

TWO AS ONE

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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BZZT.... WHIIIIIIIIIR!!!!

The sound of an engine stirring to life filled the air, lights flickering on as two girls remained standing in the center of a space that had been otherwise pitch black up until that moment. “Uh? Kiri-chan? That doesn’t look so good...” The first, the girl with black twin tails and dressed in pink, was Shirabe Tsukuyomi. Her words were aimed at a short-haired blonde dressed in green, Kirika Akatsuki. The two of them were Symphogear wielders of S.O.N.G., whom in the wake of Shem-Ha’s attack had been tasked with dealing with the cleanup of some of the old Noble Red bases that had been left untouched.

Things had just gone a little bit differently because, uh, most of their team had been turned into monster girls? They’d saved them in the end, but reigning them in with their new impulses had been something of a feat.

Up until that moment in particular it had been a fairly routine expedition. The building was abandoned, the power out, not an enemy to be seen. They hadn’t even needed to equip their Symphogears because there wasn’t an enemy to be seen; no sources of heat or life even detected on the sensors they carried. But this space. This orb-shaped room had stirred to life on its own as the two had reached the center. It wasn’t super large, probably about the size of a small living room with a dome, but the doors on either side had seemingly shut which effectively trapped them. On the orb’s exterior, two white mechanical arms could be seen spinning and spinning, eventually reaching a speed that they couldn’t even track.

Shirabe felt like she’d seen technology like this before. In a documentary about power plants? A hadron... *something*. “Desu! I agree!” Kirika’s desu quirk came out in full force as her attention turned to both exits. They didn’t know what this thing

was, and they didn't really have a way out, so there was only one thing she could think to do to escape this situation. "**Shirabe, transform!**"

No more than that was needed to be exchanged between the two for both to understand what the plan was. They were essentially girlfriends and had spent most of their lives together. They were perfectly in sync, and it was something of a pride point for the both of them. They both grabbed the red crystals that hung around their necks at the same time, and begun to sing the activation song, and yet... They did not transform.

Rather, the crystals in their hands had begun to feel a little goopy? Looking down, they could both see and feel their fingers sinking into the crystals as the red color turned dark purple. They were slimy to the touch, looking like they were melting, and before long they were stuck to both the girls' hands and the fronts of their shirt. "**DESU!?**" Kirika was the first to cry out in surprise, sticky hands flailing around energetically. "**What happened to our Gears!? What's going on!?**" In the process of her flailing however, more and more purple goop began to fly off of her body in every direction, some of it hitting Shirabe in the face. While the blonde had yet to notice, the keener twin tailed maiden could see.

"**Kiri-chan! It's not just our crystals, our clothes too!**" It was true. The sleeves of Kirika's sweater had gotten heavy and stick much like the crystals had, the phenomenon spreading into her skirt, thigh highed stockings, and boots as well. Shirabe's dress wasn't spared either, and her hair was let down as the ribbons in her hair drooped under their new damp weight. "**Is this machine affecting inanimate objects? Changing their composition...?**" That looked like the most likely scenario, and yet was it getting faster? It was hard to see for sure, but it was definitely growing louder and the space inside warmer.

The clothing rolled off the girls' bodies and accumulated at their feet, unfortunately rooting them in place as their bodies were left buck naked, pale skin somewhat obscured by slime that hadn't made the trip all the way downward just yet. "**I can't move!**" Kirika cried out, trying with all her might to pull herself free of the substance their clothes had become. Unfortunately no amount of screaming would free them from this nightmare. It hadn't even just been their clothing, but the communicators and other technology that had been brought along with them.

She was fortunately still close enough to Shirabe that she could take her partner's hand as a bit of reassurance for the both of them, and the timing was impeccable because she'd begun to feel *weird*. The *both* of them had begun to feel weird. Uncomfortable. It was kind of like their bodies had begun to vibrate in tandem, likely a side effect of the machine -- but what that meant for either of them they didn't really know at first. But they learned quickly enough.

Sinking. Not *downward*. Not at *first*, anyways. No, leaning towards one another with their hands held, there was the sudden lurching sensation that they were sinking in towards each other. "**Eh? Kiri-chan? What's... AH!**" She couldn't pull her hand free

of Kirika's, it seemed, because there was no longer a hand to pull away from. Their fingers had intertwined in the most intimate way possible, melding together as skin was dyed the very same purple as the goop at their feet and traveling up their arms. Kirika likewise shrieked when she noticed, and like Shirabe she'd desperately begun to try and pull away, pulling the purple rope of slime that was once their inner arms to their limits. But they did not break as much as some of the substance dripped to the ground beside them. Instead, they could see the phenomenon not only traveling into one another's torso, but the sinking at their feet did eventually begin as well.

"Are we becoming monsters too!? Just like Hibiki-san, Chris-san, and Tsubasa-san!?" It was a scary thought. They'd salvaged those three and they could still transform after having their Gears adjusted, but it did not stop their monster habits from taking dominance away most of the time. More than anything, they didn't want to succumb to that very same fate. But it was far too late to avoid it now.

Their ankles became increasingly thick as bones melted away and purple slime was their entire composition, but much like their inner arms, their inner legs had become bound together by whatever force was pulling them towards one another. More and more slime seemed to build from their forms at every moment, and almost like a bridge it began to run across the gap between the two of them and fill it. Almost like they were merging and becoming a single entity. **"Kiri-chan! I'm scared..."**

Well...

The slime legs that had merged in between them were gradually pulled upward and into what was beginning to resemble a single torso more and more. Their upper bodies were stretched and pulled as flesh, bone, and organs melted into the very same goo that the rest of their bodies had transitioned it, and before long their cheeks were left pressing into one another as the only remnants of their human forms. Faces and hair had been left otherwise uncorrupted, and yet in tandem the two of them found themselves suddenly couching up an ill-tasting substance that eroded their teeth and tongues, temporarily rendering them unable to speak as a wetness across their cheeks was readily noted.

Opposing slime hands reached across to touch the opposing cheeks reassuringly, both Kirika and Shirabe not wanting the other to feel alone in their final moments. With cheeks turned to slime, their heads had begun to sink into one another two. Innermost eyes popped and melted, into their mass as the outer eyes lost their sclera and began to glow a menacing purple. While both faces had been very different, as hair melted into what was once their skulls the facial features had drooped to match one another. Their shape had been patchwork humanoid up until this moment, but now instead of two girls there was only one thing standing there.

A purple slime, singular.

Its body translucent, it was possible to see what looked to be a pair of cores floating where a brain would have been found on any other human. Rather, it looked like two sides of a broken core. But eventually their weight drooped towards the chest area of the slime and clicked together, forming a singular piece that seemed to bring the slime to life. It not only gave the monster girl awareness once more, but the shape of her body began to swell from the otherwise lacking shapes of the two girls that composed it.

Slimy breasts engorged into a more enticing shape as a potent sexual energy erupted from inside it, a huge ass quite clearly accompanying it. Thighs were thick and enticing, the indentation of what a pussy would look like defined between its legs. While she had no feet to speak of, regained consciousness allowed her to lift the gooey splats that were on the ground like feet of her own, but she knew she could also slide if she wanted.

But who was... she...? Fake, slimy eyelids blinked to resemble a human as her fingers tugged at her ears to make them pointy (*as she recognized they should be*). The machinery around her slowed to a stop, leaving the Dark Slime in pure silence. Kirika. Shirabe. These names both were on the tip of her hypothetical tongue as her body wiggled and jiggled in place. "**Shirika!**" She shouted a name with a voice that sounded like two voices overlain with one another. Her source voices to be sure. She'd decided on a fusion of both names, because from what she could recall her core was composed of both individuals.

That merged core defined her personality. She was as curious as the both of them, as stubborn as Kirika, as gently as Shirabe. But there was something else too. An overwhelming lust that would bring her to seek out men and women to violate. The essence of a succubus was what made every Dark Slime what they were in the first place. She wanted to copulate, and that was *waaaaay* more important than any other silly thought!

The sound of the door opening behind Shirika forced her to look over her shoulder... by turning her head all the way around. This was her chance to escape, she'd thought, but on the other side of the door was another monster. A ton of eyes were trained on her, branching from this singular girl with only one big eye on her face. A Gazer? No this was... "**Hibiki-san!**" The Gazer was wearing Gungnir, so it could only be her. The Dark Slime practically launched herself at the other for a hug, the multi-eyed beast returning it regardless of how sticky it was.

Hibiki sighed. It was depressing that another one of them had succumbed, but it was also kind of exciting. It was just another friend for their feeding sessions.

Feeding on the sexual desires of men and women, of course.