

Warning: This story contains foul language and heavy themes of Transformation-as-Sexuality. If that's not your thing, you've been warned.

If you want to skip the backstory and go straight to the transformation, ctrl+f "My feet both". Enjoy!

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I honestly didn't expect this cave to go so far into the mountain. It looked totally inconspicuous from the surface: just a crawl-space beneath a large rock. There are a lot of rocks on the mountain, naturally, but I'd never found anything under one of them, much less a fucking *cave*.

It's dark. It keeps getting *more* dark, almost as though that's what *happens* when you do something impulsive like crawl into a hole you found under a rock. The ground under my hands feels damp and dusty, and I'm inching my way forward like I'm cleaning up after an accident at a factory that makes contact lenses. Of *course* I don't have a flashlight with me, because I didn't think I'd *need* one to go hiking at 11 AM. I really should just turn around and go back... I think if I fall in here or get stuck nobody will ever find my body. Morbid. Maybe the bats will eat it. Are there bats in here? Can't they carry diseases or something...?

Really, what the fuck am I doing in here?

I'm auditioning to join that dead cat in Curiosity Hell, that's what.

I'm, I don't know, maybe six meters into the mountain. I turn my head back to see where I came in. I can still see the warm glow of light from the sun, which is... way more reassuring than I thought it would be. Outside. Now *that's* a place that humans should be.

You know what? Fuck this. I know my way around this mountain. I'll be able to find this place again. And I'll actually bring a flashlight with me next time...

I start to turn around and blink, and the light disappears. Oh, what? I blink again. It's still pitch-black. Um, *what the fuck??* Hey, cave? *What the fuck...?*

I – I mean, it's probably a cloud passing over the sun, right? Haha, weather. FUCK YOU, WEATHER. You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack. Jesus. I can just wait for the light to come back, and then I can find my way out.

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How big is this fucking cloud...?

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What if it's not a cloud...?

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WHAT IF IT'S A BEAR. WHAT IF THERE'S A BEAR STANDING IN THE ENTRANCE.

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Headlines flash before my eyes. "IDIOT HIKER CRAWLS INTO A BEAR'S DEN – YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT". My legacy is now and forever a postmortem clickbait article. Disgusting.

I know I'm only thinking about BuzzFeed because I'm dissociating from panic. I haven't moved. I haven't even breathed. Well, specifically I haven't breathed since I considered the Bear Ending.

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Okay, it's been like two minutes. I should definitely be dead by now. If there was a bear, I mean. Right? So what gives...?

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Haha, I'm sure this will be hilarious in a month. I'd really convinced myself that there was a bear. And in my dying moments, I thought of BuzzFeed? *Buzzfeed*? I don't even read BuzzFeed. What the fuck, brain. Come up with something better next time.

I still can't see shit, though. Okay, just move back towards where the light was. If there's a lot of clouds – that is, if there's a storm coming – all the more reason not to be in a cave.

I crawl quickly-ish back towards the entrance, though when I get there one of my hands hits something hard and vertical. What...? I kneel and hold both of my hands against it. It's cold, but not rock-cold. More like... metal-cold. I move my hands across it. It feels like diamond-tread sheet metal. But that doesn't make any sense... This is a cave, not a warehouse. It feels like it fits against the stone on the bottom and either side, and it seems to continue... up? I stand up. There's... what *feels* like a pulley system at the top. Is this some kind of makeshift door? Did I really not notice this on the way in...?

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Wait. This could actually be worse than a bear. If someone put this here, this cave probably belongs to either doomsday preppers or drug smugglers, NEITHER of which I want to run into *IN THE DARK* in *their secret mountain hideout*. I push up on the door as hard and as quietly as I can. It doesn't even budge. Okay, forget quiet, just hard. Nothing.

GREAT.

"TOP TEN MISSING PERSONS CASES YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT"

*FUCK OFF* BRAIN, I need to think about EVERYTHING with the SINGLE FUCKING EXCEPTION OF BUZZFEED right now.

Okay, okay. OKAY! I need to find a place to hide. If the door closed just now, whoever owns this place is probably close by, and they probably know I'm here. I don't trust my ability to *talk* my way out of this, so I need to hide until I can either fight or flight my way out of this mess.

I sprint away from the doorway. If I die from falling into a pit or whatever at least now I know my body will be found... My hands flail wildly in front of me, but they only find air. I'm trying to follow the right side of the wall, but every time I turn towards where I think it is I can't find it. *How big is this place??* I keep running, until -

*shit.*

My feet both hit the side of something solid at once – metal, by the "CLUNK" it made – and my momentum carries me over on a non-stop flight to the ground. I brace my fall with my left hand, but I don't hit the ground. Instead, a loud "GLORRP" noise sucks me in as I fall over the edge of a shallow trough of rubbery goo. I lay still for a moment in disbelief. Hey, cave? Hey, cave *WHAT THE FUCK?? I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS!*

Let's review.

1. I'm trapped in a cave.
2. I'm in immediate and unknown danger.
3. I can't see a damn thing.
4. I've tripped into GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT. LIKE SERIOUSLY, WHAT EVEN...?

ONE... One thing at a time. Question one... Question one: Is this goo dangerous?

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I don't think so. I don't think any got on my face and I'm not in pain. Good... Question two: Can I get out of this goo? ...Yes. My feet are still over the lip of the trough, and I managed to grab the edge of something with my right hand.

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Question three: Why haven't I moved since I fell?

...Shock, probably.

...But also, the goo just... feels kind of nice. It's super viscous and I'm sure I'm going to be a mess when I get out, but the way it forms and sticks to my body is *really* intoxicating. It's seeping under my clothing, and I can feel it...

...Fuck, I'm going to die in here if I don't learn to prioritize. There's a time and place for everything. I can ExPIOrE mY sExUaLiTy when my life isn't in danger.

I hesitate a moment more, then carefully slide myself back onto solid ground. Okay, no more running through the cave. Let's just stand, and think...

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Easier said than done when most of me feels like it's made of rubber. Why this? It could have been anything else. *Why did it have to be one of my turn-ons? What are the fucking chances...?*

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I can't help it. I reach down with my left hand (it's already covered in the stuff, what difference does it make?) and touch the side of my hip. Oh. F-ff-fuck, it's... it feels amazing. It's smooth and glazed with just the right give to it. Although I think something's wrong with my fingers, and I can't feel my pants. I wonder where they...?

Just then, I'm practically blinded as rows of lights in the ceiling click on with an industrial "CHK, Chk, chk".

Some immediate notes:

1. Holy shit. This looks less like a drug den and more like an underground laboratory.
2. Someone turned on those lights, and they *definitely* know that I'm here.
3. WHO LEAVES AN OPEN VAT OF GOO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR?!
4. Most of my body is coated in a rubbery surface, which positively shines in the light from the ceiling. It's mostly white in the front and brown in the back.
5. UH. MY FINGERS? I watch on in horror as the fingers on my left hand lose their individual forms and merge into some sort of cloven hoof. Maybe it's a trick of the light? ...No, I can't move my fingers independently any more. When I try, I just move the whole damn thing. My thumb managed to stay out of it, thank God.
6. All of my clothes are just gone, and I... um. UM??!?!?!?
7. My genitals are changing before my eyes. I can feel – actually *feel* my organs migrate inwards, as a crease forms below what *was* my dick and is now my clit. My chest is growing at a similar rate. I *do not recall being a woman*, and yet... I touch my gooey slit with my hoof-hand and a breast with the other. I... I feel what I see. Fuck... *Wh... What the actual fuck is going on...?*
8. I need to hide. Like, *immediately*.

I'm standing in an aisle of sorts. There are large shelves next to me, stacked high with strange equipment. I duck under the lowest shelf and crawl into an empty box laying on its side.

*Shit!* I sat on something.

...No, there's nothing there, there's just... Oh.

I have a plump, perky little tail now, apparently. Of course. *Why the hell not.* I sit back down and my tail pushes up against the back of the box.

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I hear footsteps. They sound like they're coming from the next aisle over.

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Voices. A man's voice.

"Yeah, the sensor definitely went off. Something must have come in here and triggered it."

Another voice. Probably female.

"I swear to God, this security system is pathetic. What are you going to do if someone ever finds this place?"

"No one comes up this side of the mountain. And security isn't an issue if no one knows you exist."

"Well, some *things* seem to keep finding your lab just fine."

"Relax, it's probably just another deer... I'll leave the door open. It'll find its own way out."

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Footsteps.

"JESUS, I nearly tripped over this thing again. Will you *please* cover up your giant vats of goo?"

"I put a railing up."

"Yeah, around the *back*. If we're going to be working together, we need to set up some house rules..."

Soon after, the footsteps faded into the background.

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I'll be honest. I wasn't really paying attention to whatever they were saying. I was staring at my crotch. I can't believe this. I'm... I have... There's... There's no way I can cover this up. I put my non-hoof hand up to my forehead, and – GOD. My hand hits something else, instead. I guess I have one huge pointed ear on the side of my head now. It twitches when I touch it. I bend it down, and it flips back up.

This... This is my body. It's not goopy anymore. It's just rubber. But I can feel all of it. I can feel... One of my fingers moves over to my bulging slit and dips in. Fff - THAT. I can feel THAT. And it feels GOOD. FUCK ME. I'm wet. I'm firm. I've got a short tail for some reason. Fuck you, weird laboratory people, I'm going to masturbate in this box, and *nobody* is going to stop me.

My hoof-hand took over my slit while my right hand grabbed my shiny new ass. Th – This – Hhh – THIS RULES. F – FUCK. "FUCK!" I accidentally sputtered out loud. I don't think anyone heard me.

I broke the back out of the box when I came. I rode the orgasm like a new woman. I was a new woman. And it was glorious.

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I don't know how long I laid there on the cardboard, but eventually my thoughts came back around to the reality of the situation.

This body feels very permanent, and socially speaking, being half-rubber is not a good option. My face is still my face. I'd have to deal with a lot of shit if I suddenly came back to regular life with boobs and whatever the heck this is, gesturing to my hoof-hand.

I can't go back like this. This is all or nothing. I need to –

And the lights went back out.

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Fine. Whatever. I've made up my mind.

I feel my way back over to the vat and kneel down next to it. My right hand hovers over the surface. I take a deep breath. Come at me, new life. I'm ready for you.

My fingertips break the surface, sending a shiver up the remaining hair on my arm. I slowly lower my hand into the viscous liquid, and then submerge my whole arm into the goo. It feels like setting sail across the sea. A few moments later, I pull my hand back and stand up. I can already feel my fingers fusing together. It's nice to have some idea what's going on. This time, I change on my own terms.

The bottom of my right foot is next into the vat. I have to wade in and kneel down to cover my legs. When I step out again, I can feel the ends of my feet pushing down as my heels lift up off the ground. I try to wiggle my toes. Two cloven hooves on each foot respond.

One thing left to do. I knew it was coming, but it still feels like a bigger leap than any other crazy thing I've done today. This face is mine. But my new face will also be mine, and it will be better than anything I had before. I just have to trust in the... insane anomalous magic science goop.

Fine. Here goes nothing. I take a deep breath, and plunge my head into the vat. My boobs push up against the side, which is something I am Definitely Not Used To but am going to have to learn to live with. A few moments in, I lift my head back out.

None of my old skin remains. I am covered in rubbery goop. I feel a pressure behind my nose and cheeks as my snout pushes out a few centimeters. My hair is replaced with playful lumps of rubber, and now my ears match again.

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Damn. I feel really cute.

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I get back on my new feet. I think this is the way out. I see a light up ahead. Yes! This is the rock. I'm... I'm out.

I never thought that wind could feel so different against my skin, or that the ground could feel so strange against my... hooves. But it does. Today didn't go the way I ever dreamed it would. But now... I run into the woods with an agility I never knew.

Look out world, here's a brand new deer-girl who's... Well, who's got a lot of shit to figure out!