Timber let out a huff as he sat there on the street in the light of the streetlamp, looking at the road construction that had taken up most of the hill. While the male deer had known for some time that they were going to take out the bridge to the park that he normally ran at he didn’t expect it to be so soon. He had been using the paths and the connected beach in order to train for the Iron Stag run, needing the hills and varied terrain to help practice, and had hoped that the construction crews that were setting up would take their usual sweet time before fixing anything. Apparently this project was fast tracked as the only thing that stood between him and the other side of the river bank was a few chunks of broken concrete support pillars.

“Well that’s a kick in the teeth,” Timber muttered to himself as he looked further down the street. There was another bridge but it was about two miles away and where it came out meant that he had to continue to dodge traffic for a few blocks at night before he even made it to the park, and even then he wouldn’t be at the right side where all the running paths were located. “They couldn’t have done this after a month?”

While Timber wasn’t sure how long would be out he knew that it would likely be longer than he cared for, which meant he was going to have to find a new place to train. He started to walk back to his apartment in order to look online for places to find where he could do a decent workout. But as he walked along the bank of a river he came across something that caused him to pause, looking at a dirt path that lead into the woods that bordered the other side of river. He had always passed by this place but never really took notice of it since he knew the paths in the park far better and didn’t feel like getting lost in the woods even if it was close to his place.

The path that led up the hill further into the woods was completely clear, and when Timber got all the way up he saw the reason why he was alone. A large chain-link fence had been constructed not only across the entire road but also stretching through the woods itself. He remembered that when he passed by the forest preserve that he could also see a fence that was on the top of the rather steep hill that bordered the street. Deciding to investigate he saw that there were a number of old signs stating that there was federally protected wildlife within the borders of this fence and that trespassing was strictly forbidden and enforced by a regulating agency that Timber had never heard of in his entire life.

It was clear that this fence was put up a very, very long time ago though as rust and decay had eaten through the protected metal, including the lock and chain that secured the gate. When the deer gave it an experimental tug it practically disintegrated in his hands, allowing it to swing free once released. When Timber peaked his head on the other side, despite being able to see through it, he didn’t see any security cameras or any other indicator that this security had been upgraded in a very, very long time. After waiting a few minutes to see if police or black helicopters would come down on him for breaking the seal of the gate he slid his way in and shut the gate behind him as best he could.

“Hopefully at least they have satellite imagery of this place,” Timber said to himself as he grabbed his phone and turned it on, using his hand to shield the light of his screen from being projected to the entire area as he brought up an overhead view of the entire forest reserve. “Huh… they got roads carved into this entire area, kind of strange for an area they’re trying to keep as natural as possible. Probably should keep to the walking paths, looks like there are quite a few that I could make use of here and it would be nice to be able to run completely alone for once.”

Once Timber had overlaid the map data over his own GPS he put in his ear buds, frowning as he saw the time on his phone while programming his music. Even with the fact that this was closer to his house than the park he should have started training for the Iron Stag at least ten minutes ago, the bridge debacle putting him behind on his usual schedule. But this was a chance for him to try and set a better pace and make it up, he thought to himself as he finished up and slid the phone into the clear plastic sleeve on his forearm. Once he was finished with everything he pressed the start button on his timer and began his run through the park.

As the minutes passed everything melted away from Timber except his focus on the task at hand, attempting to get into the zone so that he could push his body even further than before. He focused on everything from his pace to his breathing to make sure that it was maximized to get him the distance that was required for the Iron Stag. Though he maintained constant mental vigilance to keep him on the task at hand he couldn’t help the occasional thought of crossing that finish line while the crowds cheered him on. He could almost taste the win already, which would not only give him the victory and prestige that he wanted but also give him a chance to move on to bigger and better things.

Unfortunately he was so focused on everything internally he failed to see that the road he had been using had suddenly ended, the deer letting out a cry as he suddenly found himself toppling head over heels in the soft dirt down a particularly steep decline. There was nothing that Timber could do except try and control the roll as much as possible and avoid trees or other debris until he reached the bottom. It appeared luck was on his side in that regard as he finally tumbled to the bottom and had a small avalanche of the dirt fall on top of him. Once he realized he had stopped he stood up, brushing as much of the loose soil off him as he could while he tried to get his bearings once again.

“The hell…” the deer groaned as he tried to get to his feet, though trying to get his footing was like trying to climb up a pile of loose sand as he stared at where he fell. Looking up he could see that severe erosion had taken out most of the path he had been running on with some of the concrete still hovering there over the edge. When he looked down at the dirt that had washed out from under it his anger turned to confusion at the pale pink earth. It looked… barren, like sand but not as grainy as he picked up the extremely light particles and it felt like he was holding a pile of slightly heavier dust.

It was at that point he turned around, his eyes widening as he saw that he was in some sort of sinkhole full of the stuff. All around the lip of the makeshift crater was the forest but once it crossed a certain point it turned into nothing but the strange soil. “Well this isn’t strange or terrifying in the least,” Timber muttered to himself as he turned to try and pull himself out, only to get a face full of dirt and short slide back to the lip of the crevice. “And I’m stuck here… perfect.”

Timber quickly remembered that he had his phone and thanked his lucky stars that he had not only the protective sleeve on his forearm but also another case on the phone itself. When he made sure there was nothing around the sleeve he pulled out his phone and found that it hadn’t been cracked or damaged in the fall, but when he tried to make a call he found the device not working right. The screen continued to flicker and shudder and though it seemed to respond to his touching it didn’t do what he wanted. It was like there was something interfering with the way it worked, but at the moment he had bigger problems he turned off the phone to try and conserve the battery before looking back at the sinkhole he was in.

It looked like the dust effect that had caused him to tumble in the first place was the same everywhere, though as he continued to look he recognized that it was forming in a perfect circle. While he wasn’t very knowledgeable on the environment he knew enough that things don’t form like that in nature. With no reasonable means of escape at the moment the deer decided to try and maybe see if he could figure out what caused it. Maybe it was some sort of secret government conspiracy, he thought to himself as he began to move to the center of the circle, and at this point he’d rather get swept up by those black helicopters than starve to death in a pit.

The closer that Timber got the center the more he began to sink into the dust-like dirt. When he got to the middle of the crater it was practically up to his waist, the deer keeping his arms hovering over the surface as he moved forward. Just as he got close to the epicenter though he found the rock that he had bene standing on sharply slope back upwards until it hardly covered the bottom of his sneakers. The small plateau he found himself standing on was about the size of a large raft and when he got to the middle of that the sound his shoes made went from the dull thud of stone to the clunk of metal underneath.

“No way…” the stag thought as he got down on his knees to brush the thick layer of dust from whatever he had just stepped on. “If this is some sort of government conspiracy thing Gambit is going to freak. I hope its alien, people pay top dollar for alien.”

As Timber continued to brush away the dust he failed to notice something bulging up the loose dirt around his legs. The alien creature that had crashed here so long ago had been trapped for so long, subsisting only on the nutrients that it could leech from its surrounding area as the centuries had passed. When the others like the one that was currently disturbed its ship it thought that it finally had an opportunity to escape, but whether due to being over-cautious or not quite yet knowing of its existence they had completely missed getting close to it and it was once more alone. Now that there was a sentient creature close enough to its ship it could finally do what it had been meaning to do all this time…

Assimilate.

In its natural form the alien looked no more like a slug, though the unnatural sheen on its body would have made some wonder if it was made out of latex or rubber. That would soon change though as it made its way to its new host, ready to dominate and claim the planet. At this moment though the creature had no idea about what the sentient race of this place was or what their technological level was, but all that knowledge was sitting and waiting in the head of the preoccupied creature as it slowly and methodically began to climb up its fur. The process was slow but the alien knew patience, the less aware the creature was the more likely it would be too late by the time it had infested them.

With the dust all around Timber was still oblivious to the creature’s existence as he finally got the object clean enough to inspect. His excitement turned to slight dismay when he saw the partially smashed circular object embedded in the stone. Though the metal looked strange it just looked like a small satellite, the deer sighing as he guessed that it probably crash landed in the nature preserve and turned the area around it to dust in the impact. When he stood up the latex slug had managed to hitch a ride on his thigh, slowly disappearing up the leg of the deer’s shorts.

As Timber felt the fabric move against his bare thigh he looked back to see what was there, only to find nothing but extremely dusty shorts and fur there. He continued to look for a second just to make sure his eyes weren’t deceiving him, then began to look around to see from this vantage point that there was some way to pull himself out of this pit. When he began to walk once more to an area of the forest the alien creature in his shorts took advantage of the movement to continue to make his way up, finding his way between the legs briefly before the deer shook slightly in pleasure and the alien deemed that area too risky to move. By the time Timber got to the edge of the wooded area the latex slug and settled between the furry globes of the deer’s rear, finding a place where it could enter the creature’s body.

Though the stag had begun to feel some semblance of discomfort he had chalked it up to the amount of dust that was clinging to his body as he slowly made his way up the side of the crater. He carefully picked his way up the slope as far as he could until the dirt began to shift once more underneath his feet, but as he did he saw something that gave him hope. The erosion of the soil underneath the trees had caused the heavy roots that anchored them to the ground to be exposed, which possibly gave him a chance to climb his way out. After some very careful searching to make sure that he didn’t tumble back down the hill he found one that looked like it would lead all the way back up.

“Hopefully I don’t pull a tree down on top of me,” he grumbled as he began to climb, feeling the root give slightly but still hold his weight. With all his effort being used to make his way up the latex alien found it to be the most advantageous time to make its invasion. The tip of the rubber creature slowly began to insert itself into the puckered hole, not just pushing his way inside but also assimilating the flesh in order to simultaneously further its invasion and learn more about the creature. Already a wealth of physiological knowledge was being absorbed by the alien being as it continued to take advantage of the deer’s distracted state.

Timber took a second to stop as he was halfway up the root, his salvation hanging just a few feet above his head when he began to feel something strange. At first he thought that he had just given himself a wedgie and adjusted his shorts, only to have the feeling progress. It was then that his mind began to wander towards the worst possible scenario and that he would have to change himself, but the more he focused on it the more that didn’t seem right. As the sensation grew stronger it gave him a mental picture similar to if he had another male taking his tailhole, a thought that caused him to blush slightly from arousal.

The deer quickly shook his head to try and refocus himself and once more steeled his resolve, trying not to let the temporary lewdness to get the best of him. His muscles strained with exertion as he continued to climb the now nearly vertical slope of the crater. As he got close to the lip he was thankful that he worked out as his feet finally could no longer brace on the side of the hill and he found himself free-hanging from the vine. Just as he was about to reach out and try and grab a vine a little closer to the edge though a sudden jolt of pleasure nearly caused him to slip and fall all the way back down as he swung back and forth with a noticeable erection in his pants.

From what the alien creature had just experienced empathically it knew not to stimulate the spot that it had just found, at least not while the creature it was trying to assimilate seemed to be in some sort of danger. It appeared from the response that these sentient beings responded to such stimuli in a favorable way, tasting the rush of chemicals flowing through the creature’s body as it continued to spread. While the rubber alien wasn’t sure what to do with that information quite yet it knew that it hadn’t gotten close to the information center of the creature’s mind, which was where it needed to go next…

Finally with a loud grunt Timber pulled himself over the edge of the crater and back onto solid grunt, the dust and sweat-stained deer stumbling forward a few feet before collapsing to the ground to ensure that he didn’t accidently tumble back over or that the ground didn’t give way. Though he was thankful that he was no longer trapped as the adrenaline of the situation began to wear off he noticed something unusual that had happened while he was just about to finish climbing. His erection strained the front of his shorts, and with the combination of dust and the knowledge that no one would be around he took them off to finally see what was going on down there.

“Maybe danger makes me horny,” Timber thought with a smirk as he reached down to give the rather thick member a squeeze, only to have the unexpected jolt of pleasure nearly knock him back. Had he been standing it was likely that he would have fallen to his knees from the sheer amount of pleasure that came from just squeezing it. He didn’t know what was in that dust but already he could start to feel himself pant as he couldn’t help but stroke himself.

Though he never considered himself an exhibitionist this was something on another level as he already started to pant. In the darkness of the forest his cock looked… bigger, not to mention darker from the shadows of the trees as his hand began to slide up and down it. He totally let himself cut loose, partially because he had just survived being trapped in a place where he could have been in real trouble and mostly because it just really felt good. Plus he wasn’t sure that he would have been able to keep running with his erection bobbing freely in his rather loose jogging shorts.

The alien creature could feel the rising in certain chemicals in the creature’s body, which made him wonder just what was happening outside of where he was. Was it a possible reaction to the assimilation process, it mused as it surged forth through the deer’s body. The creature wasn’t in any type of danger, at least not what it could read, and it was a similar sensation to when it poked the curious mass as it pushed inside. It decided that now was the time to make its move, knowing that all its questions would be answered once it reached its mind as it decided to help keep the creature distracted.

Meanwhile Timber had begun to writhe on the ground from the amount of pleasure that he was receiving, his other hand drifting down between his legs to give himself a little extra stimulation. When he began to push his fingers inside himself he found two things that caused his eyes to widen, the first was that the digits went in far too easily and the second was that it felt like it had somehow been lubricated. When he brought his hand back up to his face he was surprised to find that it was covered with a shiny, black liquid. While he was glad that it wasn’t what he thought it had been the fact that it looked like he was leaking liquid latex was extremely disconcerting.

The shock of what he saw had also caused him to stop stroking himself, feeling the pleasure subside as he began to wonder what was happening to him. With the need to masturbate falling to the background he began to realize that something strange was going on with his body. In the darkness of the woods though there was nothing that he could see, but with the moon being out and the sky being relatively cloudless he knew that if he could just get to a clearing he might get a better sight for what’s going on.

His legs felt like he had just ran through his entire workout as he slowly stood up, his erection still bobbing back and forth as he started to move forward. HIs running shorts were left where he had dropped them as his other hand went up to his chest, stroking his muscular abs and chest as a way to soothe himself while he moved. As he continued to reach the clearing though he started to feel a slight... squishing under his fur, like he had somehow gained a layer of fat while he was down in the crater. When his hand paused against his stomach his eyes widened in shock and horror as he felt the fur under his hand bulged with movement underneath it.

The alien creature was continuing his trek upwards when he felt pressure against his body, followed by a flood of chemicals he had interpreted as panic. The deer must have realized that he had been infested by an alien parasite and that kicked his movement into overdrive. It had been using the rather inefficient organ system to try and remain incognito but it had been assimilating them as it went, and with its intrusion discovered it opted for a more direct path. One fortunate thing was with the deer’s panic its nervous system was firing like crazy and provided a more direct road map.

As Timber continued to run the weakness he felt in his legs increased tenfold, to the point where he felt himself stagger before he reached the tree line. The half-naked stag began to lose feeling in his feet and hands the longer he ran and that was when he could feel it, something pushing its way up his back around his spinal cord. Though he couldn’t see it he could only imagine whatever it was slithering up and causing a lump in the middle of his back as his body was flooded with even more pleasure. Just as he got back onto the concrete path he finally couldn’t do it anymore and fell to all fours.

“Help!” Timber shouted, his voice echoed as he struggled to turn himself over as the strength was draining from his arms. “Someone help me! Anyone!”

Though he wasn’t sure if his voice carried his cries for help were cut short when he finally rolled himself over and saw why he couldn’t feel his legs anymore. The only thing left of the legs that he had been conditioning for months were shiny black stumps that were melting into a growing puddle underneath it. His fur was gone all the way up to his abdomen and as he watched his shiny black cock continued to throb and spurt corrupted cum before it lost its consistency as well. His eyes widened and he would have screamed but his breath caught in his lungs and as he felt something start to push towards his neck more of that strange substance began to leak out of his muzzle.

The alien parasite could sense that the assimilation of the physical form was going well, already it had felt that he had absorbed most of the organs and prevented the deer from being able to run. The more it could keep its newly assimilated alien flesh together the better. Once more the strangest sensations came from the sensitive flesh that appeared to be for reproduction, though physical stimulai to reproduce wasn’t an uncommon trait. It would learn more soon though as it’s scout tendrils finally touched the electrical activity of the creature’s brain.

What remained of Timber’s body froze as he felt something push its way up into his skull, his hand reaching up in a desperate last attempt to stop whatever was bulging out the fur of his neck. More of the black liquid dribbled out of the stag’s mouth and now his nostrils as the parasitic creature moved upwards, the deer feeling a pressure in his brain before his hand dropped back down to the ground. When it did his wrist bent all the way backwards as the tips of his fingers turned black, becoming more of the fluid that was now up towards his chest as well.

Timber’s pupils completely dilated as he began to feel something pushing its way not only into his brain, but into his very thoughts. It was like someone was probing into every recess of his mind and as more of the black alien goo leaked out of his ears and eyes. Then there was the pleasure, the all-encompassing desire that would have made him masturbate furiously if his body hadn’t turned to goo all the way up to his chest. When he instinctively raised up his hands he found that he no longer had any, rivulets of black rubber cascading down his arms that seemed to hasten the melting process.

The alien parasite was extremely pleased with the wealth of knowledge that he was gaining from the first sentient being that he had finally infested, both the mental and physical assimilation progressing along nicely. It learned that this creature did reproduce sexually but they also had some form of non-reproductive stimulation where, at least in this case, the male prefers copulating with the same sex rather than do anything with the opposite species. When he absorbed that information he found himself adopting that position as well... it really didn’t matter much to him anyway as he adopted more of Timber’s mind.

The light of the moon was the last thing that Timber saw before his eyes turned completely black, more of the black ooze pouring out of his mouth as the black veins that had been spreading over his head continued to engulf him until all that was left was a shiny rubber deer head. Soon that sank down into the puddle of shiny black goo as well, the muzzle and tongue of the stag the last thing to remain before that too disappeared. Soon the only thing that remained of the deer was smoothed out into a puddle of alien liquid, the surface still as glass as the minutes passed until ripples began to pulsate out from the middle of it...