It was Saturday morning in the city and as Devin laid there in his bed he found himself waking up to the first rays of sunlight that began to stream in through his window.  With no work for the weekend and nothing on his list of things to do the man had fully intended on spending as much time sleeping as possible; not only did he have the stresses of his day job but also a second side-gig and a rather unruly roommate that got him into all sorts of trouble.  He had hoped that for at least a few hours he would not be bothered by the pressures of the outside world or of his situation, but as he turned over and grabbed onto his covers he felt something amiss.  The sunlight was not the only thing that he found to be warm as his eyes snapped open when he felt something wet pooling around him on his sheets...

"Damn it Zeke..."

There was a loud groaning noise that only the human could hear as he tossed his comforter aside and saw that his naked body was surrounded by a pool of black goo, the shiny substance clinging to his skin as some of it rose up and morphed into a tentacle.  "What did I do now..." the head that formed from the tip of the tentacle said, Devin watching as the rubbery substance was sculpted into an anthropomorphic wolf head with bright purple markings on its face for eyes.

"You're all over the bed Zeke," Devin said with a sigh as he stuck his hand into the pool, pulling it back up to revealed the clawed fingers that normally manifested when the creature was covering him.  It had been months since he had unwittingly teamed up with the symbiotic creature after a freak accident had crossed their paths and while their relationship had grown much better the alien creature often surprised him like this.  "I know I said that you can have access to my body while I sleep but when you're done you should at least suffuse back into me, I thought I'd pissed the bed."

"I would not allow such a thing to happen," Zeke clarified as he looked down at the large puddle surrounding the human while his symbiotic essence dripped from the outstretched hand.  "Curious... I did not intend to do this to wake you up, if I wanted that I could just poke the adrenaline center in your brain.  I will have to see if I can figure out what is going on internally, but until that time would you like to go with our usual ritual?"

Devin thought about it for a second before he nodded in response and let out a slight gasp as he felt the symbiote shift around him.  With the two of them the only ones living in the apartment, a benefit that came from their shared side-hustle after they had moved out of his old place, he often forwent clothing and opted to have Zeke cover him instead.  Not only did this allow the symbiote to be out and about but he admittedly enjoyed having a rubber suit that he didn't have to put on.  As he started to pull his feet over the bed to get up he could already feel the symbiote coating them completely, feeling them becoming completely encased as the rubber morphed into a set of wolf paws.

While Devin had never normally considered himself into such things the sight of his legs becoming more muscular and shiny had a secondary effect on his body other than just waking him up more.  He found himself giving his maleness a stroke as tendrils of symbiotic rubber completely enveloped it, pleasuring him before putting it into a pouch that would give him some modesty.  With how intimate he and the alien creature had gotten it was not uncommon for Zeke to engage in such carnal acts to get a rise out of the human.  It made sense to Devin considering the symbiote was directly tapped into his brain and had remarked in how delightful the pleasure was.

But for the moment Zeke was content to merely engage in their usual morning ritual as Devin felt the tail push out from his rubber-covered backside and his fingers become the clawed hands that he had before.  While the symbiote wasn't necessarily lupine in nature he had gotten the idea from a werewolf movie that the human had seen while they were still in the bonding process.  It made them look fierce, the alien reasoned, and Devin was inclined to agree as he felt the biceps and forearms swell with symbiotic strength.  It appeared to the human that his counterpart was feeling a bit anxious and as he cooked a rather large breakfast he knew that it meant they would probably be going out in order to engage in the hunt tonight.

The rest of the day Devin was out on the town looking for potential targets.  When he found out just how much food it took to feed his body while the symbiote was attached he knew that he would need an alternate source of income, which with the power he got from Zeke he realized there was something they could do together.  While he had never considered himself much of a hero they found themselves stopping a drug deal that they saw while allowing the alien to roam the city at night.  The alien had gotten curious and before Devin could stop him one of the thugs had taken a shot at them and the symbiote did not take kindly to that, but once the dust had settled the two found themselves with a bunch of cash that no longer had an owner.

It was a win-win situation in both their eyes and not only did they do good by stopping crime but it allowed them to bankroll their continued existence without drawing too much attention.  No one believed criminals so even if they did get spotted while Zeke was out no one would likely believe them.   After a while those they pursued had started to get smarter and shift around their habits, which as Devin looked down an alley he found himself pulling the hood on his sweatshirt down a little lower at what he saw.  Though it was hard to see from his vantage point he could tell that there were a few gang-affiliated thugs that were doing something near a store loading area.

"Looks like easy pickings," Zeke whispered in Devin's ear.

"It's the middle of the day though," Devin whispered back.  While normally he would feign a phone call to avoid looking like a crazy person while talking to the symbiote there were few people out in the early afternoon as he felt the symbiote suit underneath his clothing shift about in anticipation.  "We can come back later and see if they're still around."

"You know they're going to move before night falls," Zeke growled slightly in irritation.  "They know the darkness belongs to us and seem to have evolved accordingly.  They are relatively hidden and no one is around, and if we take them now then perhaps we can go to that club you like so much to celebrate."

Devin found himself blushing slightly at the mention of the nightclub.  One of the perks of having a symbiote that mimicked rubber was he didn't need to worry about his attire when visiting such places, not to mention it made him rather popular among the crowd there.  He quickly shook himself of the mental image that had been conjured and allowed himself to be swayed by the alien.  The two quickly ducked behind a dumpster and Zeke manifested completely, the human in the hoodie and sweatpants replaced with the muscular alien wolf creature that skulked its way towards the group.

They never saw it coming; as the three talked while music played one of them was suddenly smashed into by a manhole cover that had been thrown at him.  The two were so stunned by the sudden act of violence that they just stood there, which allowed Zeke to move in close and kick a dumpster into the van.  The force of the impact knocked the wooden crates that were stacked up inside to fall on top of the second person and knock him out while the third reached for the gun that was in the waistband of his pants.  The symbiote wolf was way too quick and snatched it out of his hands before he could fire a shot, Zeke tossing the gun aside before taking the guy and pinning him to the wall.

Though they were both technically in control Devin allowed the alien to act out, hearing him growl as he demanded the wallet of the one they had grabbed.  Even with his adrenaline pumping both human and symbiote couldn't help but chuckle as they saw the look of horror on the thug's face turn to one of confusion.  "You're... mugging me?"  The thug asked in disbelief.

"We're just taking our fee for bringing you in," Devlin said as he took control of the talking for the two, a smirk still on their muzzle as they dipped their fingers into his pocket and grabbed the wallet within.  "Once we're done with you we'll be calling the police, no need to be killing low-level scum like you.  You breathe one word about us to them or your buddies though and we won't go so easy on you next time."

Though the thug was trying to keep up his tough guy bravado they could still see the fear in his eyes from behind held by an alien creature by the throat.  As they gave a chance for the fear to really set in their head turned to see if the others were still knocked out, only to see something else that caused them pause.  The crates that had hit the ground were broken open and the two saw that what was inside were not just the usual drugs they found on the streets.  It was guns, and from the looks of the shipment that was there whatever gang these were supposed to go to were gearing up for a fight.

Devin frowned at what the potential implications could be on that, though as he attempted to grab one of the automatic weapons he found that Zeke was still somewhat gooey.  He almost saw his own fingers within the stretched digits and was about to ask the symbiote what was going on before a groan caught their attention.  At first he thought the one that they had Frisbee tossed the manhole cover at was waking up, but when they felt the thug in their grasp squirm even more they looked back and saw what was happening to cause it.  They recoiled back and dropped the thug as they saw the shiny symbiote substance starting to spread from their grasping hand to the human's flesh before the tendrils spread outwards.

This was definitely something new... and when Devin once more asked Zeke what was going on the symbiote claimed to have no idea.  The man staggered forward and started to drag his fingers across his neck, which only caused more of the shiny substance to cling to the tips where it started to spread outwards.  Though the thug looked shocked as tendrils of the rubber quickly spread up his face and down underneath his shirt there was also a look of lust that was mixed in with it, something that Devin knew well with his first encounters with Zeke.  But if that was the case then it was possible they were witnessing the birth of a new symbiote... though as they watched in in rapt fascination the rubber that covered the eyes and mouth knit together and sealed both shut.

With his lips sealed shut there was nothing the thug could do but let our muffled grunts as he appeared to be blind, backing up against the wall as Devin could see his shirt starting to tighten.  As the fabric stretched over his form they could see the tentacles of symbiotic essence slithering down and encasing his body while coating over the skin.  With the initial shock wearing off both Devin and Zeke found it to be an incredibly arousing process, especially as they could see his chest heaving from what they could guess was pleasure while the rubber on his face swelled and stretched outwards.  Even though the two didn't know what was going on Devin found that the symbiote was getting very riled up by this as their smooth groin suddenly bulged as their cock was released.

They weren't the only ones revealing themselves as the thug reached up and tore the shirt away from his body while the rubber continued to spread down over it.  They could see that his somewhat chubby stomach was starting to suck in and the pads of fat he had were melting away underneath the shiny material covering them.  While he wasn't nearly as muscular as they were the formerly overweight human was becoming rather lithe and toned, something that caused their tongue to lick against their lips.  The symbiotic material wasn't just coating him and augmenting his form, they could sense that it was actually transforming him as a muffled growl reverberated from the sealed muzzle.

The two weren't sure if that was from pleasure or pain, but they quickly gathered that it was the former as they saw the jeans that had been tightening against the man suddenly break at the zipper.  The changing man hunched over as his cock practically exploded out from the release of pressure, his erection throbbing in the air while claws burst out from the shoes that the man wore.  That was all that the symbiote needed to see, even if Devin was still in control the sight of this creature starting to stroke himself was too much for the primal urges to be contained.  Once more the thug was pinned up against the wall, but this time as the jaws of the wolf symbiote stretched open it was so that his tongue could lick and coil against this new creature while his massive member pushed upwards.

The sound of tearing fabric filled the air as the jeans burst at the seams while the creature grunted and huffed at his expanding muscle underneath.  The symbiotic rubber had already coated his thighs and was quickly moving down to his calves where his feet had already grown monstrous enough to kick off the ruined shoes.  Zeke cared little about that as he began to push up into the rear of the man, spreading him open while a tail slowly grew out from the man's backside.  As their muzzles began to move closer together they saw a split form in it, allowing the tongue that had been slathering against the rubbery head to push inside and slide all the way down into the thug's throat.

Both holes were able to take the insertions with relative ease, though that wasn't surprising to either of the two.  Zeke had already fucked Devin with what was essentially his own maleness after growing it to be as thick as his arm, so to feel the tight inner walls yield to their tip spreading them open meant that they were just as changed on the inside as the outside.  The head of the transformed man tilted back as Zeke continued to ram his tongue in deeper, feeling the one inside the maw of the creature coiling around it as though to try and give them even more pleasure.  This creature that had been created seemed intent on making sure that they were feeling good, especially as those shiny hands rubbed up against their thick pectorals and his legs wrapped around their waist.

It didn't take long before the trapped man was sliding up and down against the wall while Zeke pounded into him.  They could see the smaller symbiotic creature's stomach and throat swelling from the insertions and as Devin continued to be awash in the pleasure coming from their shared forms he was able to step away enough to try and figure out what was going on.  With the thug fully transformed he looked a lot like them, except they didn't have the same eyes and had a few other markings including purple bands around their neck, ankles, and wrists.  It almost looked like a collar and cuffs, which as his attention went to the featureless lupine face he realized that those who dressed up to have a similar effect in the club often referred to themselves as drones.

Is that what they had done, Devin wondered even as he felt their orgasm approaching, had they somehow created a symbiote drone instead of an actual symbiote?

There was no sense of another with their bodies being so close together and with Zeke thrusting in and out with long, fast strokes from both his cock and his tongue Devin's line of thinking was becoming increasingly hard to keep track of.  If this creature wasn't a symbiote and host like they were then it meant... something else, but before he could gather what that would be he felt the augmented muscles of their form tensing.  Zeke let out a loud, muffled howl as he came hard, causing the already slightly stretched stomach to bloat with symbiote seed while being plugged up by the thick shaft stretching his hole.  At the same time the new drone also came, his large maleness spurting the same blackened cum that was quickly absorbed by both as the member trapped beneath them throbbed in time with the one inside of him.

Once they had completely unloaded inside of the rubbery creature Zeke pulled out and let the drone settle on his own feet, which had become more lupine and was rather puffy along with his hands.  While they were still usable it was unlikely they would be doing anything that would require fine control and almost made them look like they were wearing gloves.  As Devin looked the lean creature over all they would have to do was add a few harnesses and other accessories and everyone would assume he was some sort of rubber wolf twink.  It still didn't explain how it happened in the first place and as they heard a moan come from the pile of boxes they remembered that technically they were at an active crime scene.

With the guy they had knocked out with the boxes becoming conscious again they decided to try and get some information about the guns first and figure out the rubber drone later, leaning down while watching the human man attempt to crawl his way out from under the pile.  "Looks like you could use a little help," Devin said as he took control of the interrogation, letting Zeke rest after having his fun.  "Why don't you go ahead and tell us what this was meant for and where they were going, and we'll think about just letting you go to jail."

"They're heading to the docks down at the delta just outside of town," a voice spoke up, but it wasn't the human that was pinned that had said it.  They turned towards the drone that continued to stand there and somehow speak despite his muzzle once more being sealed shut.  "They're being used to shore up the defenses of the area and try to hunt you down, the boss doesn't appreciate you interfering in his business and is looking to take you out."

"Oh, uh... thanks for that," Devin said as he found himself slightly taken aback at the eloquence and helpfulness of a creature they had just transformed.

"You're welcome master," the drone replied.  "Is there anything else that I can do for you?"

Though Devin once more looked inward to try and get Zeke to tell him what was going on the symbiote once more rebuked the claim that he had something directly to do with it.  While it was extremely disconcerting to have someone be calling them master Devin once more reminded himself that this would have to wait, especially upon hearing that the group responsible for these weapons wanted them dead.  When they told the drone to find a phone and call the police they were once more surprised to see him dutifully carry out the task before turning to help the other guy.  As a low level thug there was no reason to keep him trapped under there, not to mention he had already seen their face and would have to be sworn to secrecy as they grabbed his arm and hoisted him up.

As the wood and weapons fell away from his body the guy was trembling in his grasp, and while at first Devin thought they were just scared of the heavily muscled monster symbiote wolf they could see his eyes starting to roll back into his head.  Fearing a medical emergency he put the man back down and was about to let go when they noticed that their rubber was once more oozing off of their hand, this time quickly spreading up the bicep of the thug and flowing over his thickening arm.  The two stepped back and watched as the black tendrils spread over his body like veins, seeing his jaws and teeth morph and elongate before the rubber quickly covered it and sealed his lips and nostrils shut.  Just like with the other man he eventually ripped out of his clothes and became another rubber wolf drone, his new paws gripping onto the ground as he rubbed his new huge cock with one hand while tweaking his nipples with the other.

"This is starting to get out of hand," Devin said as he looked at their clawed hands, watching as the rubber still had a gooey consistency and flowed down towards their forearms.  "You're saying you have no idea what's going on Zeke?"

Devin let out a slight gasp as the wolf's head that had been infused with his own suddenly pulled away, leaving him with a slightly pushed out set of jaws and fangs while the symbiote looked at him with his own eyes.  "I told you that this is something that has never happened to us before," Zeke said as he saw the second drone get up after he orgasmed and stood next to the first one.  "It seems that our symbiotic essence is in a mutable state at the moment; while it's not enough to create a separate consciousness it instead makes them hosts like you were at first, with them looking to us like you did to me when we first bonded."

"So we're in some sort of... contagious state, I guess?" Devin asked, feeling his own shoulders shrug in response.  "If that's true then we're going to have to isolate until this passes, we can't just go around bumping into people and making them into drones.  If walking through the streets today is any indicator I think we should be fine while we're in my form but should try to minimize exposure as much as possible afterwards."

"Mmmm, yes, we could do that, would certainly be the safe choice," Zeke replied, the head floating in front of Devin giving a slight nod before a smirk crept across his muzzle.  "Or..."

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As the sun set in the city the guards at the small shipping yard that was on the river delta suddenly went onto high alert, their eyes watching for the creature that their boss warned them about.  While there was no information that told them that the mysterious monster plaguing the criminal underworld would show up they were expecting several shipments that they couldn't afford to lose.  With the sun about to set and night coming about they would soon be locking things down so that the creature would have to break through their significant defense set-up, which he would have to know about in the first place.  As the two guards standing at the entrance to the shipping bay waited anxiously one of them looked at their watch and commented that the last truck they were waiting for was very late.

Just as they began to talk about potentially shuddering and locking everything for the night they saw something come up through the gate towards them.  It was the last truck, and as they quickly ushered it in they began to prepare the shutter to come down with them safely inside.  After the vehicle pulled up one of them checked inside the cab to see if there was any potential traps, which all they found was the driver with a large ice pack against his midsection.  When he asked if there was something wrong the thug merely said that he had fallen off the truck, which caused the other two to laugh and tease while ushering him to hurry up and get inside.  The driver merely continued to stare forward, his hands shaking slightly that soon moved to his entire body.

"Alright, that's the last one," the first guard said to the second.  "You think the boss would be fine with letting us leave it packed up like that for the night?"

"Yeah, right," the second guard chided as he motioned towards the latch.  "Check the merchandise to make sure everything is alright."  As the first guard was about to argue they heard a groan come from the cab that prompted him to go up front while the second guard opened the door.  "Hey man, you need a doc or... something..."

When the guard got up to see into the cab of the truck once more his sentence trailed off as he saw that the ice pack that had been covering his midsection fell aside and what he had thought were spandex pants was actually the thickening legs of the driver.  As the transforming human slowly turned towards him tendrils of rubber had spread out past his lips, quickly engulfing his swollen mouth while sealing his mouth shut.  A muffled groan of pleasure managed to be heard from the creature as the guard saw him stroking his growing cock that pushed up against the steering column of the vehicle.  The guard nearly fell backwards as the ears of the man stretched up into canine points and the faceless lupine head leaned towards him as though to say something even with his new muzzle being completely seamless.

Suddenly there was a shout from the back of the truck that got cut-off and as the guard rushed towards the back he saw his partner stumbling around, clawing at some sort of rubbery substance that was clinging tighter to his face with every second.  When he looked at the source of it he nearly dropped his weapon at seeing the thickly muscled rubber wolf standing there, those purple symbiotic eyes staring straight at him with the mess of guns and broken wood behind him.  "I hope you don't mind the mess," Zeke growled as he leapt forward, snatching the gun out of the guard's hand before grabbing onto his shoulder and flipping him to face the opposite direction.  "We have a meeting with your boss, but before that we wouldn't mind sharing our recruitment offer with you."

With the guard facing away from the symbiote wolf his gaze was fixated on the other man, who had fallen down and was writhing on the ground.  It wasn't from pain though, in fact it was quite the opposite as the rubber suctioned against his swollen face while he fished his half-hard cock out of his pants.  He was turning into the same thing that the driver was and as he gasped at his realization it grew even higher-pitched as he felt a tongue lick against his ear.  As soon as the tendrils of symbiote rubber wormed their way in the human found a heat starting to build up within him as his pants began to grow tented already.

Though they were in a bit of a hurry there was no more rush with them being inside the compound, taking their clawed fingers and ripping open the swelling bulge in the guard's pants as well as the seam of his rear.  While they had avoided their primal instincts when they had gently touched the last thug to keep his conversion at bay until they got in there was no need to wait for this one.  With his groin exposed it was clear where the symbiotic rubber had gone to convert first as the human's rather small cock grew hard, then surged with growth until his member was a shiny black and nearly a foot long.  When the guard began to moan all they had to do was put their hand on his mouth, which covered the lips with a layer of their rubber while feeling them immediately begin to plump out into the drone muzzle.

"I think this might be the start of something big here," Zeke growled to his internal companion as he pushed his cock into the already transformed rear of the man, stretching out that hole while seeing a tail starting to grow already from the darkening skin.  "Not only transforming criminals, but if we can keep this up there would be plenty that would want to join in this just for fun.  You could start your own nightclub, one that involves these rubber drone wolves of ours servicing our clientle's every whim... as penance for their life of crime, of course."

Though Devin internally rolled his eyes he new the symbiote had a point there.  With all these former criminals at their every beck and whim they could create a place where rubber lovers loved to frolic, and given how subservient they were finding the transformed creatures it wouldn't be a stretch for them to also visit that on others they picked out.  There was just the matter on whether these drones could turn others into the same, but with with their augmented hearing they could tell that there were quite a few that they could experiment on.