

Printer Problems at the Rubber Maid Café (TG, Rubberization)

Sitting back in your chair, you take another sip of tea and look around the café, paying special attention to the maids serving the floor.

They come in just about every possible variety you could ask for: catgirls, foxgirls, cowgirls, even the odd slime. They're all cute, of course, cute and curvaceous, but aside from that, there's one feature in particular which stands out on inspection...

"Can I get you another drink?" asks a particularly top-heavy cowgirl, bouncing over to your table. Her feet, and the rest of her body, squeaks as she walks like she's some kind of inflatable. This isn't far from the truth.

"Just a little milk," you say, eyes locked on her udders. Naturally, all the maids here are made of rubber. They don't call it the rubber maid café for nothing!

"Oh, you," she says, rummaging in her top. Alas, instead of pulling out a teat, she simply extracts a little plastic carton. "Let me know if you need anything else~." And with that, she's off.

"Thanks," you say, peeling the top off the carton. Pouring it into your tea, you take another sip with a sigh. *Creamy~*.

As you finish off your tea, you happen to catch two catgirls talking in the corner. You're not normally the kind of person to eavesdrop, of course, but something about their tone catches your curiosity. It sounds like they're having a problem with something...?

"...can't get it to... printer still jammed... need to call a technician in..."

The other catgirl groans, and with that the two break apart. You raise an eyebrow in concern.

As one of the catgirls passes your table, you raise a hand to signal her. "Excuse me," you say, trying to focus on her face instead of her ginormous tiddies, "did I hear you're having a problem with your printer?"

She flinches—you think you've broken kayfabe a little. "Oh, um, yeah..." She looks around, as if checking no one can overhear. "It's no big deal though—we'll have someone in to fix it later."

"Want me to take a look at it?" you ask, placing your cup back on its platter. "I'm pretty good with that kinda stuff."

The catgirl's eyes light up. "Would you?" she asks, grabbing your arm. "Let me show you where it is!" Rubber hands wrapped tight around your wrist, she drags you off the café floor, through the kitchen, and into the backroom. It's a lot larger than you'd expected.

Machinery fills the room, more than you'd expect to see in most workshops, let alone a maid café. Tank after tank of thick white fluid and, strangest of all, a gigantic machine of ambiguous purpose that squats in the corner and leers at you like a demon. It even has a mouth of sorts, with two giant rollers for rows of teeth—they look strangely slick, as if wet with saliva. You shudder, instinctively disquieted.

“Okay, here it is!” says the catgirl, gesturing at it.

“Th-this is your printer?” you ask, eyes widening in shock.

“You got it! I'll just leave you to get to work! Call me if you need help or anything!” With that, she turns and bounces out, butt squeaking beneath her rubber uniform with every exaggerated step.

As the door slams behind you, you look up at your patient and groan. Printer? It looks more like a temple of Moloch. What were you thinking, offering your services without taking a peek first?

Swallowing, you approach it, hoping it won't suddenly surge to life and bite your head off. Where are you even supposed to *start* with this thing? What kind of printer is it, even? Surely not the kind that uses paper—you wouldn't need such giant rollers for that. Is it 3D? No, that doesn't seem right either. Urgh, what the hell have you gotten yourself into?

For several minutes, you walk around the machine in search of a control panel. Or maybe an On/Off switch you can flick for an easy win. In the end, however, you find nothing so simple. The stupid thing doesn't even have a cable! You can't even plug it back in!

Returning to its front, you approach and lean in close. There's gotta be *something* around here right? Otherwise, how the hell does anyone use it? You bend down, scouring the space beneath the rollers. Kneeling there, you can feel them hovering over you, like the jaws of a wolf over a captured rabbit. Mopping your brow, you search on.

At last: success. The On button is not a button as such, but a simple mark on the front panel, seamless from the rest of it. Urgh, you hate this minimalistic sci-fi crap. You place a finger on it, and glowing lines of circuitry traces themselves outward and over the machine. It starts to whirr, winding up. Tacky piece of Tron crap. You hate it.

Rubbing your hands at a job (hopefully) well done, you stand, placing your hand on the machine for support—

—and accidentally slip it right between the rollers.

“E-eh?” Your voice emerges as a squeak as the rollers turn and trap your fingers between them. Heart pounding, you struggle to pull free, but their grip on you is inescapable—it's like they're coated in quicklime. It's like you've been caught in the world's largest flytrap, you dirty little insect, you.

“H-hey!” you call, voice wavering in embarrassment. “C-can somebody help me? Can somebody—”

“Input accepted,” says the machine in its best imitation of HAL. “Processing.”

With a click, the rollers start to turn, and you scream in terror as your hand is crushed between them. Whatever the sticky stuff coating them is, it makes your skin tingle like crazy. What is it doing to you?

The rollers turn again, and sensation, raw as lightning, shoots up your nerves and sets off explosions in your brain. You scream, unable to bear the pain. It’s agony, unbearable, torturous, mind-rending. You can’t take a second more...! It’s awful! Horrendous! Only, it actually feels quite good...?

Opening your eyes, you blink at what you find. Not the shower of bone shards and blood you’d expect—by all accounts, your hand is in one piece. The unusual thing is that it’s also completely flat. And glossy, as if it’s been laminated.

Your heart thuds; sweat beads on your brow. “Okay,” you tell yourself, trying to keep from panicking, “okay, this isn’t too bad.” You can live with a flattened arm, right? You just have to get it *out*.

Biting your tongue, you wrap your hand around your wrist and tug as hard as you’re able. You feel the tension in your hand—and the bolt of pleasure that accompanies it—but otherwise nothing happens. Gritting your teeth, you try again, with identical results.

With a whirr and a clack, the machine shudders. “Processing,” it repeats, voice droll.

Before you know what’s happening, the rollers spin again, and you find *both* your hands sucked in. You squeal like a piglet. *No! Nonono!*

“Input accept–t-t-t-ted,” says the machine, as if to mock you. “Pr-processing.” The rollers jerk, sucking you in up to your elbows. Your lower arms tingle as the strange goo coats them.

“Stop!” you cry, outright sweating in fear now. “Stop! Let go! Help me! Someone, help me!”

From the kitchen comes the clatter of dropped pans, but you don’t get to see the result of it: a second later, the machine whirrs again—“Input Accepted. Processing.”—and you find yourself sucked forward, straight into its giant, metal maw. The rollers slam shut on your head, but instead of cracking it like an egg as you expected and possibly hoped, they simply squish it flat. The instant the goo coating them touches you, your flesh becomes as soft and as malleable as putty.

It’s not much of a consolation. Your brain, crushed, squirts ecstasy like a sponge. You scream to the best of your ability. “Mm-mmphf!”

In your pass, inch by inch, foot by pleasurable foot. Finally, the entirety of your body is in the machine’s grip, and you can only moan as if chews you like a piece of gum. Pleasure strikes

your form and courses up and down you, setting your body alight and leaving you desperate for relief from the torment of being rolled. Naturally, the thing just keeps on working you, kneading you like a piece of dough in the baker's hands. You want to scream.

Between rollers, the machine treats you to an especial new delight: liquid, acidic and bizarrely sticky. Spraying you form, it coats you all over, and the rollers rub it in as you pass between them. Literally. Soon, your entire form is lacquered in the awful gunk like stuff, and you moan as you feel it sinking into your skin. What is it doing to you exactly? And why does it tingle so much?

No sooner have your arms and head passed through one roller than they slam straight into the next pair. Tightening on your feeble, burning brain, they suck you between them and crush you even flatter, silencing your screams completely as they spread you on and in. You kick your legs in one last feeble protest, but nothing you do can stop them from stretching you like a rubber band.

This is something of an understatement: you doubt any rubber band has ever been stretched quite so long and quite so hard as you've being stretched as the moment. The rollers turn and turn, making you longer and longer, straining your muscles and your sinews with every egregious spin. The farther you're spread, the more the goo seeps into you, making your nerves tingle and burn as if acid is slowly working its way through you. You wish you could open your mouth to scream.

Feeding your body slowly into its maw, the machine extends a pair of mechanical arms. Pinching the flattened expanse of your skull, they tighten and stretch it into two long threads of head, which another pair of manipulators consequently heat and cool into the horns. Meanwhile, a pair of pumps slam onto your nipples and stab, digging deep into your body. You don't know exactly what they're doing, but it almost feels as if they're hollowing your chest out. Another pair does something similar to your butt.

At last, the machine comes at last to your cock. You've been too busy to expect this, unfortunately, which means it comes as something of a shock. Sliding around your shaft like the luscious lips of the world's largest whore, the rollers stretch it hard, striking you with a bolt of pleasure so strong it's a miracle it doesn't burn your spine out. You'd scream, if you still had the power to open your mouth. Alas, you can only burn in pleasure instead.

By the time it stops, your cock feels like it's over a meter long. And attached to the other side of your body! As if to commemorate your new absence, a giant rod slams between your legs and forces itself deep inside you, making you scream in mindless lust as it presses a cavern into your groin.

When it retracts, it leaves you trembling in delight, all stretched out. Everything feels so strange now, so tight and all-consuming. Your body, flattened, feels like nothing you've ever felt—everything is so tight, so squeaky, so erogenous. What exactly has happened to you?

Whatever the answer, the machine isn't finished with you yet. Shuddering and whirring, it hisses and sprays you, making you squeal inside with fresh panic. You feel your flesh exposed as your clothing runs from it, disappear into the depths of the engine. Once it's

gone, the spraying resumes with force, coating you with a thick layer of bubbling rubber. You squeal inside as the rollers tighten again, slowly compacting your blown-up body into a smaller, tighter form. The air stinks of plastic.

Finally, they retract, freeing you to gape for air. Before you have the chance, alas, the machine produces two thin sheets of rubber and slams you between them like the meat in a sandwich. You squeal, struggling to flailing, as it applies a pair of heated rollers too, forcing your body between them and all but incinerating you with their heat. Your skin tingles where the plastic melds to it.

The rollers leave you to mewl, and an assortment of scissors and other tailor's tools appear from the darkness to assault you. Working your new outfit all over, they snip away the excess and cut it into shape, slicing you a deep back and an enormous cleavage window. They shorten your skirt too, exposing a sizable amount of your thickened butt and thighs.

Having successfully sexualized you, the machine wastes no time in giving you the money shot: nozzles appear from the walls, and with a hiss, they spray your face and your tail both, recoloring your hair and eyes and former penis in a blast of thick, choking gas. Fortunately, it seems it don't need to breathe anymore.

At last, the hissing stops, freeing you to breathe again. You don't have much time to recover before it shunts you on. All you can do is groan as it feed you into the next pair of rollers...

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It's some time before you finally see daylight again. At first, you think you've finally reached your limit. That your body, beaten and flattened, has finally lost the power to resist.

Like a freshly rolled piece of dough, you slide out of the machine and flop to the floor, where you lie in a piece of yourself, sticky to the touch and too weak to move.

Looking up with a groan, you find an assortment of maids stranding over you. There's every possible type: catgirls, foxes, cows, even a strangely flat dragon in a ridiculously frilly rubber dress.

Wait. You've never seen a dragon here before...?

"Um, I brought the mirror," says a catgirl. "Is that helpful? I thought it would be helpful." She turns, and the image of the dragongirl turns away too. You moan as realization glides through you.

Trembling, you try to stand up. Your flattened arms flop against the floor like a dying fish.

One of the cowgirls sighs. "What a mess," she says. "Will someone fetch the pump? Let's get her back on her feet at least."

Another cowgirl hands her something resembling a hose. Grabbing you by the scruff of the neck, she lifts you up and drops you onto your back. Looking down at yourself, you squeal at

the confirmation of your suspicions. It wasn't just an illusion—the girl in the mirror really was you.

Kneeling beside you, the cowgirl frowns. “Um, look, there’s no easy way to say this, but we don’t know how to turn you back. And since you’re one of us now, the only way to get you back on your feet is this.” She wiggles the hose; it drips a thick white fluid. “Sorry. It’ll only hurt for a second.”

You blink, uncomprehending. What is she talking about? What’s going to hurt? Wh—?

Spreading your legs, she slams the hose right into your tight, rubber sex. You scream, eyes rolling back in their sockets, as pleasure floods your form. Nn~! It feels like you’re being pumped full of water.

Looking down, you squeak to realize that isn’t far from the truth. Before your eyes, the hose bulges as its contents slide down its length and straight into your womb. You squeal, as your stomach bloats, growing fat and painfully taut, so tight you want to scream, then explode. You tremble on the spot, moaning in ecstasy.

Bulge after bulge slides down the hose, and with each fresh addition, your body grows a little fatter. You scream as your stomach rises, growing bigger and bigger and bigger, until at last, it reaches its limits, and the pressure starts to spread through the rest of your flattened form. A moan escapes your lips as the goo reaches your chest, and your new boobs fatten like loaves in the oven. All you can do is moan as sudden pleasure floods you—you never expected them to be quite so erogenous.

Steadily, bulge by bulge and second by second, your body continues to fill, growing fuller and fuller, thicker and thicker, your fattening butt lifting you off the floor. You moan as the pressure on your erogenous new body: every inch of you is sensitive, so sensitive even the touch of the air feels like a lascivious hand. You can’t bear it.

At last, your skin begins to squeak with the strain of containing your new contents, and the cowgirl gestures for someone to turn off the pump. Pulling the hose from between your legs, she slams your cap shut with a *pop*, and helps you to your feet.

“Well, this is awkward,” she says, as you study your new form. “On the plus side, we’re always hiring.”

You squeak.