

The Plus One

Lus attends a party with a glossy dress code, with DrakenTenuem's squirrel Syl as an unconventional plus one. A (self indulgent) TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"So what do you think? This one? Or should I go back to the emerald one?"

The reindeer stepped out of her walk-in closet wearing a dress of sapphire latex, the bottom swishing about as she strutted past the bed that the squirrel was sitting on, her own blue hooves just barely visible below the hem. As it worked its way up her form it drew tighter, hugging her curves and squeaking softly as she walked, up until the neckline disappeared just below her collar of neck floof. She paused just after she walked past the end of the bed and wiggled her tail, showing off the little molded bow above the tail-hole and then turned. As she spun about, the smooth latex dress shimmered where the afternoon sun crept through the drapes and shone on it. She looked up at the squirrel, awaiting a response.

"Oh. It's, uh... Wow." Syl stammered, blinking and shaking their head as they pulled their attention away from a shimmering spot above her knee. "Yeah, that one."

"Aww. Thank you!" Lus beamed happily, before turning to a mirror on the wall and patting at her neck floof. "...But I didn't invite you over *just* for your opinion on which dress to pick. I did have an idea for something that would make this even better, but I would need a hand with it."

"Oh?" Syl replied, with a curious tilt of their head. "What else do you need me to do?"

Lus turned to face them, their muzzle breaking into a smirk as she stepped closer.

"You wouldn't need to *do* anything, darling..." As she emphasized the word her antlers seemingly glowed for a moment, as if the blue protrusions were lit from the inside, and she booped Syl on the end of the auburn stripe down their nose. It was light, but the touch left behind a tingle that persisted, dancing on their snout and lingering.

Waiting.

The squirrel opened their mouth to protest, only for Lus to cut them off before they could get a word out. "It will only be a couple hours...*Promise.*"

"Fiiine," Syl replied, immediately relenting with a roll of their eyes.

As soon as they spoke, the tingling sensation that had been contained to their snout flowed through them, followed by a gentle warmth that soothed their muscles. Lus took another step

forward and gave them a gentle push in the middle of their white, fuzzy chest, laying them down on the bed with a gentle bounce.

As the reindeer stood over them and watched, Syl ran their hands over their reddish fur, feeling it quickly smooth out as they did, the muscles beneath becoming softer. Knowing what was happening, they quickly worked their way out of the shirt they had worn, feeling it slide over their smoothing skin with ease before tossing it aside. As they grabbed at the buckle of their belt they could already feel their fingers fusing together and shrinking, making the mechanism impossible to operate. Before long, the pants simply slid off of their shrinking hips.

"Mmmm... You're going to look cute on me." Lus teased as she sat down on the bed next to the softening squirrel, the bed bouncing her limp friend up far more than it should have given the doe's smaller size. She leaned over and ran a hand down the chest of the transforming squirrel, her touch feeling electric to them as their body melted under her touch. She pressed down into them like they were hollow, and as she gently ran her hand down their body, they could feel it spring back up, slightly flatter than it was before. When she was well down their shrinking leg, she paused just above what used to be their knee, looking down at them.

"Going with red instead?" Syl cooed, looking up to the reindeer seated above them. Lus hummed and smirked non-noncommittally, before starting into another stroke with her hoof. Her touch this time was even better, firm and warm as she slowly and tenderly worked her way down. Her hard hoof-hands occasionally squeaked against their skin as it was pressed into glossy red latex underneath them. They gasped slightly as she ran her hand over the seam that had formed around their midriff, tapping it before she moved on.

A few moments passed before it dawned on Syl that a dress wouldn't have a seam *there*. A formal dress would be one piece! They tried to push themselves up into a sitting position to complain, only to find that their arm was little more than a patch of floppy auburn latex on their flat side, before raising just their head instead.

"Wait! Lus... what are you turning me into?" They asked, feeling the smoothness start to finally creep up their neck, the spell having saved that for last.

"A bra and a pair of panties~!" She replied with mischievous glee, leaning over and rubbing at the far side of her friend, pressing the air out of the squirrel's limbless body and smoothing out their skin. They looked almost like a one-piece swimsuit, soft red at the edges with a white front that ran from their crotch up their belly, over their chest, up to their changing neck. She paused as she watched Syl take stock of their flattened form, smirking as they couldn't find anything not reduced to flat, wearable latex, the changes too far up their neck for them to watch.

"I thought this was to wear to the party?!" They protested as their head flopped back on the bed, their neck no longer sufficiently stiff to support it. They stared up at the ceiling, unable to move as they saw their muzzle recede from the bottom of their view, their face smoothing out to match the rest of their body.

"Mmhmm. And I've already *got* a great dress for the party...but I need something for the *afterparty* to make it perfect." Lus chuckled, leaning over into their view as she folded the former squirrel, their vision spinning as she reshaped their body in her hands. She gently flipped their head into their chest, their vision going dark momentarily as Syl's smooth, printed-on nostrils still registered the smell of fresh latex, before she grabbed what had been their crotch, caressing their smooth, squeaky butt as she folded it on top. With a soft pop they felt the reindeer separate their two halves, leaving them folded in a disoriented stack as she stepped away.

"I'll give you a moment to adjust while I get this dress off. No peeking though!" Lus teased, giving the new latex lingerie a pat as she stood up, stepping into the walk-in. Syl attempted to snort, their now-smoothed nose not responding as they laid on the bed, unable to peek. Several moments passed in latex-scented darkness before the sound of carpet-cushioned hoof steps signaled Lus' return.

Syl's vision spun as Lus pulled what had been their head out from under their other half, while at the same time the fur on her wrists gently brushed against the smooth, sensitive latex on the garment above that used to be their chest. The brushing created a pleasant static tingle that distracted them for a moment, before suddenly they found themselves on the ground, staring at a storage box and the leg of her bed. She pulled them up slowly, giving them a chance to savor the feeling of her warm, soft thighs on their flattened muzzle, letting the realization sink in before she pulled them all the way on.

That realization being that if their face was against her legs, then that meant it was going to be on the *inside* of her panties. They squirmed slightly as it clicked, just before the doe pulled them into place. Their vision disappeared again, but a sudden warmth in front of them and a growing dampness of arousal confirmed where they were. Their face was stretched over her pussy, their nose and tongue being pressed against it, filled with her scent and the taste of her juices as she ran her hooves over them, pressing the tight panties into her as she smoothed out the wrinkles, leaving them stretched tight and smooth over her crotch.

"Mmm... You fit just right~!" she cooed, stretching out the thin waistband, before allowing it to *snap* back into place. Syl's shiver of delight was quickly interrupted by the feeling of their other half effortlessly being lifted into the air. They felt themselves hang in the air for a moment before being spun around, then pressed against Lus' warm and floofy chest. It felt like she was hugging them from behind as her breast pressed against their latex form, while at the same time it felt like they were wrapping their arms around her in an embrace as she guided the straps around her back and over her shoulders. The double sensation of both hugging and being hugged caused them to squirm, and Lus gasped slightly as she struggled to clip their two former hands together behind her back.

"Ooo... I can't wait to show you off at the afterparty, darling."

Lus stood in the corner, looking out over the party with an uneasy smile on her face. Syl had made such a wonderfully comfortable pair of undergarments while she was doing her floof and picking out an eartag and just *maybe* taking the scenic route to the party, but now that she was here, they seemed to be pinching just a bit. Not painfully... but a distracting over-tightness that kept pulling her attention back to them.

“Ooo... you’re doing that on purpose, aren’t you?” she whispered, pinching at her nethers through the tight, glossy sapphire-latex dress, attempting to pull Syl into a more comfortable position.

Lus’ eyes went wide as she felt the panties tug and tighten against her in response, feeling her folds pulled into a tight latex cameltoe. She let out a stifled gasp, partly in surprise, partly as Syl’s bra half tightened around her chest and forced a breath out, the warm reddish latex with its adorable white stripe in the center of her chest squeezing her in a caring and supportive embrace underneath the dress.

“Oh!~” She moaned, bracing herself against the wall momentarily as she adjusted to Syl’s new, tighter fit. “Well then... *that’s* certainly going to make the party more interesting.”

Lus shook her head and stood upright with a start, the sudden realization that she could be caught seemingly teasing herself in a corner shocking her into pulling her composure back together. She reached down and smoothed out her glossy blue gown, before waving to a sheep she recognized wearing an amazing dress of sky-blue latex with gold accents. She whispered downwards as she made her way back into the crowd. “I’m not cutting out early to play with you... but keep that up and I might just introduce you to some of my friends. Or... I think I see some friends of yours here too, and I’m sure that they’d *love* to see you like this.”

“...and so that’s when I told him- Um... You okay ‘bou?”

Lus snapped her gaze back to the brown haired cow girl in the short, pink latex dress in front of her. She was a joy to talk to, but between Syl’s squirming and edging even closer against her nethers and the few drinks she’d had, each conversation had been harder to follow than then one before. For the last minute or so she’d actually been staring past the cow’s eartag, her limited attention wanting to follow the handsome, dark horse in the background instead.

“Hehe. Oh, yeah! Totally!” She giggled. “But, like, how about that hunk in the latex kilt at one o’clock?”

As the cow turned to look with a flick of her tail, Lus quietly gasped and covered her mouth with a sapphire hoof, momentarily mortified. This was a classy party, and while she was hoping to get in on a more private afterparty, she didn’t intend to be so *open* about her intentions.

“Ooo... good eye!”

Lus breathed a sigh of relief. “Hehe. I know, right?” She giggled, attempting to play it off.

“You should go introduce yourself!”

“Oh gosh, I-“ Lus started to protest, only to find her excuses slipping away from her. “Hehe, you know, why not?”

“Thatta ‘bou~” her more-animate friend said, giving Lus a pat on the back as she started towards the other side of the room.

Lus’ mind raced as she squeaked through the latex-clad crowd. Did she really just agree to do this? What was she going to say? She wobbled her way up to the Scottish stallion and waited off to the side to catch his attention, subtly attempting to adjust Syl’s latex form through her dress. It felt like they’d gotten even tighter on the way over, and she could feel her clit pressing against the vacuum-tight latex that used to be her friend’s head. She felt Syl give her a gentle squeeze, and she couldn’t help but grind her hoof against the rebellious ex-squirrel.

“Oh! Um...” Lus stammered as she realized the stallion had turned around at some point, her thoughts of introductions all shoved out the window by Syl. “...Is it true what they say about what Scots wear under their kilt?”

Before the horse could reply she felt Syl ripple against her nethers, while also tightening and caressing her breasts. Shocked at the sudden stimulation she let out a needy moan as she fell forward, her face nuzzling against the short black fur of his muscular chest as she caught herself against his body.

“I think things are winding down here, lass.” said the horse in a thick brogue, a wide grin across his snout. “How about ya come to this afterparty we’re havin’ upstairs, and ya can see for yerself?”

With a helping hand from the stallion, Lus got back on her hooves, giggling with a mix of both embarrassment and excitement. As she followed him out of the living room and down the hallway she couldn’t believe she was doing this; slinking off with a guy whose name she didn’t even know! The thought of it was making her so *wet*, although inside her tight latex panties, there was nowhere for it to go.

“Oh... you’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” She paused for a moment, grinding Syl against her burning need with a quiet squelch. “Good thing I didn’t turn you to cloth or you’d be *soaked*.”

Lus put out a hoof-hand to steady herself against the wall as she felt Syl caress her clit, her nipples, and her pussy all at once in response to the taunt, all of them already sensitive from the

evening of teasing. She was so, so very close... but she could feel Syl holding her back. Pressed against her with no bits of their own had to have been a bit frustrating, and now they were frustrating her back!

"Mmm... Two can play at this game. I've got a new friend I'd like you to meet."

Lus tossed herself backwards on the bed, landing with a soft bounce and a squeak. She smirked to the horse standing at the foot of the bed, seeing the apron of his kilt start to tent as she reached under the back of her neck floof and started to unzip her latex gown.

"I'll give you a peek under my gown here, if you show me what's under that kilt. That sound fair, handsome?"

"Eeyup." He replied with a nod, stepping off into the attached bathroom as he started to fuss with the buckles holding the latex tartan in place.

"Mmm..." Lus hummed in approval as she rolled the gown off her shoulders separating the latex from the... latex beneath? She paused for a moment, running her hoof-hand over her smooth shoulder, not feeling Syl's strap, then pushing the dress out of the way as she slid it over her glossy breast, not finding a delineation between the latex bra and her own synthetic skin there either. She gasped slightly as she touched a firm, plastic nipple that protruded above the surface, not expecting it to feel so *sensitive*. Like she wasn't wearing anything, but even better!

And the way the impossibly thin, tight bra squeezed her back confined Syl was enjoying themselves too. She moaned to herself as she moved onwards, easily sliding the dress down her ever-so-slightly lubed body and onto her legs, before kicking it off to the side. She reached down to adjust Syl's lower portion, only to again fail to feel anything but perfectly smooth latex skin.

Sitting up, Lus looked down towards her crotch in confusion. Where she'd previously been wearing reddish squirrel panties, now Syl's familiar fur color was simply another layer of color printed onto her latex crotch. The change in color drew attention to her perfectly molded rubber pussy and her throbbing, swollen... no, *inflated* clit.

Something felt off as she reached down and teased her lips with a squeak of her rubber hoof-hand. The dress was supposed to be latex, not *her*... but whatever was happening, she found it hard to complain. She moaned to herself softly as she stroked her sex, before gasping with a start as she tried to slip a finger in to address her burning need to be filled, only to find a latex barrier blocking her entry.

"You- You tease!" She huffed at the panties, before feeling a phantom touch against her rear. "Wha- What are you doing?"

Lus rolled over as she felt her rear warm and swell in response to the teases, and a sudden sense of emptiness. She gasped as she felt her dainty rear puff up, a lewd, latex donut forming as it swelled, stretching out Syl's painted-on form as it did. Her gasp of pleasure turned to a moan of needy frustration as she slipped a finger in, again finding it blocked by another latex barrier.

"D- Done with the changes yet?" She huffed down at Syl, rolling back over and rubbing again at the lips of her sealed pussy.

"Mmhmm." The horse waiting above her replied with a smirk, now out of the kilt and showing off his equine erection. "I wouldn't have slowed down to take the kilt off if you'd said you were latex *under* the dress too."

He gently laid down on top of her, rubbing his thick horsecock against her sensitive lips as he did. Lus smiled before sitting up slightly, kissing him on the end of his muzzle. She closed her eyes as they locked lips, falling softly back to the bed as she felt his tongue working its way over her sensitive, painted on "lipstick". It felt exhilarating to lean back and let him take control, her lips forced open as his tongue worked its way inside for a French kiss, pushing hers weakly out of his way.

She moaned in pleasure as he pulled his muzzle away, her own left feeling oddly... rigid? She reached up with a hoof-hand, feeling for some kind of explanation when she felt something she'd seen before, but wasn't expecting to find on her own face.

A rubber "O". She could feel ribs and textured nubs inside, and as her lips again failed to respond she knew it would now be perpetually open and ready to be used... unlike the sealed pussy her new friend was so frustratingly grinding his cock against! Syl had turned her- no, there was no longer a separation between lingerie and what passed for skin, Syl had turned *them both* into a horny doe toy.

As the cock grinding against her achingly sensitive rubber camel-toe started to throb and twitch, she bucked her head back in pleasure, the lack of a gasp calling her attention to the fact that somewhere during the kiss she'd lost the need to breathe. That passage had one singular function now, the realization of which only made the need inside of her burn even hotter.

Lus squirmed as she felt the stallion let loose, ropes of warm, sticky cum splattering over her glossy belly. She felt a jet of it hit the bottom of her chest where Syl had fused with her, and raised a hand to rub it into her- *their* breasts. As she did she continued to grind their needy pussy against the throbbing shaft to milk it for more, the feeling of warm, synthetic lube sloshing about inside of them only serving to call more attention to how Syl had left her with a passage behind their painted-on panties. It wasn't that Syl had left her without the equipment to cum, she was just *blocked*.

“Please Syl...” Lus begged from her still-rigid muzzle, not questioning how she was making the sound. “I’m so horny... and you must be *soaked*..”

As the now-spent stallion rolled off of her, Lus felt Syl respond with a gentle buzzing against her oversized rubber clit that only served to drive her pleasure higher. She arched her back as she reached down to push away the toy, only to find herself pawing at the painted-on panties covering her own sensitive nub, the vibrations seemingly coming from within. She let out a pleasurable groan as Syl turned up the intensity, hornier than she’d ever been before, but still seemingly incapable of climaxing. It felt... pretty wonderful, actually. Every touch of her rubber skin felt even more incredible than the last, seemingly without end, and she wanted more.

“Yes Syl! More! It feels so good to be your needy latex love-bou!” She cried out, before slowly sitting back upright, finding her legs opening on their own to show off her tantalizingly inaccessible hole.

“Hmmm. Sounds like people are having fun in here?”

Lus turned to face the door with a squeak, seeing a white-furred anthro ram standing in it, his curly golden horns just barely clearing the door frame. Her gaze quickly drifted downward, over the tight pink-latex top stretched tightly over his muscled pecs and his exposed furry abs, to the long pink shaft that was extending from his furry sheath at the sight of her. She stood up and wobbled her way over to him, only one thing on her mind as she dropped to her knees with a soft squeak in front of him.

“I don’t come with usable holes down there dearie, but I *need* to be *filled*. Grab my antlers and *thrust*, darling!”

Lus awoke the next morning sprawled out on the floor, her head spinning. She slowly sat upright with a series of quiet squeaks, raising her hand to her head. As she looked around the room at the moose asleep in the bed and the pink latex crumpled in a pile next to the door, the events of the last night came back to her. She suddenly patted her way down her muzzle with her hoof-hand, letting out a sigh of relief to find it back to normal.

Well, the shape was back to normal, at least. As she stood up and looked herself over, she still seemed to be made of latex, with a red and white pair of lingerie painted on. She quietly made her way around a soundly asleep fallow buck sprawled on the floor, retrieved her sapphire gown from next to a crumpled blue and green latex kilt, and slipped downstairs. Following the smell of fresh coffee, she made her way to the kitchen, pouring herself a cup before flopping into one of the chairs with a squeak.

“Hm... You should have turned back by now, Syl.” she said, looking down at her painted lingerie.
“Unless...”

As she trailed off she raised the mug of coffee to her lips for a sip, and felt the panties tug against her, rubbing against her molded camel-toe. Her legs suddenly opened on their own as she felt the vibrator inside of her jump to life again, and her eyes went wide as the sip of coffee she intended to take turned into more of a *pour*, the hot liquid rolling over the molded ridges inside her stiffening muzzle and re-igniting a warmth inside her core that she suddenly realized she'd never properly satisfied last night.

“Unless you're really enjoying being part of a latex doe. Having the power to turn us into a horny toy...”

She set the coffee mug down, wrapping her arms over the red and white bra printed on her breasts in a squeaky hug, and felt Syl tighten around her in response.

“I'll take that as a yes.” She said, absent-mindedly lowering a hand to the molded pussy she was presenting to the empty kitchen, rubbing along with Syl's caresses as her other hand pulled her phone out of the folded latex dress. “Now let me find another party where I can show you off and you can show off your doe toy... then maybe after that we can switch.”