

Symbiotic (Man to Symbiote Woman TG Merge)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Niddhoegrr

When Levi finds himself trapped while cave diving, he is only saved when a strange dark goo bonds with his body, giving him powers beyond what he could have imagined. Hoping to leave the experience behind him at first, Levi continues to allow the symbiote to cover him, the rush of its power too great to resist. But some permanent changes are occurring to the man's body, and the symbiote clearly wants a female host instead of a male one . . .

Symbiotic

Levi struggled to breath, struggled to move, struggled to do anything but panic. He had been trapped in Watermouth Cave for what felt like two days now, ever since a collapse stuck him in a new crawl space. Though who could tell how long it had been when so deep underground and with no light source other than a dying torch? Water lapped at his cheek, but by the cruellest twist of fate he was unable to even turn his head to drink from the underwater stream.

I can't take this anymore. I don't want to die. I don't want to die. Why the fuck didn't I tell anyone I was coming out here?

He knew the answer already, of course. He was Levi Jones, a renegade and a rebel. A man who regularly went out on adventure, taking the greatest risk for the greatest thrills. He'd always been that way; too cool for school, and not exactly one to follow the safety guidelines on a worksite either. He lived for this kind of thing.

Until he was dying from it.

"Come on!" Levi shouted, his voice echoing through the cave. "Someone! Anyone! Come rescue me! I know some of you have super hearing! Lightning Lass! Trident Guy! Even Meteor Woman - seeing your supertits could make me feel a hell of a lot better right now! Fucking help me!"

But no one came, and no one had. He was too far down underground, and it wasn't like the Hero Society regularly patrolled over goddamn national parks or anything. He hadn't even brought a radio.

Stupid, stupid, stupid, he thought to himself.

He was only twenty eight years old. He had so much of his life ahead of him. He was damn fit (kind of a problem now, given he was too large to crawl out), pretty handsome in a rugged, devil-may-care way, and his rust-coloured hair was always complimented by the ladies. He'd scored more than a few one night stands off of his charm alone, too, even when

he was between jobs. But all of that meant nothing now that he was dying of thirst and hunger, trapped and struggling to breathe.

I'm going to perish here, alone and forgotten. Some great thrill seeking, huh? At least when paragliding goes wrong its a wild ride to your end. This is just . . . wasting away. Fuck.

Another few minutes of panic followed, before returning to sorrow and despair. This was the cycle Levi's mind subjected itself to over and again, but it was starting to wind down and he knew it. The mere effort of breathing was exerting his body, and he needed water. He needed strength. He needed to escape, but he knew it would not come.

This was the end.

It was a few hours later when Levi was woken by a strange scurrying sound in the dark. At first he thought it was a hallucination - those happened occasionally to him - but there was no visual to this moment. He was in darkness, and when he switched on his torchlight, his left hand the only one with *some* free movement, it lit up the thin horizontal crack before him that continued deep into the cave.

"Is someone there?" he asked, his voice raspy, dry.

Something moved. Something dark and marbled, slightly reddish, like dark, dark blood. It shifted far within the crack of the cave, every movement sounding like something squamous and unnatural. It squelched, like liquid or goo, and it was drawing nearer like a pool of menacing molasses, small tendrils of sticky matter reaching out to pull the larger body of goo along with it.

"What the f-fuck?"

I have to be hallucinating. What the hell is that?

His heart pounded in his chest, threatening to give up altogether. Levi rarely became terrified, though the last few days in the cave had certainly given him over to panic. But this was something out of a science fiction novel, or from the archives of the great villains of the Hero Society or something! The strange semi-liquid entity shifted forwards, oozing out of the gap with ease, its form shifting like an octopus, its tentacles splaying out near Levi's face, as if trying to discern if he could be eaten.

Is it a living pile of acid? Jesus, what the hell do I do? This isn't what I called out for!

It was alive, that much was certain. It was real and alive, and like no creature he'd ever heard of. It wasn't particularly large, perhaps a little bigger than the size of his own head, but it was hard to tell; when it extended its tendrils it was clear that the ooze was compressed within itself, because soon it was splaying out, extending further like a pile of tar sticking to a wall, running down it and pooling under Levi's belly.

"No! Hey, no! Hey, stop that! No, no, no, no! Fuck no! Don't-"

And then something very strange happened: a tendril reached to his face and stuck to it. Another reached out and did the same to his cheek, and then another to his forehead.

The feeling was surprisingly warm and wet, and even as Levi thrashed it was impossible to get them off. They caressed his flesh as if sampling it, and then the strange creature *chittered*. It was a deeply unnatural sound, but somehow Levi could interpret it, without knowing how.

Is it . . . approving of me? How the fuck do I know that?

And yet he could sense it anyway, and somehow that was even more alarming, because suddenly the monstrous goo began to expand, its tar-like form spreading outwards and connecting to his legs, his stomach, his arms, his back; *everywhere*. Levi could only squirm in discomfort as numerous tendrils latched onto him, that warm and wet sensation spreading all over his body. They reached in under his shirt, poured in through his cave diving pants over and belt and beneath the hem.

What the fuck what the fuck what the - oh God, no!

The goo began to expand, encasing him. It pooled over his skin, spreading like a warm and thick paste, a living creature growing over him like a liquid exoskeleton. It undulated like the waves of an ocean, spreading slowly but surely, and was like being licked all over, suckled, drunk in as if *he* were as much the liquid as the entity. Levi tried to scream and shake it off, but there was literally nothing he could do, and worse, a large tentacle of the dark good rose before his face, smaller tendrils stretching out from it in a revolting imitation of a hand, or perhaps a lamprey-like mouth.

"Please, just kill me already! Whatever you're doing, don't put that in my-"

It dove forward, gushing in a far more liquid state, right into his mouth and spreading over his face. Levi couldn't even scream; he ingested the goo, coughing it down as it entered into his stomach and coated his throat. At the same time it spread forth over his face, sinking into even the smallest depressions. He tried to shut his eyes but the symbiotic being pried them open, its marbled texture seeping into his sockets. The man trembled as it entered his nostrils, but this invasion was happening everywhere across his body: the dark goo inked its way into the crack of his buttocks, pooled around his genitals and massaged them as it coated them over. His ears were covered, the liquid going straight to the deepest part of his hearing canals.

I'm going to die I'm going to die I'm going to die!

Levi went still. The goo had now fully encased him, entering within him. He expected at any point to run out of oxygen and die. Or for the thing to acidify his flesh and devour him like some fifties B-movie monster. But instead . . . nothing happened.

More than nothing, in fact. For the first time since being trapped in the cave, Levi Jones actually felt *calm*. It was like he was returned to a state of safety, enveloped in a new womb that kept him nourished. His desire for food fell away, as did his thirst. His waning strength slowly restored itself, and even his trembling heart stilled.

I don't understand what's happening, he thought, all his senses lost. *I can't see or do anything, so why aren't I freaking the fuck out? Why does this feel so . . . nice.*

There was a trembling, a small chitter then ran through the symbiote and into him. It was no communication of language, at least not in any sense Levi could explain, but the symbiote was telling him something. A series of images flooded his mind: a comet in deep space, a vision of stars, a long hibernation. A fiery descent, a reduction in size, a wounded existence as comet and symbiote crashed into a great planet. Great beasts of scale and thunderous step died in an instant. Continents shifted. Earthquakes reformed the world around the symbiote. It needed life to sustain itself, this was its way, but no life came. It was buried deep, deep underground, with only the faintest glimmers of life, unsuitable for proper symbiosis. So it slept, preserving itself for untold millennia of millenia, waiting for a candidate for symbiosis to appear.

And now one had. Now it could merge, and become one. *She could become one.*

You're a . . . girl? Levi thought, shocked at all he had just understood.

A further chitter that he understood to mean 'Yes. Are you not?'

I'm a man. I . . . I came here and was trapped. Are you going to eat me?

More chitters, more complex, each of which brought further images and understanding to Levi's mind. No, it would not eat him. It was here to empower him, and be empowered in turn. It just needed time to *know* him.

The goo was all around him, massaging and feeling his form. It placed pressure around his member, slid 'fingers' of ooze along his rear, dripped over his face. This was, he detected, a way to get to know him, and it was oddly soothing. After so long in the horrid echoing sounds and dismal sights of the cave, being shut off from *everything* but the touch of this symbiote was like being reborn.

Chittering, squelching, squamous movements. The being was reading his thoughts, connecting to him. It wasn't just coating him now, Levi felt his very pores being invaded by the symbiote, its flesh becoming one with his, sticking to him and connecting to his very nerve endings. Suddenly new sensations lit up, an awareness not only of himself but the symbiote all around him as it rippled and oozed across his form. He didn't even have clothing anymore; the symbiote had slowly removed them with ease, tearing them methodically so that it was his only clothing now.

An image of a child in a mother's womb, preparing to be born. Preparing to enter a new world and grow into strength. Levi understood immediately; he really *was* in a womb of sorts, being refashioned and remade, given new power and strength to escape his torment.

What do you need me to do? he communicated mentally to the symbiote.

The symbiote's response was simple: two droplets of water ran into one another, becoming one.

I see. Not me. Not you. Us. We do something.

An approving chitter, a massage across his form. Something tightened in him, but he couldn't tell what. It didn't matter. This was a chance to escape, and he wasn't going to waste it. He could care about possible alien invasion worries later.

Okay, let's be us then, he thought, and with that, he welcomed the symbiote into every part of his being, surrendering any last control of himself. The effect was immediate; synapses in his brain fired off as if in the final stages of death, and his nerve system lit up like a Christmas tree, the symbiote extending to every part of him, internal and external. The goo began to flatten over his body, moulding itself like living latex to it. It seeped further into every crack and pore, *invading* Levi, but this time he welcomed the union. There was a rising intimacy to it, and as the symbiote increasingly connected to every part of his nervous system there was an undeniable eroticism to it; it was becoming part of him, enhancing him, *knowing* him on the most intimate level. The coating over his mouth parted.

"Ahh, ohhhhh, ahhh, that's - that's s-something else . . . nngghh!"

And then it really did become something else, because Levi trembled with a strength he had never known. His muscles bulged, but it was mostly the alien symbiote doing the work, because it stretched its tendrils out from his form even as he pressed himself against the rock. Together, they upended the very foundations of the collapsed cave structure, tearing apart ancient granite and rock and strata with a terrific shared roar.

Holy shit, did I - we - just do that?

The symbiote responded, and its message was clear: this was just the *start* of what they could do.

In the darkness of the cave, without a torchlight anymore, the symbiote shifted, going milky white around the eyes and providing a cateye sight of the surroundings. Levi could make out every detail.

"But I'm so big, I'll never fit back through."

Another response from the symbiote: sharp claws extended from Levi's hands, part him and part symbiote.

"Fuck yeah," he said, grinning even as his teeth sharpened and his tongue lengthened. "I think I'm going to like this."

Levi screamed with joy and exhilaration as he *burst* from the cave tunnel, flying through the air with the immense momentum he had gathered. For just a moment, fear rattled through his heart as he rapidly approached the ground again, but the symbiote reacted with his thoughts, cushioning his fall easily with several outstretched tendrils of black-red goo,

catching him and then propelling him forward so that he was easily twice the speed of the greatest Olympic runner.

This is fucking incredible! I have superpowers! We have superpowers! This changes everything!

A question chittered from the symbiote, even as Levi launched himself up again, barrel-rolling and flipping. He extended a hand to a large tree, and with but a thought the symbiote extended a tendril out from his clawed black hand and caught onto a branch, swinging him forward with even greater momentum as if he were Tarzan upon a ropey vine.

“Can’t you feel that rush?” Levi asked the symbiote. “*That’s* what I’ve always lived for. You saved me from that dark cave, and I was thinking it was gonna be my last ride, and a sad one at that. Now, I can take thrill seeking to a whole new level!”

The symbiote seemed to regard this. His endorphins fed into it, feeding it. It squirmed against his skin, and Levi got the sense that the symbiote approved of this endorsement, with a caveat.

“Change? Hell yeah, I’ll change! So long as we’re not, you know, planning to take over humanity or hurt people, I’m willing to go with your liquid flow! Fuck yeah, a lake down the mountain! Let’s see how we look!”

He jumped down the mountainside in a suicidal leap, but he was already riding high off the thrills. He tested the limits of his new symbiote powers, and sure enough the dark good flowed down his legs and formed a disc at his feet, akin to a surfboard. He manipulated it, hardened its underbelly, and by the time he collided with the steep incline he was already riding an imaginary wave all the way to the bottom.

It was only when he hit the ground and dismounted with a somersault that Levi stopped and caught his breath.

I barely feel tired at all.

An approving chitter from the symbiote. It was pleased to be held in such high esteem.

Yeah man, you’re doing great. What do you get out of this, though?

The series of undulating movements across Levi’s form was difficult to interpret, but clearly deeply personal to the symbiote.

“Meaning?” he said aloud, his voice modulated and slightly growly from the symbiote’s influence. “You mean you get a sense of purpose, being with me?”

The chitter seemed to indicate this was indeed the case.

“Well, I’ll take it! Let’s get a look at ourselves, shall we?”

Levi moved to the edge of the lake. He shot out a tendril from his back to hold him to the shore, allowing him to tip himself forward for a full reflective view without fear of falling in the water. What greeted him was an amazing sight: he was indeed a humanoid figure still,

but it was clear that he was coated in a living sludge, a good that shifted and rippled just slightly, its occasional dark red marbled pattern revealing how it flowed continuously around him, alive. His muscles bulged, though not as much as he expected, and his own height surprised him a little; he thought he'd look even taller now. He flashed his teeth; it was difficult to tell if it were the symbiote's teeth or his own, and when he stuck out his tongue at the reflection it extended much further than he expected, drooling like something from a predatory animal.

Okay, I did not expect that. Makes me look damn dangerous though . . . I approve. What's up with the white eyes, though? They look goofy. Can't we make them a bit more, I don't know, bad boy?

The symbiote reached into his mind, retrieving archetypes to draw from. The white patterns over his eyes shifted, becoming much more angular and large, exaggerated eyes that indicated menace and danger.

Oh yeah, that's the stuff. We should get a pattern on the chest or something. Maybe just some white strips around the arms or something for now, for detail. I'm getting ahead of myself. Uh, is there a way to get out of you, for a moment? I swear I'm not giving you up, no way.

He expected disapproval or even resistance from the symbiote, but in one great movement it suddenly pulled from his face and flipped back like a hood before peeling down his form. It didn't separate from him - he could still feel it in his nervous system - but it reduced down, compressed, until it was simply a black mass on part of his back, and even that began to seep into his system.

"Woah, I didn't mean naked! Shit, I forgot I don't have cl-"

The symbiote reacted as fast as thought, which was far quicker than words. Instantly it stretched out again, covering parts of Levi's body but leaving other parts uncovered. It even separated in places, though it was always joined together throughout his system. In moments, Levi was wearing a dark red tank top and black shorts, as well as dark shoes.

"Holy shit! You're incredible! You really can do everything!"

Levi coughed, clearing his throat. His voice still sounded a little off - perhaps a little higher than expected. He checked himself out in the lake again, now able to see his face. This time, he paused, his mood more hesitant.

"Uh, symbiote? What's up with my body? I look . . . different."

It was true. Levi wasn't greatly changed, but his very bulky body was now slimmer. Not slender, not by a large margin, and he was still obviously fit, but he wasn't wide-set anymore, his shoulders a bit more compressed and his biceps more restrained in size. His face had also changed: his facial hair was gone and his cheekbones looked a little more

prominent. He looked a little sleeker overall, and while his teeth were largely returned to normal, his fingernails still retained a sharpness to them that bordered on claw-like.

The symbiote vibrated imperceptibly against his skin.

“Change? This is the change you were talking about? What, to get me out of the cave?”

Another vibration: *correct*.

“Am I going to change more? Because I don’t want to become an alien.”

The symbiote communicated that he would not become an alien, but that continued use of the symbiote in full form would make his body more ‘appropriate’ for its use. He tried to ask what that would look like, but the symbiote’s communication made no sense to him.

Levi took a deep breath, trying to figure this out as he scanned the gorgeous horizon of the immense national park.

“Okay, okay, we take this slow, then. Might put a pause on the symbiote full suit stuff until we get back to my apartment in the city and try to knuckle down all the rules of this new union. *Our* union, of course.”

The symbiote chattered happily at this.

“Cool, just be patient for me. Because until I know what this ‘change’ would mean, I doubt I’ll be going full suit anytime soon.”

“WAHOOOOOOO!!!”

Levi cried out with joy as he swung through the city, tendrils of oily liquid easily catching onto the window panes and steel structure of skyscrapers, allowing him to swing like an alien monkey far above the heads of ordinary citizens.

“This is fucking incredible!”

The symbiote shared his glee, testing its powers to the limit and soaking in the endorphins his body was producing. Levi cackled, baring his needle-like symbiote teeth and letting his long drooling tongue flap at the side of his mouth. He could see his reflection in the mirror, and it was a wonderful mix of horrorshow and adrenaline-junkie.

I know this is probably a bit of a mistake, but how could I resist?

He’d lasted barely twenty four hours after returning to Star City. Naturally, he’d planned to do some research, even if that wasn’t his strong suit, or maybe even contact some scientists and ask some ‘theoretical’ questions in order to get the low-down on if there might be dangers using an alien skinsuit. But there was just too much vitality and energy the symbiote offered, and seeing the superhumans fly out from the Hero Dome to go fight some cosmic threat the next morning only further inflamed the need to get out there and *do*

something. Levi had no real interest in battling villains of the Doom Contingency or anything, but stopping criminals on the street could be a fun thrill. Mostly though, it was plain old jealousy: why should he have to waste time being ordinary while a select few had all this magnificent power? Why couldn't he test these new gifts to the limit?

And so, with just one approving thought, he'd welcomed the symbiote back over his body. It had seeped once more into his cracks and pores, into his very orifices. It massaged his body, providing a borderline - no, an *actual* sensual experience that rivalled the touch of any lover.

How did I ever have fun before you? he thought as he swung around the Needle Building, dashing across the panes of glass to the astonishment of the ordinary office workers within.

The symbiote practically *purred* in response to this praise, and with another dopamine rush came another rush of power, allowing Levi to leap from the skyscraper, vaulting up and up and up until he was practically flying. Glass smashed from the tower, and the steel of the roof buckled from the enormous leap. He slingshotted upwards in a mighty trajectory, going beyond the clouds themselves until . . .

Fuck me, is that a helicopter?

The symbiote chittered, egging him on. Levi barely had a second of restraint before he reached out, extending his arm like a great gooey tentacle and gripping the underside of the helicopter's landing gear, pulling himself up. Even better, it was a newscopter, probably on its way to whatever boring slugfight the Hero Society had got itself into.

Well, there's a new story for your front pages now, fellas. Its big and black and oozing, and its a wild card that does what it wants!

The helicopter rotated to one sight slightly from his weight, but he clambered up the side, peering in through the front and letting his needle-like teeth and predator-white eyes stare in. The pilot screamed, but a single black tendril shot around into the helicopter and took control of the joystick for a moment.

"Hello there," Levi said, voice a husky, oozing rasp that sounded like a mix between male and female. *"We're here to get the weather report."*

"What the fuck is that!?" a cameraman shouted. "What the actual fuck is that!?"

The man beside him was a handsome fellow in a smart suit and dark hair. He adjusted his glasses and gripped his partner's shoulder, clearly more calm. Levi shifted around the copter's side and ripped the door opening in on him.

"We're new on the block, but we thought we might give you a heads up that you'll be seeing more of me soon."

"Ralph Riley, investigate reporter for the Daily Star," the calm reporter stated. "Are you a hero? A villain? Are you intending to take our chopper?" Levi recognised him; he was

the one who was always interviewing that Meteor Woman, the one with the rather large 'meteors' on her chest, a quite exposed chest too, thanks to that pleasing boob window on her costume. Rumours swirled that the pair were in a relationship; clearly he'd seen enough danger on his own to stay cool in a situation like this.

"We're neither," Levi answered. *"Not hero or villain. We're going to do our own thing."*

"You say 'we', what do you mean by that?"

"Us. Me and the symbiote, the symbiote and I."

"Is that your moniker, then? Symbiote?"

The symbiote chittered. It rather liked that, and Levi did too.

"Yesssss," they said together, their long tongue snaking around their oozing lips.

"That's ussss. Take a nice snapshot, cameraman. You'll be seeing us around. Don't worry, we're not here for your chopper, but we might sneak a ride every now and then. Whatever's fun."

He went to leap away, but Ralph Riley had one more set of questions.

"Wait, what are your powers? Where did they come from? Would you agree to an interview?"

"You'll see our powers soon, they're literally out of this world, ha! And this was the interview."

With one massively toothy grin, Levi leapt from the helicopter, his tongue flapping behind him.

Should have licked the cameraman, he thought to himself. *Wait, why the hell did I just think that? It was to intimidate him, right? Have a little fun?*

The symbiote, for once, didn't respond, but Levi's thoughts were more concentrated on the terminal velocity they were now achieving as they plummeted through the clouds and down to Star City proper. He summoned the tendrils of ooze from his back, joining them together in a net that slowly filled in until an entire *parachute* of symbiotic slime had arrested his fall, whereupon he dissolved it and began to swing back through the city again. The symbiote massaged his body, moulding it with each thought.

"You're getting rather eager there," Levi chuckled as he raced through the city, garnering yet more attention.

The reply was simple: the symbiote was just making sure they remained compatible.

"I'm more than okay with that! Let's see if we can't catch a commercial jet on take off!"

By the time Levi limped back into his apartment, having gone in stealthily through the window, he was utterly exhausted. Even the symbiote seemed quite drained, having spent a great deal of energy on the full day of thrill seeking.

"Need to get us some food," Levi muttered, going for the fridge. Even the hungry man was shocked by what he did next: he didn't even try to peel the suit off, but instead grabbed everything that wasn't bolted down in the fridge and scoffed it while still in his Symbiote form. Entire sticks of butter, a whole chicken, all the milk and cheese he had along with sticks of bacon that weren't even cooked yet. The symbiote processed it all easily, absorbing it into their shared system.

"Ahhhh," Levi breathed easily, falling back into his couch and exhaling with satisfaction. "That's better. Guess we need a lot more energy intake now, huh?"

He used a tendril to grab the remote from across the room and turn on the TV. Sure enough, after a brief sports update, news of a new superbeing calling itself *Symbiote* appeared, with Ralph Riley himself reporting the story.

"It's unclear what this new being's intentions are, or whether the people of Star City should be afraid. None of this reporter's superheroic contacts know anything of this being, but it is clear from its words that its powers may in fact be extraterrestrial in nature."

"Oops, shouldn't have said that," Levi nighted, grabbing some popcorn from beside him and munching a little more, mostly by using his elongated tongue for said grabbing.

"We know so little of this new superhuman, including whether there is a human at all, or even if it is a man or a woman. Still, it's clear that a new player is on the street, and we shall have to see how Flame Dancer copes with the unexpected, now that she has been inducted as the new leader of the Hero Society for the next six months."

Levi scoffed. "What? They seriously couldn't tell I'm a dude? I know you made me slimmer, but far out. I'll use you to make me look bulkier next time. It's that damn voice we use when we're totally merged in the moment. It sounds kind of . . . whatever that word is for when you can't tell if someone is a guy or a girl."

The thought bubbled up from his partner.

"Androgynous? Well, look at you, learning human shit. Okay, time to peel off. I'd like to not always be totally covered in you. Think you can disconnect for a while?"

The symbiote didn't want to, but did retreat into his back, leaving the man naked on the couch. Naked, and not exactly looking like himself.

What the . . . why are my nipples so puffy? I look thinner again. Softer. Is my chest hair gone?

Levi rushed to the bathroom. It was an unkempt space, and he quickly had to use a towel to scrub the mirror clean, but the image that presented itself to him was not a welcome one.

“What the hell? Why do I look so damn *soft!*?”

He wasn't greatly changed from last time, but there had still been changes. His nipples were a little bit more prominent, and his chest hair and body hair in general was much more sparse than it had been. His muscles, while still very much present, had reduced a little more. His hair was a bit shaggier, his face smooth, and his eyebrows almost looked a bit treated, as if carefully maintained.

“Symbiote?” he asked, running his hands over his form and finding the skin strangely more sensitive than it had been. “What's the meaning of this? God, even my voice sounds a little bit . . . higher. Why are you changing me? What are you changing me into?”

A susurrant through his form, soothing and friendly. The meaning was clear: for compatibility. To give them both great power and allow them to work together fully, as the symbiote needed.

“But - oh for heaven's sake, that doesn't mean making me all thin! God, anymore and I'll look girly. I shouldn't have answered that call today. Look, you can stick with me, but let's take a break from adventuring and using the powers for a bit. At least until we can both figure out a way to not let me change and . . . and have sharp teeth, apparently.”

He inspected his canines in the mirror. They were a little more pointed than usual, almost like fangs. The teeth on the bottom were also looking just a little bit sharper. Noticeable enough once up close. Paired with the sharper fingernails, and he was looking a bit ferocious.

“Okay, that confirms it. We're taking a break.”

The symbiote whined a little upon his back, but he was certain about it.

Need to figure out how to have all the fun without this . . . other bit. Just keep in control, Levi. You're the boss here.

Levi kept himself under control for the next few days. News of this new ‘Symbiote’ figure was still rocking the airwaves, and there was speculation all across the online HeroBoard about who he, it, or perhaps even *she* could be, the last suggestion of which annoyed Levi. But with no new appearances, the furor was dying down a little, especially after Lightning Lass and Signet Lance's apparent romance turned out to be just a media creation. Levi had never wanted to be a celebrity, but he had wanted *fame*, at least in the sense that people would be impressed by his thrill seeking and he could set the standard for great feats. So to find his spotlight rapidly dissipating was, suffice to say, quite the disappointment.

The symbiote was still part of him, of course. He wasn't entirely sure how to get rid of it, but for now he didn't want to. He'd emphasised that he wasn't to be changed anymore,

and the symbiote indicated that only the full bonding of their Symbiote form would cause this, but the alien goo did bring other benefits during the day. It was still able to extend tendrils to reach beers from the fridge, for instance, and when he tripped on some loose carpet it caught him by extending a pillar of ooze to blanket any fall. It also kept him good company: even as he returned to his boring worksite job hauling brickwork and tearing down old apartment structures, he found himself chuckling at the symbiote's interested observations.

"You okay there, Levi?" one of his colleagues, Greg, asked him. "You been giggling to yourself all morning."

Levi waved him off. "Just thinking of a dumb joke on TV this morning, is all."

In truth, the symbiote had showed apparent confusion at the body types of other humans around it, namely the large beer gut on Greg, which it found most . . . unsuitable for bonding. Hell, it was enough for Levi to be even a little bit thankful for being a bit slimmer; better that than grow a pot belly! He had to wear gloves more often, due to his talon-like fingernails. He'd tried trimming them several times, but they blunted everything from scissors to a freakin' buzzsaw. They were certainly here to stay, and the same was evidently true of his incisors. At least he cut a bit more of an intimidating figure when he smiled at his supervisor. Kade could be a fucking ass, so he liked to grin at him during morning safety reg meetings, making the older man stutter a bit. The symbiote also found this amusing, and chittered that they could become more acclimatised.

No way, he thought, directing his thoughts to it. Harry already commented on me looking thinner, and Fred called me a girl until we used that bit of strength to shove him over earlier. Don't want you going any further on this, okay?

The symbiote was disappointed, but acquiesced. Theirs was a partnership, Levi knew, and required both of them to act in concert. His fears that the goo might seize control had waned considerably, particularly since it was already well-pleased simply by him sampling different food and drink, allowing the different sugars, spirits, cholesterol and carbs to flow into the ooze as much as him. It chittered happily when it experienced new things, but like him, it also craved new *risks*.

I have to keep this in check, sorry buddy. I know you're probably not intending for this change, it's evolution or whatever, but I don't want to become unrecognisable. We can do more than enough crazy shit without going full Symbiote.

And they did, that very weekend, when Levi booked and organised enough experiences to meet his fix as well as to experiment with the symbiote. He used it as his clothing, letting it ripple across his skin on the inside but look like an ordinary dark red top and black shorts to any onlooker. Hell, Blue Trident literally flew across the sky with Flame Dancer beside him right over the heads of Levi and the rest of the city crowd, and not one of

their super senses detected him. It was enough to make him confident that he could enjoy the symbiote without going all the way, and that weekend the pair did it all.

They went bungee jumping . . . with the symbiote serving as the gooey cord that got him so very close to the rocks without quite touching them.

They went paragliding . . . but used the tendrils of the goo as a slingshot between two trees so that they *shot* into the sky far further and faster than the glider could almost take.

They climbed a telecomm tower completely illegally, swinging around it like a monkey until they had to flee the 5-0 when they came. The darkness of the goo let Levi wait it all out in shadow, his heart beating with excitement.

It was incredible, it was amazing, it was . . . still not enough.

The dopamine rush was there, but the sheer unbridled pleasure of going full Symbiote was lacking. Hell, it was practically like a withdrawal again. The closest thing to the full experience was running from the feds, and even then it would have been better to be fully suited up.

Just keep it at bay, Levi. You just need to wait this out and be grateful for what you've got. Remember, the police described you as 'possibly a woman' on the radio. That's the change you want to avoid, right?

This was obviously the case, but it didn't make his needs any less. The symbiote massaged his form, reminding him of all the possibilities.

A week and a half was all that Levi managed before he suited up again. It was late at night, and he was tempted to use the symbiote to let him swing - head and body mostly uncovered - back up to the apartment, when suddenly an alarm bell rang from the nearest corner shop. Two burglars were shouting as they exited, and one fired a gun back into the door before jumping into the car his buddy was already readying to drive off in.

"The fuck?" Levi said. The gun blast made the symbiote coil out a little, protectively. "They just got robbed."

Someone screamed from within, and another voice rang out.

"Oh God, he's hurt! Someone call 911! PLEASE!"

For just a moment, Levi was caught in total indecision. The robbers' car roared as it took off, speeding down the street with no police or heroes in sight to stop them. The woman inside wailed, and the symbiote rippled upon his back, urging him to do something.

God damn it! I better not change too much! You help me out here, okay?

The reply from the symbiote was obvious: of course it would help; they were *us*.

With an exaggerated sigh, but also very much with excitement pumping through his veins, Levi allowed the alien ooze to pour over his body, his goo-made clothing becoming just another part of the living structure enmeshed within the very fibre of his being. There was a borderline erotic thrill that followed, the symbiote pouring across his body, sliding over his aroused manhood and covering it from view, pouring over his eyes and mouth and leaving his visage monstrous, his tongue swollen and elongated and drooling like an alien being that was simultaneously horrifying and sexual in a taboo way.

“Yesssss,” he moaned, feeling power flow through him, the ooze sliding over his figure and giving it new purpose. *“How did I resist for so long? It’s good to be Symbiote again. It’s good to be us.”*

But the tantalising feeling quickly faded as the cries for help continued. With one leap, Symbiote launched into the corner store, startling a woman and man who were helping the store owner, who was looking quite bloody.

“Oh God, don’t kill us, please!”

“Not today, we won’t,” Symbiote replied. *“Not unless you get in our way.”*

He ripped some of the alien goo from his side and pressed it against the injured stomach of the man. He grunted, shaking from the shock of it all.

“Don’t worry, old man. This will seal the wound for a while, but it will melt away eventually. Get him to the hospital now, or we’ll be coming for you. Did anyone catch the licence plate of that car?”

“It was HLM-79-24,” the frightened woman said. “Are you - are you going to stop them? Are you a hero?”

Symbiote rose, flashing a grin with his dagger-like teeth. He snarled, flickering his tongue out and making the group jolt. *“No hero,”* he said. *“We’re just here for the ride,”*

He jumped out from the building, already using his tendrils to swing down the streets, his eagle eye vision searching every vehicle from above. He moved like a sweeping shadow, oily and quick, until he found exactly what he was looking for: a car that was driving slightly faster than it should have been, with the license plate that had been told to him.

Now THIS is the fun we’ve been wanting, he thought together with the symbiote.

He careened down, crashing upon the car and crumbling its bonnet. The thieves inside screamed, and then again as he put down his powerful legs and stopped the car completely, tearing up sections of the bitumen and then flipping the car overhead. People on the street squealed, but that only heightened Symbiote’s amusement. With two outstretched tentacles he plucked the robbers from their car.

“Give us one good reason why we shouldn’t consume you!?” Symbiote threatened. Thankfully, this was just a threat; the actual symbiote showed no desire for such a thing, nor did Levi, but it was a fun role to play nonetheless.

"We-we're sorry!" cried one figure.

"Please don't kill us!"

"We won't kill you, but you shot a man. Best we stop such bad trigger discipline in the future, hmmm?"

With absolute ease, Symbiote gripped the right hands of both men, holding them in place. Using nothing more than an easy flick of the wrist, Levi and the symbiote crushed their hands, breaking their fingers. Levi dropped both men to the ground, leaving them to scream, but sealed their feet to the road with two oily flicks of the symbiote's discardable matter. He did the same for their mouths just to shut them the hell up.

That's what I call being an antihero, he thought, the symbiote's mind joining his own. Being a total badass, in fact. Far better than squeaky clean heroes like big tits Meteor Woman, ha! These guys won't be getting up again.

He posed dramatically, one foot on the lead criminal's back as someone took an excited photograph. He snarled, causing them to flee.

"Police! Freeze!"

Symbiote snapped his head around. The excitement was causing more churning, more changes to his body. He could feel it, particularly around his chest, his groin, his hips and face. He knew he had to get back to the apartment and quickly, but now two police officers were pointing guns at the merged pair, and several more cars were arriving, sirens blaring.

Shit, they thought as one.

"Easy officers, we've done your work for you," they said. "With a little extra effort, of course. Didn't have handcuffs."

But instead of understanding, a warning shot was fired, leaving Symbiote to take an extra step back.

"Get down on your knees with your hands behind your head! No funny supervillain stuff! No use of powers or we put you in the ground! The Hero Society is on its way, so don't think you can try anything!"

Symbiote smirked, though it was slightly sheepish by this point. The anxiousness, the combined thrill of the moment was causing through them both.

"You don't want to go down this road with us, officer," they said.

"I said on your knees! Last warnin-"

But Symbiote was faster than any humans by multiple factors, and he raced forward, easily disarming the first officer and batting aside the second, catching him with a tendril and hurling him across the ground. He'd be bruised, but not seriously injured. The other officers began to fire, but Symbiote jumped into the air, reaching out with tendrils to swing through the city. Police cars follow, sirens blaring. The addiction was growing; it was like sex, the

sheer euphoria of this chase swelling and growing even as the ooze compressed his body, altering it further. He didn't have time to think about that, though. For now, they were *one*, and together they evaded the police, leaping through gunfire, leaving car tires caught in flung ooze. He jumped to the ground and literally bit into the bonnet of a police vehicle, tearing out its engine and grinning as machinery fell from his knife-like teeth.

"Engine troubles, officers?" Symbiote joked, before leaping away with another cackle.

It was then that he got hit, and by lightning no less. Symbiote crashed down into an alley, rolling and in pain for once. The symbiote half of the pair shrieked before collecting itself. There, carried forwards by the power of electricity, was Lightning Lass. She was quite the cutie, Levi thought, with her shock-white hair literally crackling with electricity and her skin-tight blue outfit showing a slim and pretty figure, but the electric anger in her glowing eyes was obvious.

"Stop it right there, slime ball! And that is apparently a literal description!"

"Ah, Lightning Lass. We were wondering when the real interesting players would show up. We were just doing your job for you?"

"We? Some other partner hiding back there, Symbiote?"

"Only me, myself, and us. My alien friend and me."

He massaged his chest, luxuriating in the surprising sensitivity there.

"Ew, so not hot. Listen, lady-"

"Not a lady."

"Oh, I thought from your voice - look, you need to come in for questioning. The Hero Society has some concerns about your handling of things, and with those two thieves-"

"They got what they deserved. Don't worry, we don't kill. But we don't play nice, either. And we don't play for teams. Good night, Lightning Lass."

Another blast of electricity, but this time Symbiote was ready, leaping aside with easy while a trash can exploded.

"I said you need to come in."

"And we said, we don't play for teams. Last chance, Lightning Lass."

"And it's yours too, Signet Ring is coming."

"Shame, we thought you were a cute couple until the news broke."

Lightning Lass didn't reply, just fired off a bolt of lightning. Symbiote jumped up the wall, running along with it thanks to the sticky ooze upon his feet, and kicked Lightning Lass out of the air. What followed was a battle worthy of any great hero and antihero struggle: Symbiote crackled with lightning, fighting against its effects, while Lightning Lass was continually jumping aside from the jets of good, the gnashing teeth, the whirlwind of claws. She almost had the better of Symbiote, but her own fear of his form made her unable to be decisive enough in time, and with two minds against one, the merged pair managed to get

hold over, wrap their tongue around her neck, and then slam her to the ground. She was unconscious in an instant.

“Sorry lady, you probably didn’t deserve that. You’ll heal up, I’m sure. As for us? We’re going home!”

There were no more heroes and no more cops, but Symbiote was extra careful arriving back at the apartment anyway. Once inside, he immediately discarded the suit, forcing the alien to retreat into his form once more, little more than a bad tattoo to all appearances, a large ink stain on his lower back. His eagle eye vision disappeared immediately, but in the darkness of the apartment it was clear that something was wrong. He could feel that he no longer had fingernails, at least not in the usual sense. They were full claws now, with talons that were far thicker than a fingernail and jutted outwards from his digits quite obviously. His toes also felt changed: they weren’t clawed yet, but he could feel the rhythmic *tap-tap* of curved, overly long fingernails upon the tiled floor of the bathroom as well.

But these changes, while concerning, weren’t nearly as large as the others upon his body. Levi was in a heightened state following his actions as Symbiote, and thanks to the alien in his nervous system he was always hyper aware of his own body: the way his chest felt fuller, heavier, and oddly wobbly. The way his hips swayed slightly. The way his member seemed so much smaller. The way his skin was sensitive against the cool breeze against the window, and yet no hairs rose upon in response. The way everything felt off on his face, just subtly, and in his buttocks and hips and . . . all of it!

God, what the hell have you done to me.

The symbiote chattered apologetics; it literally couldn’t help it.

Couldn’t help what? Shit, I’m going to regret this.

He turned on the light, and the regret was indeed immediate. Looking back, Levi could see the obvious changes, the ones he’d been in denial all this time over.

The formerly buff man was starting to look like a woman

Did look like a woman, in fact, or at least a very feminine man. His face was cute, perhaps even slightly younger than it had been. His cheekbones were prominent, but his jaw had become rounded, giving him a heart-shaped face. Combined with his more feminine-looking nose and arched eyebrows, and with just a few more changes he might even look like a bombshell of a woman. He wrinkled his nose in disgust, only to be further disgusted by how weirdly sexy the expression he made was. Levi’s hair was not much extended, just a little, but it was a more vibrant red in colour, giving him a cute longer pixie cut image. He ran his hands through it, his claws scraping painlessly across his scalp, and found the texture to be perfect, as if the symbiote had been the greatest shampoo and conditioner pairing on earth.

His gaze fell downward, to the even more female presentation below. Careful of his claws, the changing man cupped his chest. There was no denying the weight and pert flesh there, nor the small cleavage that resulted from lifting the two mounds that had grown into place: Levi now had breasts. Actual breasts, topped by perfect pink nipples that tingled with glorious sensitivity as he touched them. The feeling made him a little weak in the knees, and the symbiote clearly liked it as well.

“Damn it, and my hips too! And my waist!”

He nearly had an hourglass figure . . . nearly. His hips had widened, but his buttocks had also become larger. Not enormous, certainly not like he’d had a big butt lift or anything, but enough to have some female padding. His torso was still well-muscled and fit, but more like a gym girl than the gym guy he had been. And his penis and testicles . . .

Fuck, why did you have to shrink those?

The symbiote gave apologies. It couldn’t help it; it was biologically programmed to make him more compatible with it, and it too found the process addictive.

“That’s why you asked if I was a mother? Or a girl? Back in the cave, you gave me images or questions about whether I was female, or something. Shit, why the hell did I do this? I even *sound* sort of like a chick!”

But he knew why he’d done it, risked it all.

Because it was the greatest damn rush of my life, dashing away from the police and tangling with Lightning Lass. It was me who did that, or at least made the final call. God, what the hell was I thinking?

The symbiote communicated with him; further changes would happen, but only if they went full Symbiote again. But when fully changed, the results would be glorious. For a moment, temptation rushed through the thrill seeker.

“No! Stop that! I’m not gonna be tempted. Maybe if I resist for a bit longer, I won’t have to have a pair of tits. God, what will I even do about these?”

The symbiote responded by quickly forming a smart black sports bra around them. Levi could only sigh, his even sharper fangs showing, now more prominent on his lower jaw as well.

“Not quite what I had in mind. Shit, I need to eat. We’re ordering Chinese, you alien goo. And if I can’t find a way to get you separated from me, we both need to get these urges under control. I wanna be a total badass, not a slime chick. Shit.”

He slumped down and made an order, using an app rather than calling as he usually did. He didn’t want to hear his raspy contralto voice at the moment. He just wanted to eat his fill after so much expended energy, take it easy, and avoid any further changes.

It was after eating enough Chinese takeaway for a party of seven that Levi started to feel a little less mooney. He was trying not to play with his new tits, though he couldn’t resist

cupping them or his new ass occasionally, or caressing his wider hips in astonishment. But still, a plan was forming in his mind.

We work well together, but we're also addicted to each other. You can change me, but I think that should mean you can change me back. We both just need to get in sync a bit more, or something. I don't know. But there will be a way. For now, you can bulk me up under my clothes, make my figure look less girly.

The symbiote agreed, and did just that for him. His chest looked normal beneath a baggy sweater made of the symbiote, and his package . . .

"Holy shit! That actually feels . . . wow."

He lowered a hand experimentally to feel the way the ooze covered his member, making it appear longer while hidden from view. It was a . . . tantalising sensation.

Levi was having such a wonderful dream. He was all muscly and manly again, and he was fucking a chick with a dynamite body; fit and flexible and with a really nice rack. She moaned in pleasure as he railed her, her legs parted wide to receive him. As his arousal grew he felt a strong *tug tug tug* upon his erect penis, gripping his member and bringing him closer to climax. The woman moaned, her short red hair vibrant and sexy. She bit her lip, moaning as she looked up at him. It was kind of weird, but she looked like a hot female version of Levi, and her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. This wasn't enough to make him stop though, particularly as his flesh began to cover with that familiar dark goo, making him all the more turned on, all the more *virile*. It enlarged his cock, grew his muscles, and in moments he was fully Symbiotic again, leaning forwards so that his long tongue licked and lapped at the woman's nipples, drool pooling on her stomach in a highly erotic way.

"Yessss," the woman moaned, even as the goo covered her. "We're doing it! We're becoming fully bonded, dude! We're going to be so beautiful! Let's become *one* like we've always wanted, fuck yeah!"

Levi frowned, even as he got closer and closer to the moment he was waiting for. There was something *off* about this whole situation. Something wrong. The woman *did* look too much like him, sexy as she was, and even her vocabulary was similar to his. Moreover, the gel was covering her over, rippling and transforming her until she was just as much in full Symbiote form as him, her face covered over until it was just as toothy, her long tongue sliding over her jaw deliciously, her outer ooze layer clinging to her dynamite body and its marvellous curves. Levi tried to escape, but the goo was holding them both together. The female Levi looked him in the eyes and grinned.

"Can't you feel it? We're going to be perfect for our alien friend."

It was at this point that Levi woke, instantly feeling a wondrous sensation between his thighs. He blinked; he wasn't even in bed anymore! He was suspended from the ceiling in a hammock of the symbiote's goo, its thick threads like a spider's web. Two great tendrils were massaging his rock hard cock and feeling his balls, and his own hand was stroking his cock up and down. His entire body, sans his head, was covered in the symbiote's alien flesh, and somehow it was driving him to greater heights of ecstasy than he had ever felt.

"Oh shit, oh f-fuck! Why am I masturbating?"

Chitters of purring pleasure ran through his form. The answer was clear: *he'd* wanted this, and in his sleep had directed the symbiote to help him. Did it want him to stop? It was almost apologetic. It could stop anytime now.

Levi moaned, grunting as he tried to get his oozing hand off of his oozing cock. He couldn't. The pleasure was simply too great, the addictive rush, the dopamine thrill of it! He continued to pump himself furiously, the tendrils feeling over his body with more passion than any lover. He trembled, feeling the pressures across his body, the push to change yet further and become even more feminine. It was not something he remotely wanted, but his body demanded it. With each new change came an even greater bond with the symbiote.

It's like I'm becoming . . . perfect. Just like the dream. Oh God, it really does want a female host, doesn't it? Female goo or something, female host. And I'm - nnnghh, oh God, that f-feels good - I'm unable to s-stop it right now! Just need to be f-faster before any m-more changes happen! Ohhhh!

Even his *thoughts* were more in that husky contralto now. Levi blushed, but the goo just rose up over his face again, covering it over as he willed this to be over already. The symbiote infiltrated his body, massaging it and directing changes. His nipples, now very sensitive, were the subject of particular ministrations by the ooze, and it made him arc his back in his strange hammock, overcome by the pressures of his now-rising chest. His bosom was growing, just as surely as the slime was pouring into the crack of his rear and filling up his ass, expanding it out. His hips were filled with lovely subcutaneous fat. The tendrils pulled at his hair, making it longer beneath the symbiote mask. And his manhood . . .

"Ohhhhhh, you h-have to be s-stronger than thissss," Levi moaned, his long tongue flapping out the side of his mouth and drooling down to the floor. "*We have to b-be stronger. We can't become p-perfect. We can't become fully bonded or - or - ohhhh! AGGHH!!!*"

The voice that cried out was far more female than it was male, even with the raspy modulation of the symbiote's influence. Levi came, and it was a more pleasurable act of masturbation than any he had yet experienced. His entire body writhed, brimming with power as he tore at the web-like structure around him, until he literally fell to the floor with a loud bang, cracking a number of the floorboards and probably setting off a number of noise

complaints. Still he writhed, gnashing his teeth and gripping his chest, feeling the protrusions there and pinching his nipples out of sheer instinct due to the bliss they provided.

Finally, the sensations diminished, and the Symbiote withdrew from Levi's head, leaving it bare but the rest of him covered in slowly undulating goo that seemed *very* happy with the pleasure it had just experienced.

Fucking hell . . . did I - no, we - just experience multiple orgasms?

A happy ripple ran through the symbiote, clearly indicating that it, too, had experienced such a series of explosive passions.

That's a goddamn chick thing! Fuck, I need to assess the damage. Can you get back into my back already?

The symbiote withdrew, albeit slowly and with clear reluctance. It was clearly joyous over their increasing union, something that made Levi even more cautious. Just what the hell had he gotten into? Was this thing manipulating him? Or had he really directed it in his sleep? The questions burned through him even more as his flesh was unveiled. He was still in his pyjamas, but they were looser around him once more. Well, looser except for a few places, where they were even tighter. The symbiote had given him night vision even when not fully suited up, so it was quite the surprise when he stood up to not only feel a jiggle on his chest but to look down and see cleavage, actual *cleavage*, poking out from the v-neck of his pyjama top.

"Shit! Shit, fuck! These are actual tits! Why are you giving me actual tits? God, I can feel the weight of them! These things must be goddamn massive!"

They weren't, thankfully; it was mainly just the perspective of looking down, but he could certainly see all of his toes, and when he retreated to the bathroom to view his reflection it was obvious that they were perhaps a B-cup or slightly bigger. Noticeable and obvious and not easy to hide, but not the big Double-D's he'd feared or anything. Still, they possessed a wobble and needed support, and were topped by larger nipples than before, ones that were tenting through the fabric.

"And the rest of me looks more like a chick too!" he whined, voice too-high.

He'd more likely be mistaken for a lady than a man, he reflected. He had cute cheekbones and a more softly sculpted face. His hair was still in a pixie cut, but the redness of it was more fiery and vibrant. His eyebrows were arched and almost sculpted, and his lips . . .

Those aren't far away from looking like a total pair of DSLs. Ugh, not that I'll be sucking any dicks anytime soon! Fuck that!

Other changes to his figure were obvious: his pants were now way too snug around the hips, and his waist had shrunk. He still had a very muscular set of abs, but it was more of

a toned midriff belonging to a woman than the massive abs he'd had before. His legs were smooth and almost silky in quality, and his pecker . . .

I'm still a man. It looks like a damn micropenis, but I'm still a man. I can do this. Just have to get a divorce.

"Symbiote," he said to the mirror, trying to affect his older voice and barely managing something recognisable. "I think we're not very good for each other. We need to break up. Now."

The new slitted pupils and fanged snarl of the soon-to-be-woman in the mirror only demonstrated how necessary a break up was.

What followed took hours, well into the morning light. The symbiote had chittered and purred, rippled and massaged, used every little tantalising tentacle to try and teach him that their growing union was a good thing.

Levi wasn't having any of it. He pulled the ooze away, gripping it with the claws it had given him and pushing the remnants into a large tupperware container he'd found lying in a kitchen cupboard. The act was not without its violence; several tendrils tried to stay his hand, but the symbiosis was only as strong as having a willing participant, and without Levi going along with their union, the feminised man was able to tear apart tendril and tentacle and wave of goo, pouring them into the container again and again until new containers were needed just to house the thing.

I'm sorry, he thought, trying not to cry. I don't know if it's the damn estrogen you've put in my system, or it's just me, but this is fucking hard, man. Dude. slime. Whatever.

He wiped more tears away, sloughing off whatever he could off the symbiote. He could feel it decoupling from his system, its deepest roots disconnecting in the fact of this ultimate rejection. It was like pulling teeth, and it was giving up the greatest danger and thrill ride of his life. Levi shuddered just at the knowledge that he'd never feel so free and powerful and *cool* in his life again. Ever.

But this had to be done. He needed to do away with this and hope that his system would restore itself, even if it took time. With one last, final little chitter of disappointment, like a partner that was being pushed out the door but still wanted to make things right, the symbiote left Levi.

The feminised man closed the tupperware containers and placed them in his kitchen.

"I'll find a place for you back in that cave or something. For now . . . Jesus, I just need a moment."

He crumbled on the floor in the kitchen and wept, female hormones dominating his emotional cycle and only exacerbated by losing the symbiote that had intertwined with his nervous system for over two weeks now. Levi held himself, rocking back and forth.

I don't need it. I don't need it. I can do this.

I can do this.

And yet still, it was like he could *feel* the tempting draw of the symbiote in the cupboards, urging him to come back, to reignite their relationship and *make things right*.

"No," he said, lowering his voice as much as he could.

Levi couldn't avoid work forever, and he frankly needed to get away from the tempting ooze in his kitchen. He'd been eating takeout just to avoid it. His body was still alien to him, and in many ways it was more alien than the damn symbiote suit had been. His breasts were constantly 'active', moving when he did, and in the end he had to use a support band around them to hide their presence. His limbs were thinner and smoother, and try as he might he just couldn't stop walking with a femme fatale-like sway in his hips unless he really focused on a more masculine strut. His face wouldn't grow facial hair again, and his natural speaking voice had an almost sensual quality to it, tinged with female authority that would have turned him the hell on once. Even his ass was an embarrassment, filling out the back of his work trousers more than he would have liked.

But he had to get to work. Bills were piling up, and he was out of sick leave days. His manager was barking up his ass to get back to work on the phone, and the only thing his feminised voice was good for was sounding atypical and, therefore, sick.

You can do this, Levi, he repeated to himself in his mad mantra. *You don't need the symbiote. This'll work.*

He was wearing baggy work trousers and a heavy high-vis vest, and had done his best to scruff up his face with some dirt and grit. It wouldn't hide his femininity, but he could excuse it as losing weight from being sick. Even his height loss was offset by some new work boots with bigger lifts. The only thing that really worried him, even more than being considered a sudden metrosexual or whatever, was the fact that he still had some rather alien qualities to his body. His pupils were now vertical slits that allowed perfect vision even in deepest darkness, but necessitated sunglasses to hide despite the overcast day. His talons were part of his fingers now, not just sharp fingernails but full claws, and only thick gloves could hide them. Even his tongue was longer; it was actually hard to resist licking his lips compulsively. It had a more pointed, lizard-like quality to it now, and that was something he was not keen on his coworkers seeing. Lastly, there was little dark veins like residual

symbiote ooze that ran down his neck and where his muscles tensed the most: his armpits, inner elbow, back of his legs, and so on. They were subtle, but present.

“Just do the work, don’t talk shit with Greg and especially not Harry,” he said to himself. “You’re still stronger than even a peak Olympian. That’s the one good thing the symbiote left you, Levi, so focus on that.”

And he did, for several hours. He was bolting up some of the higher tiers of the skyscraper, ensuring the metal frame was secure. It was work he could avoid socialising during, and he could even replicate some thrill by clambering up the structure at times with no safety gear, or operating near the edge without a line. It wasn’t enough compared to being Symbiote, though, and it frustrated him. Enough so, in fact, that he didn’t even notice Harry sneaking up to play a prank on him during his lunch break. Levi had removed his glasses and even his gloves for a spell, opening his vest a little due to the heat. No one else was on this floor as far as he knew, and his attention was focused on the squad of superheroes led by Blue Trident and the recovered Lightning Lass flying over the city, gods with powers that he’d once held and had now sadly given up. And without the supersenses he’d possessed until so recently, he didn’t notice until too late the hands upon his back.

“Tell ya Mom I save ya, lad!” Harry guffawed, grabbing Levi by the shoulders.

But the symbiote had left some residual effects, but Levi twisted back, grabbing the man by the shoulder with incredible ease and hefting him over the edge so that he was held by his shirt alone, eight stories above the ground. Men called up from below, horrified at the sight, and other workers began to rush up.

“Oh God oh God I’m sorry please don’t kill me!”

Levi’s instincts paused. He was gripping the vertical steel beam with one clawed hand and easily buckling the steel. He looked at the quivering man he was holding over the edge and instantly realised his mistake, throwing him back onto the skyscraper’s concrete flooring. Harry coughed and panted, but was gazing at Levi with utmost fear, his eyes going wide as he took in the sight before him.

“L-Levi!? What the h-hell has happened to you? You look like a chick! What happened to your eyes? Why do you have claws? Oh shit, are you one of them?”

Levi panicked, voice cracking. “Listen, Harry, something happened to me. You can’t tell anyone, okay? You can’t tell anyone what I look like or they’ll catch m-”

“Someone help me! Levi’s a super! He’s a villain or something!”

Damn it, Levi thought. Damn it! He’ll tell everyone! What the hell do I do?

More workers poured up, running to help Harry. They stopped short as they saw Levi standing over him, his cleavage obvious, his ladylike face bare to them, his monstrous features now permanently seared into their minds. At the forefront of the group was Greg, Levi’s closest work buddy.

"Hey, lady! Back off from him! I don't know who you are, but you can't be up here!"

"It's Levi! He's gone weird! Look, you can tell it's him but he's some weird chick with claws and crocodile eyes! He's infected with some of that superhuman villain shit, Greg!"

"I'm not!" Levi shouted. "Goddamn it, you idiots, it's still me, it's still-"

He pulled away from the steel beam . . . but his claws ripped the load-bearing support asunder. The entire frame of this upper story buckled, groaning as scaffolding gave away. A section of the ceiling buckled, and Harry scrambled away just in time to avoid a concrete slab landing on his head. Greg looked to Levi with terror.

"Levi, is that you?"

"It is, dude! Look, what happened was an accident, I can explain everything-"

"Stay back! We're calling the Hero Society. Just . . . stay back."

They can't call the Hero Society. They'll bag and tag me. They'll - they'll take away the symbiote! I can't let them!

There was just one way out. Appropriately enough, it gave the greatest danger and thrill. Levi backed away, and even as Greg and the others called for him to stop, he leapt off the edge of the building. He caught a pipe and swung down, leaping off scaffolding and descending in a mad spider-like climb to the bottom. When he reached it, he burst through the group of workers below and literally leapt over the fence.

Already, sirens were starting to blare, and the Hero Dome was starting to wail its own alarm.

Goddamnit, how did this get so out of control?

Levi's heart raced, and his limbs tired out quicker than they should have. Whether that was due to his femaleness he wasn't sure, but given how fit his body still was he suspected it was simply from the lack of a symbiote to further empower him. His wrapping tore, forcing his breasts to bounce on his chest slightly painfully.

No wonder women need bras. These things aren't even that huge and they're a pain.

He skidded to a halt as he ran, darting down an alley instead. A number of police vehicles were coming his way, along with ARTEMIS APCs for dealing with superpowered criminals. Above, Lightning Lass circled, her electrical powers buzzing her along the air. It sent a chill through Levi's spine.

Bet she wants another round.

He made his way through the alley, trying to get to his apartment as quickly as possible. Officers were gathering closer and closer to his complex as he returned though, perhaps expecting him to double back.

"Shit. Shit!"

He paused, ditching the vest and leaving his plain undershirt on in order to not be so easily seen. *What the hell do I do?* he wondered to himself.

In frustration, he scraped his talons against the brick wall of the alley, and in doing so ripped out entire shreds of them. Surprised, the feminised man held up his more daintified hands with the not-so-dainty talons at the end of them.

Okay, he thought. I can use these. If I'm quick. I need to get into that apartment. I need to be whole again.

The hunt was on, and there was only one thing that could give Levi an advantage. He began to claw his way up the alley walls, gaining incredible height until he finally reached the rooftop. His own tall alley building was on the other side of the road.

"Time to see if my strength is up to it," he muttered to himself. He took off his shoes, letting his own talon-like toes dig into the concrete rooftop. He closed his eyes, focused his narrow slits upon the other side, and then raced forward with everything he had.

And leapt.

Levi had little time. His claws could easily cut through his window, and in fact *had*, but in moments the police would barge into his apartment now that he'd been identified as some kinda freak. No doubt there would be some speculation he was the Symbiote now too, and the Hero Society would stop holding a cordon and actually get involved. And yet still, he was slow and cautious as he approached his kitchen and opened the cupboards. Immediately, his skin crawled, as if anticipating the next hit.

It is my next hit. A permanent one.

Levi looked at the symbiote in its various tupperware containers. It squirmed in response to his presence, crawling against its surfaces, awaiting him. The man sighed.

I really wish I knew how to quit you.

"There's no going back now, is there? I'll have to go full woman. Full Symbiote. They can't track me if they can't recognise me. Not with those abilities."

He was going to end up in a hole somewhere, or at least arrested and charged and never able to live a life of freedom and thrill ever again. But if he *did* take on the symbiote again and suit up fully, then he wouldn't ever do any of that as a *man* again. Levi swallowed, lowered a hand down to rub against the small nub his cock had become. Was it slightly bigger than this morning? Perhaps. It was too hard to tell. Maybe it was just wishful thinking. What was clear to him were the presence of breasts upon his chest, both sore from the tight band of wrapping around them, as well as his widened hips, his feminised face, his softer, perhaps even *sensual* voice with its attractive husky quality. Even his ass felt wrong, more shapely.

And that'll be me. That'll be what you turn me into you. You realise that? You're going to make me a damn woman all because it makes our 'union' more compatible.

Somehow, the ooze seemed to chitter and squirm against its separate containers, and their previous connection was enough to understand its intentions:

'Yes,' it seemed to say to him. 'I will change you. We will become female and perfect. Our power will be mighty, our genders as one. We will be unstoppable and beautiful.'

Again, Levi swallowed. "This is a mistake. Shit, this is a mistake. I can't be doing this."

The ooze squirmed and sloshed nervously.

Suddenly a series of sounds. Ranks of people, probably ARTEMIS operatives, were climbing the stairs and getting closer to his apartment. His ears were slightly pointed now, just slightly, and their auditory range was still extended. He could hear Hero Society members drawing in.

'It's likely nothing, but if it is this Symbiote that Lightning Lass fought with, we go in with all powers at the ready, got it?'

Levi didn't like the sound of that. He didn't like any of the options on the table. But he couldn't have his cake and eat it too.

I can either run free and on the lam, living the life of an anti-hero, or go back to being a random schmuck who'll spend his best years in court or jail, never able to experience these highs again. And hell, I might not even change back.

The decision was like an avalanche, building slowly until it concluded with a roaring thunder.

"Better to go all the way," he exclaimed, grabbing the first tupperware container and flinging off of the lid. "Better to burn the candle at both ends and live free and wild. Better to be *us* again. So fuck it! Let's do this!"

The ARTEMIS personnel were shouting his name, demanding he open the door or they'd bust it open for him, and some heroes were closing in from the skies. Levi didn't care; his attention was purely on the dark sludge he was freeing. It rejoined with itself, expanding excitedly out of the containers.

"Come to me," Levi said, chuckling to himself at the absurdity of what he was doing. "Come to *mama*."

He extended a sharp finger out towards the ooze, and the symbiote likewise extended a dark tendril to meet it. It was like an imitation of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel painting, man meeting divinity, and so it felt like this to Levi. He closed his eyes, accepting the symbiote back for good.

Time to for us to be one again.

The ooze made contact, and in that very moment it seeped into his pores and made the first lightning sparks of connection. It flowed over his body, now given permission to flood across his surface and spread into every orifice. Levi moaned in unimaginable pleasure as his second skin was returned to him; the black liquid oozed over, massaging and pressuring his form, already hungry to perfect its final changes. It cupped his breasts even as it tore away his support bandage and other clothing, lifting his mammaries up and expanding them with further growth. Levi shuddered from the sensations, feeling his body become ever more womanly in this act of union.

Ohhhhhhhh, he thought. It is w-wonderful. H-how did I ever put you a-away? Just d-do your thing so I can r-regret it later! I need all of your n-now! I need you in m-me, you alien f-fucker! Do it!

And it did. The symbiote crawled into his system, investing him with its powers. It oozed into the cleft of his buttocks, it spread over his crotch and played gently with his remaining manhood, already moulding it to a flat feminine mound. It sloped over his hips, gliding over his skin and under it, reshaping him further so that his form now had a deeply attractive and fertile hourglass appearance. More animalistic changes flowed too: Levi's tongue extended, not just from the symbiote covering it but his own human tongue beneath it, as if the joining were even more severe than previous instances. It gained a more lizard-like quality, and its length made him roll it around his perfectly formed lips, which were now beautiful. His face changed, and he had the suspicion he was becoming quite the beauty despite his alien-ness, but then the goo spread over his face, providing him with the needle-toothed jaw and terrifying white eyes of his Symbiote self. A final series of pressures ran through his body, pulling in his waist a little more, pushing through his crotch, and then finally forming the tunnel there. More ARTEMIS personnel voices were yelling, making final demands and beginning to bang heavily upon the locked door, but it meant nothing even to Levi's superheightened senses.

Oh God, we're b-becoming f-female. Becoming a woman. I can f-feel it. I can feel you. F-fuck! It's happening! It's - NGHH! OHHHH!!"

Even his *thoughts* took on a female voice as his ecstasy rose. It emitted from his sharp, predator jaw as a furious and ecstatic roar, modulated with an alien tone, but it was also an undeniably female one. The ooze poured into his new tunnel, flooding its sensitive nerves and stirring them passionately. This had the effect of bringing Levi his - or *her*, now - first female orgasm, and it was quite the doozy to the once-Casanova-like man. He shredded parts of the goon around his thighs in his delirium, then grabbed his enlarged breasts and squeezed them, relishing the divine sensations they produced. They were not enormous, but they were certainly a good pair of tits, and the new woman had a notion that they were definitely a desirable pair of D-cups. The last shuddering orgasms passed through the new

female aberrations body, and she roared again, this time looking up to the ceiling and baring larger claws. Her tongue spat drool everywhere as her final busty, shapely form was completed.

"We are ONE," Symbiote declared, the product of their thoughts, now totally aligned.

The door smashed open, and half a dozen ARTEMIS personnel leapt into the room, guns and tasers in hand. Some halted at the sight of Symbiote, others trained their weapons on him. Symbiote could already sense another figure approaching: Lightning Lass was hovering just out of sight above Levi's window, ready to strike her.

"Get your hands in the air, freak!"

"What the hell is that?" one of the intruders asked.

"It's Levi Jones . . . isn't it?"

"WE are Symbiote," the pair responded, hands outstretched. Every part of themselves was now intertwined with the goo, and every pore and orifice was pleased by its existence, empowered and lifted up by it. *"And We are getting out of here."*

Their chief didn't drop his weapon. "You are coming into ARTEMIS custody," he said, keeping his cool. "You are surrounded, and we have more backup. You've caused a lot of trouble lately, and violated the Superhumans Protection Act by use of vigilante violence. At the very least you need to be brought in and whatever this . . . symbiote is, extracted from you and studied to see if it's an alien threat."

They think they can take us away from each other, Symbiote thought, both minds in total union. *They are wrong. We are together. Male or female or whatever, we won't go quietly.*

Symbiote shifted forward, making a number of officers nervous. She grinned, cocking her attractive hip to one side. Small red tendrils made up her 'hair' on top, but it was just an affectation, ready to attack.

"We're not going anywhere with you. We don't take orders from anybody. Not a villain, not a hero, and certainly not anyone with a badge. Last chance."

The chief raised his gun, and the rush of danger thrill exploded within Symbiote. In slow motion, several officers pulled their triggers, but Symbiote was faster, her hair expanding outwards like lightning to yank the guns away and then shove the officers backwards. At the same time, Symbiote leapt through the window, crashing directly into Lightning Lass and grabbing her by surprise.

"SURPRISE!" Symbiote yelled gleefully, throwing her aside just in time to dodge her lightning attack.

"Damn it, it is you! And you are a girl, you damn liar! Stop, or the entire Hero Society will--"

A splatter of goo silenced her mouth, and Symbiote began to launch himself through the city. Lightning Lass gave chase, using her electricity to remove the sludge and ride the lightning in pursuit. Levi's heart pounded with excitement, and this same dopamine gave further power to the symbiote. The pair worked together to fling themselves through the streets of the city, swinging on vines of alien slime and scrambling across walls like a vicious monkey. They dodged zaps of lightning, leapt away from stray shots from a helicopter sniper, only to launch upwards and rip the weapon to pieces.

"Uh-uh, we like it when our enemies play fair!"

But then Symbiote was rocketed to one side, a new entrant slamming into them and smashing them into the abandoned top floor of a corporate building of some kind. Offices and desks were shattered, but Symbiote was quick to use the tendrils to slingshot themselves back, right into Flame Dancer, who was now hurling fireballs. Symbiote dodged all but one, and managed to get a clawed swipe against Flame Dancer's face, but she was the leader of the Hero Society now for a reason, using her finesse to dodge most strikes and burn away part of the ooze that protected Levi's body. Again, the pair landed on a rooftop, grunting as they bounced before they arrested their speed. Signet Lance leapt up onto the rooftop, the knight-themed hero launching forward as he manifested a powerful lance. Symbiote cracked it in half easily, wrapping the hero in ooze and jumping up just in time to dodge another blast from Lightning Lass.

"We have you this time, Symbiote!" she cried. "And I don't care if you're a weirdly sexy slime lady!"

That girl has issues, the pair thought, smiling a creepy, knife-tooth smile. But the amusement didn't last long, because more heroes were arriving in masses, and worst of all was the one that was still miles away but creating a sonic boom in the far distance.

Meteor Woman.

Even Symbiote couldn't take on that busty superheroine. At least . . . not yet. For the first time since re-embracing the symbiote, Levi panicked. The new woman's thoughts strayed from her alien partner, terrified she'd bitten off more than she'd chewed. But the symbiote was quick to reassure her, now bonded so deeply that its very language was clear to her.

"Fear not," it said. *"We will rebuild our strength. We just have to take the greatest risk of all."*

Levi smirked beneath the mask of ooze, resynching with the alien. Yes, she could do that. Risk taking was all that she was about. The pair ran forward, leaping away from the heroes and engaging in a free fall straight towards the pavement.

"You win this round!" Symbiote shouted. They reached maximum velocity, the ooze trailing behind them, and not even Meteor Woman was fast enough to stop what happened next.

Symbiote hit the pavement at full speed, and exploded into nothing more than chunks of quivering, dying black jelly. Sirens continued to blare as paramedics and ARTEMIS officers appeared at the scene, and numerous heroes gathered to assess just what the hell had happened. What was left of Levi inside it was gone entirely, dissipated and dead.

At least, that's what Symbiote had made things appear to be. In reality, their tendrils had arrested their velocity just in time and the pair had snuck into a sewer grate, using their slimy advantages to get away fast, their shadowed form easily obscured. It was only when they were on the very edge of town, sitting out of sight in a lonely street and seeing the sirens and calamity in the city centre distance, that the symbiote withdrew back and allowed Levi some human semblance again. It formed a cute black tank top and pair of dark shorts, as well as a supportive bra and pair of women's underwear. A pair of boots concealed her clawed feet, but there was nothing to hide her clawed hands; they would just have to look overly manicured. The same went for her fangs, which she could see in the reflective surface of a window beside her. Her eyes were still reptile-like, and the symbiote extended up to give her a pair of dark sunglasses to cover them.

"Thanks," she suggested, looking over herself. "Damn, you couldn't just make me a woman, huh? You just had to make me a damn hot one."

Her red hair was still comparatively short, but she might have to grow it out now that she was on the lam and needing to form a new identity. The same was true of her fashion sense; she'd really have to embrace the bras and panties, the crop tops and skirts and whatnot. The kind of gal who had a body like hers didn't exactly hide it, and she had the sense that the symbiote liked her to show her body off to other males.

'For reproduction,' it messaged her, rippling against her sensitive tits and making her bite her lip.

She smashed her own boob, cringing at the pain it produced, but it had the desired effect of chastising the ooze.

"Hey now! You just turned me into a fucking chick and stuck me on the run. There is no way I'm even thinking about reproduction right now, even if that's how you, I don't know, make more of yourself or whatever. I've got a bad enough time having to adjust to being a woman now. Shit, these tits are big. I mean, not massive or anything, but guys will notice these. Don't be so happy about that."

The new woman sighed, checking herself over again. A few guys across the street were looking at her, and one was already joking with his friend about something. From his hand gestures, it was quite indecent, and the way his friend laughed and returned a statement only made that clearer. True enough, drawing upon her enhanced hearing, she was not a fan of what she heard.

Guess I'll have to get used to that, damn it, she thought to herself. But then the new flame-haired beauty smiled devilishly, thinking on all the power she now had, and all the time she had to learn it and grow better at it. Enough that she could easily evade the Hero Society in the future, come to their aid when necessary and fight them when equally necessary. And the best time to train in said powers was now, right?

Hey symbiote, if I'm stuck as a chick, how do you fancy making a pair of schmucks like that find out that this chick isn't to be messed with?

The symbiote purred happily, sliding around Levi's form. The attractive woman stepped towards the catcalling men, her hips swaying side to side and breasts bouncing subtly. All of this would take getting used to, and she wasn't sure she'd ever come to accept it. But she had power, and she had the thrill of danger.

"Hey assholes!" she yelled. "You talking to us!?"

Her claws extended, and the men's expressions turned worrisome.

Why don't we seek some danger out?

The End