

## **Symbiote Swarm**

Written by Leo\_Todrius

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First came the flashes; bursts of light high above the city that rivaled the sunset, then long fiery trails angling downwards. Then came the shockwaves. Windows shattered, car alarms went off, chaos and disruption echoing down every street. There had been no warning, no hint that anything was coming. The weather report certainly hadn't said anything about it being cloudy with a chance of asteroids. There was confusion and chaos, then one last set of tectonic shudders... but that was it. No explosions, no end of the world catastrophe. Rico's street bike had barely swerved during the tremors. One by one the car alarms were silenced, replaced by the distant sound of sirens. People started picking themselves up and dusting themselves off. One moment the world felt like it was ending and the next people were going back to the grind. After all, this was what the world had become, wasn't it?

The bronze sunset light glistened off the glossy sheen of Rico's visor and helmet, his riding suit and bike the same shades of black and silver. The well sculpted panels and angles of his suit were an extension of the street bike that looked like it had rolled out of the latest streaming sci-fi series. Despite his usual instincts, Rico slowed down to navigate a little more carefully. He leaned back, releasing some of the tension in his shoulders. Despite the chaos and everyone trying to figure out what had happened, Rico saw a few young men looking out at him and his bike with envy. A grin crossed his lips beneath the visor as his hazel eyes scanned the neighborhood.

It was going to take time to repair, days or weeks for the storefront windows. If there had been a direct strike it would be even worse. Rico glanced up as a flicker of flame caught his peripheral vision. There were missing branches on a tree, the edges scorched. A dust cloud rose up from the corner of one of the taller buildings and a melted flag pole down below. Rico charted the trajectory from point A to B to C, realizing it came sharply down in a narrow alleyway between the apartment buildings and the shops. Glancing over his shoulder and then around, the biker made sure there wasn't anyone else around before he turned into the alley - and immediately came to a stop.

The headlight of the street bike shone into the dark. There was little doubt that one of the asteroids had come down here, but it hadn't crashed. The asphalt ground was intact, as were the brick walls creating the dead end... but tucked away and out of sight was a huge glistening blob of liquid black. It was strung up against the corner of two of the walls like a cosmic booger. Webs and tendrils and threads anchored it in place as it seemed to shimmer and shift almost imperceptibly. Rico turned his bike off and stepped off, the leather and cordura materials fitting snugly to his fit, muscled body.

Reaching up with a gloved hand, Rico pulled his helmet off, revealing his well groomed textured quiff. The fades on the side were perfect and the crest along the top looked like a crimson wave that had frozen in place. By contrast, the rider's mustache and long sideburns seemed thick and untamed, the only wild part about him. His boot touched down on the asphalt, supporting him long enough to swing his leg over. Leaving his helmet on the seat of his bike, he advanced.

The mass that had adhered to the wall was a contradiction. It looked liquid and solid at the same time, wet and rubbery, synthetic and organic. With his helmet off, Rico could feel that the air in the alley was warm and humid, but not dangerously so. The heat of re-entry had been dispelled just as much as the inertia of falling from space. It was as if this thing had just... landed. Rico thought about going back to his bike for his cell phone, having neglected to keep it in his pocket since it ruined the lines of his outfit. His hazel eyes looked into the black goo for a moment... and the goo looked back.

Rico's head swam with dizziness for a moment, feeling as if he had slipped beneath the surface of a pool and the pressure was pushing in at all sides. He felt like he was being watched and studied. It was uncomfortable at first, but then Rico thought of those envious looks from the street hustlers, the would-be alphas, the short kings and all the other men that wanted to be him or be with him. Rico moaned softly as the thoughts washed over him and the black rubbery mass rippled in response, reshaping and reforming with a soft, wet, slick sound.

As Rico's hazel eyes fluttered open again, two round semi-spheres pushed out from the surface like basketballs rising out of an oil slick. As the globes parted, they revealed a wet, slippery hole. It seemed to pulse and throb, dripping black slime that dribbled down the curved surface of the pod before stretching to the ground in long stringy tendrils of slime. Any normal person would have turned and run away from this alien mass. Even Rico's better instincts were to retreat, to rethink, but whatever had pressed into his mind had latched onto the part of his brain that played with dildos and fleshlights, with toys and products and pills to enhance his sexuality, and the part that knew he looked damn good in his motorcycle suit - enough that he fucked other men at the club while wearing it.

The longer Rico gazed at it, the deeper and wetter that hole got. Rico began panting, sweat beading across his brow. He glanced back at the mouth of the alleyway, at his bike, and then back at the blob. He reached up to his collar, unzipping to reveal his muscled pecs, his washboard abdomen, his red dyed bush and his long, thick brown cock. As it sprung free, a silver ring glistened from the tip. He gave himself a few strokes, already hard but hardening further. He stepped forward once, then twice, bringing his dick down toward the hole. As the warm flesh dipped into the black syrupy slime, the goo seemed to splutter, washing out over the fat, mushroom shaped head. It was just a little cooler than his own body temperature, offering an amazing contrast.

Licking his bottom lip, Rico stepped forward again, feeling his head squeezing down into the hole the goo had offered. The interior felt better than any toy had ever made him feel. There were ridges and bumps, nodules and rubbery spikes. Every movement brought different textures. The black slime was just liberal enough that he dared to thrust in an inch, then another, then two more. He exhaled, a look of lust and serenity crossing his face. He closed his eyes and moaned, standing there for a moment... but the slime wanted more.

The long passage that had allowed Rico to penetrate it suddenly surged outward, sliding up around his dick like a sleeve. Black goo splattered across his bush, adhering to each hair and encasing it in rubbery shells. The goo ran and dribbled down over his balls, coating them in something that looked like lycra or nylon. Rico tried to pull back but the tube tightened like a finger trap. He pressed forward but he only slid in deeper. Feeling a mix of pleasure and fear, Rico reached to try and yank the tube off of his dick. A tentacle shot out of the slime, latching and curling around his wrist. His arm was yanked back before the other was snatched in similar

fashion. Rico grunted and tried to step back but more tentacles snapped out, encasing his ankles and anchoring his feet to the ground. Rico's body was pulled forward suddenly before a long, thick tentacle uncoiled from the gooey blob to wrap around his waist.

"Let me go!" Rico snarled, feeling his ribs compressed as the thick tentacle began to force his body forward and back, plunging his dick deep into that wet, textured hole. Rico's protests hesitated at that. He murmured and then moaned, gasping as he felt his urethra slowly pried apart. A thin tendril, barely thicker than a thread, began to snake its way up into his cock. It navigated the narrow passage, pausing every so often to sample its surroundings. It sensed the remnants of his piss, his precum and his semen. It delved deeper still. Rico moaned, throwing his head back, gasping loudly as he felt something squirm inside his balls. At first he thought it was the alien, but he could feel the flesh... stretching?

Still encased in midnight black rubber, his balls began to swell and grow like water balloons. The imperfections of wrinkled skin or hair were gone, leaving only the smooth outer shell as his balls grew larger and fuller and fatter. Rico gasped as his mind filled with flashes of every man he'd nudded into before, reliving every orgasm as it flashed before his eyes... but in the vision, in the reliving of the memory, he wasn't alone. Dark shadows slipped around his shoulders and waist, helping him to fuck those men. It pushed him forward and pulled him back, adding its strength to his own. It was with him, on him, and in him....

"I need..." Rico panted, drool leaking from his lip to run to his chin as he fucked the rubbery slimy sleeve desperately. "I need more!" he begged. In response, countless more black gooey tentacles snapped out. One ensnared Rico around his throat, closing a ring of rubber with no seam around his throat. More tendrils began to slink and slither their way down his collar, snaking across his back like clinging vines. The tube covering his cock began to erupt with waves of slime that defied gravity as it slid up his stomach, under his jacket, coating his abdomen and navel in smooth onyx. One tendril blunted and rounded, plumping at the tip. It was not solid nor liquid, but something in between. It slowly grazed up the long, thick bushy black trail of Rico's sideburn before it caressed the curve of his ear lobe. It slipped back down across the ridges and folds, lining itself up before it began to gush and squeeze into his ear canal.

Rico's body shuddered as the shadow in his visions became so much more tangible, becoming someone clad in an all black version of his motorcycle outfit. There were no zippers, no seams, no stitches. The textured clean lines were all made of the same material. The helmet was solid with no visor, no neck hole, the figure hulking and muscular, and pressing against him from behind. It wrapped around his shoulders with powerful arms. The surface of the helmet rippled and reshaped before a stringy, drippy, gooey maw opened with black blade like teeth and a long, wide tongue. The creature licked what would have been its lips before leaning into Rico's ear.

"Look at what we can do... Look at what we are." It growled, its voice enough to make the floor vibrate beneath their feet. Rico looked down at the dick he was fucking with, but it wasn't his own. It was as thick as his wrist, nearly as long as his forearm. It was jet black, veined but clearly inhuman. Rico exhaled deeply as he thrust each time, watching half a foot of cock disappear into his partner with ease. The shadow suit came up on Rico's other side, licking his ear slowly before it plunged its tongue into his ear from there as well. Rico's back arched as

ribs, ridges, spines and bumps extruded from his imaginary cock, leaving it with the same texture as the sleeve he was currently thrusting.

In reality, Rico was partially subsumed by the tentacles. One had entered each ear, thrusting in and out, probing his mind and creating the connection. Thread like rubber climbed up his neck, webbing together and closing off in patches of living black rubber. His motorcycle suit was growing tight and plump in places as the goo covered him beneath it. It cupped his bubble butt, coating those round cheeks. It spiraled down his legs, closing over his thighs and knees and ankles like a wetsuit beneath his clothes. The living latex slowed a little as it slipped into his boots, curving over his heels and caressing his supple arches. It raced down the slope of his foot and then froze again as it reached his toes.

In the vision, the shadow suit had diverted its gaze down toward the floor. Did the human have miniature tentacles of its own? What were these precious digits? It encroached more, slipping between them and around them, coating them in that uniform layer of non-Newtonian fluid. It closed around each toe individually, getting a feel for their shape and their use. In the real world, Rico's boots began to warp and stretch, bloating outward and contorting before ten sharp claws burst out of the tips, slicing easily through them. The rest of the material folded away as his heels and arch broadened, adding several inches to his shoe size.

Hazel eyes snapped open at the sensation, the vision no longer enough to keep him out of reality. Rico was barely standing under his own power. He looked down at huge black monstrous feet. He wiggled his toes and the taloned digits rescinded. He stepped back with one leg and the glistening mass let him, though his motorcycle pants tore and fell away in tatters as he did. What was left behind was one contiguous, solid stretchy black coating that covered him from waist to toe. It had mimicked the padded panels that ran along the legs, looking like artificial muscles. His ass cheeks were on full display and his balls were the size of grapefruit, though they seemed oddly well proportioned now that his feet were so big.

Testing the tolerance of his captive, he stepped back a little more. The tentacles holding him by the shoulders and throat allowed him to retreat by stretching longer and longer, but that wasn't his focus. Rico looked down, watching inch after inch after inch of black rubber dick sliding out of the tube the nest had made for him. After an impossibly long amount of dick had been revealed, it eventually popped free with a wet, lewd sloshing sound. The length wobbled a little but remained stiff, throbbing with a combination of veins that were no doubt his own and the creature's. Unlike his vision, the shaft was long and smooth, ending in a blunt equine-like tip.

It took several more seconds for Rico to realize the thing was still ear fucking him, pouring itself into his mind telepathically. He could feel that his stomach, the small of his back and his shoulders were completely coated. The goo was slithering up between his pectorals, circling them before advancing. Rico grinned a little and stepped back toward the nest, reaching out. He smoothed over the hole and sleeve that had pleased him so much before, running his gloved hand over the undulating surface.

"You know what I want..." He whispered to it. A new tentacle began to stretch out of the nest, this one remaining fat and thick at the tip rather than tapering to a point. As it emerged, it took on the same blunt, flat tip that Rico now sported. Apparently the alien, or whatever it was, had explored his mind and all the toys he had ever used and had selected the one that would make them both hung like a horse. Rico leaned forward, bringing his lips to the tip. He gave the tentacle cock a gentle kiss before he spread his lips over the fat head. Without warning and with

every ounce of understanding it had gained, the tentacle cock plunged into Rico's mouth, shooting back along his teeth and tongue before liquefying at the very back. It began to pump directly down his throat and into his stomach, filling him up from the inside out.

In the vision, in his living memories, the black shadow wrapped around Rico like a cocoon. It closed him up inside and swirled into him like a painter rinsing his brush. He was nothing but darkness, sex, need, and pleasure. In reality the rubber collar had sunk down into the rubbery straps on his chest. The living latex bristled outward, casting off the leather jacket in scraps and pieces that fell to the ground. Rico's pert, full pecs were on display in the setting sunlight before they were fully encased in rubber.

The motorcycle rider looked like a perverted version of his former self. He was covered from throat to toe in a black riding suit... but this suit was alive, enhancing his dick and balls and adding claws to his toes. His ass quivered with an odd hunger of its own and tendrils still slipped in and out of Rico's ears. The suit began to creak and groan slightly as it grew outward. Biceps and triceps clearly defined before, bulged. His legs groaned as they stretched. Some of it was an illusion from the suit wishing to appear bigger, but the nest hadn't slowed in how much of itself it was pumping down his throat.

The black goo suddenly spilled from his lips, dripping down his chin and cheeks before it snagged and connected to the collar, sealing into place. The goo slipped back up the back of his neck, curving over his hair and knitting itself together. While the coating gushed over his ears and they disappeared into one clean, smooth curve, the tentacles inside continued to bond with his mind. It felt almost as if he was reclining back into a cool bath, feeling the water line close around his cheeks, his forehead, his brow bone, his eyes, and finally his nose. The last bit of skin disappeared as the goo sealed itself over his nostrils. A faint ripple of a rubbery koosh-like texture emerged from the seamless black surface, highlighting where his sideburns once had been.

Rico stumbled backward, the tentacles holding him in place stretching to their limit before they snapped and retracted back into the nest. The rider took a few steps to steady himself on his larger feet, turning at the waist. He reached out and flexed his larger hands, watching as the fingertips stretched into sharp claws. His mouth was gooey and soft, intangible and unformed. He could feel his tongue moving around, but for the moment he let his lips close. As they did, the mouth sealed itself shut, making a smooth and featureless surface. He tried to reflect on his sensations, but... they weren't his alone. It was impossible to feel where his skin ended and the creature began. It was in his body, in his mind. It had curled and coiled inside of his chest where he had once imagined his soul to reside... They were one now, except...

"More..." The voice was so loud it almost hurt their head. They reached a clawed hand, grabbing at it. The black featureless face shifted and rippled before squinting purple slits formed. As the reverberations of the voice faded, the purple slits widened into splotchy approximations of eyes.

"More..." The rider murmured, flexing their broader shoulders as they looked down. Their dick was still huge, impressive and very needy. "More..." they repeated, looking at their dick, then the nest. There was one more flash that ripped through the remains of Rico's mind, mining it for all the knowledge it held. Every kiss, every blowjob, every jerk off session, every clumsy flirt and smug pickup line, every man he'd ever looked at and considered a viable target. Yes,

more... They needed more hosts, more pleasure, more of this world. That was why the swarm had come, after all, to spread.

The rider turned and began striding forward on their huge, taloned feet. The featureless mouth parted to reveal sharp blade-like fangs and a thick, dripping black tongue. It licked its lips as it began to imagine all the different ways it could bring humans to the nest to be converted into drones like them. Reaching their old motorcycle, the purple eyes looked down in consideration. It had been such a distinct part of them before, a symbol of their masculinity... but it was primitive technology, requiring resources to continue to function. If they needed a steed, it would be easy enough to convert a human into one.

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Little by little, the dull ache in Jason's shoulders and back were ebbing. He wasn't sure how much of it was general relaxation after work or how much of it was a distraction from the growing pleasure from his groin, but he didn't care. Time was too short and precious when so much of it was dominated by work and any time he had to himself was to be treasured. The television was on mute with a channel showing handsome men doing things in nature and a folding tray table next to Jason's recliner held the remnants of his hastily put together meal. The man laid back, legs reclined, one hand gripping his fat cock and the other hand caressing his firm belly.

At thirty three, Jason knew his prime wasn't exactly ahead of him. Still, he was confused often enough for someone younger due to his exuberance and work ethic. He'd opted to shave his head once he'd started going thin. His smooth scalp brought out a sharp contrast in the rusty red beard that grew down from his chin, brushing against his chest and nipples. Jason was a perfect, seamless blend of muscle and fat that simply made him a big boy in every sense. His nipples were plump and erect and his toes stretched and strained as he edged himself from orgasming too soon.

A tongue slipped across his lips as Jason thought of the younger mechanics at work and what he'd do to them if they let him. He murmured happily, lifting his left hand up to pinch and tug on his nipple harder, imagining it was one of them suckling from him. A soft, dull groan escaped Jason's mustache lined lips as he pleased himself. The groan had been loud enough that Jason hadn't heard the window to the apartment slowly being wedged open by tendrils of black goo. While all of the symbiote nests now shared the knowledge of the first dozen drones that had been corrupted, each still had to seek out hosts in their own way. This particular nest had sensed someone large, strong and very horny nearby.

Silently, the symbiote nest slipped down onto the floor and wriggled its way closer. Usually they drew in targets to make into drones, to bond and share their essence with the hosts in a way that enhanced them but made them part of the swarm. This human, though, reminded the nest of itself. The closer it got, the more it sensed the visions Jason had. It could see the large human, at least in his imagination, corrupting his coworkers... Xavier sucking from his chest while he pounded his rod into Stevo and had Alex licking his ass from behind. Jason would be a gravity well around which all the others would orbit. They would be his drones and he would be the nest's host.

As a predator, the seething mass of black goo looked for the best approach vector. This human was cradled in a flimsy frame of wood, metal and textiles. The mass slipped under the recliner like a shadow melting away at noon, disappearing beneath. It began to creep and crawl beneath the working of the chair, aligning itself gradually and carefully, lurking beneath the surface. It felt the heat radiating from Jason's body, the gyrations of his body as he worked at himself. These humans were truly fascinating when it came to engaging in mating rituals without anyone else present.

More images wafted from Jason's mind, settling into the creature waiting just beneath the surface. The more it tasted of his mind, the more it knew it was ready. Cotton tore and stuffing erupted as black tentacles shot out of the chair, snaring around Jason's left wrist, his ankles, and then lashed crisscross across his chest, creating an x-shaped restraint before sinking back into the chair. Jason grunted in shock and tried to use his free hand to grab and clutch at whatever had grabbed him, but a new tendril wrapped around his wrist, guiding his hand right back to his cock. With gentle coaxing, it began to nudge his hand up and down.

"What the fuck?" Jason asked, panting, sweating, confused and yet aroused all the same. Everywhere that the creature had restrained him, the black rubbery goo began to spread. It seeped out across his thick, rotund man boobs and it began to coat his ankles and wrists. The black coating hid all the imperfections beneath; every pore, every hair, every dimple or scar. It created a perfect, seamless shell that oozed outward. Jason continued to stroke himself, but as he tried to lift his head up, another tentacle pierced through the chair, coming down around his throat. It adhered to his skin, making a collar that began to creep in both directions.

The black slime slipped up around the back of Jason's head like a cowl, spreading and creeping out across his neck before it reached his cheeks. The slime hesitated, finding the bristly hairs that made up Jason's beard. It understood the smooth, slick curve of his smooth scalp but the beard was strange. The symbiotes had covered hair on the other hosts, but something inside Jason said this was important. It was a sign of masculinity, of strength, of defiance against society and of prowess. If it was that important, the nest knew it couldn't deprive him of it...

Once more, the black slime continued undaunted. It coated the hairs in a shell of living latex, each one like a shielded electric wire. They brushed against one another in a dense mane of black, making it look bigger and thicker and more menacing. Jason let out a soft growl of pleasure, seeing the black rubbery beard forming. He closed his fingers around his cock with renewed enthusiasm, starting to jack off again harder and faster. The nest seeped through the weave of the chair and a soft sizzling sound came as it digested Jason's shirt and pants from beneath, replacing them with its cool caress. It slicked down his shoulders and back, coating his ample ass, hugging at his thighs and legs and his left arm.

With little warning, a wet and slick sound came as the symbiote wrapped around his legs entirely like chaps. His left arm was encased in a sleeve and long, thin strands knit together the sleeve to his shoulder rubber until it all closed in as one complete piece. More tendrils and strings spiraled their way up his active right arm, coating and caressing his muscles and rolls of fat, stretching toward his eager hand. The slime continued to sweep along the slope of his bare scalp, spilling over his forehead and dribbling down his eyes. It slipped down across his lids as they closed, dipping into his beard line. The rubber flowed across his nose and nostrils and his ears disappeared beneath the flow, but the nest was far from finished.

Jason's captivity so far had been a mix of fear and pleasure, or tight pressure and sensuality. The material was compression and adhering as much as it was caressing. Jason shivered a little as he felt the goo slipping into his ears, pouring itself slowly like molasses through the twists and turns of the ear canal. It did not rupture or puncture when it reached the end points, but it began to vibrate and stimulate the ear drums on its own as microscopic filaments began to press deeper.

What the symbiote had gleaned by proximity telepathically, it began to draw in directly... and it began to plant thoughts in turn. Jason plunged back into his fantasies from before, of corrupting his coworkers, but he was no longer himself in the visions. He was a huge, brutish, hulking form of black rubber. Xavier sucked from nipples so fat and long that they were additional dicks, dribbling black slime into his mouth. Alex was rimming Jason's huge ass and being rewarded with a long, whip-like tongue, and Stevo was moaning as he was filled with a pillar sized cock. Tentacles writhed and wriggled from Jason's large back, following every orifice the men had. This was what they could do together, creating drones...

The surrender was delicious. They were, after all, not quite parasites. Life was better together, and Jason had become one with the nest. Slime raced up his arm, coating his wrist like a gauntlet, spanning his hand and fingers, rushing to the tips before the goo kept going, creating long and wicked claws. For a few long strokes, Jason enjoyed the feeling of the cool black rubber claws on their hot, hard dick... but they were meant to be so much more, to be so much bigger. The goo closed across his chest, the last pink nubs of his nipples encased in the stretchy material. It sculpted to him, formed around his unusual physiology. The black rubber oozed over his feet, his heels, then his toes. Layer after layer of rubber built up over itself, creating longer digits, a broader foundation and a more defined arch.

Like a food lover saving their favorite piece for last, Jason's entire body had been encased except for his dick. The goo caressed and fondled his balls, making them look far larger. It grew thick around the base of the cock, practically making a sheath before the slime began to climb upward. It met where his fingers brushed and then slipped past them. The rubber coating over Jason's face rippled and shifted before two red splotches blinked and spread across the synthesized face, the mesh beard parting to reveal a maw with dripping fangs. The creature watched the black slime engulf their already large shaft, only adding inch after inch in length and width.

It wasn't so much that Jason just watched as his cock grew, but they could feel it growing... There was no way of telling where flesh ended and living rubber began. Their heart throbbed, their veins pulsed, and the cock kept getting longer and thicker and wider. It was prying their hand apart as it grew. The tip blunted and flattened, growing wider than the shaft itself. About a third of the way down, a hard ring pushed its way out of the rubber before another ring emerged another third of the way down. It was like a horse-shaped dipstick but impossibly tall and long.

Images and thoughts swirled together inside of Jason, the alien and human minds melding together more and more. Size meant nothing to the nest. Their purpose was to make drones, and unlike the other nests, this one had taken on a human host rather than just converting humans that came near to it. The clawed hand began to fondly caress their huge dick. It could get as big as they needed, big enough to swallow other humans, to cocoon them in



their balls, to let them marinate and gestate in ancient primordial fluids before being ejaculated as new drones for the swarm.

A long, thick tongue slathered across Jason's lips. No longer restrained to the busted recliner, their huge shoulders rippled before tentacles erupted out, pushing the large man to his feet. The floor thumped with his weight. He creaked one shoulder, then the other. His arms were gorilla-like, reaching nearly down to his knees. His balls were like basketballs. He grinned and turned, moving back to the window that the slime had come through. Claws wrapped around the window frame before he hoisted it upwards, nearly breaking it free of its sill. Taking a long sniff of the evening city air, he pushed himself through the gap and descended down to the ground level. For the second time in the day, a tremor rippled out through the neighborhood and set off car alarms. Jason merely began striding down the street, heading towards his new hunting grounds.

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Percy knew he had a problem, but it wasn't a problem he wanted to deal with. He strutted through the club like he owned the place, catching appreciating glances from the other men in the establishment. He gave coy winks and smiles with his green eyes, feeling hands caress his bare cocoa colored shoulders, his long black dreads swaying hypnotically as he walked towards the bathrooms. The heavy door begrudgingly eased open, allowing the lithe man to enter. His shoes tapped along the dirty cement floor until he found his favorite stall, one marked with a silver star sticker on the upper right corner. Stepping inside, he closed the door and latched it shut, preparing himself for the night's festivities.

As Percy's pants came down, his achingly hard cock sprung free, the skin revealing just a little hint of the mushroom shaped tip. He pulled the skin along his cock to reveal more of it, shivering a little. It was a little ironic that he'd been blessed with such a huge dick only to be a bottom slut. Maybe it was a symbol of his urges, his needs, his destiny to be the town's most practiced dick aficionado. He didn't really care. He stroked himself off, his thick lips making faces as he imagined all the delicious cum he'd get to sample.

After a while, the muffled sounds of the club outside changed. The music seemed to get stuck and there were moans and groans, plus the sound of things clattering to the floor. Percy's brow furrowed as he wondered if he was missing some kind of orgy. Eventually, though, the heavy door opened again. Heavy footsteps echoed in the confined space as one - no, two figures entered. One walked down the row of stalls, pushing open the one next to Percy. His mouth began watering at the concept, his eyes drifting to the very neatly cut circle in the stall wall covered with a rubber gasket to keep it smooth. He became even more thrilled when he heard the door open on the other side, the stall equally equipped with another glory hole.

Percy slowly lifted himself off the toilet; tugging his pants down a little more before he backed up to the glory hole behind him. His ass cheeks were warm against the cool partition. He gasped a bit when he felt something thick and slick dribbling down between his ass cheeks. Had they brought lube to a glory hole? That was incredibly thoughtful! He bit his bottom lip a little and then gasped as he felt one of the fattest, thickest cocks he'd experienced begin pressing between his cheeks. Thankfully he'd trained night and day and his hole was capable of accepting the gift.

Even as Percy started to feel the thick cock ram deeper and deeper into his posterior, making his own dick swing and bob between his legs, he put his hands down on the dirty floor, leaning forward to the other glory hole. He licked his lips once more and opened wide. His green eyes gazed at the narrow gap, a little cross eyed from the position. He saw movement, something coming at his mouth, but it wasn't quite right... It was glistening black like a sex toy, the tip blunt and flat and wide and animalistic... and drooling black slime. Before he could protest, the cock wedged between his lips, sliding across his tongue and started bumping the back of his throat.

Percy used every ounce of his training not to gag. It didn't take long, however, before he felt himself falling into the rhythm. The two men were in a strange, perfect sync with one another. They moved in concert, in stereo, working him from both ends. In and out, stretching him like an accordion. Percy had thought to object at the strange cock slamming down his throat, but when had he ever said no? Besides, maybe it was some strange sort of sleeve that... that what? It was drooling lube already down his throat. They were huge, and he loved them, and they loved him and - the heat started to blossom inside of his stomach. It had started slow at first, but then dramatically accelerated. Were they cumming? The one behind him certainly was.

Percy felt his intestines fill, but it rooted deeper and deeper until his stomach began to fill as well. The one in front of him pulled back until the cock was just in this throat and then he let loose. Percy's mouth filled with black living latex, coating his tongue and teeth. It smelled and tasted like rubber and asphalt and it inflamed his senses. His nipples hardened and he began to gulp and gulp, welcoming the goo in, but there was no way to hold it all. The black slime erupted from around his mouth, but rather than dripping down it snapped around his cheeks, snaking beneath his dreads, latching itself tight. The slime spread out like a mask, covering his chin and ears, his cheeks, spreading down his throat.

More of the backwash came sloshing out of Percy's ass, the tension of the rubber pushing his cheeks wide, leaving his hole a glistening donut of a pucker that would never fully close. The slime snared his waist, coating his thighs before it began to cup his balls, fondling them and stroking them. Percy had never felt so full in any sense of the word. He had two of the biggest cocks ever intruding into him, but they'd filled him with so much cum that it felt like it filled him from one end to the other with nowhere else to go... except... down... Percy's lithe back arched, his fingernails scraping the cement floor. His chest began to rise and fall rapidly despite the lack of oxygen as his long, hard cock began to spasm, throb, sting, and then erupted with its own stream of long, black, sticky slime.

It came out with the consistency of pudding, splattering on the floor. Tendrils and strings began to curve backward, splattering up along the length of his cock, but most of it collected in a puddle beneath him. The slime began to crawl and seep to his knees, climbing up his legs to coat them. It closed around his ankles, his thighs, latching onto the slime dripping from his ass and balls. As it hardened and solidified into the same thick coating that covered the other men, it stretched out to wrap around his beautiful feet and his tender toes.

A soft sizzling came, steam wafting off the slime as it dissolved the human's pathetic clothing. The slime continued to coat him from his waist to his feet, eventually working along his cock from the base. Every heartbeat made the shaft grow thicker and fatter, the length already impressive on its own. As the slime swept toward its terminus, Percy felt as if it was being

massaged and tenderized inside and out. A fat medial ring formed around the midway point and the wobbling, slime spewing tip nearly popped outward as it was subsumed and forced into the equine shape that the symbiotes had favored since taking over Rico as a host.

Percy shivered as he felt the rubber reach his ears, the slime slithering into his ear canals. It throbbed and pulsed as if it was depositing something directly into his brain, and in a way it was. His horny, slutty life flashed before his eyes before being fed out to the symbiotes as a whole. They fed on the images, loving the urges and the needs, assuring Percy that they would always be able to satisfy those urges. The slime slipped up over his scalp, obscuring his eyes and forehead. The living latex curled and coiled and slipped down his dreadlocks, coating each one in layer after layer like stalactites forming until each one looked like a ribbed, synthetic rubber hose dangling from a flawless, smooth head. Turquoise eye splotches opened, though the new drone's mouth was still fused to the huge cock sliding down into his throat.

Percy's form was nearly entirely covered, the slime creeping up their smooth stomach and dripping down across their shoulders. It cupped their modest pecs and deformed over their nipples to give little points to the chest. The tendrils and strings laced themselves down across their ribs, latching into the rubber at their waist. Every shred of clothing was dissolved and every centimeter of skin was coated. The last gaps sealed up as Percy realized their place in the grand scheme of everything. A wet, sloshing sound came as the two drones extracted themselves from Percy's mouth and ass. The new drone rose up to his full height, glistening in the dim light of the bathroom. Their horse cock wobbled before them, their pucker throbbing with the need to be filled by another.

The stall door was nearly ripped off of its hinges as Percy stepped out, flanked by two seven foot tall symbiote behemoths. They turned and left the bathroom, walking between the seething masses of the last of the club dwellers to be converted. Mouths moaned in captive ecstasy before symbiote slime poured around the edges, others undulating between massive black alien men pounding them from every side. Heysters of black slime showered down over others, welcoming them all into the swarm. Percy's mind tingled and throbbed as much as his erection did as each human essence was crystalized in that moment of sexual pleasure, ready to repeat and live in that afterglow.

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It had only taken a matter of hours for the swarm to spread. Sirens echoed through the city, an air raid siren from decades past wailed. The glitter of the lights still glowed like embers in the buildings, but a few fires had broken out too. The women and children had been ignored, allowing them to flee the city. The men were nearly gone, replaced by drones that roamed the streets in patrols on foot or on larger muscled quadruped brutes that had once been human, now resembling some sort of rubber crocodile mounts.

A series of flashes came as the bridges into and out of the city were detonated, the metal and asphalt splintered and collapsing in flaming debris into the rivers below. The radio was talking about quarantines, about containing the alien threat. How did any of them know what the symbiotes were capable of or what they were immune to? Without bridges, what if they just swam across, or worse, contaminated the water itself? The swarm had hit too hard, too fast

and in a concentrated area. It was the fall of New York all over again, but this time from something beyond the stars. There was no defeating them, only escaping them.

A cool, humid wind rippled through Parker's spiked, copper colored hair, his pacific blue eyes seeming duller and grayer these days. A soft exhalation left the eighteen year old's lips as he looked on at the city cut off, left to its fate. He reached down and grabbed the zipper of his torn black sweatshirt, drawing the zipper up over the purple and black neoprene suit that hugged his muscled physique, ensuring that the sweatshirt covered the spider-symbol emblazoned on his chest. Pulling the sleeve back from his left wrist, he revealed a small gauntlet-like cuff that glowed with sophisticated technology. Parker entered a few commands and turned as space itself splintered and cracked behind him, revealing a gaping maw of technicolor energy.

"This world may have crashed and burned, but it's not taking me with it." Parker said as a commitment to himself. Pulling his hood up over his spiked hair, he turned his back on his reality and stepped through the portal into the multiverse. The portal began folding in on itself, snapping back as the barrier between realities was closed. The light reflected off the glistening black figure of a symbiote that had been advancing on the young man, ready to corrupt him and bring him into the swarm. Glowing white eye splotches blinked slowly, the concept of the portal broadcast out to all the alien hybrids roaming the city. The humans had been captive prey, trapped in their own world.... But one had gotten away. If he developed a way to resist them and returned? That was a threat that could not be allowed to linger.... But the swarm was patient. First they would claim this place, then the world... and then they would look for the being that had gotten away.