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A Rising Power(1st ending): Hero > Villain clone

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Dedicated to: ~Sol-The-Yordle

The night is young, the industrial streets faintly lit by glistening moonlight and bustling shop windows. The famed Ringtail Ranger, fearless and resplendent in proud rubber, leaps gracefully across awnings and fixtures in pursuit of his prey. The figure draped in shadowy garb dances and weaves through the bustling crowd, swiftly yet casually slipping deeper into the seedier parts of town, no doubt expecting no one with half a sense of self-preservation to follow. But Maple's never been one to turn down a challenge!

He darts back and forth along the walls, delighting in the chase. The figure is oddly difficult to see, seeming to blend in with the very shadows. However, keeping tabs on him proves to be quite easy with the assistance of Maple's high-tech hero visor! If this dastardly villain thinks he can give the Ranger the slip so easily, he's in for a real shock.

Sure enough, mere minutes later, the vagabond finds himself stuck in a wide alleyway, a tall chain fence directly in his way. Maple jumps, performs an elegant double flip just to flex, and lands effortlessly to cut off the only escape route.

"Nowhere to run, little guy. Time to answer for your crimes!" He proudly exclaims, steeling himself for a fight. Though, from the glimpses he's caught of the villain's physique, he doesn't seem likely to be much of a match in strength.

The figure stands motionless for a few moments, his back to the hero. Then with a chuckle, he slowly turns, revealing the face of a wolf with ominous, gleaming purple eyes. He cocks his head, and flashes a smirk. "You're welcome to try. No hero's bested me yet, though..."

"Ha! Likely story. I give you 30 seconds, tops."

Maple leaps straight at the wolf with blinding speed, barely giving him time to cry out before a gloved fist catches him squarely in the shoulder! He grunts and folds into his shawl, seemingly incapacitated. With no intention of giving him time to recuperate, the Ranger swiftly lunges back from his strike to seize the villain by the shoulders and pull him into a firm grip. The wolf snarls and throws out a few blows of his own, but to little avail. The best he can manage is a glancing blow at the side of Maple's helmet; aside from an annoyingly loud *CLANG!*, it only slightly dazes the hero.

Within seconds, he has the fiend locked in a brutal full-body grip, panting and grinning in triumph. That was... almost pathetic, to be honest. He still has so much energy left! Some part of him wishes there was more of a challenge... but he certainly shouldn't complain. He cautiously reaches toward his helmet to request a mobile cell for secure villain containment... but when he clicks the button, nothing happens. He frowns, and presses a few more times... why isn't it working? Did his helmet break somehow? But his visor's still glowing a faint cyan... glowing so bright... such pretty... spiral... huh?!

"W-wait, what's going—" He attempts to pry it off with his free hand, but just then the wolf suddenly strains against him with far more strength than before! Maple growls and redoubles his grip with both arms, but he's already losing focus. A feeling of dread looms above him as he realizes the trap he's been caught in. He desperately shakes his head in a bid to knock the helmet loose, but it's built to hold firm no matter what. One of the hero's greatest assets, the trusty, dependable visor tracker, has been cruelly turned against him.

The spiral, having subtly made its way into his vision, now sprawls and convulses with bold contrast, effortlessly transfixing his mind. Maple strains as much as he can to resist its pull, but it's no use. He can feel his willpower draining away, his attention focusing almost entirely on those pretty swirly patterns. He doesn't have much longer! Screw capturing this guy, it's not worth quite literally losing his mind!! He releases his grip and fumbles at his helmet, seeking that clasp...

"Stop. Be still."

The soft-spoken words pierce the hero's mind like a spear. That voice... it sounds as if it's coded directly to Maple's mind. As if it's meant to guide his thoughts. It electrifies his body and mind, focusing his entire being into a single directive: obeying those words. He gasps as its control washes over him; instantly his arms go limp beside his head. He lies there on the ground, staring directly upward into his corrupted visor, mouth agape and body perfectly still, as commanded. The villain casually gets up, and dusts himself off.

"Damn, 33 seconds... I gotta step up my game." The wolf flashes a friendly grin, looking down at his prey. "Name's Mobius. You may have heard it before... either way, you'll be hearing it a whole now. Up, on your knees."

Another command. Maple's body moves as if of its own accord, pulling itself up until he's on his knees facing the wolf, Mobius. He moans softly as the spiral digs its claws deeper into his brain with every passing second. His mouth hangs open, his eyes glaze over. Ever so slowly, a smile creeps across his face. A synthetic hand gently cups his chin, inviting him to sink into it. There's no hope for him to to escape now. He's as good as captured.

"That's a good boy... it's so much better like this, isn't it? No need to think... no need to question. Just sink... and obey.~"

Maple finds himself nodding. It's so easy to listen to those powerful, wonderful words. Nothing else matters. Stare into the visor. Sink and obey. Deeper and deeper and deeper...

The Ringtail Ranger, once proud and dignified, pants and moans with a dumb smile plastered on his face, his tongue hanging out and starting to leak. His gaze is droopy, yet intensely focused, completely and utterly in the moment. And somewhere down below, another part of his body grows very, very excited. Mobius... Obey Mobius...

"Alright, that's enough warmup. Let's get this party started~" Mobius reaches out with his hands, now glowing with an ominous purple energy, and flicks away the little device he rigged the helmet with. Then, he clasps both sides of Maple's head, and they pulse twice as bright.

“AAAHHH~!” Maple’s entire body convulses from sheer stimulation. The cyan spiral turns a vivid purple, increases its speed tenfold, and blots out his vision completely. A powerful, booming binaural noise fills his ears, pumping his mind chock full of brain-melting sound waves. A pair of bold words relentlessly flash in front of the spiral in rapid succession: “OBEY MOBIUS”. In seconds he’s panting like a puppy, his face twisting even further into helpless hypnotized bliss. There’s no hiding that cock now... it bulges furiously against his hero suit.

“Go on, little hero... let it out.” Somehow Maple hears the command loud and clear over the noise, and he innately understands exactly what’s meant by it. He eagerly claws for his hidden crotch zipper, pulls it open, and reveals his desperate, dripping shaft. This hero truly has a fatal weakness!

“Not bad, hero... but have a look at mine.” The spiral lowers its opacity, allowing Maple an ample view of Mobius’s impressive knotted length. Somehow, he finds himself fixating on it almost as much as the spiral! His mouth works itself involuntarily, as if... seeking something.

Mobius howls with laughter. “You little scamp! I didn’t even program that into you. You heroes aren’t nearly as pure as you pretend~ Well, no sense in wasting time. Suck.”

Maple instinctively opens his maw into a round shape as Mobius yanks his head forward, impaling it on his length with a delightful squelch. Maple’s eyes bulge for a moment, then roll upward in pure ecstasy. The juicy cock plunges all the way down to the very back of his throat and sticks there, forcing a total of 3 gags out of him before the reflex helplessly dies down. Then, it pulls back out, and lines up for the next one. That comes just as fast, and just as hard. Then the next. And the next. OBEY MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS.

The poor hero’s mind is fracturing under the sheer overload. The spiral dominates more than ever, and the mind-numbing sound rages in his head. He would scream and moan and giggle and howl all at once if his gullet weren’t so thoroughly occupied. Every neuron in his head fires in a single direction: suck. Suck that glorious, delicious, wonderful wolf cock. Suck it to the ends of the Earth if Master commands it! Maple’s mind belongs to him, completely and utterly.

Before long, the disgraced hero feels something slimy gushing into the back of his throat, and coating the inside of his mouth. So quickly...? Then, another spurt, and another. The slimy stuff starts to fill his maw around Mobius's cock. Then, it begins to leak. Maple's so utterly in the moment that he can't be bothered to pay attention. So he allows the stuff to keep right on gushing out of his mouth, spreading across his face in all directions. And he continues to suck away without bothering to question why the thrusting hasn't stopped.

"You've made an adorable little hero... but it must be exhausting, hm? So much fighting, so much questioning... so much thinking. That's no good. I think you deserve to relax, don't you?"

In between frantic choking and sucking, Maple forces out a soft whimper of assent. Another rush of fluid. His snout is completely coated in the stuff.

"I think it's time for you to try something new... something less taxing. How about it? Would you do that for me?"

Maple's head furiously jitters up and down in his best approximation of a nod as it continues to slam back and forth at a blinding speed. The gooey stuff starts to drip onto his suit. OBEY MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS.

"Excellent. Look at me, now."

The spiral lets up, and Maple fixes an intense gaze on Mobius's face looming above him. That simple, elegant canine face. That charming, confident grin. Those deep, vivid purple eyes. The face of... perfection. In that moment, his mind fills to the brim with an overwhelming sense of longing.

"You like how I look? That's good. Keep looking. Keep taking it in. In a moment you'll be able to enjoy it all you want."

The hero nods eagerly, only faintly understanding what he means. He dutifully sucks away, welcoming every surge of that strange and wonderful substance now bursting out of his maw with every thrust, and quickly spreading across his body. His trusty Ringtail Ranger suit dissolves upon contact, swallowed up by

the surge of goo. He can't see any of it, only feel its cold slimy touch encapsulate more and more of his body. It reaches his own dick, and swallows the whole thing up in the blink of an eye. His body lurches with shock, his mind approaching its breaking point. He instinctively reaches toward it, but restrains himself. He hasn't been told to...

"Oh, go right ahead. You have every right to appreciate your own form... now that it'll be mine~"

His mind more electrified than ever before, he grabs with both hands and jerks it with everything he's got, perfectly in rhythm with Mobius's thrusts. It feels odd... a different shape?

OBEY MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS.

Still gazing into Mobius's eyes, he slowly becomes conscious of the goo squeezing his body... shaping it. Molding it. His snout gradually elongating right over that wonderful cock. His long tail being compressed into something smaller and fluffier. In a sudden moment of clarity... he understands.

OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS.

His mind and body go into maximum overdrive. He slobbers and sucks on that cock like his life depends on it. Anything to get that last bit of transformative goo free so that he can...

OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS.

Memories dissolve just as readily as his suit did. His identity as Maple dwindles, and something else swiftly replaces it. New memories, installed directly from those soft metal paws planted on his skull.

OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS.

The goo melts into his skin, leaving behind a new pelt of fur. A brand new canine cock stands proud, identical to the one ravaging his mouth. His arms and legs feel stronger... and just a bit more mechanical.

OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS.

Tears well from "Maple"'s eyes from the sheer pressure of it all. His heart rages. His cock throbs. The transformative process applies the final touches on his face, dissolving the helmet while somehow leaving the visor intact. Beneath the helmet lies the spitting image of... Mobius. Sensing that the job is complete, his mind breaks once and for all.

OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS. OBEY MOBIUS. BECOME MOBIUS.

"Cum, my perfect little clone~"

The clone lurches as his cock erupts with glory, and at the same time the original Mobius rams his own all the way down for one last spurt, finally spent for real. Cum explodes all over the clone's otherwise pristine body, a mix of both the original and the copy. What kneels there in the alleyway is no longer the Ringtail Ranger, but rather a perfect flesh-and-blood Mobius clone~

Mobius #1 yanks himself out and pries his hands loose, finally allowing Mobius #2 to gasp in a full lungful of air again. He's still got that dazed, hypnotized look on his face, but it's now accentuated with a certain calmness. He may be on his knees and completely out of breath, but kneeling there right in front of his creator with that suave grin, he could be mistaken for a high-quality 3D projection of the man himself.

"Mmmm, now that was exciting," Mobius #1 says. "Don't you agree, *Mobius*?"

"Mgh... It sure was, sir." Mobius #2 wipes away enough cum to speak clearly, but remains kneeling. His voice eerily sounds exactly the same save for the heavy breaths. "It's an honor to please you."

The visor gradually shuts off, its deed done. Mobius #1 snatches it off #2's face and tosses it aside. "Good to see you understand your place, clone! Those aren't truly your memories or personality, so your existence requires you to defer completely and utterly to my will. That's understood?"

"Of course, sir." The clone speaks with the exact same air of confidence and

mystique, despite his utterly submissive disposition. "My existence is devoted to you alone. I'm ready to exert your will far and wide~"

"Excellent to hear. Up on your feet, we've got a lot of work to do. By the way, I don't know if you've heard it today, but you look absolutely wonderful."

The clone grins as he gets to his feet, buck naked and cum-crusted, yet every bit as calm and collected as the original. "Thank you, sir! You look quite wonderful yourself~"

"Naturally, I wouldn't share my image if it weren't the absolute best to have! Now, come. To business."

Mobius struts off toward his secret lab, his loyal new clone in tow. Exciting things are in store for this unsuspecting city~