in the realm, including the second in command Chrono, Haleon began to walk down the stairs and mingle with his guests. Every once in a while he looked over to see how Renzyl was doing, seeing him twitch ever so slightly but nothing else. Even without the deal that they had in place it would be hard for the rubber dragon to escape with the negation shackles on his wrists, ankles, and embedded into the collar, though he knew given enough time the bindings would break from the power of the dragon. In that state however it would take more time than it would for the party to conclude as he continued to walk around and receive congratulations from minions and nexus lords alike.

About an hour later the movie had concluded, ending in an epic battle between Renzyl and the drone versions of Chrono, Jason, Serathin, and a few others that even the robot eagle admitted to himself might have been a little over the top on the embellishment of, Haleon went to the stage and the sentries immediately lowered their wings to allow him on before they went back up. “I think it’s time for you to go out and meet your adoring public,” Haleon whispered into Renzyl’s ear. “Now remember to behave and be a good boy, I know that those shackles and the drone programming wouldn’t be able to hold you but our contract should… and if you decide to cause a scene I will be taking back everything I promised on my end.”

With the rubber dragon gagged all Renzyl could do was nod slightly, and as he did the magnetic cuffs that had held his limbs in place and his body in position suddenly disengaged. The rubber dragon quickly caught himself as he fell on his hands and knees, then in a flourish Haleon slowly brought his foot up and told the dragon to stand loud enough for those near the stage to hear. Those that watched let out sounds of surprise and amusement as the rubber dragon drone quickly got to his feet and responded in a low monotone just like a drone would, and when prompted once more flexed his muscular body for all those that were watching. There was a loud thud as one of the minions fainted and the rest seemed more than eager to examine their nexus lord’s trophy as Haleon told Renzyl to start serving the needs of his guests with a flourish of his wing.

As soon as Renzyl stepped down from the stage and began to go into the crowd both minions and nexus lords alike began to see exactly just how much in control they were of the nexus lord. For his brethren it was as simple as getting him to do things like serve them their drinks, with Athear and Jerkah occasionally saying that they need a break and for the rubber dragon to take over. While he wasn’t nearly as efficient the others found it fun watching him try to fumble around with creating drinks or finishing off food, and sometimes while they were in the middle of it Famjin or one of the others would tell him to do something else and they watched him try to do both orders at once. While those were pretty innocuous, the nexus lords knowing that at any given point they could be in the same situation plus the fact they didn’t mingle with one another in that way, the minions were not nearly as innocent with their commands.

At first most of them were shy in doing what they wanted, this was a nexus lord and one of the more powerful ones at that, but when it was clear that their own master was in control and watching the rubber dragon carry out tasks in service to the other brothers the began to grow bolder. After one in particular asked Haleon if they could essentially do whatever they want and seeing the robot synth nod before handing him the leash that he had been holding, the avian looked at the metallic wire before sliding under the legs of the larger creature. While he was covered in metal plates along with the bondage gear the black rubber was exposed in several places, most noticeably the groin as the silver ring that was fixated around the base of Renzyl’s shaft kept his cock exposed. There had been several that leered at it but the one with the leash finally took matters into his own hands, or beak in this case as he took the ridged member and started to suck on it.

The others watched in rapt fascination as the rubber dragon just stood there, quivering slightly as he was pleasured while the robotic bird used the flexible metal of his jaws and throat to slide down completely on the rather girthy shaft. The ridges could be seen pushing out his neck as he continued to suck on the creature and that prompted a rather muscular synth falcon to go one step further. After grabbing the leash from the other minion and scoffing that he wasn’t going to waste an opportunity to be in the same position he usually was he let his own rubbery cock slide out and began to rub it as he pulled back slightly on the leash. Though they were in complete control this was still a nexus lord however, which meant that even as the falcon roughly grabbed the rubber dragon by his chest and started to massage his pectoral there was a reverence to it that could be seen by all the others.

“Man, even when he’s completely tied up and completely submissive all the minions practically worship him,” Santer said as he rolled his eyes, as Haleon went over to the bar where the other nexus lords sat as they watched the falcon begin to push his cock under the tail of the dragon. “Did you design those bindings yourself Haleon?”

“Yes, I’ve had the idea for them for quite some time and I think they look quite good on our dear brother,” Haleon replied with a smirk as the one that was sucking the dragon off grabbed onto the cuffs around Renzyl’s thighs and pulled him in so that he could get even more of the rubber cock inside of him. “I’m sure you appreciate the aesthetics of it Santer, and though I’m sure you could have made something even nicer I wanted to make the domination of Renzyl a secret.”

“You know… there’s nothing to say that we’re too late to make something happen,” Santer said with a grin. “The others and I have been talking and you got a good thing going here, but we all know that eventually he’s going to break free of those bindings and escape. However… if we put our powers together and design something in a pocket dimension I bet we could at the very least increase the duration of his stay in his current predicament.”

“Yeah, we could even share him,” Famjin chimed in. “We know he’s your trophy but I think he would look good on any of our mantles.” The others chuckled at that and though Haleon raised an eyeridge he didn’t response, instead walking from the bar and back to where Renzyl was. As the party wore on the two synths had started quite the stir among the crowd and others had started to come in to want a piece of the rubber dragon, and as the hours turned into days Haleon stopped all the minions and said that the other nexus lords needed to have some private time to look over Renzyl to give him a break.

Famjin and the others nodded to one another and grabbed the leash from Haleon, then brought the restrained Renzyl out of the disappointed throng of people and towards the eagle synth’s private domicile. It was one of the few rooms that had stayed the same in the renovations and as the other nexus lords got inside they closed the door behind him. “Ah, dear Renzyl,” Famjin said as soon as they were away from the party, bringing up the metal covered face and examining the dragon more carefully. “You have gotten yourself in quite the predicament, haven’t you?”

“I still can’t believe that he actually did it,” Athear said as he slithered up to the drone. “I mean, I know we were fooling around with him before but it’s just us now. Did he really manage to capture you?”

“Drone Dragon Renzyl was acquired by Master Haleon,” Renzyl replied simply, causing the others to snicker and chuckle. “Drone has been programmed to serve in all capacities.”

“Yeah, his minions outside were definitely proof of that,” Santer said as he looked over the dragon himself, knocking a knuckle against the metal plating. “Kirdos, I think we need something to immortalize this, you think you can whip up a painting quick or something with our brother here in his new get-up?”

The obsidian hybrid mentioned that he could do one better and sat down at one of the tables, pressing his hands against the wood and drawing the material up as he sculpted it into a statue. At the same time Santer decided he needed a massage and hopped on one of the nearby couches while making Renzyl start to rub against his shoulders and back.

“You know, I think that someone is actually enjoying themselves,” Famjin said with a grin as he leaned in while Renzyl kneaded the leather flesh of the stallion’s back. “Although I’m sure you aren’t a fan of us seeing you like this you’d like nothing more than to keep being a nice, obedient little drone for the rest of us. Serve us, cater to our needs, and definitely utilize yourself to the desires of our minions.”

Renzyl’s body shuddered slightly, which caused the shark to grin even more as the rubber dragon merely nodded his head. “Drone lives to serve his master,” Renzyl simply replied. “Master wishes for drone to serve the guests at his party, that is what drone will do.”

As Renzyl continued to obey the order given to him the rubber dragon still had enough sense to know that something was up, looking around to see the others were eyeing him up as they watched. It was clear that they were enjoying him being a drone and seeing him act like this, which made sense since he had done the same thing to probably all of them. “You know, I don’t think that this drone is quite done yet with his service,” Athear said as he watched Renzyl back up and allow Santer to stand when he was done. “What do you think guys?”

“Drone… drone is ready to serve until the end of the party,” Renzyl stated, faltering slightly when he saw the others staring hungrily at him.

“What makes this drone think that he’s going to be changed back by the end of the party?” Santer said as he approached the dragon, the others doing the same. “Haleon did such a nice job with you, it would be a shame if you weren’t put up on display… perhaps in your own little pocket dimension where you can’t escape.”

“I think our dragon drone would like that very much,” Famjin chimed in. “But if he’s going to be a centerpiece then we can’t have him wiggling away, now can we?”

“Um… Master Haleon said that drone would only have to serve until the end of the party,” Renzyl replied, his drone programming continuing to make him talk like he was despite getting more indignant at hearing the plans of his brothers. “Drone specifically has been contracted to only stay hemrrffhmm!”

A pair of leather straps that Santer created suddenly wrapped around the muzzle of the dragon, forming into a gag to replace the one that had disappeared earlier as the others quickly began to approach. With the need to serve still embedded in his brain even though he was in trouble Renzyl was slow to react, and it didn’t help that he felt his muscles stiffening as the clawed hand of Kirdos rubbed over his arms while they became solid rock. With the parameters of his servitude breached the rubber dragon was able to try and get out of his bindings, but with three other nexus lords on him already it was next to impossible as his arms were pinned to his sides by the gooey form of Athear coiling tentacles around his body. In a matter of seconds the dragon found his body being petrified, covered in goo and leather, and to top it all off Famjin pressed his webbed hand against the forehead of the dragon and began to envelop him in neoprene as well.

It wasn’t long before Renzyl’s wiggling and squirming had lessened until he was completely frozen, the drone turned into a statue of himself as the power negation cuffs on his body prevented him from countering the power of the other creatures that were around him. On top of his stone skin there was a layer of goo that filled in every crevice on his body before his muscular form was wrapped around with so many pieces of leather he looked like a mummy, further distorting his draconic form as the black neoprene cascaded down it as one last coating to keep the rubber dragon in place. “We need to get together and do things like this more often,” Famjin commented, causing the others to chuckle as they continued to tighten their bonds until they had a neoprene-covered dragon mummy statue on their hands as the shark turned to the chocolate crocodile that had been watching. “Open a portal for us, it’s time the guest of honor left the party.”

The chocolate crocodile nodded and as he started to form a portal the others hoisted their fellow nexus lord up on their shoulders. The dragon was unable to move an inch; his body had been turned to hard, black stone and had multiple straps of leather were secured around his entire drone body, while on top of that was a layer of shiny black neoprene that was suctioned against his restrained form to show everything off as they began to move. “Where do you all think you’re going?” Haleon’s voice said suddenly as he appeared between the group and the portal, holding out his wings. “When I gave you my toy to play with I didn’t imagine that you would actually try to steal it from me.”

The other nexus lords huffed and continued to hold Renzyl over their shoulders as they looked at the avian synth. “C’mon Haleon, you know that you’d still be in control,” Famjin said as he patted the dragon on the rear. “Look, he’s way more restrained than he had been with you just making him a drone, and with the proper molding of a pocket realm we could have him bound up in his own little dungeon for days.”

“While your offer is certainly tempting I never did say that I was on board with it,” Haleon said as he squared off with the other nexus lords. “I would also like to take the time to remind you that you are currently guests in my realm and that as such I am still the lord of this domain. Though it would end the party on a sour note I am going to have to ask that you don’t take any party favors with you, unless of course you would like to take a chance and become one yourselves… I always have room for more trophies in my room.”

As the others began to protest they suddenly saw movement out of the corner of their eye and saw the falgon and gryphon from the movie they had just watched, the two powerful virus drones in an attack stance. They were soon joined by a third thrall that they instantly recognized as the chrome raptor that was the second in command and they all sighed. “I can’t believe that you’re going to let a prime opportunity like this go to waste,” Famjin said as they took Renzyl and tossed him onto a nearby couch. “Fine, have it your way, though with the king not on his throne these virus drones of yours could have a lot of fun there.”

“I assure you they already have,” Haleon said as he lowered his wings when Jerkah closed the portal behind him. “No go and enjoy the rest of the party while I unwrap my gift once more.”

The other nexus lords grumbled and filed out of the room, and as they did so the dragon drone on the couch began to wiggle once more as the petrification of his body wore off. It took more than a few minutes to get the gooey leather straps and neoprene coating off but eventually Renzyl was exposed once more, letting out muffled grunts until Haleon slipped the makeshift muzzle off the dragon’s snout. “I’m a bit surprised,” Renzyl said as he began to move his previously restrained limbs. “I thought that you would jump at the opportunity for me to be all bound up and at your mercy.”

“That’s not the deal we made,” Haleon replied simply with a shrug of his shoulders. “You have been a good sport about being a drone and managed to keep it together even when you were almost abducted by our brethren to be sealed away in a pocket dimension, the least I could do is make sure that my end was upheld as well. Now why don’t we get you back on your display, I think it’s time we end this party with a bang.”

Renzyl nodded but as Haleon got up and began to walk towards the door he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to see the rubber dragon staring at him intently. “Before we do there is one thing that I want to talk about,” Renzyl stated, his eyes glancing over at where the falgon continued to stand at attention along with the other two until at the dragon’s request he dismissed them. “It’s about Jason.”

“What about Jason?” Haleon asked. “I told you that I’m honoring our deal, he and the other two are going back with you once this is all said and done.”

“You know what I’m getting at Haleon,” Renzyl replied as he crossed his arms. “It’s clear that he’s enjoying himself here and while he has done the same with my realm at this point I don’t want him coming back purely out of obligation. I know that he’s enjoyed both realms to the point where when I look at him I can see both of our influences on him, and at this point if he had to decide I’d wager that it would be like flipping a coin and having it land on its edge.”

“I see…” Haleon said as the two sat back down on the couch once more. “Well then, what do you propose?”

Renzyl just grinned, a very un-drone like smirk as he sat back. “It’s actually something that I learned when I was visiting with that new fitness center that Modino and Santer run together,” Renzyl explained. “I know that you’ve seen the nexus beasts that I created, but did you know that they created something a little different that might just fit what we’re looking for?”

The two continued to talk for a while and eventually both stood up and shook each other’s hands, then once more Renzyl slipped back into his drone state and followed the synth eagle back out into the party. While some of the people had left there was still a large group that was enjoying all the amenities and as the two hopped back onto the stage their interest was brought to it when the synth sentries that had been standing guard dispersed. “I’m afraid that like all good things this party is about to come to an end,” Haleon announced, causing a cascade of groans to come up from the audience before he quickly silenced them all with a wave of his hand. “But before you go I figure that anyone that wanted one last use of my trophy can do so, and to start with I would like the one that made this all possible to join me.”

Jason came down from his perch as Renzyl was bound up once more, this time with his arms and legs secured to the stage as the synth eagle uploaded the most submissive drone program he had into the nexus lord. Haleon gave the falgon synth a nod and then hopped off the stage, allowing the hybrid to look over the drone as he grabbed the dragon’s tail and once more attached it to his collar. This time it wasn’t for posturing though, instead it was to keep the drone’s tailhole exposed as he walked around front and flopped his half-hard cock against the dragon’s muzzle. A ring gag had been installed instead of the one that Renzyl had gotten before and Jason was more than eager to use it, pushing his cock into it and letting it slide all the way down his throat until it reached the hilt as another avian minion hopped up onto the stage with his own throbbing shaft ready to sink into the other hole…

Eventually everyone that wanted a turn with the restrained rubber dragon had one and eventually Haleon declared the party to be officially over, ending with Jason being the one to give the drone one last ride with thrusting his cock into the rubbery tailhole before Renzyl was finally released. As per their arrangement all those that had been transformed in Renzyl’s realm were also changed back, some of them in the party as they looked down at their rubber reptilian and cryptozoic bodies in slight shock. Jason and Chrono had also been transformed back into their old self and though Serathin remained a gryphon drone he was going back with the other two of them as well. Once everything had been cleaned up and set back to rights Haleon stood there with Nevar watching Renzyl prepare the portal.

“I have to say that it’s been a lot of fun,” Jason said as he went over and gave Haleon a hug, who reciprocated as he squeezed the human’s body. “Do you think that I could maybe come back at some point and maybe do that Virus Hunter body again? After I get myself settled in Master Renzyl’s realm.”

“It could very well be a possibility,” Haleon replied. “I look forward to seeing you around in my realm again Jason, it’s been quite the treat thus far.”

As Jason went back with Renzyl the two nexus lords exchanged a look before the rubber dragon hurried them all back through the portal that he had created, and as soon as it disappeared the smile on the eagle’s face turned to a smirk. With a slight nod to Nevar the two made their way towards the elevator and pressed the down button, going all the way through the height of the skyscraper before going even further downwards. Even with the speed of the elevator going very fast it took more than a few mintues until they finally reached the bottom and opened the doors for the two synths to get out. This was the dungeon of the realm; the place where Haleon kept those that had attempted to harm his minions or his realm in a malicious manner, and as he walked by the technologically advanced cell doors the smirk on his face widened as he heard those humans that deserved to be there, as well as those who desired it, wiggling in their bindings.

It was for the latter that he had come down in the first place, and as he opened the door to a preparation room he saw the same human that he had just left Renzyl with completely naked and bound in a variety of shackles and teethers made out of pure energy. It was the exact same Jason, when he had reverted him back to his human form he took all the extra power that he had from the party and made a duplicate that was connected to one another. With the insatiable need for both rubber and drones along with the heavy bondage that came with both the two nexus lords had decided on a fair compromise as a truce and that would satisfy Jason as well, and that was the creation of a nexus hybrid. He had already had the body before as the falgon synth was the perfect symbol to show that it was not only possible but most likely the best course of action, and Haleon could now show this human his abode personally without worrying about the rubber dragon breathing down his neck.

But neither Jason knew this; even though they would share a common link with one another both Renzyl and Haleon wanted their human to think that they were the one and only. That was just fine for the eagle synth as he told his second in command to begin preparations for the scenario they were around to run, and as the raven synth went over to the console and began to type in commands Haleon went to where the restrained human laid there. “I take it you know why you are here,” Haleon said to Jason, who shivered slightly. “Or do I have to spell out all the crimes you have committed against my realm?”

“I didn’t do anything!” Jason suddenly shouted out, trying to squirm in his bindings even though the energy tethers hardly budged when he moved. “You got nothing on me!”

“We have the surveillance footage of you rampaging through my realm!” Haleon shouted back as he pressed several buttons on the table. “You think you were so clever riding in on my air currents into my realm, but even though you managed to destroy countless databases and erase thousands of zettabytes of information it’s nothing that we can’t recover from. You, however, won’t be so lucky… a criminal as dangerous as you has to be properly contained like the virus you are, and we have a special place just for that.”

As Jason continued to protest Haleon had to take a step back so he couldn’t see the big grin that was on his beak. The entire story had naturally been entirely fabricated, a simple backstory to roleplay against so the human could get into the particularly heavy bondage scenario that he had requested. It was certain one of the deeper, darker fantasies that he had heard of and considering that he had managed to let him parade around Renzyl it was one he was more than happy to indulge. Once he had gotten his composure back he once more said that it was too late and that he had already been judged, activating the table and causing tendrils of metal to begin to push up from the surface.

It was the first step to the transformation and Jason’s wiggling stopped as he felt the metal press against the surface of his skin. As soon as they touched the human it began to spread, the nanites latticing up and around the points of contact as two larger ones made their way up as well. Jason gasped as he felt the first one start to push up into his rear, stretching his hole and immediately assimilating it in order for it to slither deeper inside while also stimulating his prostate. At the same time as his cock began to rise a second tentacle took advantage of him starting to pant loudly and pushed past his lips, causing him to let out a muffled grunt as he felt the nanites converting him slowly but thoroughly.

As the dark silver began to spread over Jason’s body and the tentacles continued to push into his throat and up into his guts Nevar and Haleon began the process to move the containment vessel that they would be putting their newest captive in. The panel of the wall opposite the conversion table slid back and revealed a large tube that was being brought in, one that Haleon used only for the most serious of captures and bindings. The bottom base and top were both reinforced with a clear glass-like cylinder between them, which as it settled into the room Haleon opened with a flick of his wrist. With the former human’s new home waiting for him the synth eagle turned back to see how the process was going and grinned at what he had seen.

Jason’s entire body was quivering at this point as the dark silver metal covered the entirety of his body, but unlike his previous instances where he got his falgon form he wasn’t going to get anything so fancy. This was merely made for his containment as the synth eagle went to where the tentacle had fused with the mask of metal that had formed there. It looked more like a mask than anything but Haleon knew that was actually the former human’s face with a set of similarly-colored lenses over his eyes and his features looking like they were casted out of metal. As he trailed his fingers down the transformed human’s metal body he saw the nanites had completely assimilated the skin and also had finished converting his insides as he felt the tentacle within rub against his palm.

This was a true drone, a creature with no form of identity, to the point where even in this state if Jason looked at himself he probably wouldn’t know who he was. But Haleon wasn’t done with him yet, and as the human-drone slowly got to his feet he felt something that was injected into the back of his neck. Even with the tentacles that had been stimulating his holes had pulled out of him Jason found himself unable to say anything, though as a new set of nanites flooded into his system he couldn’t feel anything different happening to him. All the human-drone could do at this point though was try and get used to his metallic body and figure out what Haleon did to him later, but as he was brought closer to the pod the avian synth leaned down and pressed his shiny legs together.

At first Jason wasn’t sure what just happened but as he looked down at himself he saw that the metal of his legs had started to knit and fuse together. “What, you don’t think that we would just give you a body that would be able to walk out of here,” Haleon said with a sneer as he grabbed the distracted human’s arms and jerked them behind his back. “You should be lucky that you’re getting anything at all, and we will make sure that you don’t have any means at your disposal to attempt to escape.”

With Jason’s lips frozen together the only thing he could do was let out a grunt as he felt his hands and forearms get pressed together until they had melded as well. At this point if Nevar hadn’t been there to keep him upright he would have fallen over as the insidious nanites that Haleon had pumped into him continued to merge his body into one another. As he felt his arms getting pulled towards his bac he knew that he was going to lose those soon too, just like he did with his legs that had lost the divot in them and made him look like he was in some sort of bizarre sleeping back. There was only one thing that was still sticking out of his body though, but Haleon said that there was no way he was going to keep that as he took the silver cock that was jutting out from his body and pressed it back inwards.

As the sensitive metallic flesh was pressed back against his groin it caused Jason to jerk backwards, which only served to have his melting arms disappear further beneath him. Haleon continued to hold Jason forward so that he could watch as his maleness was pulled into the dark silver of the rest of his body, his encased body wiggling back and forth as the metal formed into a bulge that the synth eagle was more than happy to help speed along with his own hand. The two avian synths watched his back arch as the pleasure cascaded through his body from his cock getting fondled and groped until eventually Haleon pulled away to reveal a smooth bulge where it used to be. With that gone Jason looked even more alien than when his limbs merged with his body as he was carried towards the containment vessel and his singular foot was pushed into the base where he felt it lock into place.

This really is serious, Jason thought to himself as he felt his body get suctioned into the base of the capsule before it fused into place. This wasn’t just some sort of regular bondage situation, even if he could move his limbs he couldn’t get his feet out of the containment vessel’s base and he began to see the two synths pull out a bunch of shackles that he recognized as the same type that they had used around Renzyl to keep him contained. There would be no hope of escape, no one would even know he was down there and struggling would be futile… and Jason found himself loving every second of it as the first shackles were placed around where his ankles should have been.

There were twelve different bands and each time one was placed on Jason’s body he could feel it start to tighten around his body, fusing to his metal skin as the two worked methodically to make sure they were evenly spaced. As the human-drone gave his body a wiggle he could hardly even do that as he felt a tingle of power that came from them. Once they had gotten up to his neck a different style of collar was placed around him, though it was the same kind as the negation shackles it also had a posture implement as well that had him straighten up as it was affixed to him. With that in place Haleon had one last item to put on the drone, pressing a smooth, featureless mask to his head and pressing against it to remove any and all features from his face to render him as completely blank and without identity except for an O-plug that was pushed into the space where his mouth was.

Once they had finished putting everything into place both synths stepped away, the glass sliding back into place before becoming seamless once more. Haleon watched as Nevar began to activate the protocols, watching as dozens of wires begin to slide out from both the bottom and top base before beginning to attach to the drone as well as the shackles. Jason’s entire body began to squirm as the pod interfaced with him, creating new ports in his otherwise featureless skin so that they could connect including a larger one that slid into the last opening in the former human. As the plug pushed deep inside of him it fused to his body, trapping it in place as the shackles and the body of the drone began to light up.

The wires continued to crisscross over the drone’s body until all the connections had been made, and as the two watched a shield crackled to life and completely surrounded the creature within. All the lights that were on the shackles and that had appeared on Jason’s body began to slowly blink in sync with one another, and as they did the one within realized… he could no longer sense his body. It was as if the capsule had completely taken over everything as he felt himself starting to move, this time on a floating platform as he began to feel intrusive thoughts starting to slither into his head. Outside of the capsule Haleon and Nevar began the walk from the prep room to the Black Box, which was the highest security facility in the entire realm and Jason’s new home.

“You see Jason,” Haleon said as they walked, the drone remaining completely still. “That feeling that you’re experiencing right now is your mind syncing with the capsule that you are in while getting ready to be plugged into the prison database of the Black Box. It’s not enough that we make sure that you are physically incapable of being able to escape, we need to be sure that not a single one or zero makes it out of that capsule and back into the realm where it could continue to wreak havoc. As the programming of the prison worms its way into your mind you will be unable to untangle yourself from it, which means that even if someone was to come and save you the second that you were unplugged from the system that drone body of yours would shut down… completely.”

The two could see Jason twitch slightly as the two laughed as they got to the heavy black metal door, Haleon pressing his hand against it and causing several of the runes that were invisibly etched into it to light up before the entire thing slid away. “I know that some may consider such a thing to be considered overkill but when it comes to the safety of my realm from creatures like you I spare no expense,” Haleon continued to explain, looking around at the circular openings on the wall of the cylindrical room. “Now let’s see, which one are we going to choose for you… I suppose it doesn’t really matter, how about one at the top? You could get yourself a nice view.”

With the aid of a machine that made up the central pillar of the prison Haleon and Nevar got the capsule to one of the top areas, the drone only able to see what was directly out in front of him as he was moved. Already it could start to feel the programming of the prison start to push into him, integrating him with the central core that was in the middle of the room. It was yet another round of shackles, this time around the very essence of his being as it began to drill compliance and subservience into him. It was molding him into a drone in the truest sense of the word as they finally got him to one of the spots and began to press the base of it into the wall.

Jason found himself able to watch as the capsule he was contained in slowly slid into the wall, watching his body disappearing from sight as the end of it was pushed in by Nevar. “This is it, my dear Jason,” Haleon said with a smirk as the head of the drone was the only thing that remained exposed. “I suppose that this is good bye.”

Suddenly Jason’s connection to the feed was shut off as the last of the capsule was slid and locked into place, the metal merging with the top part as the identification tablet next to it blinked for a few seconds. After the integration was complete Haleon tapped in his own authorization so that the prison could begin the first of infinite reprogramming cycles, choosing basic drone functions for the drone. Once everything had been complete Jason’s name appeared on the identification tablet as well as all the crimes that he had committed, though those were just there for theatrical flare as the two synths landed on the ground. When they looked back up at where the capsule was housed they saw the light slowly pulsating, indicating that the integration had been complete.

“Well, that was a job well done,” Nevar said as he cracked his neck. “You really went all out with that one, didn’t you?”

“It is but my job to serve my minions as best that I can,” Haleon replied with a flare of his wings. “All things considered him wanting a spot in the Black Box was the least I could do, and this was something that was so strong within him that I feel I would have done him a disservice if I didn’t. But enough of that, let’s see how our new guest is feeling.”

Nevar nodded and the two made their way over towards the central core, punching in an identification code before pressing transmit. A few seconds later a dark silver humanoid drone appeared before them, though it was nothing but a hologram as Jason looked down at himself. “How are we feeling,” Haleon asked. “Are you having fun?”

“This… this was the best experience of my entire life,” Jason said with a happy sigh. “It’s more than I could have ever dreamed.”

“All things considered I’m rather happy to hear you say that,” Haleon replied. “I do hope that you enjoy yourself in there, I’m going to give you a couple of weeks to stew and then check in on you again. Is there any last questions that you have for me before I go?”

“I… I do actually,” Jason said as he suddenly grew pensive, both Haleon and Nevar leaning forward slightly to see what he was about to ask. “Is… is Renzyl going to come back for me? Am I ever going to see his realm again?”

To the drone-human’s surprise Haleon started to laugh, which prompted Nevar to do the same before he turned and looked at him. “What a silly thing to ask, especially since it’s a question that you already know the answer too,” Haleon said, lowering himself until his glowing chrome eyes were right in front of him. “But to say it out loud so that you can have the answer reverberate inside of you while the programming eats away at your mind, the answer is no. You have become a permanent fixture of this place, you wanted nothing more than for this to be your fate the second that you stepped foot in my realm. You are mine Jason, now and forever, and there is nothing that Renzyl or anyone else can do to change the fact that this is your new home now for the rest of your days.”

Haleon immediately cut off the communications feed and ruffled his metallic feathers as Nevar looked at him. “A touch dramatic but I think that it was good,” the synth raven commented. “So what do we do with him now? I know that he’s going to enjoy the trapped thing forever but we still need to make sure even with the split that the two halves we created in the nexus hybrid are able to communicate with one another, right?”

“Renzyl and I have already considered such a thing,” Haleon replied as they left the Black Box, the door slowly sliding shut behind them. “In all honesty the rubber dragon has already done something similar to his version of Jason in his realm, and as for getting them in sync already have something in mind…”

About a month later the door to the Black Box opened once more, this time with a large glowing green capsule in his hands that illuminated the area as the lights above flickered to life. One everything had been properly illuminated Haleon punched in the code to the central terminal and waited for a few seconds until the drone that was Jason once more appeared. This time the hologram looked more like the creature that they had put inside the tube after he had injected the identity stripping nanites into him, seeing the features of the drone’s face were smoother and his body more streamlined. It took a few seconds before Jason realized that he was able to see anything and looked up to see the eagle standing there before him.

“M… Master Haleon,” Jason said. “To what does this drone offer the benefit of your visit?”

“I have an offer for you to consider,” Haleon said as he held up the glowing green capsule. “Do you know what this is?”

The hologram meekly reached out his hand and as it passed through the metal container some of the tendrils of green energy curled around his fingers before dissipating. “It feels… familiar,” Jason said before looking back at Haleon. “What is it?”

“Your Virus Hunter program,” Haleon explained. “I found it along with your Falgon body that was in the source code of my realm and decided to dig it up. Very potent stuff, very infectious, so much so that I wouldn’t want to have it raw like this before putting it into that synth. Now I could decide to have it mingle with you right here and then be able to transfer the core out, but there is a catch.”

“A catch?” Jason repeated.

“You would be gone,” Haleon replied bluntly. “This program will rewrite everything about you and seep into every facet of your being, even the back-up copies that are stored here will become corrupted as you become the Virus Hunter program. Of course this is completely your choice and you will still be stuck down here, but I can download you out of here at least as… let’s call it work release.”

Haleon watched the smaller drone think about it, then look back up and nod his head enthusiastically. The synth eagle already knew what the answer was anyway but knew that Jason would enjoy it all the more as took the capsule and plugged it into the central core, then twisted it to activate. A line of light began to connect the central core to the area where Jason’s capsule was created, and as Haleon stood there he could see the hologram already starting to change. The meek and timid creature began to hold onto his head as his body began to warp and morph as the infectious programming took hold, claws pushing out of his fingers as his face slowly started to push outwards into a lump that would eventually be that of the Falgon Virus Hunter.

As Jason continued to transform Haleon decided to let the creature marinate for a while on his own, letting the Virus Hunter programming continue to mingle with the base code of the former human. The eagle synth made his way out from his dungeon and back up into his skyscraper roost, this time stopping at one of the lower floors were several people were working on the Falgon synth body while Nevar watched. When Haleon stood next to him the raven looked up at him and gave the nexus lord a smirk

“I take it from that smug grin on your beak that Jason decided to take the offer.” Nevar said.

“Of course he was going to take the offer,” Haleon said as he approached the body that was being rebuilt. “In order to make sure that he was a proper nexus hybrid that was going to work with being completely imprisoned we needed the two to meet, and this way they will never know that they were the same person either. Plus it’s shocking how badly that he wanted me to erase him, I almost felt bad for not doing it sooner.”

“Well I have to congratulate you on another wonderful drone find,” Nevar responded. “So if you went with Virus Hunter, what did the one on Renzyl’s side go with?”

“A hypnaga, apparently,” Haleon said as he motioned with his wing for the raven to follow them as they left the technicians to work on the body that they were creating. The eagle synth had specifically had it modified so that when the two met they would merge together, forming into one creature that would have both minds together so they could act as one and make sure that their data was synced to bring back to the real ones that were confined in the heavy lockdown areas of their subsequent realms. “Heaven help anyone that gets on the wrong side of this creature when they reconstitute their hybrid form, a highly infectious Virus Hunter with the ability to hypnotize people on sight like a Hypnaga.”

“Sounds more like a virus than a virus hunter,” Nevar commented.

“Hmmm… don’t see why it couldn’t be both,” Haleon replied with a chuckle. “It would probably be the ultimate nexus virus…”