

>> **GENERAL** due to gratuitous transformation. Also, bodysuit fashion.

Kou checks out an abandoned candy factory only to discover something else that's got him all sticky...

>> **AUTHOR'S NOTES**

'I Surrender' was the first-ever story I'd written and posted on January 21st, 2009 on my very first FurAffinity account. When I'd returned to the fandom, and started sharing revisions of my old stories, it only seemed fair that the very first story I'd written got remastered first. However, I'd decided that the story had been written as intended, and felt that revising it would have been a mistake. So, I simply touched it up for grammar, and continued on.

It was some while ago an ace friend reminded me I'd written a tame version, and how much he enjoyed it. I'd sent it to him, and then kind of forgot about the exchange until recently when I'd been looking into more old content to remaster. Lately I've been enjoying wearing a bodysuit and shorts, quite similar to Kou in this story (can we please bring this into regular fashion?), so there's quite a bit going for me wanting to release this version again.

Anywho, in the same spirit, I've only touched this version up for grammar. This story was written for a good friend of mine from yesteryear, LivingCostumes.

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>> **I SURRENDER** <<

WRITTEN BY SYNTHW4V3
WRITTEN FOR LIVINGCOSTUMES

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"I... I still don't know what happened to me, but if you'd listen to my story... maybe you can help me?"

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This morning was one of those normal boring mornings. Nothing too important to note about it; I woke up and immediately slipped a pair of cargo shorts over my bodysuit, stepped into a pair of black combat boots, and grabbed a jacket before heading out the door. I'm told I have a strange style of clothing, but I just wear what I'm comfortable in.

Later that afternoon, after much lazing about, I found I had nothing better to do so I was pretty much screwing around an abandoned part of town. You know, the warehouse district right off of Lyons Road? Yeah that's the area, so I was just hanging out there.

When I was a little kid I used to come out here with my friends, and we'd just get lost in the maze of empty buildings. Nowadays, everyone I used to know has moved on with their lives, and I'm stuck here in Dullsville with nothing to do but explore abandoned areas of town. That'd be Shifter Heights to all of you tourists, by the way.

Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Kou. I've got long black hair, pulled into a ponytail with maroon bangs over my eyes, a nice face, golden eyes... anyway, I guess that's all I'll tell you about that. Descriptions are boring. Besides, the rest doesn't really matter anymore.

So, anyway, I'm at this warehouse. I noticed it used to be some kind of candy factory, and, me being me, I just had to find a way to break inside and explore. Maybe take a few samples (does candy ever go bad?) or something. Who knows? This might be the mother load! After a few minutes of searching the perimeter I found a small bit of the wall had given away with age, so I was able to maneuver my slim body right through a hole in one corner.

Upon entering I just marveled at the sights. Boxes, canisters, and crates were piled nearly up to the ceiling. One wall was made almost entirely of mirrors, which I found a bit strange for a factory but who am I to judge? I had no idea exactly what was here, but all of the rusted machinery had me assuming this was where they used to make all of the good stuff. So, I began to dig at the boxes, and crates, and... I was just looking for anything interesting. Mainly for candy, but I kept finding random things. Mostly things like microscopes, test tubes, beakers... I thought it was weird to find all of that scientific stuff in a candy factory, but I pushed the thought from my mind. After a few minutes passed I accidentally bumped into a large canister, causing it to topple over onto its side. With a loud clang the lid flew off, and a metallic black liquid began pouring out. I didn't know what to make of it, but I figured it was just oil and it would be best to avoid the puddle it was creating. Intuition told me to just run, but I ignored it and kept digging. I'd just avoid the liquid. I probably should have listened to myself, but candy was on my mind.

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Some more time went by, but I wasn't sure how much had passed. Before I knew it the sky was turning pastel, so I figured it was best to just leave. I began to make my way to the exit, but something stopped me. It felt like something had a grip on my ankles, so I glanced down and to my shock a pair of shiny black paws were wrapped around my feet. I looked up and saw that the puddle of oil had expanded over time and covered most of the factory's floor. I didn't know quite what to do, so I kicked off my boots and tried to get out of there. I didn't know what this stuff was, but if it could turn into hands then it was probably a good idea to get out of the puddle.

My boots landed somewhere in the middle of the floor, and I watched with curious intrigue as they melted into the puddle of goo. I couldn't believe it; shouldn't they have dissolved while I was wearing them? I wasn't being harmed, though, and I was still standing in the puddle. Instead of just running for it I padded over to the spot where my boots disintegrated and prodded the surface of the liquid. It was shiny, metallic, soft... it

looked and felt almost like what my bodysuit was made out of; I dubbed it liquid latex right then and there. Curiosity got the better of me and against my better judgment I pulled off my socks, cast them aside, and placed my feet into the liquid. The feeling of it between my toes was incredible. I wiggled my toes around, and just let myself go for a moment. It was at that moment that the latex sprang into action.

I've never seen a glass of water attack anyone, but that's what this looked like. Columns of the goo rose up, and they took on the shape of spindly clawed arms to surround me and grab a hold of me. I couldn't think; my mind was panicking, but somehow, I was struggling against the latex's firm grip. Paws gripped me, and snaked up and around my body. Some of the claws dug into my skin, and some of the paws rested suggestively against my inner thighs. I wriggled, desperate to get free, but as soft as the material should have been they refused to budge. Claws pulled at my jacket and shorts, tearing and shredding them slightly, begging for them to come off. After a few moments of tugging and prodding a wave of latex flew over my entire body. As soon as it subsided, I could see, and feel, my jacket and shorts dissolving away, leaving me wearing nothing but my bodysuit. I didn't understand it, but I was a little thankful to keep some of my dignity as I struggled.

Instinct wanted me to get a weapon, but what would I fight this latex with if it would just dissolve everything? And I couldn't free my hands or feet from its death grip, either. What could this stuff possibly want with me?

I could feel the latex gliding me towards one end of the warehouse, and it gently propped me up into a standing position. I hung limply from the latex arms gripping my wrists and ankles, but more arms reached up to give me more support. In the end I was forced to watch myself in the mirror as thousands of latex arms and paws snaked their way around my body, over my clothing, and across my face. Bits of residue were left behind, and I could already feel that I was coated with a very thin film of latex. I didn't know what to think; a part of me wanted to scream, but another part was curious about what was happening to me. Was this all a dream?

Panic continued to overcome me as rubbery paws snaked around my legs, coating them with a thick layer of latex. I couldn't tell what was going on, but I could feel my skin absorbing the material. I wrestled with the arms cradling me, but it was all in vain. Paws began to kneed against my skin, and I could feel their claws puncturing me. Surprisingly enough, it didn't hurt at all, but I could feel liquid latex streaming in through the tiny holes the claws left behind. I continued to struggle, but I was quickly growing tired. I refused to give in to this, though.

The latex continued to slither around my body, and continued to find more ways to enter inside of me. My head lolled about as it began to change my inner organs; I could feel my very heart changing into some kind of latex. I blacked out for a moment during that change, but as soon as I came to, I found the strength to tear away from the grip the latex had on me, and bolted for the exit. I didn't care if I was some kind of half-latex thing. I wouldn't give in to it!

A large rubber paw suddenly burst out from the pool of latex and clamped around me. My entire body was gripped by this giant appendage, and it forcefully pulled me back to the mirror where it forced me to watch it continue its merciless take-over. I screamed bloody murder; every bit of effort was spent in crying for help, shouting at the goo, and pleading with fate to release me, but I was silenced as a wad of latex flew out onto my face and solidified around my mouth. I sobbed; I had no choice but to accept whatever this liquid latex did with me, because by now I had no more strength to fight against it, and I no longer had a voice to cry for help.

The giant paw reshaped itself into a large spherical cage, and I was left deposited inside. More paws reached out and clamped onto my neck, wrists, ankles, and waist. Moments later I was suspended inside of this cage, and my head lulled down as I accepted that there was no escape. I just wanted it all to be over with.

A single, spindly claw reached up and carefully pulled down the zipper of my garment, exposing my taut stomach and chest. Paws crept in and felt about my skin, as if it were examining a new shirt. They caressed my sides, and petted my stomach. I swear the latex was sizing me up, but I couldn't really focus on that. Latex continued to snake up my legs underneath my bodysuit and I could feel them slowly turning into latex. I finally gave in, let my body go as limp as my restraints would allow me to, and submitted myself to the latex.

I could feel arms snaking up through the back of my shorts, and they massaged my back. I continued to give in; I wasn't complaining, because it did feel pretty good after all of the fighting I had been doing. I could feel my back slowly turning into latex as well, and I knew by now that it was doing more than just keeping me captive; I was becoming it. By now I had no desire to run, to hide, or complain. My mind was made up to just see the whole scenario out; even if I ran I'd be quickly snatched back. And even if I escaped, how could I explain my half-rubber body?

A pair of paws glided up my chest and began to pull at the top of my bodysuit, begging to take it off. My own hands were released from the shackles that bound me to the roof of the cage, and I slumped into a kneeling position as I allowed the latex to strip my body bare. My bodysuit was only pulled down around my waist, though, so the shorts of my ensemble still covered me. The goo continued to turn my body into latex. I relaxed into the process, and actually found it exhilarating. I began to wish that this would never end.

A few tendrils of latex glided up my body and in through my ears. I was so caught up in the moment of bliss that I didn't notice it at first until my mind began to fog over. My face began to change, and took on a glossy shine as it slowly became latex as well. Even the back of my neck, my ears... even my tongue was turning into latex. It was incredible. The latex on my mind began to play with the inner workings of my brain, and I began to see visions of minotaurs, bulls, and other bovine creatures. I didn't know what it meant, and I ignored it as I focused on the transformation taking place. By now my chest had become latex as well, and I could feel my arms getting rubbery as well.

My mind was in a haze as more visions danced through my brain, the latex going to work to prepare me for what was to come next. Part of my brain registered what the latex was telling me, and I knew that the goo wasn't interested in just turning me into latex. It was going to change me into something incredible.

I was then pulled back onto the floor as the latex bars of my prison disappeared. I relaxed into the pool of latex, and allowed the goo to explore and overtake my body. I couldn't help it, and I moaned in euphoria; the process of becoming latex was surprisingly relaxing, and I could feel my muscles being massaged by the veil of latex that coated them and became one with them. More latex took this opportunity to enter my mouth. I could feel it sliding down my throat, forcing me to drink it, and coating my insides as it traveled down towards my stomach. My insides were all being coated by liquid latex, and I stretched out in total relaxation. My curiosity continued to pique as more bovine visions slipped into my mentality, and every now and again I would grin as an enjoyable mental picture formed. The latex on my brain was preparing me for my transformation, unbeknownst to me.

I glanced at my arm, and noticed that my veins had turned dark; the latex had entered my bloodstream. I bolted upright into a kneeling position, panic bringing me back to my senses for a moment. What if it was turning me into latex goo? I didn't want to become some puddle! I began to struggle again at the realization that that might happen, but my struggling ceased as an intense sensation flared at the top of my back. I could feel my skin splitting as something grew from it, but I was terrified to imagine what was happening. More so I was overtaken by an intoxicating feeling as a thick black latex spike began to protrude from my split back. I was confused by this, thinking that it should have been painful. More spikes began to form from my back, as they formed into larger spikes as they jutted out from my spine. Each spike's growth didn't hurt at all, but my body still convulsed from the shock of it as each one protruded from me. As they lengthened, they grew more and more solid, and the tips of them turned maroon to match the front of my hair.

My elbows and knees began to change next. More thick black latex spikes grew from my skin at those joints, turning maroon at the tips as well. The spikes emerging from my arms seemed as if they a continuation of my biceps, and the spikes on my knees seemed to have extended up from my shins. I was confused, and yet so elated at the sensations rippling about my new latex body. I slumped to the ground as my brain continued to fog over, beckoning me to change more. My mind was racing; I couldn't stop thinking of everything I wasn't, and everything I wanted to be. I was a small guy, and I longed to have a sleek build, with rippling pectorals and a long sexy tail. The latex in my mind was convincing me that becoming a bull was exactly what I wanted, and I agreed with it. I gave in to the latex long ago, and I continued to submit to it as it continued to turn me into a latex being.

The next part I was completely unprepared for; my temples exploded as two thick, black horns burst from my skull on either side. They were somewhat demonic-looking, and the tips of them turned maroon in keeping with the theme. I doubled over, expecting

pain, but instead it just felt as good as the rest of the protrusions. "What... what's happening to me?" I stammered, drunk on the glorious feeling the latex was giving me, but still anticipating what was to come next.

The pool of latex began to glide up my body. No longer did it reach out at me with paws; now it traveled around my body in sheets and covered me in a thick coating of latex. I could feel it consuming and fusing to my skin, and the tingling sensation that resulted continued to keep me in a state of pure unadulterated bliss. My entire lower body was quickly covered in sleek, shiny, black latex. It spread up my torso, my chest and back, and continued to travel down my arms. I could feel a tingling sensation in my lower back, and the latex in my brain forced me to bend over on all fours in preparation of what would happen next.

Moments later a sleek, shiny, black latex tail sprouted from below the small of my back. It was shaped like an average cow's tail, with a tuft of latex fur at the end. I could feel it was attached directly to my spine, which, by now, was probably made of latex as well. I nearly fainted from the intoxicating feeling, and I was giddy as it continued to transform me.

The goo continued to creep about my body, and I could see it traveling up my face. I found myself watching my face change in the mirror, and could see it being coated and molded into that of a bull's snout. My face ached slightly as my human features compressed and expanded to allow a bull's skull make-up to transform my own. Gone forever was my face, but instead I had that of a glossy latex bull. The sensations to my face were incredible, and I could feel my load continue to build up with no release. I watched as my ears were also overtaken by latex, and were reshaped into a pair to match my new identity.

I could feel the transformation continue. Latex continued to pour inside of me as it expanded my muscles slightly. I was originally of average height and size, but I could feel this transformation expanding me slightly. My arms were gaining some mass, and I could feel a slight change in height. I felt the latex wrap around my body, cocooning it and fusing to it. I groped my newfound muscles with my own latex hand, an inescapable feeling of delight welling in my heart. I was overjoyed, because I was getting what I wanted: A sleek, taut, beautifully muscular body. I didn't care how it was happening, but I was enjoying the body I was being given.

I laid back down on the ground of the abandoned factory as the transformation went into its final stages. I noticed the latex pouring itself onto my hair, which remained intact, but after closer inspection I realized it had turned each strand of my hair into a fine, thin strand of latex. It wasn't just giving me a latex body, it was turning me completely into a latex being. I stuck out my tongue and noticed it was now made of latex as well, and my teeth were also comprised of a latex material. Everything felt normal, but I just knew I was no longer flesh and blood, but I was now made of some kind of living latex. It was so weird, but it also felt good becoming another material.

The next stage of the transformation would be one of the most dramatic parts. I watched with fascination as my legs began to reshape before my eyes. No longer was I going to have a normal human stance, but instead my feet lengthened as my calves shortened. I could feel my knees begin to bend my calves backwards as they took on a digitigrade shape, as so many animals of the wild have become accustomed to. My feet continued to lengthen, and my toes began to harden and merge together. They formed distinct hooves, and although I was a little dismayed at the new shape my legs took on, I just had to accept it. It'd be easier to deal with conforming to my new body if I just accepted the transformation.

After my legs were complete, I admired the transformation's work in the mirror. It was what I wanted; a sleek, muscular body. My latex body gleamed against the moonlight streaming through the windows of the factory, and I could only imagine how breathtaking my silhouette must have been by now. My bodysuit clung desperately to my hips; I decided I'd worry about how to wear it properly later. I continued to admire myself in the mirror, flexing and posing. I noticed that I squeaked slightly as parts of my body would rub together, but it was all just music to my ears. I didn't care that I was made out of rubber now; I was something to be proud of now, and I was truly in love with my new body.

My celebration, however, was short-lived as it finally happened. I could sense this was going to happen, as my mind had seen it while the latex was flashing mental pictures in front of me.

I fell backwards as my body suddenly became limp. I groggily pulled myself back up into a pseudo-kneeling/leaning position as my entire body began to glimmer unnaturally. I watched myself in the mirror with half-moon eyes as a deep maroon tribal tattoo began to cover me. It snaked across my chest to my arms, down my stomach and legs, around my back, across my shoulders, and even onto places I couldn't even see. I realized I was being branded, and I just submitted myself to it. I could sense it the moment it had fused with my brain; this latex had claimed others before me, and if it has its way it will claim others long after me.

I don't know when, but at some point after I was tattooed I had slumped to the ground, and fallen asleep. The transformation was finally complete, and the commotion finally ended. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear my new snout had been curled back into a lazy grin.

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I awoke a few hours after the entire ordeal. At first, I thought it was all just a dream, and that I had woken up after nodding off during my candy search. But after glancing at that incredibly convenient mirror, I was delighted to see my body was still that of a latex creature. I spent the next little while testing my new body, and found it quite to my liking. I could stand upright, and despite my animalistic shape I still retained a semi-normal human stance. The spikes weren't even that bothersome. In fact, despite how

solid they were, they flexed to the side bit when I leaned against a wall while retaining their shape. I tested my new body, and learned I had complete control over my tail. I also realized the fog that had overtaken my brain earlier was gone; I assumed my brain had become latex, or it simply left it alone after the transformation was done. I really wasn't interested in finding out the answer to that, though. I stripped myself of my old bodysuit, and after a fashion I was able to slip it on as a pair of shorts I could wear without a problem. As much as I loved my new body, I felt the need to keep my dignity.

After all of the testing I snooped around the warehouse, and came across the very vat I had spilled earlier. It was sitting upright, and the lid covered it. I removed the lid, and saw it filled to the brim with liquid latex. Oh, how it gave off such a brilliant sheen. I smiled, and whispered a 'thank you' to the liquid. I think it said 'you're welcome,' but it could have just been my imagination.

Even if I was a victim of curiosity, and even if I was branded by the goo, I am happy with this change. So, here is my plea. Will you help me find others who fell victim to the liquid latex... and will you help me find the next victim? I've been here for a few weeks now, scrounging for food (I finally found the candy), and I'm just lonely. I have the goo all ready for whoever comes next, and I guarantee you it will leave you wanting more.