

Customer Serviced

A tale from the Rubber Done Right store. A TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

Helen glanced around the store nervously, not sure what to make of it. The room before her was well lit with very natural toned lights, and floored with very clean, white linoleum. Shelves were stacked neatly with boxes, racks of garments appeared very tidy and well organized, and while she couldn't make out the details from where she stood, she could see colorful promotional displays endcapping the aisles. All very normal and corporate, like any large retailer.

...which wasn't what she expected from a sex shop, much less one with a reputation for carrying the extreme, unusual, and downright impossible.

She pondered for a moment whether to ask for assistance, to try and find what she had been thinking about on her own, or slip back out quietly, when her decision was made for her.

"Welcome to Rubber Done Right! I'm Juniper, is there something I can help you with?"

Turning to her right, Helen turned to face the clerk that had addressed her. Standing off to her side was a pewter-colored caribou anthro, her coat dappled with white and charcoal colored spots. She wore a black rubber apron with the company name written on it in silver letters, which seemed to be a size too small based on the way it stretched over her *generously* endowed chest... as well as the way it was stretched over an equally generous udder at the bottom of Juniper's torso. Helen had been vaguely aware that anthros could have udders, but she'd never actually seen one before among the few she'd met. And she certainly hadn't expected to find one so... attractive.

"Um... Everything okay, miss?"

"I... Um..." Helen stammered, thrown off balance a bit at having been caught staring. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"If you want a set of your own, we can make that happen!" Juniper announced, loud enough that Helen blushed at the prospect of other customers hearing. "Rubber Done Right offers an extensive line of synthetic udder options! I can show you to that section if you like."

"No thanks. I... Um...actually..." Helen responded meekly, shrinking down as she pointed her toes inwards at each other. "I'd actually been wondering what it would be like to... lay an egg."

"Oh. I can do that too! Follow me!~" Juniper responded with an upbeat tone, completely unfazed as she gestured for her to follow and turned, clip-clopping off.

Helen froze for a moment, having expected the conversation to go much different. She'd been prepared for the saleswoman to have questioned her request, or try to talk her into something else, or at the very least been thrown a bit off balance and had to think about it a bit. What she hadn't expected was that the staff here would just whisk her along the process so smoothly.

Blushing deeply, she broke into an awkward jog to close the distance, quickly catching up to the sales-caribou as she trotted down the main pathway that made a loop around the middle of the store. Glancing about, the place appeared to be fairly empty right now, although they weren't quite as alone as she hoped. A few other customers were milling about, staring thoughtfully at packages on shelves, while down one aisle some sort of rubber sheep automaton in an apron restocked packages off of a cart.

As they rounded the next corner Juniper halted. Sitting at the end of an aisle, in place of an endcap, was a padded chair with stirrups. Behind the chair sat a silver metal box with a number of switches and gauges, topped with a glass tank full of a thick, glossy black liquid. She stared at the machine, frozen to the spot, as Juniper walked over to a pedestal with a keyboard and screen next to the chair, and started typing things in.

"I- We're- Just-" Helen stammered, her face turning bright red. She'd expected that she was being led back to some kind of office or clinic on the back or something, not that it would happen on the sales floor! "We're doing it *here*?"

"Mmhmm!" The sales-caribou hummed affirmatively in response. "Go ahead and make yourself comfortable, dearie."

Helen sat down in the chair, looking around nervously as Juniper fiddled with the control panel, unsure what to expect.

"So how does this...?" She inquired nervously, trailing off.

"Body mods like this use our proprietary rubber nanobots," The caribou replied, sounding excited, but not looking up from the control panel. "We give the affected parts of ya a nice, thorough coating, let them bind and do their thing, and before ya know it they feel as natural as can be!"

Fidgeting uncertainly in her chair, Helen wasn't sure if the saleswoman's causal explanation of the process was comforting or concerning.

"Whenever you're ready dearie, just slip this in."

Helen looked at the smallish, slick, recognizably plug-shaped device with a wide base in the saleswoman's outstretched hand as she walked over, then to her, then back to the object, stunned. Slowly, her eyes followed the hose from the bottom of it to the control panel, then another hose from the control panel out of sight to the machine and tank behind her.

“So you’re sure... we’re just gonna do this right here? Right now?” She asked, slowly reaching out and taking the device.

“Of course, darling! I wouldn’t want you to leave without what you came in for.” Juniper responded, giving her a reassuring pat before stepping back to the controls. “Are *you* sure about this?”

Taking a deep breath she nodded and unbuttoned her pants, sliding her slacks into a pile on the floor, followed by her panties. She hesitated for a moment before leaning back, placing her feet into the stirrups before biting her lip and touching the device to her folds. Pausing again for a moment she took another breath, before pressing it in with a gasp.

Breathing raggedly she quickly pressed it deeper; the smooth, tapered shape stretching her gently as the well-lubed surface easily slid in, until she suddenly felt it neck down, popping into place as the wide base sealed tightly against her crotch. She relaxed for a moment, taking a breath, before wondering what was supposed to happen next.

That question was quickly answered as she felt the hose attached to the plug pulse, vibrating the toy inside her. She gasped at the intensity of it, then gasped again moments later as she felt the thick, warm goo reach the plug and start to flow inside her. Desperate for more she reached down to touch herself, only to find her hand blocked by the wide base of the toy. Making do, she rubbed her hand along the rubber shield with a squeak, wobbling the plug inside her.

“Lots of smaller eggs, or a small number of large ones?” Juniper asked, casually looking up from the controls.

“Buh- Big!” Helen huffed, her head rolling back to look up at the tall ceiling.

Placing a hand on her belly she could feel the warm rubber sloshing inside her, the gurgling sensation of it covering and converting her womb surprisingly... pleasant, if a bit strange. She took deep, ragged breaths as she felt the thick fluid continue to flow into her, still staring up at the ceiling blankly, her mind focused more on the sensations down below than the sight of the tiles above her. She heard Juniper say something indistinct, but was too focused on the warm, gooey feeling inside her to pay attention.

Moments later she felt the plug let loose a jet of rubber far more intense than what it had done before. She moaned as she felt herself quivering on the edge of an orgasm, the pulsing of the machine causing the plug to throb inside of her as she attempted to resist the intense pleasure. Gasping aloud, she could feel the fluid starting to swell her belly, closing her eyes as her hands caressed the growing bump. She could feel the thick liquid sloshing about inside of her, *changing* her, remaking all of her most intimate bits into something synthetic. Something that could produce eggs.

With that thought, the next surge of goo pushed her over the edge into warm, rubber filled bliss as she couldn't hold off any longer. The orgasm was the most intense she could remember, her rubberized pussy spasming and clenching around the plug as what was left of her organic fluids mixed with the synthetic ones now more than filling her. She rubbed at the rubber plate that covered her slit, her hand squeaking against it as she attempted to coax the pleasure out longer.

Eventually the pleasure subsided, and Helen opened her eyes again. Juniper was still standing at the control panel where she had been earlier, looking back and forth between it and her with a twinkle of excitement in her eye.

"You're all done, dearie! If there's nothing else, I'll get you unhooked and show you up to the registers."

Helen turned crimson at the sudden realization that in overseeing the procedure, Juniper would have seen, and *heard* everything she'd done during the process. Seemingly unfazed by it though, the sales caribou casually walked up between her legs and grabbed the base of the hose where it met the shield, and gave it a gentle tug.

Gasping as the instrument slid free with remarkably little mess, Helen couldn't help but marvel at what was beneath. On her crotch was a patch of smooth, ebony-black rubber that blended seamlessly with her skin at the edges, at the center of which was her pussy, looking exactly as it had been before, except that it was molded from the same rubber that surrounded it. Curious, she reached down and ran her finger along her lips, the resulting gasp confirming that despite the synthetic material, they were still very much a part of her.

"Up to your satisfaction?" Juniper asked, standing in front of her with her hooves clasped in front of her apron.

Blushing once again at the reminder that this was all happening in a store, even if it was one that was okay with customers getting kinky, Helen hastily stood up from the chair and redressed. She quickly towed off the few leaked drops of liquid rubber before pulling up the panties she had discarded earlier, followed by the pants. After a moment of fumbling to get them buttoned over her mildly swollen belly she decided to pass on that, and buckled her belt loosely before looking to Juniper.

"Oh gosh..." Helen muttered, dusting off her clothes. "I think I'm ready now. Lead the way."

Juniper turned and started along the main walkway with Helen following behind, before turning down an aisle into the middle part of the store. Helen could hear her rambling through some post-transformation informational material, such as where to find a doctor that would be familiar with her new anatomy, but a gurgling in her abdomen kept her from truly paying attention. Brushing it off as the rubber nanobots just settling in she kept walking, slowly falling a few paces behind.

When they were halfway down the aisle she felt a sharper cramping in her guts, stopping in place and clutching her stomach as she bent over. Something inside of her felt... heavy. She put out an arm on the nearest shelf to hold herself up and took a deep breath as she looked up, seeing Juniper's nub of a tail continue switching back and forth excitedly as she carried on her informational ramble.

Helen gasped aloud as she felt something shifting inside of her. The heaviness inside of her was something round and *large*, and she could feel it starting to drop into her birth canal. She tried to clench and cross her legs to hold it back, but there was no denying it. Her body needed to lay.

Now.

With a sudden sense of urgency she shoved her loosely bucked pants down, exposing panties that were already starting to dampen with synthetic juices. Pulling them down she instinctively dropped into a squat as she felt the egg start to press against the inside of her lips. She was vaguely aware she was in the middle of the store, and that Juniper had turned around and was walking over to her, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was the egg.

As it got closer she could feel her pussy pulsing, something resembling lube starting to drool from it, before a smooth, shiny, jet-black shape started to stretch her lips out. She shuddered as she felt her body continue to stretch... and stretch. Something inside of her told her that she was supposed to be feeling some discomfort at this size, but instead her pliable pussy was aching with need.

With one final push the largest part of the rubber egg finally pushed out, Helen moaning aloud as the orgasmic wave of pleasure and relief washed over her. Her aching lips spasmed and clenched around the back half of the smooth, oval-shaped object as it slid out, the slick rubber surfaces gliding over each other with a squeak as she pushed it out of her, gently dropping it onto the linoleum below her and into a puddle of her fluids.

Her breathing was ragged as she continued to squat over the single, large egg, slick with her fluids, processing for a moment what had happened. She slowly reached down and touched herself inquisitively, momentarily being surprised that her lips had already tightened back up to their original shape, before a flutter of excitement washed over her. As the afterglow faded, she saw the hooved legs standing in front of her, and looked up at the sales-caribou that had been standing in front of her through the whole ordeal.

"Like I was saying darling, your first few clutches will be a bit unpredictable, but your body will develop a routine over time." Juniper said with a smile as she stood over her, extending a hoof-hand to help her up, before patting a box under her other arm. "I've picked up a home nest kit for easy cleanup for you, it's included with the cost of the procedure. Anything else I can help

you find today? Maybe some of our thigh-high perma-heels with talons? Feathered arm-warmers?"

"Um... I think I'll pass on those for now." Helen thought for a moment as she took the box from the caribou, before a draft drew her attention down to her naked bottom half and the mess she'd made in the aisle. "...do you carry clean pants though?"