

It had been a month since the incident in that cave, which would come to be known as one of the Thousand Ur. It turned out that cave was not the only spot the corruptive latex had cropped up: Indeed, the same day that initial cave was spotted, several others were spotted across the globe, in perhaps every single inhabited country on the planet. Once someone entered the cave, it was only a matter of time before the surrounding area was doomed to a gooey fate. A few were able to come out with just a small sample of the goo, keeping the samples in airlocked containers for study. One of these samples came into the hands of two college students in their mid-20s studying for advanced degrees. Their possession of this sample would lead to dire, drastic consequences.

Sue was one of these college students. A spry, informal fox and eager learner focused on theoretical biology, she was on the phone with her fellow student, a quirky and antisocial rabbit named Al. When it came to small talk, he was a disaster, but talking about science and research, especially when it involved his more experimental focus, was another story. He had managed to secure the aforementioned sample not long ago, and he had been studying it constantly since he got it. Their primary goal was simple: Study the corruption and its effects on living matter. Both he and Sue had a feeling this was going to be a long-winded conversation.

“I’m in the elevator,” Sue started, “what is it?”

“Sue, I have a feeling I’m onto a breakthrough.” Al’s voice rang with excitement over the phone speaker. “I managed to reach an interview with one of the corrupted. We need to discuss what she told me.”

“You... talked to a corrupted?”

“Of course! It turns out she was actually a very normal young woman from our conversation. She even shared my interest in old Italian cinema-”

“Al, I don’t care about the giallo movies right now.”

“Right, sorry...” Sue couldn’t hear it, but Al was positively kicking himself right then.

“So you say she’s normal? This tells us the corrupted aren’t all mindless lust-beasts, right?”

“Correct, Sue.” Al can be heard aggressively jotting something down on a notepad. “They’re just extremely, unabashedly horny. Except for this one ace individual, reportedly they’re going about their daily life as normal.”

“Ace? Asexual, right?”

“Right on the money.”

Even Sue was interested in these developments. So, the corrupted were only mostly obsessed with sex, and not entirely? Still, she was less interested in the mental aspects and more in the physical. Since she hadn’t stopped by the lab for a week, she had to rely on Al for those developments.

“What can you tell me about their, erm... biology?” Sue was unsure of how to phrase it. “They’re synthetic lifeforms, right? Is it even biology at that stage?”

“Ah, I was just getting to that. So it appears they are, indeed, mostly synthetic. They are entirely made of this rubber-like substance. They don’t even have organs, yet they function as if they do. I asked the corrupted woman to demonstrate, and... well, here, look at this.”

Sue soon got a notification for her text messaging app. When she opened it up, she saw a short video taken directly from Al’s desktop of the corrupted woman’s webcam. The woman, an anthro cat, could be seen shaping the top of her head, which still resembled a head of hair, into varying forms, from a ponytail to braids to long and flowing and back again. It seemed that even the vaguely humanoid shapes the corrupted took could be manipulated drastically. Sue couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow at the sight.

“That didn’t hurt, right? I hope it didn’t, since that’s technically flesh, right?”

“No, she said she felt fine, just ticklish.”

“Right, and how’s the sample doing? You haven’t given it anything to consume at all, right?”

“Correct. The sample still squirms around the vial as if it were alive. So if we assume that it is, indeed, alive, then it still does not need to eat or drink... at least, it can wait for a long time. And it certainly doesn’t need to breathe oxygen!”

“Mhm. And I’m assuming the woman eats and drinks anyway?”

“Not as often, apparently, though she says her sense of taste is unaffected!”

“...Al, you alright? You seemed weirdly excited about that.”

“Aha, I’m fine, I’m fine... ignore that. Tell me, how much closer are you?”

Sue looked up to see how much longer she’d have to walk. As it turned out, Al’s dorm building was already in eyesight.

“Not very long.”

“Okay, Sue, let’s continue this conversation inside. Go ahead and hang up, I think I’m about to reach my call limit for the month.”

“Fine, fine. I’ll see you there.”

Al hung up, leaving Sue to walk to his dorm in silence. She gave a deep grunt, followed by a flick of her tail, as she made her way over. As she stepped inside the building, Sue made not of how quiet it all was. The halls of the dormitory building were remarkably empty today; everyone was either in the middle of a lecture or out eating. Not even the room with the vending machines was occupied; knowing no one was watching, she got herself some chips and continued on her journey.

Once she was at Al's floor, the halls were even more silent, until... they suddenly weren't. She heard muffled yelling coming from one of the rooms. It wasn't terror, but instead vitriolic frustration. Loud cursing, insults towards one's character, and others of that sort could be heard ringing through the floor. Sue walked past each door until she found the source: Al's dorm.

"What on Earth could he be having a meltdown over?"

Throwing caution to the wind, Sue grabbed the doorknob and twisted it to the side, allowing the door to creak open. Inside, she could see Al, in his slightly chubby frame, shuffling through his cabinets and tossing things aside, seemingly in search of something. How strange, he was never the messy type. What could he be searching for that would lead to such chaos?

"Settle down, Al, jeez," Sue sighed as she walked in. "What are you even doing?"

"The sample, I dropped the sample. I didn't hear anything break, so I think it's still in the vial, but Christ Sue help me find the damn thing or something terrible could happen!"

"Like what?"

"Like it escaping and corrupting everyone on campus? That's always a possibility."

"You're right when you're right, Al..."

Sue joined in the search, which continued to go as horribly as ever. Clothes were tossed aside and knick knacks were nearly broken in an attempt to find this damn vial. The fox's loud curses could be heard through the halls just as Al's could just five minutes prior. She thought she found it amidst a pile of folded-up thigh highs – she wasn't about to ask why Al had those – but after a long dig, that turned up empty. She was about to give up until she thought she heard the bells in her rabbit companion's head going off.

"You got it, Al?"

"I think so... is this is...!"

From amidst an assortment of plates Al retrieved a glass vial. This was the one he always kept the sample in.

"It is!"

"Finally!"

Sue and Al's hands slammed together in a firm handshake, signifying a job well done. There was a quick little shake, then Al took a look at the vial.

"Excellent work, Sue. Let's hope that doesn't..."

Al was suddenly deadly silent. He stared at the vial with dilated pupils and drooped ears. His fox companion couldn't help but wonder what the issue was, so she also took a look.

"...shit."

The cap was gone. And the sample was no longer in the vial. In fact, it was on their hands: A little bit on Sue's and a little bit on Al's. They both quickly pulled back and tried to shake the substance off, but it wouldn't budge. And it was... expanding. Spreading. Sue was tempted to try and scrape it off with her other hand, but that would likely just cause it to spread further. What was once fur was now a strange, gooey latex.

"Curse it all..." Al tried his best to scrape the stuff off. "What do we do?"

"...clothes off."

"Excuse me?"

"What did you say about the substance's reaction to fabric?"

"It singes?"

"Correct! And how much money would you lose if you just let it get singed and coated?"

"...argh, I hate that you're right!"

The fox and rabbit worked swiftly to strip themselves free of fabric and any other items that might get ruined by the latex. Despite being more heavily clothed, Sue got done first; perhaps she was a bit too excited to get those things off. Al soon followed, leaving them with nothing but their own fur to cover their bare skin. Both, soon, would be corrupted... but first, what to do until that moment comes?

"Shall we have a toast? To the last days of our normal lives?" Al prepared to grab some wine glasses, but Sue held a finger up and turned him down.

"We're going to be nutty sex perverts. The last thing I want to be is drunk."

"Ah, right... I forgot. Even with the normal brain intact, sex drives increase tenfold..."

"You forgot despite the fact that we were just talking over the phone?"

"I said what I said."

Al put the wine glasses back in the display case, carefully avoiding getting the latex on any other glassware. He instead poured some soda into a couple of red, plastic solo cups; he'd gotten them a few days ago for a fraternity party that ended up getting canceled.

"I never realized you actually went to frat parties, Al."

"I don't. I just provide the supplies."

Al gawked at his hand, which was now fully coated in the black goo. He could feel a strange sensation from under the goo, like his hand was somehow... merging with it. It was like how the interviewee described – his hand wasn't merely covered in goo, it was the goo itself. He got a thought – just how solid was this hand? He poked his palm with a finger of his other hand, wincing as it failed to give.

“Oww...”

“Try harder, doofus.”

Groaning, Al gave it another go. Rather than trying to force the finger through, Al simply willed to himself that the finger could – and would – go straight through. Like a tub of slime, the goo hand finally gave to the pressure, not enough to go the way through but just enough that he could confirm it wasn’t a regular hand. It was somehow painless – probably thanks to the lack of bones or muscle down there. Al was, simply put, elated.

“Do you see this, Sue? I did it, I accomplished it! My hand has gone from solid to semi-solid!”

“It’s just a hand, Peter Cottontail.”

“I know, I know, but imagine the possibilities. If our bodies are semisolids, then what could we do with them?”

“I’d give myself an enormous phallus. I think it would be funny.”

“For someone seeking a master’s degree, you sure are immature, Sue.”

“And I’d fuck you with it, if you consented to it first.”

“We will cross that bridge when we get there, Sue.”

The latex soon moved past their hands and to their arms, then to their shoulders. Once they noticed the spreading, the spreading only accelerated. Droplets of liquid latex dripped onto the ground, splashing and collecting into a puddle beneath their feet before continuing to expand before their eyes.

“It’s... self-creating? Self-replicating?”

“Access to organic matter must kick it into overdrive,” Sue remarked as she rubbed her fully corrupted arm, shivering at the cool touch. “It’s so fucking weird, it’s like I have no muscles but at the same time I do? It’s so... natural, actually. It feels weird but at the same time it feels totally normal, like I barely have to adjust at all.”

“That could use some better wording, but I hear you.” Al sighed as the latex reached his neck. “It begins as a numbing sensation, before the flesh and fur underneath is converted from organic to... whatever this substance may be.”

“Whether it’s organic or not depends on whether the corrupted should be considered alive. And I’m not feeling any less alive.”

“So... effectively organic?”

“Something like that. We’ll figure it out once we’re fully corrupted.”

As the latex reached Sue’s chest, her breathing slowed. She briefly went into a trance as her heartbeat slowed with her breaths, Al soon following. It was as if the whole world was slowing around them, and they were struggling to keep pace. Their heartbeats slowed further and further,

to the point where neither could feel it. There was the brief fear that they might lose their lives, but even as they felt their chests, they were... alive. There was no pounding in the chest, and despite them holding their breaths the entire time, they were very definitely alive.

Before either of them could say anything, the latex speed up their necks and to their heads, coating every orifice it could find. Al felt like he was about to gag when the gooey stuff found its way down his throat, yet he never did, even as it coated his throat. His breathing seemed uninhibited as well, though at this point he wasn't sure if breathing actually did anything or was just habitual. The mouth and nose were coated, and soon the latex reached every other spot it could, coating the ears and temporarily leaving them blind when it reached the area near their eyes.

"Fuck, Al, can you see anything?"

"N-no, I can't..."

Sue felt a strange pain in her chest, forcing her to cup one of her breasts. She could feel it... expanding? No, no, please slow down, please don't get too crazy. Thankfully for her, they seemed to stop at a large, yet reasonable D-cup. As for Al, he began to grow confused when he noticed a pair of equally-large breasts had spontaneously formed on his chest as his face grew more androgynous. He checked to make sure his dick was still there, and thankfully, it was... bigger than ever, in fact, and just as rubbery as everything else. There was even a pussy too, though he almost didn't notice in the sea of change he was awash in.

"Oh, jeez, I feel so..."

A sudden burst of energy forced their eyes awake. Al's glowed a strange, purple hue while Sue's had a minty green sheen to them. They were almost just those solid colors, yet the anthros' vision was entirely unimpeded. If you turned the lights off in the room, you'd notice the shine more clearly. Both of them stared at each other, breaths heavy as the latex fully coated their upper halves and was close to covering their lower halves.

"A-Al, fuck, I..."

"Sue? You... you alright?"

"I... shit..."

Sue leaned against a wall, wincing as she looked down at her crotch. Much like how Al had developed a snatch between his legs, the fox could notice something distinctly masculine between her legs. As it grew longer and longer, her concentration grew weaker and weaker. It wasn't long before it began to match Al's in size, and then some.

"Ugh... this is cumbersome..."

As if reacting to her annoyance, the cock's size partially reversed to match Al's new size. Notably, it was very visibly erect, and the balls that grew in to match it were noticeably heavy. She couldn't even focus on her tail being encased in a shell of latex, flexible enough to match its

original shape, before the shell became her actual tail. Even as the same thing happened to Al, he could only focus on the situation between his own legs.

The latex that had pooled at their paws aided in coating their legs, leaving their entire bodies entirely coated. It would still be a while before they could be fully corrupted, but the time to turn back had long since passed. Yet the unusual additions did not end there, as from the ever-growing pool of corruptive latex beneath them came a thick, gooey tendril with a tapered tip. Then another with a more phallic-shaped tip, then another with a tip like an orifice. These tendrils, which came to more resemble tentacles, emerged from the goo and surrounded each of them, caressing their bodies in a gentle, loving manner. They couldn't help but feel attached to these tentacles, as if they were part of their own being, and they were, in the same sense that Al and Sue were two parts of the same being.

"It's strange, Sue, I don't quite understand it, but I feel as if we're closer somehow, like..."

"Like a hive mind?"

"No, not quite, just... two pieces of a whole. The corruption is some kind of whole being, a... superorganism, maybe?"

"Ugh... glad you can think... science-y, at a time like this..."

A chill ran through Sue's body as the remainder of it was slowly morphed and rearranged from the inside, each bit and piece being reformed into a morphable, semisolid latex. What little flesh and blood remained was soon consumed and corrupted, leaving only latex in its wake. She couldn't feel everything melting into goo, but she felt a different, intense emotion she hadn't felt in ages. It was mildly uncomfortable, perhaps even a little annoying.

"Al? Would you get my shoulders?"

"Your shoulders? What, what do I do with them?"

"I don't know, just... rub them, massage them, help me calm down..."

Sue whined as one of her hands wandered down her body. Al obliged and began firmly massaging her shoulders in an attempt to calm her down. He wasn't sure exactly what the best thing to do was given the new lack of muscle, but he tried his best to find the spots that would turn his friend's frown upside down. Said frown broke rather quickly, reforming into a twitching smile as her eyes closed. Al couldn't tell if she was about to laugh, about to cry, or maybe she was getting aroused.

"Sue? How do you feel?"

"I-I-I-I..."

"...words, Sue."

"Iii... feel... I feel... oh God..."

The pair looked down to see her member growing once more, though not specifically in size. A pair of tentacles were gently fondling her shaft in an effort to make it erect, the dexterous appendages wrapping around and stroking it in what could only be described as a sensual manner. Another pair of phallus-tipped tentacles left her gasping for breath as they prodded her rear entrances. She wasn't sure whether she was horny, stressed, or both; her friend, meanwhile, assumed it was both.

"H-hey, Al?"

"What is it, Sue?"

"You feeling, uh... funny? Like... hot? Bothered?"

"Perhaps a tad, Sue. I might need a moment to calm down."

"Me too... ugh..."

"I'm here for you, please don't forget that."

Al nodded and patted her on the back, which for some reason prompted a moan. His hand retreated, leaving him to check his own back. Immediately after touching it, he felt an intensely pleasurable sensation.

"I just touched your back... hmm, perhaps the back is some sort of erogenous zone..."

"It's not just the back, it's fucking everywhere..." Sue whimpered in annoyance as her dick's size grew to nearly twice its size flaccid. She was more a grower than a shower, from the looks of it. "My whole body feels so damn shaky."

Staring at his hands, Al ran one up and down one of his arms, taking note of how the sensation made him feel. It felt like he was hitting one of his "weak spots," which... well, they weren't exactly his arms. Checking one of said weak spots, the ears, proved even more effective, forcing a moan out of the rabbit. Al would blush if he could, but a body of latex made that impossible. In fact, every spot he checked made him feel the exact same way.

"You're right, Sue. The entire body is an erogenous zone. This is astounding. Simply... lovely..."

Al's train of thought was lost as those tentacles that had once solely wrapped around Sue made their way to him. The way they gently caressed his body made him shudder, each passing flick of a tapered tip sending a rush of pleasure into him. Those phallic ones found their way into each of his holes, his body subtly changing to accommodate their girth. The fact that neither of them were on the verge of orgasm just went to show how the latex seemed to be tailor-made to make every sensation as pleasurable as possible. It was like a perpetual state of soft-edging, where the only way to release was to make actual effort to do so.

"Ffffuck... how much longer 'til we're rutting each other?"

"Is that what you want, Sue? Because I... I don't know how much longer I want to hold this off. I'm willing to try just about anything, if only so we can just calm down from this high..."

Sue stared at her friend, or specifically his back end, inspecting how that short tail twitched and shook with each thrust of those tentacles. The whole package was so... enticing to her, like a present waiting to be opened. Her eyes shone with intent as she got her tentacles off of her and treaded softly in Al's direction. As she approached, the tentacles that were thrusting into him began to retreat, and a few others arrived in their places. The tentacles that were thrusting into her before had returned, a few feelers had arrived, and an onahole-like one began to position itself around Al's crotch.

"Hhaha... hah... Al? Remember what I said?"

"A-about what?"

"About consent?"

"...y-yes."

"Well? Do you?"

Al sat on that thought, if only for a brief second. His answer came as quickly as he began to think.

"Yes. Yes, I consent."

It was with those words that Al could feel a certain something ramming into his new orifice, with almost no training to speak of. Though one might expect him to cry out or at least wince, there was nary a negative reaction in sight. In the clash of goo against goo, of balls against flesh, Sue reigned in dominance, and Al's body was perfectly content with that. He leaned far forward as he found his dick getting milked by a tentacle while two more grabbed his arms and held them up. It left him almost entirely unable to move, completely at the mercy of his colleague... and he loved every second of it.

"How's it feel? Too rough?"

"G-great, Sue... a little rough, but I'm managing...!"

Sue began to use Al's back as an armrest as she pounded his backside, her teeth gritting and her eyes squinting. With how brightly they shone, you couldn't even see her pupils. After a certain point, however, it got a bit too much for the rabbit, who felt like he was about to burst after only a minute.

"Aargh, jeez, get off my back..."

"Fuck, sorry."

"T-thanks... also, could you uh... please slow down? I don't want to finish too early..."

"Slow down? Jeez, you really are a virgin when it comes to this stuff."

"Didn't you grow that penis fifteen minutes ago?"

"...shush."

Relenting, Sue stopped using Al as an armrest and slowed down her thrusts, less allegro and more moderato. She thought she heard her companion purr in response; a rabbit that purrs, what a sight to behold.

“Hah, does the kitty like his toy?”

“I fear that if you say that again, I’ll go flaccid.”

Sue huffed, returning to pounding. She made sure to get a good feel for how Al felt before she decided to speed back up again. After all, she wasn’t about to put him through hell just so she could cum a few seconds faster. With each little movement, the goo continued to generate more of itself and drip onto the ground. It didn’t stain anything, peculiarly, though it did seem to make its way closer and closer to their door...

“A-aah... are we... forgetting...”

“Nope! Is faster okay?”

“Y-yes, it’s okay...!”

Finally, she could work toward release. Sue returned to a firm allegro as her fingers traced the new curves on Al’s body; his body had just enough mass for her to chart a map of curves and waves. Exploring these valleys prompted Al to shudder and quiver in both body and voice as his dick throbbed and pulsed. Sue could draw this out longer if she wanted to; she knew she had that power, being the dominant player in this game. With these new bodies, who knew how long they could draw this out? But no, she wanted to know how it felt to finish, to release.

“I’m gonna try to finish up, okay Al?”

“S-sure, Sue...! I’m... getting close...!”

The fox on top took a quick pace, going as rough as she needed to as she worked toward climax. Al, for all his efforts bottoming, was starting to enjoy having little to no control. His breathing was heavy and his vision was obscured by the mass of tentacles around him holding him in place, but he still felt extremely safe. He was on the verge of a breakthrough, and not of the scientific variety. It would only take one... more... stroke...

“G-gaaah!”

Both finished in an explosion of pleasure. spurts of strange, rubbery seed filled Al’s insides and spilled onto the floor, while several of those tentacles joined in the orgasmic bliss by seemingly cumming as well. Sue managed to remain unstuck from her partner’s backside, even as she heaved deep, euphoric sighs of relief. The pools of latex beneath them gathered more, even as they had none more left to give. Once they came to their senses, Sue pulled out and let the remaining orgasm spill out.

“Fuck, even my cum’s rubber,” she remarked. “Literally everything is rubber. It’s freaky.”

“We’ll get used to it,” Al responded. “I know I’m already getting there...”

The tentacles released Al from their grip, allowing him to stand up once more. He rested a hand on his back and winced; bending over like that hurt like hell. Sue tried her best to massage his back; given that they'd just had sex, merely touching each other no longer turned them on. Neither of them knew how long this was going to last, but they knew they were just gonna rest this one off.

"...in the end, it's like that woman said," Al said. "I'm still me... I'm still... me..."

"Easy there. Here, come on..."

Sue helped Al over to the couch and sat down alongside him. She planned to turn on the TV, but stopped when she looked over at their door. To her surprise, the surplus latex began to creep out into the hallway from the crack under the door. She had no way of knowing just what it was up to, but she had a feeling she knew exactly what was going on. It was going to creep into someone's room, it was going to corrupt them, rinse and repeat until the entire building was corrupted. It might even leave the building after that point and make its way into the neighboring facilities. She would normally be concerned, but... ugh...

"Al? It's getting out."

"Huh...? What's getting out?"

"The latex... should we do something?"

"...do you want to?"

"Not really..."

"Me neither..."

Yawning, Sue remained on the couch, before turning on the TV and putting on some boring nature documentary. It was something Al would like, probably. Indeed, he quite enjoyed it; despite everything, he was still himself, and she was still herself. Perhaps being creatures made of rubbery goo wasn't so bad after all. And soon there'd be more of them on campus and beyond, waiting to be met and bred.

But they weren't gonna worry about that right now. First, they needed to rest.