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Building Reality

“Ah! Done!”

“Good job, Tracy!”

Tracy let her hammer fall on the stripped floor of the basement. She sat down on it and spread her legs open, resting her tired calves. The small girl was wearing dirty construction shoes and a pair of jeans that have seen better days. Her Zelda T-shirt was not in much better shape. But yet, she still looked cute in the eyes of her girlfriend, April.

“You are such a workhorse, Tracy. How can you have that much energy? You demolished the entire basement by yourself in only a few days.”

“I know right, that was a lot of work. I will never get fat.”

“Nope, you won’t. Which is great for me.”

Tracy and April bought this house about a year ago just after they got married. It was a big house with a basement, the main floor, and a top-level. It was way too big for their needs, but they had the money to invest. Since they were going to share their life, they closed their individual bank accounts and opened a shared one. It was not a secret that April was bringing in loads of cash from her job; she was a gynecologist. Tracy’s revenue was marginal in comparison. She was an electrician who was making only a few contracts here and there. Combined, they were making just over 300 000\$ a year, but they were not big spenders, that was why they were so wealthy.

When they bought the house, they hated the basement but knew they didn’t need it right away. Tracy explained that she could take care of it herself at some point. And that point was right now. While April was at work, which was often, Tracy had a blast with the demolition. Until the basement renovations were completed, they agreed that Tracy wouldn’t work anymore, else it would never get done. She just had completed the first phase and stripped the whole floor down to the insulation. The drywall was a souvenir, and only a couple of light bulbs were left, dangling around from their wire. It was now one giant room ready to be rebuilt.

“I’m done for the day. I need a shower.” Tracy said.

“Let me help you with that, cutie.”

April was thirty years old, which was seven years older than her wife. They met when Tracy went to her previous house to replace some switches. It was an instant crush, and before the

completion of the job, they ended up in bed. Some things couldn't be explained. Tracy never thought she would have been into girls until that day.

They got in the shower and washed each other sensually. Both of them smelled like apples because they were sharing everything, like their shampoo. April was a brunette, and Tracy was the blonde. They had a similar physique, small girls, barely five foot five. April, who could be quite motherly at times, wrapped Tracy in a big towel and dried her up. They accepted their respective roles within the couple, and it was good like that.

They both went to bed and started to cuddle. Without predicting it, April started a conversation that would change their life forever.

"Tracy? Are you happy?"

"I'm your wife, of course, I am. What kind of question is that?"

"I know, but ... you never complain about anything. You work hard on the house and don't seem to want anything in return."

"Why would I want anything in return? While I'm doing this, you are the one that put food on the table. I love food."

"Yes, but still ... Is there not anything new you'd like to try?"

"I know you, April, when you are asking me questions like this, it is because something is on your mind."

Tracy was right about that. When April started to talk about vague topics like this, generating a conversation that was going nowhere, it was because she wanted to share something that was not easy to add to a regular conversation. She was not the best socially. The older girl tried once more to articulate her thoughts.

"I ... you know ... there are things I'd like to try. I mean, in the bedroom. But you are not very open."

"Hey! Indeed, I don't need much else than your body to be happy in bed, but it is not true that I'm not open to your ideas. You, fearing to share what you want, doesn't mean I'm not open."

"Sorry. You are right; that was not fair. But if I knew you were willing to try some new things, I would be less embarrassed to propose them."

"True that. But I don't have much imagination. I don't think about new things."

"... mmm ..."

"What is it, April? Don't fear me. I'm not going anywhere, no matter what you tell me."

April groaned. As much as she understood what Tracy was saying, more reassurance was needed. Several times in the past, she tried to confess ideas to her young wife, but the conversation often ended in dead ends. Engaging on the path of her fantasies did not come easy with Tracy around.

"Well, what if you didn't have a choice regarding what we do?" April asked.

“What do you mean? We always decide what to do together, no?”

“Ah, nevermind!”

“Hey, don’t be like that, I’m trying to understand ... Come here, you want to talk, and I want to understand you. I’m just not very smart.”

“Don’t say that! You are smart.”

Tracy pulled April closer and cuddled her some more. This small conflict was a representation of their love. One didn’t want to push the other, and the other wanted to understand the one, but yet, they couldn’t resolve something as simple because of how much they cared for each other. However, probably because she was exhausted, Tracy felt a bit more at fault tonight. She wanted to find a way to make her partner happier. It was hard because of her lack of fancy interests in bed outside regular cuddling and brut sex. Simply put, she lacked creativity and imagination. That part of her brain was an arid desert.

“April, why don’t you tell me one of your fantasies?”

“Because I’m scared you’ll not truly care.”

“It would involve me that much?”

“Yes. But it would be something for me more than for you.”

“What is it? You want me to give you a good spanking?”

For some obscure reason, and because of her limited understanding of all the fun things that could potentially happen in a bedroom, Tracy resorted to a rudimentary guess of what, she thought, a kinkier person would like. But she hit a wall. April sighed.

“No. I don’t want to be spanked. It’s not even close.”

“Sorry. So what can I do for you then? I really want to help.”

“You know I like taking care of you. What if it was something along those lines?”

“You are indeed motherly sometimes. I don’t hate it, you know. But I never thought of it sexually.”

“... mmm ...”

April feared that this would happen again. As expected, Tracy said she wanted to listen, but immediately she was steering away from what April wanted to talk about, her sexual fantasies. She was shut down. Once more, April didn’t feel like sharing her ideas. She turned her back to Tracy, sighing once more.

“April? What did I say?”

“Nothing, you did nothing wrong. It’s my fault; I don’t know how to talk about those things.”

Tracy was disappointed in herself as she thought she could reach April’s secret place this time around, but she failed. It was not the first time this happened, but she wanted it to be the last time. She gathered up some courage and proposed something different to regain April’s trust.

“What about you don’t tell me, and instead, you show me.”

“ ... What do you mean?”

“All you told me so far is that you need me to fulfill one of your fantasies, so, what if I promise to let you try it, and no matter what it is you need from me, I’ll go with it. I won’t complain or back out. You pick one thing that you really want, and it will happen, no matter what. Would that work?”

April turned back to Tracy. That was the best proposal she got since they got married. Her lover sacrificed herself just to please her. Was this real?

“You ... promise?”

“Yes.”

“No matter what I want?”

“Yes ... I told you.”

“And you won’t back out?”

“No. It’s my gift to you tonight. I mean, as long as it’s just the two of us.”

“Haha. I don’t want anybody else than you in my life. Don’t worry. Okay? I accept, then. I will think of the thing I want the most, and we will do it. I trust you. Then only when we are done, we will talk about it.”

The two girls kissed each other goodnight, but only one of them slept that night. Tracy had no idea what April would come up with, and she was not capable of coming up with any plausible scenarios. She needed to be shown, and above all else, she needed to ensure not to hurt her wife and honor her promise.

Tracy was working in the basement again, doing the mudding after installing all the drywall. It was still unclear what they would do with that giant room, but having it all open like this was already much better. They could create a home theatre or something along those lines.

It had been a few days since her offer to April, but yet, nothing had happened. Her girlfriend was just so happy since then, which was suspicious to some degree. April was smiling all the time, knowing that she would, at last, be able to fulfill one of her fantasies, and Tracy would not back out.

“Tracy? I decided.”

“Decided what to do with the basement?”

“No ... the other thing ...”

Tracy stopped her mudding for a moment and looked at the staircase where April was sitting. She understood what the other thing was when she saw the big grin on her face. It was time to commit.

“Okay ... Tell me. No matter what you need, I will do it.”

“I want you to be my rubber partner.”

“Uh? Your what?”

“Hehe, I knew you wouldn’t know what I was talking about. What I mean is that I want you to become my rubber wife. You will wear latex around me, and you’ll let me take care of you.”

A wave of confusion hit Tracy. Was this the only thing she wanted? Did she want me to wear latex in bed? It never crossed her mind to do this, but it didn’t sound half as terrible as what she was expecting. It seemed just like a kinky thing that you would see in movies. There was no reason to be afraid. She could certainly do that for April if it were her thing.

“That works! If you want us to wear latex suits in bed, I’m in.”

“No, I don’t want to wear latex. I want to make YOU wear it. As I said, I like taking care of you.”

“So, I’d be like the doll that you dress up and play with? That’s cute. I will do it! I said I would.”

“Aaaah! I’m so happy! I finally said it! You won’t regret it.”

April jumped down the stairs and gave Tracy a big hug! What each other didn’t know is that they were not on the same page at all. They would find out about it a few days later.

“Look! This is for you!”

“It ... is ... interesting.”

Tracy was biting her tongue as April showed her a full latex catsuit. It had feet, hands, and hood attached. The hood had eyes and mouth holes, but outside that, her whole body was going to be covered. Talk about an introduction to the latex fetish.

“It is amazing, right? So from now on, you will wear it around me.” April said.

“You mean when we have sex?”

“No, no. All the time ... well, when I’m here. You won’t have to wear it when I’m at work, I think.”

Tracy wasn’t so sure about this, but April was dead serious ... and so excited. She didn’t want to say anything that would have broken the promise that made April glow. She was beautiful when she was happy. So she bit the bullet.

“Sure ... let’s try this.”

“Yaaay! Alright, get naked. Let me dress you up.”

What came next was actually fun. Tracy got out of her clothes, and April started to rub some lube all over her body before guiding her limb inside the latex suit, sending good feelings towards the blonde girl.

“April, this feels ... good.”

“I told you ... it’s nice to try new things once in a while. Let me zip you up.”

The latex got a bit tighter on Tracy’s body. It was like being hugged by a thousand pairs of arms at the same time. April lifted the hood over the blonde hair and kept zipping. Soon enough, she completed the operation.

“Let me look at you. Oh, dear ... you look so amazing. Thanks so much for doing this.”

“Hehe ... I feel odd, but good. What do I do now?”

“Now? We have wild sex because you are turning me on like crazy.”

And they did just that. The intense sex while wearing the black catsuit was the first conditioning Tracy received regarding her new reality. Tracy, who was the least kinky person, accepted the feelings so much better than one could have anticipated, and April was finally reaching her goal of playing with a life-size latex girl.

The next morning, Tracy, who was still wearing her suit, woke up with April on top of her. It was a bit odd but fine. She poked her wife gently on the shoulder to wake her up.

“Hey ... Wake up!”

“Hmm ... Morning, my little rubber toy.”

“Hehe. It was great. We will have to do it again soon. I’m glad you finally shared this with me.”

“... Do it again? But you said you’d not back out?”

“Uh? What do you mean? I did all you wanted, no? I even enjoyed it a lot.”

“Yes, but you said you’d be my rubber partner.”

“I did ... But, wait, did you mean forever?”

“I don’t know, probably not forever, but I certainly said from now on. I wanted you to be in the suit around me, not just in bed. That’s what my fantasy is. Are you going ... to break your promise?”

April’s worrying voice made Tracy feel guilty. Thinking back to what April told her when they agreed to this, there was no doubt that the request was adequately explained. It was to wear the latex suit at all times when they were around each other. The concept just had not appropriately registered in Tracy’s brain. The real extent of what she promised was slowly sinking in. Not wanting to break the trust she had requested from April, she quickly resolved the conflict.

“No. It’s all good. My bad. I want to keep wearing the suit for you. Sorry if I sounded weird.”

“Aaah, good! Because I have many more things to do to make you my rubber partner. I’m so happy you agreed to do this.”

Many more things? Tracy didn’t dare to say anything else, but she had no clue what April was referring to. She began to understand that for her wife, having a rubber girl meant much more

than just wearing a suit. She just didn't know what the rest was yet. Nevertheless, April's happiness was more important at the moment, plus last night was entertaining. The latex suit felt great, after all.

A lot of hot morning sex later, April joined Tracy on the couch with a notepad and a pencil. She showed Tracy a drawing.

"I want this!"

Tracy grabbed her notepad with her rubber hands and tried to understand what it was.

"A bed? I don't understand ... We already have a bed."

"A bed for you. I want you to build a room downstairs that will be our rubber room."

"A rubber room?"

"Yes. A special place for my fetish. Inside, I want everything to be black. Black soft carpet, black walls, black ceiling, black furniture. Oh, and I only want red lighting too. It has to look hot."

"Mmm ... What if people are visiting? You want them to see that?"

"Just install a heavy door with a lock; we can just tell them it is the furnace room. Come on! That is part of my fetish. You said you'd play along. Only you can build it. I have no time or skill for that."

"You really want this room?"

"Yes ... Very much so, it would be your special room. I'll take care of the furniture and all. Please, say yes."

"Sure, I'll do it. We have to do something with that basement after all."

Tracy liked renovation projects a lot. This one was a bit strange, but the house belonged to both of them. If that was what April wanted, she was entitled to get it. That was the way to keep a healthy relationship. Perhaps Tracy could use this later as an argument to get her home theatre room.

The next week was demanding for Tracy. During the day, she was working hard on the new room construction, and in the evening, she had to shower and get her latex suit on before April arrived from work. For Tracy, it was priceless to see how thrilled her wife was because she respected her rubber promise diligently.

April was also ecstatic about the new room progress too. Tracy annexed the small powder room to the bedroom. She explained that it would be a nice feature to have if they were to convert back that room to a regular guest bedroom later on. A private washroom gave this hotel room vibe that everybody liked.

The next day, Tracy was painting the walls and ceiling all black, as requested by April. She also found some black carpet at the home renovation center. It would look oppressive, but for a fetish-oriented place, it would work well. This coming weekend, they would install the furniture.

Tracy's heart stopped when she heard April coming in early. She was not wearing her latex suit while she was renovating, of course, but a feeling of guilt washed over her. What would April say when she sees her out of latex? Tracy wondered if she was getting conditioned because of that deal. Before, she wouldn't have cared, but now, she didn't want to disappoint her wife after finally succeeded to squeeze a fantasy out of her. She would soon find out as April was walking down the stairs.

"So, how are the renos going?"

"Hum ... well ... I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what? Oh ... the catsuit? Don't worry about it. I came back early, and you didn't know, it's not your fault. When you are done, just wear it then. Hey, this place is going to be perfect. I thought about more features for the room. Can you block the window?"

"It won't be up to code, but I guess I can. Why?"

"I don't want people to peek in your rubber room. That's all."

"I'll block it ... it's just a playroom anyway. So, it will be ready this weekend. Happy?"

"Very! It's going to be awesome. I have tons of surprises for my rubber girl!"

Tracy was not entirely used to being called that yet. It was a bit objectifying. The truth was more that she was a girl playing dress-up to make her girlfriend happy. She was just her willing fetish.

"So, what do you think?"

"It looks ... rubbery."

On Saturday, Tracy, encased in her latex catsuit, helped April to complete the bedroom by adding the furniture and some decoration. April found those large rubber girls prints that she framed and installed on the walls. It left no doubt as to what this room was for anymore. Then there was the bed. It was a nice little metal frame with a footboard and a headboard that could probably be used to secure a victim on it. All the bedsheets and pillows were made of black latex. In the corner of the room, there was a small black leather loveseat for cuddling. There was also a small dresser that was currently empty.

April had a special request for the lighting. When Tracy built the room, she installed a few pot lights, but the switch was outside of the room next to the door. She wasn't sure why April wanted this done, but it was her decision. Additionally, the pot lights were red as planned. Currently, they were dimmed down to the minimum, keeping the room very dark and mysterious.

"Do you like it?" April asked.

"It's special ... so this is going to our playroom?"

"It is your room. I wanted my rubber girl to always sleep in rubber."

"Always? As long as you are sleeping with me here, we can try."

"It is all part of the one fantasy I chose ... you said you were going to do it no matter what."

"I thought your fantasy was just for me to wear this suit, originally."

"It's part of it, but the fantasy itself is a bit larger."

"I know. That is ok. I liked the suit more than I thought, maybe I'll like this bed too. You will sleep with me here, right?"

"Sometimes, hehe. Come on, don't worry so much. This is awesome."

April's happiness was contagious. She was really into this project, and that was the most important. The two girls hugged each other and went to eat dinner in the kitchen. There was a certain febrility in the air as they knew where the action would take place tonight. They decided to watch a girly movie before their fun time. The rubber encased Tracy was lying down on the living room couch with her head resting on April's lap. She was getting used to the suit. It was comfortable.

"Thanks for making me wear this catsuit. I love it more and more. I'm in trouble."

"It's great. You can keep it on even when I'm not around, you know. I'd like that."

"Hehe. If you are not around, I'd probably find it less pertinent to keep it on. I love it most when I'm around you because I know it makes you feel good to see me being your rubber girl."

"Mmm. Wait for me then. You just gave me an idea. I have something for you."

April made a round trip to her bedroom and came back with a small shiny object.

"Show me your neck."

"... My neck?"

Click!

"What was that?" Tracy asked.

"A padlock. You can't remove it anymore unless I let you."

"Mmmm ... that is sexy ... but not very convenient."

"You'll get used to it."

That was just a playful scene, but Tracy wasn't sure how serious April was about this. She noticed things slowly escalating. She was playing the game but was wondering when things would stop. A fantasy wasn't supposed to last forever, after all. That said, she was looking forward to spending the night in the new rubber bed with April. It would be different and fun.

As expected, they headed downstairs after the movie. Tracy entered the bedroom first.

"Hold on ... normal clothes are not allowed in there. I'll be back in a sec." April said.

She slammed the door shut and locked it from the outside, which sent a shiver down Tracy's spine. She climbed on the bed and waited for her wife to come back. It only took a few minutes before the door opened again. April entered, and she was naked like a worm.

"I went back to my room to get rid of my clothes. Would it not be hot if you never saw me again with my clothes on?"

"That would be sexy. You have such a weird mind, April. How do you come up with all that stuff?"

"I'm a bit deviant, I suppose. So? You look amazing on the rubber bed. Do you know that? Let's test this mattress!"

"Agreed!"

The next few hours were intense for the two girls. They had the wildest sex they ever had. There was something about this unusual set up that made the ambiance so erotic. Tracy was delighted to be April's rubber girl as things were going much better in bed since they agreed to go ahead with this deviant stuff. They spent the night together in the rubber bed, and it was purely fantastic.

At some point, Tracy woke up, but April was no longer at her side. She looked around but realized that she had no idea what time it was and had no means to figure it out. She didn't have a watch, there was no clock and the window was sealed well. Those faint red pot lights were not helping either. She went to the powder room for a quick pit stop and then tried to exit the bedroom.

"What the ...? The door is locked! April? Where are you?"

There was not much she could do but wait. April was having some fun with her. Tracy went back to bed and just tried to rest some more. After all, she had no idea what time it was, and sleep was a good option.

An undetermined amount of time later, the door unlocked, and naked April got in, holding a tray full of food. She closed the door behind her and climbed on the bed to wake up her rubber girl.

"Wake up, little toy."

"Mmm ... Ah, here you are? Where did you go? You locked me in."

"Yes, it's part of my fantasy to have my rubber girl living in her rubber room. Here, I made you breakfast."

"Living here ... hehe ... I don't think so. But I slept really well. What are you doing to me? Are you trying to turn me into a rubber lover?"

"I wish. Just enjoy it. Okay? It makes me super happy. You are the absolute best wife ever!"

"Flattery will lead you nowhere."

"Oh, yes. It will."

Their playfully chit-chat lasted for a bit while we were sharing the food. Another hot sex session quickly followed the breakfast. This room was rapidly becoming the favorite of the house.

A couple of orgasm later, April explained her next idea.

“I want to install a TV in here, so I can force you to watch things ...”

“You mean, for us to watch stuff?”

“That too, I suppose. But I don’t want it to be controllable from inside the room.”

“April, where are you going with this?”

“Nowhere ... Can you do it? If you do, I will have a surprise for you later.”

“If you let me out of the suit, I can do it, yes ... but you are a sneaky one, you know?”

April giggled and agreed to let Tracy out for a bit. They went shopping together to buy a small TV and some hardware that they would need to fulfill this new part of April’s fantasy, another one. They came back home, and Tracy worked efficiently. She built a black wooden frame for the TV and mounted it very securely to the wall. The frame was preventing all access to the buttons or cables. The only way to turn the TV off from inside the room would be to break it. The wires were all connected on the other side of the wall, and April would be able to stream anything she wanted to it. Tracy thought it was a bit weird, but she had to do it if she wanted her surprise.

“April, it’s done. So, what is my gift?”

“Your gift? Do you really want it?”

“Yes ... I like gifts a lot ...”

“You can’t refuse it, though, I spent a lot of money on it.”

“Lots of money? I want it even more then!”

“Alright, put your suit back on if you want it. You already spent too much time out of it.”

Tracy didn’t argue since an expensive gift was a good incentive. She jumped back in her suit after a quick shower and even locked it with the small padlock. She wanted to be a good girl and show her gratitude to April that was waiting for her in the master bedroom.

“So ... Can I get my ... What is this ... thing?”

“This ... is a gift from me to you.”

“Hmm ... What is it?”

To Tracy, it looked like a bunch of random shiny metal parts lying on the bed. April was all smiles, and she even looked turned on.

“Just stand still and let me put it on you,” April said.

“Put what on me? What is it ...”

“Shhh ... just let me do it. You’ll like it, I’m sure. My fantasy is almost completed. There is not much more after this.”

“What? There will be even more after this?”

April just giggled and started to install the metal parts on Tracy’s body. First, a thin metal belt went around her waist. She then unzipped her crotch and fingered her a little. The next piece ran from the back of the belt to the front in between her legs. There was a big metal dildo attached to the section that was covering her pussy, April inserted it slowly in Tracy’s vagina. Once that was done. She locked the belt and the crotch piece in place.

“April ... This is a chastity, belt!”

“Yes ... I know! It is a good one too. How does it feel?”

“Well ... I’m not sure I ... “

Tracy wanted to say that she wasn’t sure she wanted this. But she refrained from doing so at the last second. April already told her that it was part of her fantasy, for which she promised to never back out. April also said that her gift was expensive. It was better to just go with it and not make a fuss.

“Hold on. I’m not done,” April said.

To the unusual outfit, April added a metal collar, a metal bra, and metal thigh cuffs. All the parts were locked on Tracy’s body and connected with chains to prevent her from removing them. She tugged a bit on her new gears and looked at herself in the full length mirror.

“It looks good. But ... How am I going to have sex with this on?”

“You won’t. I want my rubber girl to not to be able to have sex ... at least, not if I’m not around.”

“So ... you’ll take it off tonight?”

“Probably not ... it’s so much work ... maybe if you are obedient.”

Tracy kept tugging on her outfit, but she had to be careful because of the large dildo inside her. It would be unfortunate to get aroused without the possibility of cumming.

It was getting late, so they went to the kitchen to eat dinner together. Right after, April led Tracy to the basement and cuddled with her for a while. Then she asked her to lick her pussy.

“If you do a good job, maybe I will unlock you.”

Tracy gave it her all and made her cum several times with her tongue. A couple of times, her hand went down to her crotch, only to be blocked by the metal chastity belt. She was getting a bit frustrated.

“Come on ... Can I cum now?”

“Hmm ... No! You know what? If you stay in the rubber bedroom for a whole week, I’ll make you cum next weekend.”

“A whole week? What am I going to do for a whole week?”

“I’ll keep you entertained. Anyway, it is part of my fantasy, so you have to do it, right?”

“... Right ...”

“Good. Have pleasant dreams, my little rubber toy. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Wait! You are not staying with me tonight?”

“No, I need a shower, and I have a long day at work tomorrow. I’d not be able to sleep with all that rubber hotness. Don’t worry. I’ll take care of you later.”

“...”

April got out of the room and closed the door. The familiar noise of the lock was heard. Tracy was a prisoner again, in the name of love. She curled in her rubber bed and kept exploring her restricted body, just to check if there was any position that would allow her to play with herself, but there was none. She started to drift off to sleep when suddenly the TV turned on. It was a porn video, rubber girls making out with each other. At least the volume was low enough because there was no way she could have done anything about it. She watched for a bit, and after an hour, it turned into some sort of hypnosis thing. It was a loop repeating obscure phrases about rubber, sex and chastity, with a background of rubber girls having sex. Tracy tried to get some sleep, but she woke up several times because of the TV and her growing arousal. Not knowing the time was messing her up.

Much later, she woke up to go to the bathroom. That was when she noticed a food tray in front of the door. April must have put it there before going to work. She also left a book for her. She said she would keep her entertained after all. Tracy sat back on her bed and started to eat the food. There was way too much, so she guessed that it would be her lunch as well.

She grabbed the book and started reading. It was about the fetishist lifestyle.

“She is messing up with my head. She wants me to read this while porn is playing on TV. What is she doing to me? And why am I accepting this? Do I want this?”

Tracy was confused. Perhaps it was the erotic hypnosis that worked on her brain since last night ... or maybe she was just enjoying herself after all. It sucked to be so turned on with nothing that could be done about it. She was hoping for April to come back soon so she could get some affection, but this was pointless thought while having no clue what time it was. She silently started to read the book in between naps. Those short bursts of sleep disoriented her even more since every time she opened her eyes, it was the same thing. Same room with the same faint red lights. Was it day or night, did April forget about her? There was no answer possible. Also, that TV alternating between latex porn and weird hypnosis was taking its toll.

Much much later, April came back home. She opened the rubber room door to find Tracy asleep in her rubber sheets. She stripped naked and left her clothes outside. She got in and delicately closed the door behind her. She climbed onto the rubbery bed and woke up her wife with a kiss.

“Hello, rubber toy. How are you doing?”

“I’m ... horny as hell.”

“Well, that’s good, you are supposed to. That is how I want my rubber girl to be. Always horny.”

“Can ... Can you unlock me?”

“I could ... but ...”

“But what?”

“Well, I wanted to talk to you about the final part of my fantasy that you agreed on.”

“Another part? You like to remind me that I agreed to it, don't you?”

“The last one, I promise. Not only are you going to love it, but I’m working hard on it too. So it would be unfortunate if you didn’t want to go ahead with it.”

“What ... What is it?”

“I can’t tell you. So here is the deal. You stay in this room all week, and you don’t ask me to unlock you. On Friday night, I will let you sleep in my bedroom upstairs. That is when I’ll show you the last part of my fantasy. Can you do this for me?”

“But ... I’m so turned on ... It’s unbearable.”

“It’s okay, I also want you to pleasure me every day when I ask you too. You like that, don't you?”

“That won’t help ... it would make it worse.”

“So, you don’t want to have sex with me on Friday and get your surprise?”

“Of course I do ... but ...”

“No but! Come on! Get to work! We start right now.”

April spread her legs open, invitingly. Tracy didn’t need a lot of convincing. As much as she wanted to cum, she got used to just doing what she was told to do for the past couple of weeks. Plus, she loved licking April so much and had been waiting for this moment all day. She had to enjoy it now before it was too late. Her dedication to her task was the cause of so many orgasms.

“You are getting too good at it,” April said.

“You are delicious ... Are you sure that ...”

“No. I’m not unlocking you. Friday! ... Only four days to go. But I’ll reward you later today because you made me cum so hard.”

“... ok.”

April left the room and locked the door behind her. She had lots of things to plan and do. She only came back with food for Tracy two hours later and left the tray on the floor before closing the door again. Tracy was a bit puzzled, but she was hungry.

She ate her meal quietly while the TV was bombarding her non-stop with porn and hypnosis. She wished she could turn it off, but then she forgot about it. She was slowly getting used to it and no longer tried to block it out of her mind. It was just part of her typical environment by now. Later on, April came back.

"How was your food?"

"It was good. Thank you."

"I didn't forget about your reward. Turn around and don't talk."

She was hiding something behind her back. Tracy turned around and knelt on the bed. When did she become that obedient? April started to put something over her head. She couldn't see anything anymore. It got tighter and tighter as April was pulling on the laces behind her head. Then she felt April fastening some buckles around her neck, eyes, and under her chin. The clicking of the padlocks followed. Tracy didn't say anything or do anything to prevent any of this from happening.

"There. A nice little leather hood to decorate my little rubber toy. Do you like it?"

"It's ... tight. I can't see anything."

"That is the point. It will get comfier over time."

"What do we do now?"

"Nothing. Have a good night. I will see you tomorrow, maybe ..."

"Maybe? Hey! ... Wait up!"

Tracy tried to catch April, but she only grabbed a handful of air. She heard the door slamming shut and being locked. She groaned and started to explore the hood to see if there was a way to remove it, but there was none. She flopped back in her rubber sheets and sighed. She was reflecting on her situation when she noticed something different; the volume of the TV went up. It was no longer just background noise. It was a regular volume. Not loud per se, but very present nonetheless, and she couldn't ignore it anymore.

That was how her restless night went. She kept waking up and falling back asleep, unable to figure out if ten minutes had elapsed or five hours. There was no discomfort, but there was a lot of confusion. Her arousal was the worst. She couldn't tell anymore if the moaning came from her or the TV. She made a few trips to the bathroom for the toilet and water. It was pretty much all she could do outside listening to porn and hypnosis.

On an irregular basis, she went to the door to check if April left her some food. It took three times before finding a food tray on the floor. It was the most exciting activity since she got her hood on. She took all the time in the world to enjoy her meal. The rest of the time, she tried to sleep or have a discussion with herself to keep her sanity. But most of the time she was just repeating what she heard from the TV.

It took forever, but she finally heard a familiar voice. It was April.

“Hey, rubber girl. You did so well today. So I have another surprise for you today. Put your hands behind your back and don’t talk.”

Tracy placed her hands behind her back, not thinking about it. April put leather cuffs on her wrists and locked them together.

“Good girl. Now, kneel on the floor next to the bed. I want you to lick me. I thought about you all day, and I need this now. You are so awesome.”

Tracy knelt as ordered, and the two hands on her head guided her to the promised land. April made her lick her pussy for an eternity. She came so hard so many times

“You are getting way too good at this. I think I’m addicted. Listen, since you can’t use your hands anymore, I’ll bring you your food and water in bowls. Be careful not to make a mess. Also, we are Tuesday, so hang in there. Your final surprise is not too far away. Think about all the sex you are going to get on Friday.”

Tracy moaned. Her sex tank was full, and there was nothing she could do about it. Rubbing her crotch on objects would not help; the large metal dildo inside her would just make it way worse. And now that her hands were tied behind her back too, she was even more helpless. Without a goodbye, April left the room and locked the door behind her. Tracy only knew one thing; it was Tuesday. Since April didn’t work on regular hours, she didn’t know if it was morning, afternoon, or late at night. All she could do was to flop back on her bed and hope to sleep for extended periods, which she had no way to control.

Time dragged. The only indication that time was still moving forward was when, magically, bowls of food and water appeared or refilled. She was forced to eat like a dog. It was not that bad since April also left her with a towel to wipe her mouth.

The porn and hypnosis never stopped, and it was replacing her thoughts. Before, Tracy was always thinking about renovation projects and such, but she couldn’t do that anymore. She was thinking of April, rubber, food, sex ... Occasionally, April showed up, but she was not even talking to her anymore. All she wanted was to receive her regular oral sex from her sex doll. At some point, she cuffed Tracy’s ankles to add to her misery. It was a new struggle to go to the toilet, but she still managed it.

Tracy was lost entirely. She was so turned on and so confused. The worst was when April decided to gag her. She shoved a large penis gag in her mouth, silencing her for good. And later on, she even hogtied her. The television volume was cranked up very high. It was seriously messing up her head as the constant moanings were slowly destroying her soul. Once in awhile, April came back to make her drink and help her with the washroom. To repay for the

assistance, Tracy had to eat and lick April's pussy for long periods of time. Undoubtedly, April had found her favorite hobby.

Tracy was gradually losing hope to be freed. To her, it felt as if weeks had passed, until it happened.

"Tracy ... Do you want your final surprise?"

"Mmmph ..."

"Ah, yes, the gag. One sec."

April unbuckled the gag strap and pulled it out of her mouth, causing Tracy to let out a large amount of drool. She was trying to stretch her sore jaw.

"Is ... is it Friday?"

"No, sorry ..."

"Aaaah! Come on! I can't take this anymore. You are going to kill me ..."

"No, no! Listen, Tracy! It is Saturday evening. We had some emergencies at the hospital yesterday, and I came back home too late to play with you."

"But ... so ... what now?"

"As I asked, do you want your surprise now? It is the last thing I'll ask of you to fulfill my fantasy. I'm not lying. Tomorrow, it will be over, and we will talk about how we want things to continue after that. But tonight, you have a decision to make. Either you break my heart and ask me to set you free, or you keep your promise to fulfill my fantasy and help me with the last part."

"Will I cum if I follow you?"

"Hehe. If you are nice, maybe."

"I'm going to keep my promise. I said I would."

"Good choice! I'm addicted to you as my rubber toy now, I would have been sad if you had refused. Alright, let's go ... I can't wait any longer. I'm so excited."

April removed the wrist and ankle cuffs from Tracy, who stretched her sore limbs. She was finally able to move somewhat normally. April didn't remove the hood or the chastity belt kit.

"Take my hand and follow me."

After a quick stop at the washrooms, April led the very disoriented rubber Tracy to the master bedroom. The last time she was here was when she got chastised. It seemed as if it was months ago. April made her lie down on the bed and climbed on top of her. She started kissing Tracy, which was already a fantastic reward for her patience. Tracy felt so good, but unfortunately, she had a bigger problem, this make-out session was turning her on like crazy.

"April ... Please, I really need to cum!"

"Is it that bad?"

"Yes ... you can't understand ... I feel as if it will break my body if I don't."

“Okay, since you are in such a hurry, I will give you two choices ...”

“Nooo! No more choices. I want to be fucked so badly. My pussy keeps clenching on the dildo, and I can’t control it ... it is so bad.”

“Well, you have to endure ... hear me out at least. Your first choice is that I remove everything from you, belt, hood, suit, and I give you a vibrator. You can make yourself cum as much as you want. But I’m not sleeping with you tonight.”

“Ah, come on! I want to make love to you. I want you to make me cum! Not a vibrator.”

“Alright, so that is why you have a second choice.”

“What is it?”

“I will let you sleep in my bedroom, but I will fuck you only after I show you my surprise.”

“What is the surprise?”

“... It’s a surprise ... But I’d fuck you as much as you want after, does it not sound good? I promise it is true.”

“O ... okay ... Then I chose that ... I don’t want to be fucked by a vibrator.”

“Perfect! Get off the bed then ... I’ll show you something.”

April led Tracy to a corner of the room and made her standstill.

“Okay, I’ll remove your hood, but you have to keep your eyes closed. You cannot look else you are going to ruin everything.”

“I won’t. I promise.”

April unlocked all the padlocks from the hood and undid the straps, unlacing it released the pressure. When she peeled it off Tracy’s rubber head, it made her moan loudly. It was such a relief. She almost opened her eyes but was reminded right away not to do so.

“Don’t open your eyes ... please! Now I want you to crouch down and walk through this small door. Careful, there is a small step.”

“A small door ... What is it?”

“A surprise, you’ll see. You are going to love it.”

Tracy obeyed and crouched down before stepping over the small obstacle at her feet. She was guided by April carefully. When she put her foot on the ground again, it was like walking on a very soft pillow. She put her hands on the ground, and it was the same squishy material. The smell was intoxicating. It was latex ... a very strong smell of latex. This turned her on so much that she started shaking. She brought her other foot forward, and immediately after, she heard a soft noise, like a pillow falling onto the floor.

“April? What do I do now?”

Silence. Nobody replied.

April? Can I open my eyes now? April?”

Tracy was very confused. She started touching around. In front of her was a wall made of the same cushy material. It was the same thing on her left or right. She even tried to stand up, but her head bumped into the soft ceiling.

“Okay, April, I’m opening my eyes now ... What is going on?”

Tracy opened her eyes, hoping to figure out an answer ... nothing ... it was pitch black ... Was she blind? She rubbed her eyes with her gloved hands, but it didn’t help. She turned around to reach the hole from where she came from ... nothing again... Just walls covered with cushions, probably made of latex. She licked the wall to confirm. She was right. It was latex. She inspected the small place over and over with her hands, but there was nothing, no exit. She was trapped and isolated inside a small rubber box.

Outside, April was sitting on the bed, masturbating frantically. It was so hot. In front of her was a good size wooden box containing a whole lot of latex along with her rubbery young wife, who was probably losing her mind at the moment. The hatch was closed tight and locked. Not only was the box cushioned with foam and latex inside, but all sides were also soundproofed. The person inside would not be able to hear anything from the outside. The opposite was true, as well.

April kept masturbating for a long time. She had not yet decided how long she would leave her in there and it was turning her on so much. She knew Tracy was desperate to cum, but that was no longer important. This was her fantasy. For a very long time now, she dreamed of this but never had the guts to tell Tracy about it. When she offered to fulfill one of her fantasies, she was so happy. She knew right away that this would be the one she would pick. Her fantasy was to have a latex girl just to herself. One to which she could do everything she wanted. She was aware that she stretched the offer quite a bit and that Tracy would probably not be the same ever again after all of this, but for once in her life, April felt that she could stop resisting and let her imagination turn into reality.

Tracy had been awesome all along. So many times, she could have said no and put her foot on the ground to stop this, but she didn't. It was so hard for April to manipulate her like this; she had to lie all the time. She could never have hated Tracy if she had decided to stop. April loved her way too much, it was hard to make her believe that she would have been heartbroken. She would tell her everything later, once this session was over ... in one, two, four ... maybe eight hours? Maybe even more? She had not decided how long she would keep her isolated just yet. Masturbating like this, with those thoughts, was too good to think about anything else at the moment.

For a long moment, Tracy tried to find a way out with no success. She didn’t know what had happened. She couldn’t see or hear anything. The smell of latex wouldn’t go away. It was turning her on so much. She got used to that smell in her new bedroom, and she associated it

with the arousal caused by the constant porn and hypnosis. Being stuck in this box was a continuous trigger for her brain. Sex, pleasure, arousal. But there was nothing she could do about it. She was not going anywhere, and she could only hope that someone would eventually rescue her. She was exhausted. She curled into a little ball of rubber, still trying to reach her sex without success. The chastity belt wouldn't go away anytime soon, not as long as she was stuck in here. She couldn't even grab her metal covered boobs. She sucked on her fingers; it was pretty much the only stimulation she could get at that point. With no sensory input, the time had stopped to exist for her.

April walked to the box. She knew she was pushing the limits ... it had to stop. She needed to give Tracy her reward and owed her some explanation. It had been twelve hours already. After masturbating for an eternity, she had fallen asleep and only woke up a short time ago and masturbated some more. She closed the blinds to keep the place dark. Tracy hasn't seen any light for about week. It would be hard on her eyes. She reached the lock with her key and carefully removed it. She pulled on the handle to break the seal and open the door. She saw her rubber wife sleeping at the bottom of the box, fingers in the mouth, and a hand between her legs. She whispered.

"Tracy? ... Tracy?"

"Mmm ..."

"It's over, Tracy. Wake up."

"A ... April?"

"Careful your eyes ... you can come out now."

"Where ... Where am I?"

"In our bedroom. Come. Grab my hand."

Very slowly, confused Tracy crawled out of the rubber box. She could barely open her eyes as it was too bright for her, even with the blinds closed. April escorted her to the bathroom for a well-deserved bio-break. Then they went back to bed. She made Tracy lay down on her back and sat next to her.

"You deserve your reward. I'll take that belt off now. Then I'm going to fuck you so hard."

"Wait ..."

"What? Why?"

"I don't know ... I really want to, but at the same time, I don't want this to end. This week ... was amazing ..."

"Really? But I was super hard on you."

"Did ... did you have fun?"

"That is an understatement. You gave me more pleasure than I ever had. I was so happy that you played along with everything."

"Good ... good. I loved it too."

"Really? Even the box?"

"That was ... incredible. What ... What time is it?"

"Around 9 am, why?"

"What day?"

"Hehe. It is Sunday. You are really confused, aren't you?"

Tracy sat up slowly. Still half in a trance. She scouted to the edge of the bed. She was trying to get her bearings together.

"You know what, April? From now on, we need new rules."

"I know ... I went a bit too extreme on you. I'm sorry."

"No ... That was fine. I meant, rules to keep this going. If I want to get an orgasm for you, I will need to spend 12 hours in this box first."

"Really? Are you serious?"

"Yes, very. Then, if you want me to please you, it can only happen in the rubber bedroom downstairs."

"Oh my ... I like those rules."

"Also, you must keep me in chastity too, all the time, unless I did my 12 hours in the box."

"Are you sure? Yesterday, I thought you were going to die."

"That is why I loved it ... I've never been turned on to the point where my body took over. My pussy can't stop clenching, sending waves of pleasure to my body. It's insane."

"Alright, then come here, I'll unlock you and give you some mighty orgasms."

"No ... I need to spend 12 hours in the box before that, it is the rule."

"Are you crazy? You just did that!"

"There was no rule back then ..."

Tracy went to the floor and crawled toward the box, to April astonishment. She climbed in and curled at the bottom of it, on the soft latex padding. April shook her head ...

Without a word, April closed the door shut and turned the key, isolating Tracy once more.

"I better go clean up that rubber room now, she is going to spend a lot more time down there than I anticipated. I love her so much."