Chapter 7:

The next day the symbiote woke Simon woke up early and got started on their usual routine, except today instead of doing their usual run they were going to take the bus instead in order to conserve their energy. As he finished getting dressed for the day and walked out of his bedroom they saw that Tony was standing there in the middle of the living room completely naked and with a confused look on his face. “Hey there Tony,” Simon said as he went over to his roommate. “You feeling alright?”

“My head’s just… a bit foggy…” Tony replied, shaking his head like there was water in his ears. “It’s not bad, just strange. Plus I’ve already like jerked off twice this morning and something looked strange with that too but I can’t remember what it was…”

*It appears he is still bonding with his symbiote.*

“Perhaps you should just take the day off from classes today,” Simon suggested. “Lay in bed and relax.”

There was a moment of pause before Tony simply nodded. “Yeah… I think that’s a good idea,” Simon was just about to agree when he was caught by surprise with a kiss, feeling the other man’s tongue swirl around his mouth for a few seconds before breaking off. “Thanks for the advice, I’m going to go take a shower now and let the steam clear my head.”

Simon just gave him a thumbs up as he tried to keep his shocked look down to a minimum, then couldn’t help but look down at the bare ass of the other guy before going into the bathroom. “So… that was a thing,” Simon said as he walked out the door. “Did you know he was going to do that?”

*We are mated Simon, kissing is something that you’re just going to have to get used to. Focus on the plan though.*

The two of them continued to mentally go over what they were going to do, once more Simon going on his phone in order to mask their conversation. Despite the constant reassurance from the symbiote that this was going to work Simon continued to feel a knot in his stomach. Somehow even after what they did to Alex there was still the fear that what they were going to do wasn’t going to work; either Dr. Malcome would somehow reject the symbiote or they would get discovered before this plan comes to fruition. Simon found himself practically shaking as the bus got closer to their destination.

*I could take care of that for you.*

“Huh?” Simon said, putting his phone back to his ear. “What do you mean by that?”

*It would be an easy task to take those feelings and subvert them… temporarily. Imagine all of the confidence and sureness that you would have if you didn’t have those pesky human emotions swirling around in your head. It will help you to keep a clear head and steady nerve.*

Though the offer was tempting Simon had always been leery of the symbiote poking around in his head like that, especially after what he saw happen to Troy. It also reminded him of what it felt like when the symbiote took control, feeling its sheer brazen fearlessness in getting what it wanted. As far as he knew it hadn’t tampered with anything else since it removed the inhibitions towards it, as well as sex it appeared, and at this point he felt like there was a bond of trust. But fear, doubt, all of those emotions were part of the human experience, which meant if he removed them would that make him… not human?

*I think we’re already far past the stage of humanity Simon, it’s time for you to embrace what we are and let me help you to do the tasks we need.*

“Well, the same thing that happened last time isn’t going to happen again, is it?” Simon said, looking at the passengers on the bus with him. “Because I don’t think that would be good.”

*Just trust me Simon.*

After another minute or two Simon finally caved and told the symbiote to do it, putting away his phone and bracing himself for whatever might happen. Once more he could feel the surreal shifting in his skull as the symbiote took hold once again and began to manipulate his mind, only instead of last time where it was like a freight train this was more like… a flowing river. As all those negative emotions drained away they were quickly replaced with more confidence, more pride, and a lot of euphoria. For a few seconds his eyes turned pitch black as Simon let the symbiote do his work, looking down so no one could see them and leaning forward to hide the forming erection.

*You see, our bonding has made this so much easier now…*

By the time the bus rolled to a stop and let off its passengers a practically new Simon emerged out into the world, a smug grin on his face as he went over to the coffee vendor and bought his usual bag of muffins. As Simon savored the taste he also enjoyed everything else around him unhindered by the constant worries of everyday life. Everything felt… freer, brighter, like he had been looking at everything through sunglasses and he had just taken them off for the first time. It made him wish that he had done this sooner, a thought that caused the symbiote to chuckle in his head as they made their way inside the spire.

As soon as they walked in they spotted their drone sitting dutifully at one of the tables in his human form, his head perking up as soon as he saw them. “I’m so glad to see you again Ma-… Simon,” Alex replied, looking around quickly after his slip up before referring back to them. “Are we going to continue our work?”

“Indeed we are,” Simon replied, putting a hand on his shoulder as their eyes turned a deep black. “It is time for the liberation of the spire, and to do that we’re going to need for you to do something very important. Listen closely drone…”

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About thirty minutes later Dr. Malcome was sitting in his office going through yet another staggering pile of paperwork when there was a knock at the door that caused him to look up. “I’m really quite busy right now,” he shouted back. “If you need something send it to me in an e-mail or make an appointment.”

“It’s me,” the researcher said on the other side of the door. “I just need to talk to you for a minute or so.”

Dr. Malcome’s eyes perked up and he found himself leaning back in his chair after putting his pencil down. “Come in Alex,” a small smile played on the corner of the man’s face as he watched the other male come into his office and sit down opposite him. “Is there a problem, does Simon suspect why you’re really there?”

“He’s suspicious but I don’t think he’s put all the pieces together yet,” Alex replied as he leaned forward. “But the real reason that I came up here was for you. It’s been ages since we’ve been together and I know we’re not supposed to see each other while in the middle of your plan, but surely you can take a little time out of your busy schedule in order to accommodate me.”

“Oh, I…” Dr. Malcome replied, getting slightly flustered as the younger researcher got back up and began to slide his way over to the other side of the desk. “While I appreciate the boldness I don’t think that doing something at work would be the best idea, especially not if certain people are sniffing about.”

“But it’s been so long,” Alex whined, taking the other male and turning his chair to face him before sitting on his lap. “If I had known that there was going to be this much waiting I wouldn’t have considered doing this for you.”

Alex had to hold back the sneer as the researcher told him that it wouldn’t be long before Simon was out and he was in, keeping up the act as best it could while his eyes remained fixated on the computer screen. As he wrapped his arms around Dr. Malcome and rubbed his back he waited until he saw what he had come up there for, a request for destruction of specimen appearing on the screen. As he continued to keep the increasingly horny man’s attention on him his forearms turned a shiny black before a tentacle formed from it. It stretched over to the mouse and moved it over to the request, clicking accepted on it before deleting the message from the inbox.

Meanwhile downstairs Simon watched with anticipation at the tablet that he held, smiling when he saw his request was approved and the code to open the door. While he could have just used his sheer strength to pry it open it would have sounded alarms that would not only alert Dr. Malcome but the entire facility. Instead he had all the time in the world as he punched in the code to open the door. Once more his symbiote shirked back from the blast of icy air as they walked inside without a hazmat suit since it was not necessary.

“So which symbiote are we taking for Dr. Malcome?” Simon asked as he went over to the symbiote transfer station and unlocked the controls.

*All of them.*

“All of them?” Simon asked, looking at the remaining ten that were above their heads. “Seems like a bit of overkill for just one guy.”

*Not just one guy… we have… the capability… all of them…*

It was clear the cold was having an effect on the symbiote and even he started to feel very lethargic, which made him wonder if perhaps it wasn’t thinking with the best judgement. They only had a few symbiotes left, if they accidently overuse them or run out then they’d have to try and make something similar to what they gave to Troy and that also seemed to need some form of base materials. As his hand hovered over the mass purge button, he tried to get it to wake up and see if could make more sense only to be met with silence. As his body began to shiver uncontrollably he knew he wouldn’t last much longer in such a frigid environment and he had to decide quick whether to dump them all or just take one.

A few seconds later the lights on all the tanks turned on as they prepared to be purged, in the end the symbiote knew their capabilities better than him. He watched as all the fluid starting coming down at once and realized that there was another problem of where he was going to put them all. There also came a problem as the symbiotes stopped in their respective tubes while the control panel gave an alert that there wasn’t a proper seal in place for the transfer. Simon mentally kicked himself as he realized he couldn’t get them all without a tank big enough to hold them with a proper seal…

Simon only had a few minutes to rectify the situation before the pump station would reverse the flow and lock him out. He also needed to get out of the cold of the room as the world started to spin and get fuzzy. His trembling hands took one of the transfer hoses and attached it to the end of the symbiote transfer system, which caused one of the two red lights on the console to turn green. As he thought about what to put on the other side he let out a hiss of pain as his fingers stuck to the metal. As he tried to find a better purchase on the hose he saw the shiny black symbiote ooze out of his palms to protect them and suddenly Simon got an epiphany.

As quickly as he could he unscrewed the nozzle from that hose and grabbed the end of another, willing more of the black ooze to cover the two ends. After a few seconds the cold had hardened the symbiote into an air-tight seal as he extended the hose over towards the door. He did that two more times and had the hose stretching all the way out into the warmth of the hallway, Simon practically sputtering as he was bathed in heat once more. It appeared his set-up was working… but as the remaining few seconds ticked down on the timer he knew that even though the makeshift seals kept the integrity of the hose he still had to find one last one on his hand that would also pump the symbiotes into a container that can hold them.

His symbiote seemed to have the answer to that though as Simon suddenly felt his face begin to stretch out, his jaws pushing outwards as thick black goo covered them. His hands were also undergoing a similar treatment and before Simon could react his eyes widened when his arms suddenly pushed the other end of the hose into his maw. The second the metal made contact with the rubber muzzle the symbiote had formed on his face it clamped around it and sealed shut. He could hear a beep and the looked into the room to see that the second red light had turned green and the pump resumed the process.

*Soon we will not need this cursed place anymore, once we have taken what is rightfully ours we will be unstoppable.*

All Simon could do at this point was brace himself as the hose that had just been connected to his own body started to vibrate from the fluid flowing into it. The last thought he had was whether or not they were going to be able to handle all of this before his mouth was suddenly filled with the unfamiliar taste of the symbiotic substance. As soon as it began to flood his body though the symbiote was ready and the rubbery substance that had just been on his hands and face quickly cascaded over his entire body. While Simon was unsure just how much liquid was contained he knew it was gallons, and while his gut did inflate slightly from the sheer volume it was quickly redistributed everywhere as his body quickly grew bigger.

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*Yessssss!*

The symbiote practically roared in triumph in Simon’s mind, their real mouth currently occupied by the hose feeding them more of the goo that had started to form into thick tentacles that sprouted on his back while smaller ones formed everywhere else.

*Finally we can be what we are truly meant to be!*

Already their body had transformed back into their hulking symbiote selves but with the additional mass their muscles continued to swell like balloons being filled with air. Their head was practically bumping against the ceiling as the shiny goo on their body was in continuous state of movement, symbiote and Simon being flooded with so much pleasure from their final bonding that they lost all sense of independent thought. Their claws dug into the metal walls as their bodies continued to assimilate the new slave symbiotes, and as a thick mane of rubbery hair and a pair of horns grew from their heads Simon realized why they needed all of them.

Much like with the regular symbiote that they had formed for Tony they took all the information they got from the glut of new goo and used it to learn how they were synthetized. With the human’s body flooded with symbiotic substance it triggered the last of their bonding, and with that unlocked their ultimate potential as they spat the end of the now empty hose out of their mouths. They wouldn’t need to steal any more symbiotes because their body had become a factory for them; not only was their body able to produce more of the substance when needed but also create as many slave symbiotes as they want. But at the moment their hulking, heavy body had an excess of mass as they lumbered down the hallway, but with it being close to break time for some they knew that it was a problem they were going to rectify quite easily…

Meanwhile back up in the lunchroom two of Simon’s co-workers, unaware of what was happening downstairs, sat down as they started their first break of the day. “I can’t believe they’re thinking of cutting our safety budget,” one of them said to the other as he popped open his can of soda and took a drink. “Pretty soon I’m going to have to bring in sterile lab gloves from home.”

“Tell me about it,” the other researcher said as he leaned down to the floor to grab something out of his backpack. “I heard that the idiots in lab four tried to steal a bunch of supplies from lab two and then had the audacity to blame their supervisor, can you believe them?” As he found his phone he paused when he didn’t hear a response save for what sounded like a voice being muffled. “Bill? You okay-“

As the second researcher came up to look his phone clattered to the ground as he saw his co-worker with what looked like a piece of latex suctioned to his face, mouth frozen in a gasp. He found himself unable to do anything but sit there with his own lips trembling as he heard the low growl of the shiny black creature behind him. “You don’t know how long that I’ve waiting to do this,” they said as the frozen researcher began to feel something slithering and coiling up his legs and to his body. “It’s time for an attitude adjustment…”

The alien creature towered over the two as the excess slave symbiotes that they didn’t use for their final evolution crawled over them. The humans continued to squirm in their seats as the black goo oozed over their bodies while the symbiotic creature took his tongue and slathered it over the face of the other guy to make sure he didn’t attract any unnecessary attention. Though these weren’t his primary target they would make for good drones later, but at the moment they just cocooned them in their symbiotic shells so they could slowly transform without their touch. It was the same for the guard in the security office they visited first as they looked up and smirked into the camera that he was able to see through the thick layer of goo that encased his body.

Though it was a bit risky to leave two human-shaped rubbery sacks in the break room they knew that by the time another took their time off they will have emerged into symbiote drones, and though they couldn’t transform people themselves they will certainly keep their toxic co-workers occupied until he could get to him. Already they felt their new drones succumbing to the symbiotes merging with them and the pleasure that they were being infused with. Soon all the scientists in the spire would be theirs… at the moment he had one in particular that they was looking forward to as they licked their lips.

A few minutes later the symbiote arrived at the door of Dr. Malcome, and though their hearing was significantly enhanced they didn’t need it for what was going on the other side. It appeared that their first drone had gotten the soon to be former supervisor to succumb to his desires, which made it all the more satisfying to bang on the door with his large hand. “Just a minute!” they heard on the other side of the door, followed by a small yelp from what was likely Alex getting quickly pulled out of or put the floor as they banged again. “Damnit I said I’m coming, unless the lab is burning down you can wait five seconds for me to come there!”

They decided it wasn’t fast enough and grabbed the door handle before ripping it off its hinges, causing the man on the other side to nearly fall over as he put on his trousers. “Hello there Dr. Malcome,” they said with a sneer. “I know I don’t have an appointment but I need to talk to you. Perhaps you’d like to have a seat.”

Dr. Malcome continued to lay there on the floor in shock, their grin growing even wider as they watched all the blood drain from his face. “I… it…” he tried to respond, though the sight of a huge muscular shiny rubber creature standing there seemed to fry most of his conversation skills. “You…”

“You tried to destroy us…” the symbiote replied, snapping his fingers. “Whether it was the symbiote that you feared would lose your precious position here or the career of the one that brought it to your attention it no longer matters, we’re here now and it’s time for payback.”

As the older researcher tried to speak he was suddenly lifted off the floor by his shoulders, gasping in surprise as the young man that he had been fooling around with was replaced with a featureless humanoid form that put him back in his chair. “Simon…” Dr. Malcome attempted to reason as the symbiote continued to lean forward while baring his teeth. “Simon, is that really you?”

“You are not talking to Simon anymore,” the symbiote hissed as they brought their hands down on the wooden desk hard enough to crack it. “We suppose we should be thanking you, not only for bringing us together but also for you and your superiors for fostering such a poor work environment that those working here would rather give themselves as drones then have to listen to one more word of what you have to say. This spire will be the den of the symbiotes and I, Asmodeus, will be their king.”

“Surely… surely there’s something that I can do to spare me from this!” Dr. Malcome said the newly forged creature continued to stretch himself forward, the man’s demeanor changing from pleading to anger as Asmodeus shook his head. “You incompetent piece of filth, do you really think you’re going to get away with this? When my bosses hear about this you’ll wish you’d been fired!”

It was clear that Dr. Malcome wanted to say more but was stopped when a giant clawed hand wrapped around the lower half of his face. “That’s the last time you’ll ever be able to yell at us…” the symbiote hissed as black goo began to cover his face, eyes immediately rolling into the back of his head as Asmodeus took his other hand and clasped it against his head. Tendrils immediately flooded the doctor’s head and they were practically drooling as they reconditioned him to be nothing but a subservient creature who would only have the pleasure of serving his other drones.

Asmodeus continued to hold Dr. Malcome’s head and rub his hands over it until it was nothing but an ovular shape with the slightest hints of human features like the others. But unlike Alex, who looked like he was wearing a heavy but still form-fitting rubber hood, Dr. Malcome looked more like a mannequin than a person. That was exactly how they wanted it to be as he let go, letting the symbiote ooze down the body before gesturing for Alex to come forward. Their drone quickly did so and though the rush of power from the control was still intoxicating they knew there was still much to be done.

“Do you have access to Dr. Malcome’s accounts?” Asmodeus asked, their drone nodding. “Good, in four hours schedule a meeting for everyone to come down to the lunch room for a spire-wide announcement. That way we can catch any stragglers that we happen to miss.”

“Yes Master Asmodeus,” the drone replied, bowing his head so that they could rub it and connect their symbiotes.

“Good,” Asmodeus growled. “Now it’s time to go on the hunt…”

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By the time Simon and Asmodeus returned to the apartment they were practically dead on their feet, grumbling as they knocked over a pile of pizza boxes that were stacked up against the door. After such a busy day at work they were completely tapped, to the point where it was almost a struggle for them to return to Simon’s form so they could go out in public. It didn’t help they weren’t keen to return to a human body so soon, not after being able to be out all day in their symbiote form. Even though they wanted to transform back they decided against it and trudged towards their bedroom.

“Do you think we should check on Tony?” Simon asked as they glanced over at the other door.

*Too tired, check later.*

“Agreed.” Simon stated before pulling out his phone and bringing up a pizza place to order from. With so many drones under their control now it meant that they didn’t have to worry about funds, at least not in the short term while they decided their next move. Also there was a bit of guilty pleasure ordering several pizzas on Dr. Malcome’s credit card while opening the door to his room.

When he looked up from his phone screen he nearly dropped it at what he saw. Laying on his bed was an Tony, his eyes completely black. “We’ve been waiting for you,” the other symbiotic creature said as they stretched their legs to show off their groin, their huge shiny black cock nestled between his legs. “Why don’t you come here so we can show you our appreciation?”

*…I no longer feel tired.*

“Agreed,” was all Simon could think of saying back as he felt the symbiote inside him shifting.

*It would be rude for us not to accept their appreciation…*

Almost immediately Simon could feel the symbiote oozing out of him as they became single-minded once more in their needs, bulking him up with the gooey black substance as they continued to move forwards towards the human. Already they could see their presence was having an accelerated effect on Tony’s bonding, watching the rubbery substance start to ooze over his groin as more began to drool out of his mouth. Asmodeus was more than happy to speed their mate along in the process as they stripped the human clothing off their growing body. By the time they were at the bed they had grown back to their impressive stature, the bed creaking beneath them as they climbed on as well.

“You are so beautiful,” they told Tony before leaning down and kissing the other male, Asmodeus feeling the start of a reptilian muzzle growing out as they plunged their tongue down the transforming human’s throat. Their body spread the legs of the other male and they felt them press against his thighs, exposing his tight hole that also had been converted. As the symbiote inside Tony transformed more of his body Asmodeus was more than ready to claim their new mate.

There was a muffled moan around Asmodeus’s tongue as they penetrated him, feeling the augmented walls clamp around his cock as he slid easily in. Tony’s entire body was shaking as the symbiote inside it continued to assert itself, Asmodeus feeling the calves and thighs pressed against his hips thickening while Tony’s toes wiggled and stretched. The rubber-like substance that completely coated Asmodeus was quickly spreading over his mate as well, muscles swelling as their pectorals and washboard abs rubbed frictionless against one another. With the symbiote inside Tony matured and their connection established once more they could see the interactions between the two, though right now it was mostly mired in the pure haze of lust as they began to thrust down into him while still slithering their tongue down into their throat.

But just as the two symbiotes started to get into a rhythm the bed that had been protesting this entire time finally let out a crack, causing both to fall to the floor as it completely collapsed. The two remained entwined around one another as they looked around before finally staring back at one another. “It appears that we may require a sturdier frame if we wish to continue this,” Asmodeus stated after pulling his tongue out of the completely formed reptilian muzzle of the other creature. “I doubt yours will fare much better.”

“Perhaps it is time to find better accommodations in general,” Tony and his symbiote replied, tail coiling around Asmodeus’ while they remained locked together. “We have… outgrown this place already and if you’re planning on making any more like us than we’re going to start having issues.”

“Absolutely correct,” Asmodeus said, drawing a moan from the other creature as he began to pump his thick symbiote cock in and out of that tight tailhole once more. “Fortunately we just happened to have gotten a promotion at work and many others that will help us out, plus given this current track there will be many more chances to… rise up in the ranks. All we have to do-“

They were interrupted by a knock on the door as Asmodeus remembered that they had ordered pizza before they came into the room, the two symbiotes grinning at one another as they untangled themselves to satisfy a different hunger…