

Unexpected Results

A researcher tries some self-experimentation. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

Elizabeth held the vial in front of her, staring intensely as she swirled it. The thick, pearlescent black goo within sloshed around like a thick batter, before sliding back down the side of the tube when she stopped and reforming into a single, shiny blob, as if despite its thickness it was unable to get a grip on the glass sides. She tilted her head in thought as she ran her thumb over the stopper, pondering.

“Hmmm... Only one way to find out.” She said to herself with a smirk.

Liz carefully set the vial into a rack of identical tubes sitting on her desk with a soft clink, before sitting down in the office chair behind it. Hurriedly unbuttoning her lab coat, she slipped it over her shoulders, before hanging it off the back of the chair. Reaching down, she slipped off her plain navy flats, placing her socks inside before pushing them out of the way under the desk. She looked about the empty lab nervously, blushing in the cool air as thoughts of someone walking in on her crept in.

Taking a deep breath, she reminded herself that it was after-hours just ahead of a long weekend. No one was going to come in unplanned to do extra work *now*. She was going to have the place to herself until Tuesday morning. She glanced both ways before pulling her shirt over her head, followed by sliding off her tan slacks, folding each item and stacking them on the corner of her desk.

Planting her feet on the cold tile floor Liz slowly stood up, shivering slightly in the cold lab air as she carefully lifted the vial she had swirled earlier from the rack. She ran her finger over the stopper one last time, feeling the butterflies at what she was about to do.

“Well... here goes nothing,” she announced to herself, uncorking the vial with an audible *pop* that echoed slightly in the empty lab, her hand quivering slightly as she emptied the contents onto her exposed midriff.

The pearlescent black goo inside oozed out of the tube surprisingly quickly, leaving not so much as a drop stuck to the edge of the tube as it poured out onto her with a wet *splat*, spreading out over her belly. Staring blankly for a moment, she watched it flow out and down... and *upwards*. It was working!

“Eeeee! Success!” Liz squealed to herself, bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet.

The feeling of the shiny, dark substance continuing to spread in all directions pulled her back to the experiment at hand, reminding her it was far from over. She felt a throb and a swelling in her

panties at the thought of what was to come next, and quickly set the empty vial back into the rack.

She reached down to slip her panties off, intending to rub out one last load from her cock before the goo covered it, only to find herself distracted by a feeling of dampness at the bottom of her breasts. She ran her hands over her plum-colored cotton bra, passing over nipples that were still stiff from the cool lab air to find the goo soaking into the bottom edge of the bra. She quickly pulled her hands away in confusion, but not before the rubber managed to ooze between her pinkie and ring finger.

“Wait, it’s not supposed to interact with clothing...”

Liz stared down at the upper edge of the spreading goo in confusion, raising an eyebrow upon seeing it was now the same purple-red color as her bra. She paused and thought for a moment, before a pleasant warmth pulled her attention to the changes at hand.

“Mmmm...” She let out a hum of contentment to herself as she placed her now fully rubber-covered hands on her breasts, feeling as they swelled from their fairly modest size into soft, squishy rubber orbs that more than filled her hands. Squeezing them gently, she moaned softly to herself at the incredible feeling of her smooth, gloved hands on her glossy new assets. They were soft and squishy, yet had a firmness to them that allowed them to support their satisfying weight perfectly without the need of a bra. Wait... Hadn’t she been wearing a bra?

Liz raised an eyebrow in confusion as she opened her eyes, staring down at the shiny, plum-colored bra on her chest. Confused, she reached behind her back in search of the clasp.... and couldn’t find it.

...nor could she even find the strap.

Her eyes went wide as she placed a hand that now appeared to be encased in a tight, black-rubber opera glove on where the shoulder strap of her bra *appeared* to be on the front of her chest, slowly tracing its way down the perfectly smooth surface with a soft squeak, finding nothing but her new synthetic skin. She let out a moan as her fingers slid over a pair of ruby-rubber hearts that were printed on the smooth surface where her nipples used to be, finding them far more erogenous than her breasts had been before.

As she stimulated her new, artificial breasts she could feel her cock swelling with need in her now-latexified panties, stretching them out into a shiny, plum-colored rubber bulge. She watched as it swelled larger and larger... the bulge seeming to inflate with every throb. Reluctantly she pulled a hand away from her chest as the swelling seemed to taper off, not wanting to stop playing with her new breasts, but excited for what came next. She had to be hung like a horse now... possibly literally!

“Oooh!~” Liz moaned, her eyes rolling back into her head in pleasure as she gave the bulge a squeeze, bending forward involuntarily as she did. That felt *good*. Composing herself momentarily she tossed herself back into the office chair, reaching for the waistband to free her new, rubber beast.

...and again not finding the garment she was looking for, her hands sliding smoothly over her waist and hips, down the outside of her thighs with nothing but the feeling of her glossy, synthetic skin beneath them. She desperately pawed at the color boundary, trying to find something to grab hold of, but only managing to arouse herself even more. Slowly, her motions shifted to rubbing her panty bulge instead, attempting to get herself off through the thick rubber.

As Liz stroked her imprisoned, synthetic cock she was vaguely aware of the goo rolling over her toes, smoothing them away into featureless slipper-feet. She let out a hum of pleasure as she rubbed them together, feeling the puddle of goo underneath them harden into a tread pattern. The modest, passable body she'd worked so hard for was a rubbery, fetishized exaggeration of her former self... and she couldn't be happier about that.

“Oh! Oh! Ooooooooooh~” She moaned in pleasure as she switched from stroking her bulge to squishing it in an increased desperation to get off, her last moan trailing off as the rubber crested her chin, flowing into her mouth and forming her lips into a firm rubber “O”. Raising a hand to her lips she cautiously slipped a finger inside, shivering in pleasure as she felt at her toothless, textured tube, quickly followed by another. As Liz explored her changing head she didn't realize that the hand still squishing and kneading at her crotch was slowly massaging away the distinct shapes within her panties, leaving her bulge smooth and round...

Liz wanted to explore her new hole further, take advantage of her seeming lack of gag reflex or need for air, but the feeling of a pillow being placed behind her head distracted her. She reluctantly pulled her lube-slicked fingers out of the pleasure-hole on her face, feeling behind her head. Instead of her hand passing through the back of her short hair she felt it glide over the surface of it, the goo having replaced individual strands with one molded shape of soft, padded rubber.

She squished at her bulge with redoubled effort with her other hand as the goo dripped from the bangs into her eyes, the last unchanged part of her, closing them in anticipation of the big finale, until all of a sudden she felt her eyes seal shut in favor of printed-on ones, and she came.

Sort of.

A thick, rubbery load churned inside of her bulge... but didn't *go* anywhere. She drooled lube as she kneaded at her panties, trying to coax something more from her new body but only serving to drive the pleasure higher as the rubber churned faster with the explosive finish seemingly no closer, when the realization set in.

Just like how her bra had become an irremovable, printed-on part of her... so had her panties. All she had down there was a shiny, round, plum-colored nudge now, filled with a load of liquid rubber that she so *desperately* needed to release but lacked the equipment to follow through on. On one hand it was frustrating, but on the other... the pleasure had been so high and lasted so long. She had achieved such impossible, blissful, horniness from squishing and rubbing her new crotch and feeling the rubber churn inside, far beyond when her old body would have been spent and done, and her bulge was already more than ready to do it again. And while it wasn't the massive, textured rubber dildo she'd been envisioning, the large orb between her legs did render her new lovedoll body wonderfully inherently lewd, especially when it throbbed so hard that her arousal was visible to others...

With her off hand as she slid open the bottom drawer of her desk, reaching inside to produce a massage wand. She had the lab to herself for the next three days, and plenty more testing to do...

Lingerie Lovedoll Liz[™]) is currently the senior VP of Rubberization And Drone Design at Rubber Done Right Ltd., where she continues to assist hands-on with the design and testing process. Take her look home with our Lingerie Lovedoll Conversion Kit[™])!