

Gazelle Gala

Life can change so fast for so many. Mei is no exception. A light skinned female human with black hair, dazzling blue eyes. She dresses conservatively but deep down she hides things she really enjoys. She sits in your room, a stack of books nearby, papers, notes, a mountain of classwork she's hammering her way through. She plays soothing relaxing music in her pink cat ear headphones. She takes a sip of some nice green tea, looking at a calendar that has a date that is only two weeks away, circles in red markers "Freedom!"

"I'm almost there," she says with encouragement.

Her roommates call out from down the hall, "Mei, do you want to go out with us tonight?"

She pulls back her headphone and responds in a soft delicate voice, "Maybe once I get this paper done."

One of the roommates responds with a sigh, "You always say that. You need to let loose and have fun."

"I will. Go out ahead of me. I'll catch up."

"Sure, sure," she responds, leaving her back to her studies.

Some time passes as she finishes typing on the computer, "There and done. Let's see... I have my projects finished. Did my studies, and my two final papers are done. All I need to do is edit them but that has to wait a few days. I think I am... done for the night?" she asks with a hint of uncertainty. She looks over at the time, a smile creeps across her face, "I bet they will be surprised to see me." She stretches her modest breasts shifting under her white shirt when a knock on the door causes her to jump.

"H-hello?" she calls out, heading toward the door in the living room. She hears no response as she moves forward, "Who could have that have been? At this hour? Did the others forget their keys again?" she wonders, peeking through the peephole, seeing no one, "Strange..." She feels a tingle run down her spine, nervous jitters getting her, "It could be like those movies, I shouldn't open the door..."

She locks the door chain, "That will protect me," she says, cracking the door open, looking around, "Hello?" she calls out, catching a simple brown box on the floor, "A delivery?" she cocks her head to the side, curious squinting her eyes to see what's written on the top. "Damn too far away." She takes a moment to listen and try to see if anyone is nearby and after a few minutes she removes the chain door stop, grabs the box and whisks it into the room with a heavy pant.

"Nothing happened..." she sighs in relief, taking a moment to read the package's label, "It's addressed to me..." She opens the package, seeing a handwritten note, "Join us at the Gazelle Gala. Enclosed is your suit. Feel free to enjoy it before making your decision. Hope to see you there."

A tingle of delight travels up her spine, making her shiver, "Gazelles?" she blushes a bit, "I never told anyone about that..." She lifts the divider within the box and her heart skips a beat.

There is a glistening bright orange latex. Her delicate fingers run across the smooth surface, “How...” Her excitement grows as she pulls the rubber out of the box, revealing the whites and black of the female gazelle suit.

The latex aroma tingles her senses, the shine, the smooth feel, she pulls it up against her body, her sex growing warm as a hint of arousal builds within her. She looks at the suit pieces, the black hoofed fingers, the rubber hoof feet, the gazelle head piece, with the oval shaped ears. It was all what she wanted. It enthralled her deepest desires, to the point that she tossed away reason, taking the suit back to her room, closing the door and locking it, “I can catch up with the girls later. They don’t expect me to show up anyway,” she huffs, rubbing the latex together, listening to it squeak.

“Whoever did this, thank you,” she thinks, placing the suit on the bed stripping herself naked, revealing her smooth body, soft tender skin, pink pert nipples. The cool air around her added to her growing desire to just slip the suit on, “Wait... if this fits me does that mean someone has been...” she swallows a lump in her throat, looking to the window, closing the blinds, “Just to be safe.”

She feels along the smooth rubber, the cool latex just screams for her to slip it on. She lays it across her body, unzipping the back, seeing the bright orange rubber insides, “Best not to waste a wonderful gift,” she giggles, slipping her feet into the rubber. She shudders and moans, feeling the temperature difference as the latex caresses her body. She fills out the rubber which grows ever tighter around her skin.

She gently strokes the rubber, pulling and tugging it along so her feet may sink in deeper. Her breathing grows heavier as more of her human body disappears under orange, black and white. The rubber crinkles and squeaks as she pulls it smooth, feeling the sting as the latex snaps against her skin, “Ahh,” she moans out, as her sex grows hotter, the arousal beginning to bubble within her.

She pulls and tugs it up against her inner thigh, standing up to pull the rubber around her pert rump. The latex caresses her butt, matching the contours of her form while the little tail in the back presses up against her tail bone, squeaking loudly when she sits back down. She spends a moment rubbing and smoothing the rubber along her thighs, pressing the latex against her sex, shuddering as the rubber pushes up into her hungry vagina, “Hmm, I love this so much,” she moans, slipping her arms into the suit, starting to pull more of it across her body.

Air rushes around her as the suit moves across her body. Her breasts fit within the contours of the suit, filling out the front with supple handful sized mounds. The more rubber that she comes into contact the higher her arousal grows. She pulls and rubs the latex smooth around her arms, her fingers slipping into black hoofed finger gloves. She flexes her fingers, hearing the latex squeak, bend and stretch around her body.

The suit makes its way across her shoulders. She pushes her shoulders back, breasts out the rubber squeezing her even more as the latex rests along her back. She uses her extreme flexibility to grab the zipper, pulling it up, further stretching and pulling the suit across her body. The tight grip grows even tighter, touching every centimeter of her body. She swallows a lump

that forms in her throat, holding back another moan as she is driven to encase every bit of her human flesh under the gazelle rubber.

“This feels amazing,” she moans, stretching and enjoying every bit of the rubber sliding across her skin. She cups her breasts, feeling the rubber slip under them to cover every bit. The perk nipples showing through the front. She can’t help but rub along the front, squeezing and caressing her nipples, giving a gentle teasing pinch. She quivers in delight, rubbing her legs together with a loud squeak, the desire and urges to touch her rubber clad body grows with each passing moment, but there is more. The rubber gazelle hood lays beside her. It’s muzzle with its gentle smile, its eyeless gaze, begging for her to fill it, and make the two parts of the suit whole.

She grabs the head, feeling the rubber shift around her body as she stares into it, “How could I say no to such a cute face,” she says with a huff, her cheeks turning pink as she gives it a little smooch on the snout. She opens the hood, slipping it around her head in a single go, pushing her hair within, to hide every bit of herself. The rubber creaks around her, squeaking loudly as her senses are blissfully overwhelmed by the gazelle suit.

Her arousal burns with ever greater delight as she adjusts the head piece around her. The rubber jiggles around her face, the black rubber horns just from the head, which she gently caresses as she gets a new idea of her facial features. The rubber muzzle now in her field of view as every part of her feels better than the moment before. She slips a few rubber digits into her mouth, gently suckling the fingers with a soft render moan. The sweet sensation of latex on her tongue pushes her deeper into a sense of euphoria.

Another deep passionate moan her nostrils flare as she cups one of her breasts, squeezing it as the friction of the latex makes her fingers jump across her body with little snaps of rubber across her skin that makes her tingle.

She wiggles and squirms on the bed, rubbing her legs together as the pleasure reaches to new heights. She wants to feel it all, desire it all. She pops her wet fingers out of her mouth, only to caress her folds down below. She pushes the latex into her body, making the crevice all the more visible. Her fingers push in a few centimeters. Her sex clenches onto the protruding digits, the rubber feeling tighter and tighter around her body. She bucks her hips sinking deeper into the latex abyss of delight. And the further she sinks the deeper her fingers slide into her body. The rubber stretches along her skin, becoming so intertwined with her body that she starts to lose track of where she ends, and the suit begins.

Her fingers push in deeper, deeper, another digit, caressing her folds, stoking the fire that burns within her as she pleasures herself. Unable to hold back her other hand feels up along her body, gripping the bed sheets, moaning loudly when her other fingers hit the spot to make her melt into the rubber. With each passing moment each part of her body feels more sensitive, more attune to the gazelle suit.

The latex squeezes and molds her feet. Her human features fade, becoming ever more gazelle-like in appearance. A slow steady transformation takes place as her hoofed feet take shape. Mei is too lost in her lust to take notice. She lets out a soft bleat of delight. Her ears

twitch and move as she hears the latex with a greater clarity. The tight rubber blurs the line between human skin and rubber gazelle to the point there is no line at all.

Another finger slips into her sex, pumping her sensitive fold as they become slick and rubbery with her hot juices. She squirms and wiggles on the bed like a worm, the sensations of the moment feeling better than anything she could have dreamed of. Moments of pure bliss given to herself and guided by her wonderful fingers.

A gentle squeeze, a tender stroke, her fingers curl, her hooves rub up against one another as she bucks against her fingers, wanting to edge out higher pleasure, higher bliss. The pressure within her loins grows with each rub. She pinches her nipples, giving her breast a loud squeaky squeeze.

With closed eyes she sinks into the moment, ready to give herself in completely to the feel and sensation of the rubber. Her tail wiggles happily as the transformation is nearing its completion, and then she lets out a loud honk as she hits her climax. Her hot juices gush out of her tight wanting vent, coating her fingers and crotch with her own essence. She pants and moans, lingering in the warm afterglow of her heightened climax.

The cool air of the room washes over her, soothing her new aching body. Slowly, steadily she comes back to her senses, enjoying the soft silky bed sheets against her smooth rubbery skin that feels so natural that she barely registers that any chance has occurred, "That was amazing," she says with a soft moan sitting up, "But now I need to get ready," she adds, recalling what the note said, the invitation. For some reason she couldn't put a hoof on it, Mei had to go. She had to get ready to be there. The thought of going fills her mind with delight and eagerness to the point that her little tail wags excitedly.

She heads to the bathroom, her hooves clip clopping on the floor, her thighs squeak as they rub against each other. She looks into the mirror, seeing her gazelle face, the black, white and orange markings. Her ears twitch as she gets lost in her blue eyes, "I am looking wonderful. I can't believe I haven't noticed it before," she says with a little giggle, running her fingers across her body, giving her breasts another tender squeeze, "Hmm, yes, but I need to get to the others..." She tilts her head, "Others?" The strange thought that something was off brushed the side before it could take root.

The rubber gazelle steps into the shower, enjoying the warmth of the water hitting her skin, washing away her earlier fun, but already making her feel so good and aroused. As her skin squeaks loudly as she washes her form, she caresses and massages her breasts once again. She leans against the wall, panting, moaning, giving her crotch a gentle rub, "Fuck I feel so good."

Her lust returns with a vengeance as she slips her fingers into her hot wanting vent. Her new body can't get enough of her gazelle form, it's everything she's ever wanted, why should she not give into the delight of it? The splashing water across her face and body, feeling each droplet crash into her, hitting her sensitive skin, making her shudder in ever growing need.

"Hmm, yes, yes, yes," she moans, rubbing herself harder, faster, barely able to keep herself up as she slips in her thick hoofed digits, "Just a bit more, just a bit more," she moans, her

tail wiggling in delight. Once again, she finds herself sinking into the abyss, losing something along the way, but she cared not what it was. All she knew was this feels wonderful and why stop?

Another climax rocks her body, this time her female juices are washed away as they squirt out of her. She pants heavily, pulling her fingers out of her hungry sex, giving the digits a little lick, getting a hint of the flavor as the water washed most of it away, but even that little bit was like sweet nectar honey on her lips. The desire for more grew the need to be with others of her kind. She couldn't explain it, she had to go, she had to be where she needed to be. Instinct drives her like a migratory animal, she has to get ready, she has to go.

She dries herself off, enjoying the tingling sensation of the fibers against her smooth rubber skin. The squeaks already sound so natural the delicate smoothness of her latex, so normal, she could scarcely think of how she could have lived without being such a lovely rubber gazelle. She slips on a coat that covers just her upper torso, her heart racing at the idea of leaving the safety of her home without others like her around, but she had to go. She must go, but where? She shifts on her hooves, "Where am I to go? Where is this, Gazelle Gala?" she asks herself when her ear twitches and rises up, "Wai the invitation, maybe it's there!"

She rushes to the box, the invitation right beside it. Text that she doesn't recall being there before, gives the directions of how to get to the Gazelle gala. Her tail wiggles with delight, "It's not too far. Just a simple bus ride and I'll be there," she bleats.

Mei finds new confidence to go into the wilds, half naked, with only a single neko-themed coat around her upper body. She tentatively steps out of her apartment, hears raised, twitching, moving, ready to catch any noise that she may not like, but the drive to be where she needs to be far outstripped any fear she possesses.

She moves past humans who look at her with curiosity and surprise, but she ignores them, getting to the bus stop, the invitation in her pocket. She pulls it out, reading the note, giving her solace that she's going to where she needs to be, "*I just need to get there. Get to my herd, where I will be safe and welcomed,*" she thinks, her mind and body sinking further into the gazelle mind set.

She's constantly on the lookout for predators, when the bus comes and hisses with the air brakes to a stop she jumps. Her breasts jiggle as she curls up into her coat, stepping onto the bus, avoiding eye contact, as the bus driver says, "Nice costume."

"Thanks," she softly says, sinking into the back of the bus, checking who else is there, who could be a predator. The cool air tingles her body as she rubs her legs together. Her black hoofed fingers drum against her thigh, waiting patiently, eagerly for her stop to come up. The closer she got, the faster her heart raced. Excitement? Fear? It's hard to tell which or if its both.

The humans eyeing her, muttering something about how someone could wear a suit like that in public. Where are her pants? She listens only to brush off those that her herbivore mind deems not to be a threat.

Then the stop comes, the one at Savannah Lane, "I'm almost there!" Her tail wags, she skips off the bus, hopping her way over to the location. A massive yet unassuming building

awaits her. The glimmering glow of the lights make it stand out like a beacon in the night. Yet, she feels nervous, "*Is this the right place?*" she pushes the thought from her mind, going up to the door that has gazelle symbology engraved in gold on the front. The door knocker is of a gazelle head. She knocks.

The door creaks open, the light blinding Mei for just a moment but when her vision clears, she sees a sleek naked male gazelle at the door, "Greetings. Are you here for the Gazelle Gala?" she asks in a sweet soothing voice.

She instantly feels better, her tail wagging, she honks happily, "I am!"

The male gazelle's larger rubber horns catch her attention for a moment, but his smile draws her in deeper, "Invitation please."

She scrambles, digging through her pockets, "Oh, it's right here, sorry about that," she says with an apologetic bow, handing it to him.

He grabs it, taking a quick look over, "A new member. How wonderful, please come in, enjoy yourself, and welcome to the herd," he says, stepping to the side.

Mei walks in, the aroma of latex fills the air, with a hint of something else, like fresh open nature air of the savannah. Inside she is greeted by dozens if not over a hundred rubber gazelles just like herself, "Ah, where do I put my coat?"

"I'll take that, you won't be needing it anymore, ever again," says the male gazelle.

The idea of never needing clothes again fills her with delight. The nervous jitters she had getting here melt away as she feels safe and secure with those of her own kind. She steps into the large ballroom where gazelles mingle about, one in particular a lovely female gazelle with the same colors just subtle different patterns. Something about her makes the former human feel content, comfortable.

The female gazelle says to Mei, "You made it. I'm pleased you could come; I was worried if the package would reach you in time."

The woman's lovely voice drew her in closer, "D-do I know you?"

"Not yet, my name is Yumie, it's a pleasure to meet the newest member of the herd," she says, giving a little bow greeting.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Yumie. I'm just... everything happened so fast, I am a bit surprised by it all," she says, blushing a bit, the other gazelle moving so close to her, that their breasts touch.

"I know, it takes a moment to get used to, but you are with your own kind now. Safe and secure."

Mei's tail wags, "That sounds lovely," she bleats leaning against the fellow gazelle, "But why me? And what is this place?"

"Why not you Mei? You were meant to join us."

She blushes more, "I suppose so."

"You're a rubber gazelle now, and to answer your question. This is one of our many safe houses for us gazelles to gather and enjoy each other's company. But tonight's Gazelle Gala is to celebrate a wonderful gazelle's birthday. A very special gazelle who without her, none of this

would have been possible,” she explains, gently placing a hand on Mei’s back, guiding her forward.

“W-who is that?” she asks nervously, unsure if she’s ready to meet such an important person that all these rubber gazelles are here to celebrate.

“A good friend of mine that got me started on my own gazelle exploration, enjoyment and delights,” she says, gently rubbing Mei’s back with a soft ender squeak.

“She sounds absolutely lovely,” she bleats.

Yumie giggles, “She is absolutely wonderful,” she leans in close, “And better yet, you are her birthday gift,” she says, giving Mei’s butt a playful squeaky squeeze.

“I’m the gift? But I’m just me,” she says, feeling herself blush.

“A new rubber gazelle is a gift to all, but especially to her, my dearest friend Yukie,” explains, bringing her to a gazelle that stands out above the rest. Her light blue fur, white creamy skin with red markings and long silver hair.

Mei is drawn to the gazelle as she walks in front of her, “H-hello, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” she stammers, giving a bow.

Yumie smiled, “Yukie, this is Mei, the newest gazelle to have our herd.”

Yukie giggles, “No need to be so formal. We are all gazelles here, and I am just pleased you could join us,” she says in a sweet alluring voice, her red eyes drawing the newest gazelle to her.

Mei pants, feeling delight surge through her, her mind sinking into this new life ever faster, “Thank you for having me... and happy birthday Yukie,” she says with a soft bleat.

The blue gazelle reaches out her hand, “Thank you. For now, why don’t you relax and dance with me.”

Mei tentatively takes the gazelle’s hand, enjoying the soft fur against her rubber skin, “I would be honored,” she replies, moving in close, placing her hand on the gazelle’s hip as she does the same, the two starting a nice slow dance.

“The honor is mine. I love when new gazelle’s join the herd,” she says, staring into the gazelle’s eyes, drawing her deeper into the loving trance that brought her here.

With each step Mei sinks deeper into the collective herd. Thinking less and less of her human life, embracing the gazelle herd that surrounds her. Her soft body squeaks with the movements, breasts pressing up against her newest friend. The two gazelles dance naked as if it was completely natural, normal and to her it now was.

Yumie smiles, loving how her friend enjoys her little gift, to her dear friend. After all, once part of the herd, you’re always here. A sweet, lovely latex gazelle, forever and ever.