

Amongst the bustling anthros, the fur, feathers, scales, and hide-covered creatures shopping about for their earthly desires, one in particular had just finished his search for clothes. A trademarked bag loosely held his right hand, Glitch was making a beeline for the revolving doors of the mall, slightly slouched forward from his weary search. The lupine was covered in dark and light gray fur, bright emerald green eyes contrasting the grayscale pattern in a rather brilliant manner. He jerked his head to one side, tossing a lock of his thick white hair out of an eye, the weariness of his little shopping trip showing rather easily. It was always difficult, purchasing clothes that fit him---not due to his average build, but due to the tremendous bulge in his pants; it took a special clothes designer to accommodate for his incredible maleness, and seeing as this was a new mall, it took quite some time to find a hyper-friendly distributor, someone that made clothes that didn't make it look like he was trying to smuggle bowling balls in his jeans.

With his new purchases in hand, he pushed his way past mall's revolving doors, the sun gleaming outside upon the multitude of wooden picnic tables set up outside for anyone desiring to dine in the summer weather. From the side of the building, though, he didn't catch the smooth sheen of rubber gleaming in the light.

Several blocks later on his walk home, a smooth, sultry voice suddenly pierced the silence, stopping Glitch in his tracks.

"Well, aren't you the special pup?" It giggled, the owner rounding the corner of a building off to the side, exposing herself in her entirety.

She was a gorgeous, curvaceous specimen of an anthro doberman----though in place of the brown bits, there was instead red, and her entire body gleamed with a rubbery sheen, polished to perfection, a predatory look in her eyes. Her clothes were composed of a tight red rubber top, exposing the deep cleavage of her head-sized breasts, and a pair of snug shorts of the same color. Her thighs seemed to glide against one another as she approached, her deep crimson eyes absolutely captivating, stealing any words that Glitch might have been able to form.

"That's quite a package you have there..." She gently hummed, soon only a foot away from the lupine, and still bearing that same broad grin. From that distance, he could easily catch the faint whiff of latex, though it was decidedly muted. "And I bet there aren't enough people to appreciate it, hm?"

"Er....well--that is..." He began, though he felt her smooth, padded finger upon his lips, hushing him promptly.

"Just nod your head yes or shake it for no," She softly cooed, her other hand stroking over his head, briefly laying his ears flat. "How would you like to spend some time with me, as a pet? It'll be worth your time," She tempted with a soft wink. The soft whine that passed Glitch's shushed lips, combined with the blatant bulging in his jeans seemed to be enough of an answer, though just to make sure, he quickly nodded his assent.

"Good boy," She gently giggled, taking her finger away, but it left an odd feeling at his lips. They felt smoother, and tasted vaguely of rubber. The sensation began to spread over his muzzle, flattening his fur and pressing into his face with a most peculiar feeling, while his thoughts began to slow---it was difficult to piece together what he precisely wanted to do. All the while, he could feel the rubber spreading over his fur, smoothing it into a smooth hide like the doberman's. However, the changes went much deeper than just his skin; rather, he could feel the rubber penetrating deep into his core, giving it a peculiarly malleable sensation, knowing that his flesh and bone self was quickly becoming a thing of the past, rapidly replaced by the polished, shiny latex of the same color.

Still his mind struggled to process his changes, though all he could really make out was that this creature before him, this doberman, was one of the most gorgeous things he had seen, and he couldn't stop thinking about how happy he'd be to do as she pleased. By that time, the squeaky sensations had travelled clear down to his groin, whereupon he could feel his balls and sheath swelling at an alarming rate. Soon enough, he could hear the denim of his jeans tearing, along with the heavy tug of his junk between his legs, pendulously swaying with every little movement. "See, pet? This way, I don't even have to take your clothes off," She giggled as she gestured at the tatters of Glitch's jeans, "Wanna see how I get your shirt off?"

Glitch couldn't help but wag his smooth, gleaming rubber tail at this notion, nodding rapidly as his tongue rolled out, despite the fact that breathing had become rather unnecessary at that point. Simultaneously, he felt two blossoms of pleasure upon his chest, the rubber upon his torso seeming to shift, then bulge at his pecs, swelling bigger and bigger, rounder and firmer as his shirt began to strain, revealing the growing gray rubber cleavage that was so rapidly developing. He could feel and see his ebony nips powerfully standing out amongst the fabric, before the sound of cotton shearing began to fill the air, causing him to utter a high, feminine yelp of surprise. Soon enough, he could feel the humid summer air brushing up against his sensitive, beachball-sized breasts, wobbling with every small movement, nipples standing to attention in the open air. Amongst the deep cleavage, he could see something else just barely poking through. His eyes widened upon the realization that it was his shaft, coated in black rubber, as thick as a soda can, and long enough for him to effortlessly reach it with his maw.

"Now...just one more thing..." She hummed, as Glitch uttered another high, feminine cry with the strange feeling of something tunneling in behind his balls, pushing deeper and deeper, before it was just...gone. One hand slid down along his thicker, smooth rubber thighs to feel behind his swollen balls, whereupon he found a thin pair of lips, incredibly sensitive to the touch, and every bit as smooth and squeaky as the rest of him. Or rather, her, at this point. Glitch's eyes slowly took in the weight of her changes as she began to climb to her feet, not even having realized that she had fallen to her knees through the blissful conversion. The tremendous tits, her swollen maleness, her new feminine cunt, all of it cemented the notion in her mind that she had been totally hermified, and it was an incredible, sensual feeling only heightened by the fact that her entire body was smooth, sensitive rubber through and through.

Glitch felt the presence of her owner at her side, those thin fingers running briefly around her neck to form a snug collar of rubber, black leash trailing from it, and leading to the doberman's hand. With a small tug, Glitch found her body moving of its own accord, obediently following the swaying figure of her new black and red rubber mistress, who briefly glanced over her shoulder, grinning with satisfaction at her newest pet.

"Oh yes, you'll enjoy this..." She crooned.