

This is part 3 of an overarching story. You don't have to read them in chronological order to understand what's going on, but it might still be helpful to start at the beginning.

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 "She takes a deep breath". Enjoy!

I wake up in the sunlight. Dawn threw itself through Claire's window to dance with the soft click-clacks of her computer keyboard. I reach down to touch myself and smile. This is the first time I've ever woken up as an anthro rubber doe. I have to say, it's a damn good way to wake up. I stretch all eight cloves of my hooves under the sheets. I shake my hips back and forth and can't help but giggle when I feel my tail moving along with them.

Claire looks back at me from her desk. "'Morning, Fen!"

Last night Claire insisted I sleep downstairs so I'd "have someone nearby" in case I had "a delayed existential crisis" about my new body. I thought I'd have *more* trouble sleeping next to Claire, but I didn't argue.

Claire is smiling at me. She looks *really* cute with her green bedhead (I guess she dyed her hair recently).

Might as well say it out loud, right? "You look cute this morning!"

"Haha, thanks. You do too!"

I blush. I still can't believe she kissed me out of nowhere last night.

Claire looks at her computer, and then turns back to me.

"I've been thinking. It's Sunday – I think we should go for a hike to the mountain! Maybe start talking about where to go from here."

I sit up on the bed cross-legged. "Sounds good to me! I've been inside for too long." I stretch. I – wow, I can stretch *really* well. I guess that makes sense.

"You've been inside for one night."

"Too long."

I wait for Claire to turn back to her computer, and then try to touch my nose to my slit. Ah – No. Boobs in the way.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing!" I say, sitting up straight. I think for a moment. "Claire, do you have any clothes I can borrow?"

"Mmmmmaybe. Here, let me check." She walks over to the closet and rummages through some of her stuff. "Hmm... I think your best bet is a skirt... Here, try this."

I try on the skirt, but it has the same problem my pants did and gets caught below my tail. “No good...” I report. “It’s almost as though human clothes aren’t designed for deer people.”

Claire finds a pair of scissors in her desk and cuts a hole in the back of the skirt. “Not yet they’re not.”

The hole slips over my tail like a glove that’s made for a tail. “Heck yeah, functional garments!”

“We can do better. Here: bra, blouse, vest. Actually, take off the skirt and put on some underwear. Let me know if the bra fits. I’m guessing you don’t want shoes?”

“I don’t see how shoes would work,” I say, holding up the hoof on the end of my right foot.

It’s a relief to be wearing clothes again... I feel a lot less exposed. I still don’t think it’s a good idea to go out in public or anything, but at least I can plausibly be ‘some weird furry’ rather than just ‘some weird pervert’. I’m really moving up in the world.

After I figure out how to wear a bra, Claire motions for me to come over to her computer.

“It looks like there’s an anthro convention in the city next weekend. If you’re still worried about what people think of you, you could just say you’re practicing for that.”

“Is that something you practice for?”

“Um, probably,” Claire says, subtly closing a tab on her browser. “I didn’t sleep well and got up early, so I already ate breakfast. Do you want... Do you eat?”

“I... uh, I used to.”

“Yeah, but like, do you now? Is all of you rubber, or just the outside... or some of both?”

I pull down the front of my skirt and stick my thumb into my vagina. “Ghhuh... Ih – it, uhk. It feels like rubber all the way in.”

“DON’T JUST *DO THAT!*” Claire cried. She reddens, turns away, and glances back.

I grin at her discomfort. “I am hungry, though.” I wince as I pull my thumb back out with a sound like a suction cup.

“GOD, Fen. You could have just *SAID* that.”

I laugh. “What, am I making you blush?” I ask, pulling down the back of my skirt, turning around, and wiggling my rubbery butt in her direction.

“*STOP IT!*” she yells, face flushed and giggling.

I pull my skirt back up and walk into the kitchen. “wait, don’t – ” she mutters after me as I leave.

I look through the cupboard in the kitchen, and then the refrigerator. Nothing in here looks all that appetizing...

“I think I’ll just grab something along the way,” I say absently, walking back into Claire’s room.

“What does that mean?” she asks, brushing her hair.

I stop. “Uh. It means... I – I think I’ll just... eat some grass?”

That’s dumb. That’s a dumb thing to say.

“Oh, haha. Alright, if you’re sure.”

Claire throws a water bottle in her backpack and zips it closed.

“You ready?” she asks, grabbing my hand.

“Not at all,” I say, as we walk side-by-side to the door.

...

Claire pokes her head out and looks around.

...

“No sign of neighbors.”

I poke my head out, too. I don’t hear anything unusual.

“Let’s go!”

We run out to the path, turn a bend, and step out in front of a very surprised dog-walker.

The dog barks,

a n d

m y

m i n d

g o e s

b l a n k .

I run.

Behind me the dog lets out a yelp.

Then yelling.

“Wh – DID YOU JUST PUNCH MY DOG?!”

“YOUR DOG SUCKS!”

Claire.

I stop myself from running by grabbing on to a tree branch. Claire comes crashing through the brush after me.

Claire!

I grab her around the head and hiss her. Tears fill my wide eyes, and I pull her behind me as we sprint through the woods.

...

We don't stop running until we get to the ridge. I look behind me to see Claire gasping for breath. She puts her hands on her knees and holds up a shaky hand. "Hah... Hang on... hahkh... I'm not as... hahh... as fast as... Oomp!" I kiss her again. I'm actually crying.

"Thank you -- for punching -- that *poor* dog -- " I say between sobs.

She hugs me, and we rock back and forth while she catches her breath and I calm down.

...

We hold each other for a long time. Even after we both recover.

...

The wind shuffles the leaves of the trees above us.

...

"What are the chances that would happen *twice*?" Claire suggests.

"You've *punched a dog* before?"

"No, not... You know what I meant. Was that the same dog?"

"I didn't even see it... I -- *I'm sorry, Claire!*"

She hugs me tighter. "You didn't do anything wrong. It's okay. We're okay."

...

We walk a kilometer without saying anything. And then another.

We walk out into a meadow and my stomach gurgles.

Claire looks back and rolls her eyes. "Fen, you're drooling. Just do it."

I do it. I drop to my hands and knees and shove handfuls of grass into my mouth. To me, it tastes like fresh bread. I look back up at Claire. "*It's so good,*" I say between chewing. I forego my hooves and start grazing directly with my mouth, munching on one clump of grass after another.

I think I must have lost track of time. I don't notice until Claire jumps on my back.

"GWAH! Hey!" I protest.

"Onwards, steed!"

"I'm not a *horse*! I can't carry you!"

"Then let's get moving before you clear out this whole *field*," she says, pulling me up and leading me back into the woods.

"Noooooooooo," I whine, grabbing some more grass on the way.

We walk through the woods for a while. I snack on anything green I can pick without slowing down. Some of it tastes good, and some of it doesn't. I try to take mental notes about what I can and can't eat.

I help Claire down the slope of a stream, and we walk along the rocks.

"I don't know whether this is a good time to bring this up, but have you thought about going back to the lab?"

I stop walking. "No, I haven't. Why?"

"Well, from what you told me, it sounded like the people there don't want to be found. Are you sure you'll be safe out here with the lab so close by?"

I hadn't thought about that at all. "What are you suggesting?"

"I think we should do some reconnaissance to make sure they're not dangerous."

"That's like poking a bear to see if it'll bite you."

Claire shrugs. "Science isn't without its risks."

"I don't know, Claire..."

"Well, I'm going. I want..."

...

"You want what?"

"...Answers."

...

I guess we'll have to deal with this eventually, and I feel safe with Claire. I mean, damn. She *punched a dog* earlier today to protect me.

I sigh. "Okay. But it's a long walk to the lab."

I guide Claire through the woods, past the lake, along the base of the mountain, and then up towards the cave. It takes us a couple of hours.

I stop walking and lean against a large boulder.

"Are we there yet?" Claire asks again, panting. I point up ahead.

"There. That's the rock."

"Oh," she says, leaning around me to see it. "Are you sure? It doesn't look like there's a lot of space underneath."

"Yeah. And I think that's the point. It's very well-hidden."

Claire takes a drink of water from her water-bottle and hands it to me.

"What's the plan?" I ask, taking a drink myself.

"Get in, find some information, get out."

"What information are we looking for?"

"I don't know yet. But, for example, why they're making transformation goo in secret."

We look back at up at the rock.

"You said there was a security system?" she asks.

"Kind of. As far as I can tell, there's a sensor a little way into the cave that triggers a silent alarm and locks the way out."

"What kind of sensor is it?"

"I don't know. It was super dark and I wasn't making any noise, so I *assume* it's either a pressure pad or infrared. And... I didn't feel anything on the ground, so infrared is my best guess."

Claire thinks for a minute, then perks up. "Can deer see in infrared?"

"Hmm, maybe... but I think I read somewhere that deer are colorblind. Why?"

Claire stares at me like I'm an idiot.

"Oh, that's me." I look around quickly. "I can still see in color... I guess my eyes weren't affected?"

Claire holds up her shirt. "What color is this?" she asks, pointing at it.

"Green."

"And this?" she asks, pointing to another place on her shirt.

"Your whole shirt is green," I say, annoyed.

"No, it isn't. My shirt is plaid. It's red and green."

"Oh..." I say sheepishly. "Wait, you're just messing with me, right?"

...

"Sorry, Fen... You're colorblind."

I thought that 'colorblind' meant you just saw shades of gray, but I can still see most colors (except now reds look like greens, apparently). I can live with that. All things considered, now is a good time to have deer-o-vision. *If* Claire is right about infrared light.

"Do flashlights emit infrared?" Claire asks, removing a small flashlight from her backpack and flipping it off and on to test it.

"I don't know."

"Hm. Better safe than sorry." She turns it off and puts it in her pocket.

Claire and I sneak over to the entrance. We look at each other and nod. I go first, and she follows.

It's not nearly as dark in here as I remember. It's still dingy, but the light from the doorway clearly illuminates the lab equipment in the back. It's like seeing the place with new eyes. Cool!

"There," I whisper, holding out my hoof to stop Claire. "I see the sensor. It's a little light emitter built into the bottom of the right-hand wall."

"Nice going, Fen!" she whispers back. "How do we get over it?"

"You can't see it, right?" I ask.

"I can't see a thing."

"Okay, here. I'll carry you over. Climb on my back."

Claire mounts me blindly, throwing her arms around my neck. "Oh, sure, *now* you carry me," she whispers in my ear.

I flick my ear into her nose. "No backseat driving," I whisper back.

I walk back and forth a few times to make sure I won't fall over with Claire on board.

"Hold your feet up."

Claire holds her feet out in front of us. I walk up to the sensor and carefully step each of my legs over where I think the beam is. I walk a few more steps into the room. The door doesn't close behind us. *Hell yeah.*

I muster the deepest voice I can manage. "We're in."

"You dork," Claire whispers back. I can tell she's smiling.

I kneel to let Claire dismount.

"I won't point it towards the sensor, but I'm going to try turning on the flashlight. Okay?"

"Okay."

Claire's flashlight illuminates the aisles and aisles stacked high with boxes and science equipment.

"Woah..." Claire whispers, walking further into the room.

She shines the light along the shelf closest to us. Most of the boxes aren't labeled, and the ones that are just have post-it notes with scrawled writing stuck to them.

Claire moves the light back across the aisle and stops walking. There, a dozen paces in front of her, is the vat of goo that turned me into a doe yesterday morning. I notice that the railing has been moved around front, but other than that, it's exactly how I left it. This is very... Familiar.

Claire stands motionless in place.

...

She deliberately puts her flashlight on the ground and takes off her shirt.

“Um... Claire? What are you doing?”

She kicks off her shoes and pulls down her pants.

“I need to do this, Fen.”

“You need to turn – Are you serious...? What about your *job*? What about your whole *life*?”

“I – I quit my job this morning,” she says, unstrapping her bra.

My heart freezes. “Wait... *Claire*, you – you *PLANNED* for this to happen?”

I watch her walk stoically towards the vat, step by step, and balance on the edge. Had she – no, she wouldn’t... Had she just *used* me to get here? Was *everything we did* just a means to this end?

“But... Why would you...?”

She finally looks back at me. “Fen, I’m *obsessed* with the idea of being something I’m not. I have been since I was like, *twelve*. When you stepped through my window and convinced me that impossible things could happen... I *fell for you*.”

My heart snaps instantly from freezing to melting. CLAIRE!

“And I fell for what I wanted to be... I just wanted to follow in your footst – in your hoofprints. I know that I... I kept you in the dark about a lot of things. But Fen... I *never* lied to you.”

She turns back to face the glossy liquid beneath her.

“I’m sorry for the trouble. I’ll see you on the other side.”

She takes a deep breath and lets herself fall forwards into the goo.

I run forward, arm outstretched. “*CLAIRE!*”

[Claire’s POV]

I’m falling, and Fen is calling my name. This is my last moment as myself. *This is* –

The goo hits my skin and envelops me in an instant. It’s like Fen described, but so – *so* – *SO* much more intense. It surges around my body. Through my fingers. Pushes my boobs against my body. Slides past my slit and across my ass. I gasp, but I keep my mouth closed – barely. It’s pushing in from all sides. It’s so wet – I – *I’m* so wet! It’s so viscous that I can’t tell where I end and the fluid begins. I can’t believe I’m doing this. Ahaha! *I really can’t believe I’m doing this!*

With some effort I push myself back to the surface and grasp onto the side of the vat. Fen immediately grabs onto my arms and pulls me dripping onto the floor.

“Oh my God, are you okay?!” she asks.

“Uh – huhh,” I respond, before a moan escapes from my throat. My skin feels tight and thick and *right*, and there’s pressure building up all over my body. I arch my back as a growing lump pushes itself out further and further from my butt until I can feel my thick, round new tail hit up against my calves. “Ah!”

Pads spread into the palms of my hands as my fingers shrink. My hands swell at once into cute little paws. My heels straighten out and my toes push down into paws of their own. I stand up to spread them against the floor and I feel them, and – and it – *fuck me*, it's almost enough to make me come right then and there.

My nose flattens and my cheeks swell. My ears get rounder. Where my hair was, only small clumps of rubber remain. I look down at the light from my flashlight reflecting off my shin. It takes a color almost identical to Fen's – mostly brown in back and white in front. And – *an-hah-haaand* – my breasts are flattening into my shiny chest, and *below* them... A very real, very human-looking cock emerges from my groin. "H – Holy *shit*," I gasp, feeling my rubber c – my *cock* – *my cock that is a part of me* – grow into place before my eyes.

"Y – you're a *mountain lion*!" Fen gasps.

I take a step back in surprise, right into a puddle of goo. My paw slips out from under me and fall forward, toppling Fen over in the process. She lands under me with a squishy bounce.

[Fen's POV]

Sh – *He's* on top of me. The goo dripping from his body is dissolving the front of my clothes.

"S – Sorry!" he says, pushing off my chest with his front paws.

I look down speechless. His d – his – his dick is – it – t – is touching the edge of my s – my slit.

He's looking down, too. We stare at it as the rest of my underwear falls away.

"Do – do you – do you want to – ?"

"Yeah," I respond, nodding my head faintly. "Yes! I do!"

In one motion, he slides his dick into me.

"A – "

My mind *explodes*.

His cock slides slickly against the walls of my pussy. It pushes through me. It fills me.

He kisses my lips like his life depends on it. I kiss his cheek. My snout. His nose.

I grab his neck. He strokes my breasts. My hooves – his paws – don't stop. My hips. His back. My shoulders. His chest. My head. His tail. My ass. *His* ass.

"Hahh - !" My voice escapes without thought. My body moves without guidance. My clit reels. "fUck! Y-YES! FuCK – "

[Claire's POV]

Our bodies rub and stick together. I'd be worried I wasn't doing this right, but Fen's making the cutest fucking sounds I have ever heard. She's wet and squishy and firm beneath me. Every cycle has a bounce to it, and she just keeps gets hotter.

...

I – I can feel – I'm going to cum. I'm about to cum inside of Fen.

[Fen's POV]

Suddenly, he gasps. "AH!"

And then I feel it. His warm cum shoots into me and out of me all at once. His orgasm keeps coming, and I – I come to. It's an earthquake, and we ride the aftershocks together, clasped in each other's arms, gasping for air.

...

He slides his dick out of my pussy. I push him over and crawl on top. We keep kissing. We keep kissing for a really long time.

...

I'm laying on top of him, my legs wrapped around his body. I rise and fall with every breath he takes. His eyes are closed.

"Thanks," I whisper, pecking him again on the cheek.

I nuzzle against his face. "Can I get your name?"

He doesn't respond. Maybe he *is* asleep.

...

"Buckeye," he says, in a voice deeper than Claire's.

"Buckeye," I repeat.

"I love it," I whisper, hugging him. "Happy birthday."

He grins.