Chapter 5:

Another week had passed since the symbiote had manifested itself in Simon’s body, and since that time he had kept a tight leash on what it could do to him. The second after the symbiote had talked to him using his own mouth and throat the both of them had passed out due to the sheer exertion from it. When Simon woke up again he found himself completely back to normal, though the mental image of what he saw continued to stick in his head. Though he knew that the first reaction that he, or any rational person for that matter, should have been to go seek some sort of help immediately he found that to be an unnecessary option, likely due to the influence of the symbiote to keep him calm about the whole thing.

Even so it was enough for Simon to stop any further voluntary progress towards their bonding, telling the thing inside him that he needed some time to process all this information. There was no doubt in Simon’s mind that it was still happening, especially since he decided not to further risk any exposure on the bus and resume his running campaign. But even with everything there was still something that was pressing to the forefront of Simon’s mind, the fact that in a few weeks he was going to be fired and completely cut off from the project. If that happened then a major avenue of studying what happened to him would be cut off and he couldn’t afford to let that happen.

*The plan to take Alex is still possible.*

Simon slowed down his run through the park, even though he wasn’t tired at all, and sighed as he put his head to his hand. “I see several problems with this,” Simon replied, finally deciding that it was time to communicate now that the symbiote had made the first step. “Even if I decided to go along with this plan we hardly had the means to remove the one little mental block in my mind. Plus you said before that if there’s not enough symbiote essence then we wouldn’t be able to push the conversion over the edge.

*…*

“What?”

*You just said we.*

“Oh… I… yeah, I suppose I did.”

*I’m so proud.*

“Oh shut up,” Simon replied as he started up his run again. “Now tell me how you plan to take Alex.”

As Simon continued to sprint forward the symbiote laid forth a rather ingenious plot in order to make sure they could convert the younger researcher. The symbiote stated that they could take one of the other symbiotes, which he was fond of calling slave symbiotes since they didn’t have any sentience and he could control them, and absorb it into their system before using it to take Alex. Then they would just let the slave symbiote absorb and bond with the other human and that was it, a new bonded symbiote.

Though Simon admitted that was a good plan he noticed some flaws, mainly the fact that the only time they could access the symbiote transfer device was when one of them was about to be destroyed, and that could only happen with an order from Dr. Malcome. That was when it was Simon’s turn to get an idea, something that they both agreed would probably be the best, if not a little risky, solution. They spent the rest of the time together figuring out the logistics until they got out of the woods, when the symbiote would be silent. Despite being together for a few weeks and the initial reservations going away Simon still didn’t quite feel comfortable with a clearly mental conversation as he bought his usual bag of muffins and walked inside.

Once more Alex was waiting for him in the door, though he didn’t have to since Dr. Malcome already gave him an access key to get inside the day before. It was another reason why Simon knew he had to move soon any sort of plan to try and maintain his position in the company. Giving the new hire access meant that he was one step closer to losing his own and as he put his lab coat on he looked at the other guy with a bit of a scowl. It was a brooding, seething resentment that had only been growing with every day that he had to work with him… and there was more than a small amount of pleasure that both he and the symbiote shared as they started to work.

It started with sending Alex on one side of the observation hallway while he took the other, trying to do his work like normal while going to the second symbiote. “Oh dear…” he said loud enough for Alex to hear, watching the other guy turn his head towards him. “Well that’s not good.”

“What’s not good?” Alex piped up, Simon looking back and waving his hand dismissively.

“Don’t worry about it,” Simon replied, opening the e-mail tab of the work tablet. “Just noticed something that needs to be addressed by Dr. Malcome.”

He immediately walked back out of the observation hallway and into the locker room, telling Alex to continue his observations except for the one that he was in front of. At this point even if the curious researcher checks the data it won’t matter, not for what he was planning to do as he sent an e-mail to his supervisor. He didn’t have to wait long for the man to come down, his face clearly red as came in. Simon made sure to restrain his despite for the other scientist as Dr. Malcome walked up to him the second he saw him.

“Are you sure about this?” Dr. Malcome asked. “Another sample… failed the results we were looking for?”

“I’m afraid so,” Simon replied as forlornly as possible.

“Damnit!” the older gentleman said, pacing around slightly as he held his hand to his forehead. “This is turning into a nightmare. What about the others?”

“All the others are running just fine,” Simon stated just like they had rehearsed. “In fact this one had started to show similar data patterns before I had found out about the first one, but it wasn’t strong enough to think there was a connection. Today it appears there is.”

Simon continued to watch as his boss angrily debated what to do, trying to not let a smile cross his face while he watched him flounder. “Alright, this is what we’re going to do,” Dr. Malcome stated once he had regained his composure. “You’re going to fail this one just like the last time, and then you’re going to train Alex on how to spot when this sort of thing happens just in case. Christ, if we lose any more of these to this it’s going to be my ass…”

“I’ll make sure it gets done,” Simon replied with a nod. “Do you want me to show Alex how it’s done? Disposing the symbiote?”

“Yeah, sure…” Dr. Malcome stated, becoming surer of himself by the second as he nodded. “No, that’s good, tell him that you’re showing him the ropes, will be a good learning experience for him.” Once more he clasped Simon on the shoulder and gave him a small grin. “Taking the initiative, that’s why we’re glad to have you around.”

Simon had to actively prevent himself from rolling his eyes as he nodded and watched his boss head back up to his office. As much as he would rather have him be the recipient of their little gift there was no way they would be able to lure him down into the transfer bay, which is exactly where they needed to go. About a minute later as Simon was getting back into the observation hallway he saw a notification pop up that his request for immediate specimen destruction was approved for an hour from now. That was perfect, especially since the short notice meant they just gave him the newly changed code for the symbiote transfer bay.

Once he had gotten everything he needed he told Alex that they were about to do a special part of training today, showing him down to the room where they kept the hazmat suits. Simon tried to not look visibly excited as he put his own on before showing the other researcher how to get it on. Once they were completely sealed up he led Alex down the stairs towards the area underneath the observation hallway and specimen containment vessels. There was a second of pause after he had put in the code and stepped inside, hearing his symbiote hissing in displeasure from the cold that was being pumped in through there.

As Alex looked around the area in amazement Simon realized he had a small problem. Even if he managed to get the new symbiote integrated with his it was far too cold to do anything here, even if he was sure they could perform it might hinder their movement enough that Alex could escape. Once the symbiote was in the containment cart however it would also take some time to pump it back out and also possibly alert the researcher. He needed to come with a new plan quick as his assistant asked what they were supposed to be doing next.

*The hose… connect the hose…*

Simon looked at the hose that would pump the fresh symbiote from the transfer tubes to the containment cart and realized what it was saying. As he instructed Alex on what to do he said he would take care of setting up the transfer vessel, taking the cart and moving it over to where the output of the tubes were. It appeared that the thrifty nature of the company came to help him out in this regard as the seals that they used for the custom cart and their suits used the same valves, Simon cautiously undoing his own air hose from his suit before attaching the nozzle of the symbiote output hose to it. At the same time he instructed Alex on how to activate the transfer process as he used the cart to not only hide his actions but brace himself.

With his symbiote out of play the realization of what he was about to do hit Simon square in the chest. His initial infection had been a complete accident… but now not only was he going to deliberately introduce more of the untested, unknown substance into his system but also use it to convert another. As he heard the motors coming to life to start the process of transferring the symbiote into his suit he wondered if this was right, and without the reassuring whispers in his ear his resolve began to falter. Perhaps he could actually contain this new symbiote and figure out more on what to do with it without involving Alex…

“I hate to see a sample go like this but it’s good for me to learn this now,” Alex said suddenly, turning back to Simon. “I mean, its always good to have such knowledge in case you aren’t here yourself.”

There was a moment of pause between the two hazmat suited individuals, Simon’s hands shaking slightly as he gripped the handlebar of the cart in front of him. “Oh, of course…” Simon replied, trying not to let the contempt in his voice as the frown on his face turned to a grin of pure malice behind his visor. “You should be ready to go, all you have to do is turn the red knob all the way to the right to release the safety and then pull down the activation lever.”

“Alright, here it goes!” Alex replied before doing what he was instructed to do. Almost immediately Simon could feel the pressure inside his suit change as the symbiote that he had marked for destruction began to flow down the clear tube. There was only a few seconds left before it would enter into his suit and bond with him and a small voice in his head said it wasn’t too late to just detach the nozzle. But that would cause the failsafe to go off and shut the whole process down and Simon wasn’t going to fail when their victory was so close at hand.

The fluid that eventually hit the side of Simon’s was like ice to the point where it nearly caused him to buckle his leg. It was only the grip on the cart that kept him upright as the symbiote inside him flared to life despite the cold. He could feel it interacting with the substance, morphing it, changing it into what they wanted it to be. There was no other voice inside his head while the process was happening, which meant that they had been right that the only one with any sort of sentience seemed to be the one that was already bonded with him.

But as more of the symbiotic substance flowed into his suit the more… powerful he felt. Clearly his passenger was feeding off of it and growing stronger, which as a result caused him to be as well. The steel bar that he had been clinging onto was deforming under his grasp as the cold goo filled up past his waist and spilled over into his arms. All he could do was try to stop his body from shaking as he felt his body grow bigger, more of the substance absorbing into him.

“Looks like the last of the symbiote is in its new temporary home,” Alex said before turning back to see Simon nearly on his knees. “Hey Simon, you alright there? Something wrong?”

“No!” Simon replied, hearing his voice alter slightly before he struggled to keep the transformation in his body from alerting the other researcher. “Just… checking the seal…” After seeing the last of the symbiote drain out of the tubes and into his suit he quickly disconnected the hose and stood back up, though he could feel the material surrounding him starting to strain against his new frame. “Alright… initiate the cleaning cycle… then follow me…”

It was clear to Simon that he was losing the fight to keep his head unchanged as his last few words nearly dipped an octave, the only saving grace was everything being put through the filters had already given it a muffled quality. Though he knew it wasn’t his symbiote he tried to tell it to contain itself as the rubber of his gloved hands started to crack. He stepped back and tried not to grunt as he felt a particularly large bulge forming in the front of his hazmat suit, trying not to think about it and potentially ripping his suit as the tubes were flushed. Once everything was done Alex asked what to do next and Simon merely pointed to the cart and then motioned for him to follow.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Alex asked as he took the cart and pushed it out of the room. “You’re walking really funny for some reason.” Once more Simon just waved his hand dismissively, though he stopped when he heard the seems pop slightly on his shoulder.

He knew he didn’t have much time left and wasn’t going to make it to the incinerator room, so instead he motioned for Alex to take a detour into a side room. It was a larger storage room that they used to house any replacement parts they might need for the containment areas, though from the thick layer of dust that had settled on the parts no one had used this area for a long time. It was also a place where they hadn’t bothered to put cameras as Simon motioned for Alex to step inside before he followed suit. Even though things weren’t going exactly to plan at this point both symbiote and human no longer cared as they activated the lock on the door.

“Finally…” Simon said… or perhaps it was the symbiote, as the visor that his augmented face had been pressed against was finally removed while Alex froze in his tracks. “It was getting so stuffy in there.”

Simon watched with glee as he watched the other researcher slowly turn around, then letting out a shriek before falling backwards into the cart before hitting the floor. It was a fitting reaction to the creature that was slowly coming towards him, the monster seeing his own reflection in the visor of the suit. What stared back at him was a face similar to what he had seen in the mirror, except that his muzzle was more canine in nature as well as the ears on top of his head as he looked down at the human with bright white eyes. He watched as with every step he took Alex took a startled step back until he was against the wall as the thick black rubber-like feet burst out of Simon’s hazmat suit.

“Oh my god…” Alex managed to say, holding up his arm as Simon licked his entire muzzle with his new long gooey tongue. “You’re… a… you’re a…”

“A monster,” the symbiote replied this time, relishing every word that came out of his mouth. “You were planning to replace Simon when your training was over, weren’t you? Trying to act all cozy until Dr. Malcome gave him the axe so you could take his position!”

“I… but…” Alex sputtered, letting out a cry as the symbiote banged against the wall with his hands and caused the thick, black-clawed digits to rip out from the gloves.

“Answer me you filth!” the symbiote growled, black drool dripping from his maw as he got in close. “You’re slime aren’t you, lower then the pools of hardly-conscious sludge that you planned to take away from Simon. Were it not for the inconvenience that it would cause us I would liquify you into the scum you are and flush you down the drain… now tell us what the plan was!”

Though Simon wasn’t sure if the aggressive nature of the symbiote would get the answers that they wanted he wasn’t in control, the extra mass given by the other version of itself had given it a rush of power and in such gave him the ability to take over. But as he watched the researcher continue to quiver in fear there was a certain allure to it. The symbiote’s power was his power after all and he rather liked finally being in charge for once. No one to tell him what to do, nothing anyone could do to stop him, this was their time. Plus Simon also wanted answers to the questions that the symbiote was asking as it took their enlarged hand and ripped off the helmet of the other hazmat suit.

“Alright, alright!” Alex shouted as he turned away from the tongue hovering in front of his now-exposed face. “You’re right, Dr. Malcome brought me in to head up the symbiote research department because he was worried that Simon would submarine him when it came time to present all the data to the grant board!”

This intrigued the two of them enough to pull back a bit, giving Alex a second to breathe and recover while they mulled over this new information. “So, he was planning to get rid of us with… this one,” they said, their thoughts entwined to the point that they were basically to themselves as the symbiote turned their head towards him. “Why you though? What makes you so special that he would trust an entire department to someone just coming into the company?”

“I… he…” Alex started to say, their head cocking to the side when they saw his cheeks flush with embarrassment that mixed with the terror.

“I’ve seen this before,” the symbiote said, once more getting in closer as a grin stretched across their muzzle. “Combined with the sudden increase in temperature and rush of endorphins… this one had mated with him.”

Simon was taken aback by the declaration but seeing the sudden shift in attitude from Alex showed that the symbiote was right. Beneath the shock however was a sudden anger that came bubbling quickly to the surface. Not only was Dr. Malcome going to replace him, but he was going to do so with someone that he was putting in the position just because they had slept together? Both Simon and the symbiote decided they had heard enough of what this scum had to say and it was time to turn him into something… more useful to them.

“Please…” the human pleaded once more as the symbiote backed away and used his clawed hands to tear away the suit of his body, revealing his glossy form in the dim light of the room. It looked like he was a bodybuilder covered head to toe in a heavy rubber bodysuit, save for the thick tail that had formed behind him and heavy reptilian-like feet that gripped onto the floor. “Don’t kill me…”

“We’re not going to kill you,” they said as they pointed down at their groin, watching in perverse glee as Alex’s eyes widened at what he saw. “Since you like to use that mouth of yours to get ahead you will do it once more. I would hurry if I were you too, would hate to lose interest and think of another means to punish you for what you did to us.”

Simon wasn’t sure what was going to happen at that point; though the symbiote seemed confident in what it was doing he wanted it to just do what needed to be done. But the lust that they had felt before had already been remembered and with the additional mass coming from the symbiote they absorbed it was like an aphrodisiac. Plus there was something about having Alex on his knees, looking up at their new body with a mixture of awe and fear, that was intoxicating. Perhaps this wasn’t such an unnecessary thing after all, Simon thought to himself as he watched the human slowly rise up to where their steel-hard erection continued to bob in front of his face, it would help reinforce Alex’s place.

The second that the human touched his tongue to the throbbing member the symbiote began to transfer the mutated version of itself onto him, the rubber slowly coating it from the transfer. A hiss escaped from their maw as Alex continued to submit even when he saw the rubbery goo begin to coat his lips. It was too late now, they thought as the human backed away, already the newly reprogrammed slave symbiote had started to bond with the researcher as they took their hand and pressed it against the back of Alex’s head. More of the excess symbiote began to push into Alex’s mouth and down his throat as they slid his maw further down on it, the wide-eyed shock slowly dissolving into a languid passivity.

“This one knows its place well,” the symbiote said before trembling in pleasure as the entirety of their swollen gooey cock-head pushed into his stretched mouth. “Used to being the follower, to having someone more powerful than them lead them around. He will be a perfect experiment, and soon our symbiote slave.

Symbiote slave… that was something that Simon wasn’t expecting. Even with the pleasure coursing through their body he realized that he was crossing a point of no return. Did he continue to revel in the corruption of the young man below him, watching as the black fluid of the symbiote began to drip out of his nose and ears, or did he try to pull the symbiote back? Or was it too late already, even as he thought of any possible remorse he was quickly reminded of what they were conspiring to do against him and his focus once more was drawn back to their shared cock starting to get sucked on by the transforming male below.

The other symbiote they were using to convert Alex was doing a quick job of it, not only where they able to slowly fit in inch after inch of their thick rubbery maleness past his lips and down his throat but most of his head was already covered by the gooey substance. Unlike Simon though Alex’s transformation was far more simplistic, as their hands continued to grab the now shiny surface of the researcher’s head he watched as his ears and nose seemed to melt and get smoothed over. As the symbiote cascaded down into the suit, which they promptly started to rip off, it wasn’t long until they were thrusting into the featureless, humanoid head that could have been a rubber doll.

“This one is undeserving of identity just as the symbiote taking him is undeserving of sentience,” the symbiote stated for Simon’s sake as they continued to shred away the hazmat suit until all of Alex’s body knelt naked before them. “He will be… what is the word for it…” Simon could feel the symbiote digging around in their shared knowledge for the perfect word before he offered one up to him. “Yes, drone… he is our first drone… I like that word very much.”

Simon felt a trill of extra euphoria shoot up and down their body as he watched Alex continue to get consumed by the symbiote. While his body wasn’t too bad as far as physique was concerned as soon as the black goo covered an area is swelled slightly to achieve perfectly defined lithe muscles. It didn’t come close to the rippling body that Simon shared with his symbiote but it was pleasing to look at, both agreeing that a drone serving them would look perfect like that. At this point if Alex had any objections they couldn’t hear them as he continued to soundlessly bob his augmented mouth up and down on their cock.

“It is… almost finished…” the symbiote said with a loud grunt. Simon began to see above the heavy haze of pleasure that their body was starting to shrink down, their stature not so impressive as all the mass that they had absorbed was about to be deposited to finish the baptism of their new drone. By this point the rubbery substance had already climbed down towards his groin and legs and Simon watched as the other male’s cock was so coated that it was nothing more than a bulge that shifted and flattened against his body. There was also some additional stimulation as a tentacle slid into Alex’s backside, helping to anchor as much pleasure as possible as both Simon and symbiote got ready to blow.

Their clawed hands clutched the rubber head of the drone as Simon and the symbiote let out a silent roar, their muzzle stretching and cracking to inhuman lengths as they shot the rest of the slave symbiote’s mass into the human latched onto their member. Simon could swear that he saw Alex’s shiny black throat bulge from the jets of symbiote-laced cum down into his body, cementing his fate as one of theirs. At the same time Simon could feel the cold steel floor beneath his human feet once more as the manifestations of his symbiote drained away with his thick cock being the last thing to change. As the last of the goo left his maleness, which still looked quite a bit bigger than before, the remaining ooze remained on Alex’s lips before it spread out and sealed what remained of his mouth as well.

Simon was left panting as he stood and looked at what he, what they had created. The researcher had been completely replaced with a smooth, featureless humanoid that looked a little bit like a mannequin save for far better muscle structure. It almost didn’t look alive, but when Simon ran a hand down the chest of the other male he saw a slight shudder come from the shiny black body. Aside from no longer having a face or any other features on his head his groin was also just a bulge and when Simon reached between his legs he found the backside completely smooth as well. The entire time Alex remained completely still even during Simon’s examination of him.

*It is the form of a drone, it does not require such things as identity or the ability to be stimulated. Its purpose is to serve us.*

“But… Alex is still in there, right?” Simon asked as he waved his hand in front of the symbiote slave. “Like how are we supposed to explain this to anyone else?”

The symbiote didn’t answer Simon’s question, but after a few seconds he started to see the thick goo be absorbed back into the human’s body. Once more Alex’s features returned and when the last of it slid inside him he opened his eyes, revealing pure black orbs before they too changed back. “What do you wish for me to do Master?” Alex asked as he turned his head to the startled male. “I exist to serve you.”

*I may have tweaked the subservience a little far.*

“You think?” Simon responded as he watched Alex continue to wait on him like a puppy waiting to be told he’s a good boy.

*I can always push it back the other direction if you don’t like it.*

“No, wait…” Simon replied, hearing the symbiote chuckle when he revealed that he wasn’t as angry as he was trying to let on about Alex’s newfound obedience. “I mean, just leave it for now. We have bigger things to worry about.”

*Oh?*

“Like trying to get back up to the main lab area without any clothes,” Simon replied as he gestured to their naked bodies and the tattered remains of their hazmat suits. “Not to mention registering the symbiote as destroyed.”

*Oh…*