

No Customer Complaints~

A gal buys herself a fun new toy. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

“Hmmm...”

Bella muttered to herself curiously as she picked up the box that she had purchased earlier, turning it over in her hands. On the front of it was splashed an image of a cheery anthropomorphic caribou in a fancy bridle, except that instead of a bit, in her muzzle was a large rubber ball. Not just any ball gag, though. The glossy text with which she shared the front of the box identified what she was wearing as the ‘Rubber Done Right™ spray-on gag’, with much smaller text noting that the kit only came with a simple strap, and the deluxe bridle set was sold separately.

The fact that the accessories were sold separately bothered Bella a lot less than her confusion over how the product was supposed to *even work at all*. The store clerk had assured her that it “Does exactly what it says on the tin,” but... *how*? The gags shown on the carton were solid and round, which was notably *not* what one would typically expect to come out the nozzle of a spray bottle.

Rubber Done Right did promise a pretty straightforward money back guarantee, though, which was the first thing at the top of the box as she turned it over in her hands to read the instructions panel on the back again. They were pretty straightforward; Spray into an open mouth until lightly but thoroughly coated, wait to set, and enjoy, accompanied by little pictograms of spraying a silhouette’s mouth, a stopwatch, then a pictogram wearing a gag. The rest of the back of the box was just contact info and some regulatory notes, and a little sticker identifying the contents as being “classic red”. Not a lot in the way of *answers*, which was why she ended up buying it. Worst case scenario, she hadn’t noticed it before but the Rubber Done Right store had turned out to be along her usual route, so a refund wouldn’t be too out of her way, and at least she’d know.

Having figured she’d thought about it enough, Bella sat down on the bed with a bounce and tore open the top of the cardboard carton, dumping a small spray bottle full of an opaque, cherry-red liquid into her hand. She stared at it curiously for a moment before giving it a little shake, watching the shiny, surprisingly thin liquid slosh about. It certainly had the look of a rubber ball gag... but liquid.

“Well... here goes nothing,” she declared to herself, cracking the safety seal and flipping open the protective cover, before pumping two sprays of the liquid into her mouth.

The taste of it was... well, there wasn’t much of one. There was a sort of goopy feeling on the front of her tongue that got the brunt of the spray, as well as a bit on her lips, but that was about

it. Bella held her mouth open for what felt like an awkwardly long time, waiting for something to happen.

“Well thath a dithappointment.” She said to herself, her eyes going wide as she heard herself speaking with a lisp, suddenly realizing the numbness in the tip of her tongue.

With a panic Bella leapt up from the bed, rushing over to the mirror on her vanity. Was she having a reaction? The box didn’t say anything about this!

Sticking out her tongue, she could see the tip of it appeared to be swollen as well as having turned a concerning shade of bright red. With her suspicion confirmed she tried to close her mouth again, only to find her tongue stuck to her lower lip.

“Waaath happnthnth?!” She mumbled in panic, sitting down at the vanity and leaning in for a better look as she felt the bulb on the end of her tongue swelling larger, drool starting to trickle onto her lower lip as it forced her lips open. It looked like it was getting redder.

And smoother.

“Aaaahh?” Bella half mumbled, half moaned as she felt the rubber bulb that was now the end of her tongue swell into a proper ball shape, restricting the movement of the still-organic part of her tongue as the drool thickened, sealing the gag into place.

“Iiiipph woorth!” she mumbled excitedly, raising a hand apprehensively to touch her lips. She shuddered as her fingers brushed over the ball. Her ball? The sensations had a bit of a muted feel to them, but she could definitely *feel* the touch of her fingers on the smooth surface and the wet sensation of the residual goopy drool, all confirming the shiny, red, rubbery orb was really a part of her.

The feeling of something brushing against her cheek pulled Bella out of the moment, causing her to lower her hand for a better view. She watched in the mirror as two tendrils of black rubber snaked outwards from either side of the orb, the cool material gently caressing her cheek as the shape of the strap extended around her head. It was almost mystifying watching it form; while the ends of it continued to stretch out around her, there was no tugging or discomfort. It felt almost like an invisible pair of hands was painting on a thick, glossy body paint; the leading edge of the forming strap feeling wet and slightly cool, while the rest of the strap stretched and moved perfectly with the skin below it.

As it reached her ears she turned her head for a better view, lifting up her hair both so as to not obstruct the rubber’s process as well as to see what was happening. Agonizingly slowly, the two wet ends of the strap finally touched each other, and... simply stopped. Furling her brow, she reached behind her neck to the point where the two sides came together feeling for a buckle or clasp or something, and found nothing but smooth rubber.

Nothing but smooth rubber.

Bella blushed a deep crimson, her face turning nearly as red as the ballgag between her lips as she realized that the lack of a buckle was intentional, and the realization hammered home that the gag wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. Until whenever this wore off, this was just how her face was going to be. She felt suddenly vulnerable... and also sexy?

The blink of an LED on the bed caught her attention, and she turned around to look at the discarded cardboard carton. Under a folded sheet of instructions she hadn't bothered with in her excitement sat a small electronic device on a necklace chain. She turned it over in her hands, staring quizzically at what appeared to be plus, minus, and mute buttons on the surface of it, before a tinny voice came from it.

"What is thi-" it started, before the shock of hearing something similar to her voice coming from something not-her interrupted Bella's train of thought. "I guess that's a good safety, although it does kinda ruin the fun..."

Tapping the mute button she tossed the device into her purse, along with the bottle of remaining spray, before hopping up and darting to her closet. Returning with a short red dress, she stood in front of the mirror and held it in front of herself, admiring the way it accentuated her exotic new non-mouth. She'd been planning to stay in... but now she was starting to feel like dropping in on some friends to show off her new find.

She could think of a few folks who wouldn't mind handling the talking for her... and a few who'd like their own private demo~