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# Building Reality

## Addiction

Tracy's isolation felt like an eternity. After her second time in the isolation rubber box, April let her out to have a great sex session as promised, but it only lasted a short 30 minutes. Following this brief moment of fun, April put the chastity belt back on Tracy, without the plugs this time, and led her back to the rubber room. She let her latex wife go in first and closed the door behind her without a word.

Stuck in the rubber room since then, Tracy had no idea how long it had been. There was no clock to help her, and the permanent faint red lighting disoriented her even more. She didn't know if it was day or night, and her sleep schedule was unknown. Not once, she was awake when April brought her a tray with some food.

The unstoppable TV kept bombarding her relentlessly with hypnosis and sex movies; some times, the volume was high, and other times it was more reasonable. In any case, it was uncontrollable. With the tightly locked belt on, she couldn't get any sexual relief as she didn't find any way to access her clit; there was none. The metal bra didn't help either; she couldn't even fondle her breasts to get some pleasant sensations.

Tracy wished April would at least show up to get licked a bit; doing that kind of work would make her feel more satisfied. When daydreaming about this desire, she occasionally interrogated herself whether those thoughts were hers; they could have originated from the hypnosis. This internal questioning never lasted too long, though.

Once more, she woke up and was still in her rubber room, under the latex blankets, which provided the only physical affection she could get. She went to the washroom to do her business, then on her way back, she noticed a small basket at the foot of the door. She had received another stealthy delivery from April while she was asleep.

Tracy went down to her knees and hands and crawled to the basket. There was a paper note that got her excited; it was the first real entertainment since April made love to her a while ago. She leaned against the wall and started reading.

*"Hi Tracy, Thanks again for fulfilling my fantasy. You made me so happy. I can't even begin to express my gratitude. After your second stay inside the rubber box and our small sex session, I thought you would have liked to rest and recover. Because I care, I left you alone in your rubber room for the past two weeks.*

*I didn't bring you food on a regular schedule because I thought making you lose track of time would make your wait less stressful; I even gave you two breakfasts in a row to confirm your disorientation, and I don't think you have noticed. I've been watching you via the TV camera this whole time, and it was so exciting. You make me so happy, and I have the best solo sex in my life. I never thought you could turn me on as much. So thank you for accepting to play along with me like this.*

*Within the past few days, I noticed your sexual frustration, though. I did take it all away from you for my benefit; seeing you in that state is fantastic. So, I decided to reward you for enduring this for me. I would love to fulfill another fantasy, but I don't want to force you. I can't tell you too much about it because I would like it to be a surprise. How is this a reward, you may ask? Well, there will be a lot of sex included. I bet it is very appealing to you since you would do anything to cum at this point. Right?*

*So, if you want to help me fulfill another fantasy, just put on the rubber hood that you'll find in your basket and wait for me to come to pick you up. Oh, and you have to lock it on using the padlock I provided as well so you can't change your mind.*

*It is your choice. As I said, I don't want to force you. I won't be mad at you if you prefer to stop everything, but you know how happy I would be if you would help me explore my new fantasy. Think about all the sex.*

*If you decide not to do it, just let me enjoy what we are currently doing for a couple more weeks, then I will let you out for good, and we can go back to our happy life.*

*I love you so much!  
April"*

Tracy was a bit taken aback. She reread the note several times to make sure she understood it. On the one hand, she could help April to fulfill one more fantasy and get a lot of sex out of it, and on the other, she would just have to stay in the rubber room a bit longer to get her freedom back.

She went to her rubber bed to put in some more thought into it, but her attention was continuously diverted by what was playing on the TV. There was a bit of conditioning going on; she developed the habit of watching the screen all the time.

Hours or days passed, and she still had not made up her mind. Her anxiety was a bit high because she knew April was waiting for her decision. Her meals kept coming in, so April was probably not that angry at her, but she was probably sad that she didn't accept her offer immediately.

This sad thought grew over time. The more Tracy was thinking about it, the more she felt like a bad wife. April had nicely asked her help to fulfill one more of her fantasies and even offered lots of sex in exchange to make sure it was not a one-way deal, but yet, she was still hesitating to accept. That guilt became unbearable.

Tracy went to the washroom one more time and walked back to the basket that contained the thick rubber hood, which she pulled out. There were no eyeholes, and a large penis gag was attached inside. A wide rubber collar was also built-in; it would allow her to lock the hood in place. The prospect of losing her vision and speech ability again was not necessarily what she was hoping for, but she would do it for April's happiness and lots of great sex.

She grabbed the padlock from the bottom of the basket, and she sat on the bed. April was more than likely watching through the TV and was probably very happy to see her wish being granted. Tracy began to put the hood on.

The gag was the first thing to go in. It was big and felt even larger inside her mouth. It went all the way to her throat, leaving barely enough space for the air to travel from her nose to her lungs. The taste of rubber was something she was now very familiar with; she didn't dislike it at all. She pulled the hood over her head and aligned the holes with her nostrils. Once confident she could breathe comfortably, she zipped the hood, which tightened nicely around her already covered latex face.

Then there was the collar; it was not stretchy even though it felt like rubber. Tracy threaded the strap through the metal buckle. There would be no way for her to remove the hood without April's assistance once she locked it on. She pawed around to find the padlock and put it in place on the metal loop at the end of the prong.

\*click\*

There was no going back; Tracy was now blind and mute until April decided to come pick her up.

Time passed... a lot of it. Tracy starved, so she estimated her wait time had been at least 12 hours, and there was still no sign of April. She tried to sleep, not losing hope. On and off, she drifted to dreamland only to be awakened by the noisy TV and an empty stomach. She had made April wait; it was only fair to get a small punishment in return.

Then she felt something different... Something was tugging on her collar. She brought her hands up and discovered something was attached to the front D-ring. Her fingers explored a bit more, and she understood someone had leashed her.

Silently, April was trying to make her rubber wife follow by tugging on the leash only; she didn't want to touch her.

Tracy slowly got off the bed and let the leash tug guide her. Carefully, she went up two flights of stairs and remembered enough about her house to know April led her to the master bedroom. Once they arrived, she bumped into a large object... The isolation box.

She wasn't sure what to think, she didn't expect this at all, but April more than likely wanted her to get inside it. She was starving and thirsty, so she was not too sure she wanted this right now. On the flip side, spending some easy time in the box would mean she would end up having sex with April later, something she desired more than anything else after being left alone for so long. Sexual denial and TV torture had been her life for the past two weeks, she needed human contact.

Tracy decided to trust April and go for it. She found the small opening and crawled through it. As soon as her two feet got inside the box, the door softly slammed behind her. Once more, she was isolated from the world, with no idea how long this would last.

April sat on the bed and started masturbating furiously. The sight of the box holding her wife prisoner was such an uncontrollable turn on. It was not her plan to put her in there today, after keeping her for so long in her rubber room, but she couldn't resist. She thought only an hour of fun wouldn't hurt. Yet, she knew it would be difficult to let her out.

As usual, April lost control a little bit. Tracy had been inside the box for the past 8 hours already, gagged and hungry. When April's guilt became unbearable, it still took her a lot of willpower to let her out. She wanted to keep her in the box much longer. It was so exciting.

April finally opened the door and pulled on Tracy's leash to make her get out. She had no idea what was going on inside her wife's head, probably a lot of confusion. She led weakened Tracy to the bathroom for a quick bio break and tugged her back to the bedroom.

She forced Tracy to sit on a chair and cuffed her limp arms behind the back. Making sure to stay out of sight, she unlocked and removed the heavy hood and extracted the long gag from her mouth.

"Aaaahhh .... April ... What... What is happening?" Tracy asked.

April didn't say a word and made sure not to be seen. Immediately she unzipped Tracy's rubber suit and pulled her head out of it. The fresh air felt so good on the sweaty face. Tracy wanted to rub her cheeks, but she was not in a position to do so. April was controlling her too well.

She was about to beg for some food when a buzzing noise triggered a fear that was innate to most girls.

"April! Wait! Is this a hair clipper? You are not going to--"

And before she could even finish her sentence, April ran the clipper through her hair!

"Nooooo! Don't do this... No! Please!"

But April proceeded despite the complaints, and there was nothing Tracy could do to make it stop. It was quite emotional, and it would take forever for her hair to grow back to the same length.

Once April finished the shaving, she inserted two small earbuds in Tracy's ears and covered them with a generous amount of wax before pulling her rubber hood back on and zipping it up. The feeling of the stretchy latex on her bald head was not entirely unpleasant.

Tracy was still confused as to why April was not talking and why she had shaved her head, but she knew she was the victim of her acceptance. After all, she agreed to help April fulfill her new fantasy, which was why she was no longer locked down in the basement.

April started to pull another hood over Tracy's head, not giving her any chance to see what it was exactly; it felt very different. It was very thick, and items were attached to it. The first one was a tube that went to her mouth; at least it was not a giant uncomfortable penis gag like the earlier one. Then there was some sort of ski goggles molded in the rubber that pressed on her face, depriving her of sight. When the zipper went down behind her neck, she realized how restrictive this latex hood was.

Next, a wide rubber collar went around her neck. She felt April clipping something heavy on its back; it was not easy to guess what it was since she couldn't hear anything.

April removed Tracy's cuffs. But before she had a chance to explore what April had done to her, her hands ended up inside heavy rubber mitts. Those were tightly cuffed around her wrists to prevent removal. Tracy tried to touch around her face to understand what was going on, but she couldn't feel much; the mitts were too thick.

Then nothing... Tracy just sat there, not knowing what was happening, breathing steadily through her rubber tube. Why didn't April say a word to her yet? What was her fantasy? What was this weird hood on her head? She had no idea.

Then her vision turned painfully white.

"Uuurrr!"

A picture of a rubber girl appeared in her vision. Were those VR goggles built-in the hood? An unknown female voice reached her ears, a slightly robotic one.

"If you can hear me, grunt once."

"... Urrr?"

"This is April, even though it is not my voice. I'm texting to you from my phone, and the text to speech app is sending it to your ears. I don't want my rubber wife to be able to communicate with me directly."

Tracy was not very comfortable with this idea... She was spoken to by a female who was not her wife. It was a bit unsettling.

"I can also play any video I want in your VR goggles. See. The battery behind your neck powers them. I'll take care of charging it for you when you are asleep."

A video of two latex women having sex started to play, and the experience was way more immersive than watching it from a TV. Unlike in the rubber room, it was the ONLY thing she could see and the ONLY thing she could hear. She had no way to avoid the videos and the sounds anymore. It turned her on so much for some reason. Her hand went to her crotch, but her chastity belt still denied her. She couldn't wait for April to tell her about the sex portion of the fantasy.

"So, Tracy, my first fantasy was to turn you into my rubber wife, which we did, and it made me so happy. I loved every minute of it, and I was even happier when you decided to embrace it. So, again, thank you so much."

Tracy tried to remember all she did during the first fantasy. Her latex experience had been great, she discovered something she liked, but April pushed it quite a bit farther than she had expected. Despite that, it was a good experience. But now, what was she planning?

"So, my other fantasy is to turn you into my rubber sex toy. Not a living rubber wife. I don't want us to communicate the same way anymore or touch each other the same way. You'll get basic instructions, at most, but I won't talk to you anymore, this is why I didn't want you to hear my real voice. This robot female will tell you what to do instead. You won't get to touch me either unless I want to use your body to get sexual pleasure.

"Uuurrr!"

"Ah! And you won't make noise either. I'm turning on your shocking collar right now. If you make a single sound, you'll get a big shock. So don't do it, okay. I don't want you to get hurt. Your mouth tube is only for breathing and feeding."

"Urrrr! OOOOOOOW!"

"Don't do it, I said. It will hurt you very much if you do. Pain is not part of my fantasy. I don't want this."

Tracy got jolted hard in the neck. It hurt quite a bit, and it was scary too. She wanted to ask April about the promised sex; she thought it was part of the deal, but she learned her lesson and remained silent. Fortunately for her, it was the next topic April was about to bring up.

"So, I told you there would be a lot of sex. There will be, I didn't lie. But it's only for me. As a toy, you won't get any sexual stimulation outside being turned on by hypnosis and porn. It's going to be like this for as long as I keep you as my rubber sex toy."

"UURR! AAAOOOOWWW!"

"Stop it, Tracy! You have to learn not to make noises. Else, you are ruining my fantasy. So, as I said earlier, the female robot will tell you what to do. You must obey everything she tells you to. If you don't, you'll get a shock in the neck. Also, you'll go through a more intense hypnosis program. This one is to help you react more automatically to her commands so you'll avoid punishment. I know you agreed to let me do this, but I thought you would appreciate the extra help. I'm not mean, and I want you to have a great experience."

The screen turned into a spiral, and binaural waves started playing in her ears.

"Go to the rubber room."

Was that a command? Did she have to obey it? She stayed on the chair, trying to rub her eyes and ears to understand her predicament better. Then she got jolted again.

"OOOWWW!"

"Go to the rubber room."

She stood up and started walking around with her rubber mitts in front of her. She figured out where she was and managed to make her way to the basement slowly. After a long trip, she entered her rubber room and sat on her bed.

"Good girl!"

The voice told her something sweet, and the hypnosis kept going. There was not much else to do but lay down and wait to see how this would play out. She quickly relaxed and fell into a deep trance, receiving all the suggestions from the program and forgetting most of what April had told her.

A lot of the hypnosis was erasing her memory; her name, life, job, and wife. She was still resisting, so they were mostly meaningless words rather than actual conditioning. But, she was unaware that some of her trances were very deep because she couldn't remember them.

Tracy had lost track of time a long while ago, well before she received her new hood, but she still knew that hours had passed since she returned to her rubber room. April had not fed her for a very long time, causing her stomach to cramp., She moaned in discomfort.

"Uuuurrr ... OOOOWW!"

She had forgotten about the shocking collar. Tracy couldn't even express her hunger anymore, and enduring it was the only option left. She was getting very thirsty as well, but perhaps something could be done about that. Tracy went to her bathroom sink and managed to get some water through her mouth tube. It was not food, but at least she was capable of drinking.

As she was walking back to her bed, her vision went all black, and the female voice gave her an instruction.

"Kneel!"

Knowing what would happen if she didn't obey, she knelt right away... and waited. She couldn't hear anything, so she didn't know if she was alone in the room, until April connected a bag full of blended food to her mouth tube and pushed the mixture in her mouth.

Tracy didn't expect this. Her mouth quickly got full, and she understood she had to swallow as fast as possible. She had difficulty keeping up with all the incoming paste, and her stomach got overly full, causing her to moan at the sensation.

"Mmmrrr OOOOWW!"

Again, she got a nasty shock in the neck. It was as if she couldn't learn what was good for her. Immediately after her forced meal, her unstoppable hypnosis resumed. She crawled back to her bed and spent a lot more time being conditioned to forget and doing nothing.

Occasionally everything stopped, but a faint hypnosis loop that kept running in the background. That was when Tracy tried to get some real sleep. She could never wake up naturally, though. She was often moaning in her sleep and got shocked by the collar, while some other times porn and hypnosis woke her up; the latter was far more pleasant.

Being extremely aroused without a possibility of release was becoming her new normal. There was nothing she could do to change anything. April hadn't touched her for such a long time; physical contacts were a distant memory.

It must have been days, if not weeks, since April put her in that situation. Her life consisted of sleeping, falling into a trance, being shocked, and being fed. At this point, she didn't even remember her name. She kind of knew where she was, in her rubber room, but her conditioning had erased so many details.

Until one day, when the female voice talked to her differently.

"You are doing so well. You are such a good rubber toy. I'm so happy that you decided to play along willingly. April would like to have sex with you as a reward. Come to the master bedroom at once."

The video in her VR goggles switched to what looked like a live stream. It was from a camera installed in the master bedroom showing April lying down on the bed, naked, and playing with her cellphone. It was so confusing.

Tracy got off her bed and tried to walk. Bumping into walls here and there, she managed to get out of her rubber room; the door was left open. Slowly, the rubber toy made her way through the house and reached the master bedroom. On her screen, she saw a rubber girl entering the room. It was following all her movement, but she wasn't sure who that was.

April got off the bed and typed on her phone.

"Put your arms behind your head and don't move."

Tracy executed herself and obeyed the order. Then, April started to attach something around her waist and in between her legs. It was a rubber strap-on. April had no intention of removing Tracy's chastity belt anytime soon.

"Lie down on the bed."

Using her hands, she found the mattress and climbed on it. What she was doing was matching the girl's movement in her goggles. Looking at herself from a 3rd person point of view made it feel so strange. Her brain couldn't cope with the weirdness.

"If you touch her, you'll get shocked. If you make noises, you'll get shocked. Do not move."

After sending this last message, April climbed on the bed and over Tracy. Seeing her wife turned into a sex toy was so hot that she almost came as soon as she sat on the strap-on. For the next two hours, April fucked herself with her amazing rubber toy.

Frequently, Tracy made some noise and got shocked harshly. She was seeing this girl fucking a rubber girl on the bed, which made her want sex so badly. But there was nothing for her in this, just painful shocks.

Once April was fully satisfied with her multiple orgasms, she got off the bed, removed the strap-on from her rubber plaything, and texted a new command to Tracy.

"Get inside the rubber box."

Having no choice, Tracy obeyed again and crawled to the box. The door was closed behind her, and she was isolated once more, receiving no reward from what had happened. Her goggles turned off, and there was nothing else remaining but a strange silence, making this sensory deprivation experience last even longer. She hoped the hypnosis would restart as soon as possible.

After what seemed an eternity, probably several hours, the female voice pulled her out of her misery.

"You did very well earlier. But you received a lot of shocks, which is not good, and it's worrisome. April cares so much about you, and you are making her sad. Also, she decided it was not fair to deprive you of all sexual activities, after all. When you are not in use, you should be able to have an occasional orgasm."

Tracy was trying to make sense of the words but felt a bit brain dead after all that isolation time. She tried to focus on what the female voice was telling her.

"You have two choices. You can let April make you more receptive to your hypnosis program. It would make you calmer and also much more susceptible to suggestions. You will also be able to cum occasionally. This way, you'll have more fun and won't get shocked as often. This gift is all for you so that you can enjoy your experience better."

Tracy only understood half of the words and couldn't comprehend the rationale, but she caught the part claiming it was good for her and that she would get to cum.

"Your second choice is to remain as is and greatly disappoint April. Your collar will be reprogrammed to shock you randomly several times per hour. I disabled your collar for now. I want you to grunt once if you want the first choice or twice if you prefer the second choice."

The second choice didn't make any sense to Tracy. She didn't like being shocked, and she didn't want to remain as is.

"Urrrr!"

"You make April so happy. She is fortunate to have such an amazing wife who enjoys playing along with her. She loves you so much."

The communication cut once more, plunging Tracy in total darkness and silence. She curled into a ball, not too sure what had just happened, but she was feeling good knowing someone was happy with her. Her little rubber world felt more comfortable.

It took a very long time before Tracy received the command to get out of the box. After a quick feeding, she was sent back to her rubber room. She laid down on the bed and felt way more relaxed than usual. When her hypnosis started, it seemed so much more real to her. All her resistance was gone, and everything said to her was absorbed effortlessly; it was such a great sensation.

April was standing next to Tracy, witnessing the effects of the hypnotic drug she had added to her food. She went to her phone and looked at the hypnosis program that was running. Since the beginning, she only ran the memory wipe add-on, but she was now enabling some more interesting features. One was to make sure Tracy never made another sound. She didn't like it when Tracy got hurt, so this was to protect her from the shocking collar. Another one was the add-on to make her cum on command.

She loved Tracy so much. She didn't want her to suffer because of her fantasy. Also, she wanted to give her some pleasure, so it didn't feel like a one-way relationship anymore. After activating the new programs, she sat on the bed next to her rubber wife and started masturbating energetically. What Tracy allowed her to do was turning her on so much.

For the next few weeks, April kept adding drugs to Tracy's food, slowly increasing the dosage, and enabled more hypnosis features. Some of them were to convince her that she had rubber skin and other ones to make her feel happy about her life. April didn't want to take the risk to make her wife feel bad because all of this may have been a bit more than their previous vanilla life. The drugs really seemed to have calmed down the rubber toy.

More and more often, April had one-way sex with Tracy, but she needed to address some remaining issues. Occasionally the rubber toy was moving a bit too much while she was fucking it, and she didn't like that very much.

Her fantasy was to have a rubber wife that was exactly like an inert toy, so she wasn't supposed to wriggle around that much. Her solution, before having sex with Tracy, was to give her

sleeping drugs to knock her unconscious for a few hours. Being a doctor, she could get her hands on pretty much anything and administer it relatively safely.

Tracy, her, she wasn't aware of any of that, she didn't know what she was fed. She was a rubber girl and couldn't remember anything relevant about her life; she was happy, never anxious, and always thrilled to follow any instructions she received. Not being able to figure out where she was most of the time, she needed more detailed instructions to move around the house.

Sometimes, when she expected it the least, she received a small command that made her cum hard. She didn't care how or why it was happening, but it felt so good. And some other time, she lost track of everything for long periods without knowing why.

For the past three months, April kept Tracy in that state and had so much fun. When she got married, she never thought Tracy would have made her life this joyful. All the twisted ideas she had always wanted to experiment with, Tracy had accepted to try them all willingly and made all the right choices to continue and go deeper in the fantasy. Nobody could wish for a better understanding partner.

April just had a very hot sex session with her rubber toy, so she was lying on the bed in the rubber room, with Tracy lying next to her, knocked out by the medication, which would last another twelve hours or so; she had given her an extra dose since it was her day off. April wondered if her fantasy was complete enough and if it was time to let Tracy out. She never told her that it would be a permanent lifestyle; she had to be fair with her and respect her word.

That night, April slept in the rubber room with Tracy for the first time in months, hoping it would help her make a decision. She cuddled with the unconscious rubber body; she didn't want this to end. Tracy hadn't moved a toe during all that time which made April so satisfied that her treatment had worked perfectly. Perhaps Tracy didn't want this to end either; it was hard to tell.

The next morning, when Tracy started to move a little bit, April texted her.

"Tracy, do you want out?"

Her rubber toy heard the words, but she couldn't reply. She was still smashed from her forced deep sleep and also conditioned not to make a sound. So how could she even respond? April wasn't too sure what to do. From her perspective, she just wanted this to continue badly. Just the thought of keeping Tracy in that state forever turned her on like crazy.

She turned back on the hypnosis program and left the rubber room, locking the door behind her. Today was not the day when she would make a decision. There was no rush anyway. She laid down on the living room couch and repeatedly pressed the "cum" button, making Tracy orgasm over and over. Her wife deserved that much pleasure after being so amazing.

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A couple of months later, April was in a different place in her life. She was no longer the same person, and there was a good reason for that. She had made up her mind to let Tracy out of the rubber toy experience. The fantasy was over, and it was time to move on and go back to a more reasonable life. Nothing was meant to be permanent.

However, she discovered she couldn't do it when she attempted to stop some things, such as the medication or the hypnosis. She started to cut, but as soon as Tracy was getting slightly more alert, she couldn't help herself and resumed the treatment as it was before.

She had developed a severe addiction to controlling Tracy, and she felt horrible about it. There was nobody she could share this with, and she was starting to miss her wife.

Smart as she was, April admitted her problem and decided to see a therapist. Of course, she hid all the details and came up with a side story, but the central theme was her controlling tendencies. She diligently went to her weekly session and understood what was wrong and learned new tools to turn her life around.

It took a while and a lot of effort, but she did it. She reached a point where she managed to start giving back Tracy her freedom.

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About a year later, Tracy was sitting on the couch, wearing nothing else than a very sexy and shiny rubber suit. There was no crazy isolation hood and no chastity belt anymore. She leaned forward to pick up her coffee cup and inhaled the aroma; she loved it. It was a bit late for a coffee, but it would keep her awake until April came back from the therapist. Her wife has only been away for the past ten hours, but she already missed her like crazy.

The TV series Tracy was watching was slow-paced, calming, and good for her. The story wasn't exciting; it was just a romance. The girl was in love with this good looking guy, and there was nothing special about it. However, it was a good one for her to pretend she was the woman and practice her speech.

When the actress was saying something, she paused the show and repeated what she had heard.

"I'm going to my parent's farm tomorrow. Would you like to come with me?"

"... I... going... to my... farm... No!... parent's farm. Would you like... to come with me?"

That was a hard one. It was a bit depressing, but the good news was that Tracy was improving rapidly. More words came back to her mind over time. She had not forgotten them, but they were still locked away in her memory and had trouble accessing them.

The front door opened and closed. April was back from her appointment and headed to the living room to meet Tracy.

"Hey, rubber girl!"

"April!"

"So how was your day. Did you do all the exercise I asked you to?"

"Yes ... almost."

"Almost?"

"I ... didn't... try to remove the suit."

"Ah ... that's fine. There is no rush for that. And what about your memory, Tracy?"

"I know how to wire a single pole light switch."

"I don't know what a single pole light switch is, but it looks like your electrician background is coming back fast. And wow, your speech was great. You are improving so quickly. I was feeling so bad about that part."

April was a brilliant woman. She came up with a plan to gradually release her grip on Tracy. Drastically stopping the fantasy would have caused a big shock and caused a lot of physical damage, but also would have been fatal to their wedding.

The first thing she did was to stop the hypnosis conditioning and slowly replaced the videos by something a bit more vanilla. Occasionally she would have run some deprogramming tracks, but they were mild compared to what she had made Tracy endure since they started this.

Over time, she also reduced the number of drugs she gave Tracy. That was probably one of the things she felt the most guilty about. She now knew it was not her smartest move ever, and it was not even legal to do so. She was only hoping that Tracy would forgive her. Her intention was not to hide anything once they could have a good chat about all this.

When Tracy regained most of her alertness, April sent her the command to come to the master bedroom. She made her sit on the bed and carefully removed the isolation hood. It had been a huge moment in April's recovery. However, Tracy's anxiety spiked through the roof, and she had to run to the isolation box. She stayed in there for a full week with the door barely cracked open.

During that week, April took outstanding care of her traumatized wife. She requested two weeks off from work just to be with her. It was seven days of bringing food to her, talking to her, and cleaning her and all. That was when April fully realized the whole extent of her bad addiction. It made her feel so guilty.

But on the morning of the 8th day, April woke up and found Tracy sitting on the bed. Tracy couldn't talk, from conditioning, and feared to be shocked, but she tried to communicate in her own way. She remembered who April was, it came back to her, and she wanted a hug from her wife.

Carefully April took her in her arms and rocked her gently for a very long time. A few days later, they even decided to sleep in the same bed, the rubber bed. Tracy couldn't sleep anywhere else because her nightmares were too intense when she was not in her environment.

Later on, April managed to take the chastity belt off Tracy, which was a huge step in her healing progress. She could now touch herself if she wanted to. The rubber suit was a different matter; she couldn't remove it as it would be the equivalent of removing the skin from her flesh. In Tracy's head, she was still made of latex.

A month ago, Tracy spoke her first words since she had been freed, and it was "April." April had worked hard to get her to that point. She knew Tracy could understand her well, so she taught her some meditation techniques to help her remove the conditioning slowly and regain her language abilities.

Today, they were able to have simple discussions, and Tracy's progress was exponential. It was no longer delusional to think she would be back to her old self sooner rather than later. It was such a relief for April.

"Tracy, can we talk about what I did to you some more?"

"You ... still feel bad?"

"Yes. I do... When I understood my problem, I got so scared. I want to apologize all the time, but I don't feel I'm ready to receive your pardon yet. You understand?"

"I do. But it's okay. We will... recover... other?"

"It's "Together" ... not "other." Tracy, I would like to try something with you now. Are you feeling okay enough to try something difficult?"

"I ... think so."

April sat next to Tracy and wrapped her arms around her neck. Then she started unzipping the back of her latex catsuit. Her rubber girl was silent, unsure of how to react. Then she pulled her hood forward, revealing Tracy's pale skin. Her hair grew back a lot since the last time she checked.

A couple of times in the past months, with Tracy's agreement, she drugged her to render her unconscious and spent a good amount of time cleaning her thoroughly. It was hard work to put her back in the catsuit, but it was mandatory. Tracy was just not ready to see herself without her rubber skin.

But today was a big step forward. Tracy was not freaking out. It was as if she remembered that she was not really a rubber doll.

"Do you want me to touch your face a little bit?"

"... Yes... something is... different. I think... I'm okay."

"You look okay. You remember it is just a costume now?"

"Yes."

April gently placed her hand on Tracy's cheek. It felt so good that she moaned a little and leaned her head into the caress. April was bold enough to get closer and give her a small kiss on the lips.

"April! I... I remember more... a lot more. We slept together a lot, naked."

"Hehe. That's right."

"I want that now. Help me."

"Are you sure you are ready for this?"

"Yes. Show me how to remove my costume."

"Okay, but let's do it upstairs, so if you freak out again, you can just go sit in your rubber box."

There were still some details that Tracy didn't remember. In this case, she didn't know it was just a zipper on her back. But April was there to assist. She grabbed her hand and led her to the master bedroom.

After dimming the light to make the ambiance more soothing, April began to unzip Tracy's catsuit carefully, revealing a white skin that had not seen the light in a long time. Very slowly and compassionately, she peeled the latex catsuit off her wife. Tracy's skin was extremely sensitive, which gave her a very odd feeling.

Once the last foot popped out of the suit, confirming that she was naked as a worm, the two girls slid under the warm blanket and tried to hug and caress each other. Unfortunately, Tracy had a lot of trouble with all of this, notably when Tracy reached her crotch.

"AAaah! That is too sensitive!"

"Alright... I won't touch you there then... we can try later."

"I'm... I'm sorry."

"Don't worry, Tracy. We will take our time."

For the next two weeks, they repeatedly tried to have sex like they were having before, but Tracy's sensitivity wouldn't go away. Cuddling was fine, but every time April brushed Tracy's crotch by accident, it turned the session into something unpleasant.

April was a bit frustrated to be unable to please her wife despite all the efforts and patience she put into it. She really wanted Tracy to be able to have sex again soon. But she made a small mistake.

The next time they got in bed for a cuddle session, she whispered the word "cum" in Tracy's ear, which triggered a massive orgasm. Her wife was still strongly conditioned to react to her cum command. Tracy really enjoyed it, that was not the issue. But it reminded April so much about what they had experienced since they started the fantasy fulfillment game. She remembered all the fantastic moments she had with Tracy when she was a rubber toy.

"Tracy, tomorrow, I'll give you your first real bath."

"No. I'm too sensitive. It will hurt."

"It won't hurt. And we have to clean you a bit, even down there."

"I don't want this... It will be too hard. Make me sleep..."

"Tracy... We have to stop this, and you have to try a bath. I'm sure it will help."

"... Nooo. Maybe next week. Just make me sleep tomorrow. I promise I'll try it next week."

"Mmm... okay. But it's the last time."

"Yes."

The next day, before bath time, April made Tracy swallow some sleep pills and asked her to lay down on the bed. While Tracy was falling asleep peacefully, April went to get a bucket of warm soapy water and a sponge. She has been doing this for a while now and found it pleasant. She could touch her wife everywhere without causing her any discomfort.

Once Tracy was fully unconscious, April started to work. As she was washing the crotch area, she recalled the orgasm she had triggered using the cum command the day before. It was so hot, and it made Tracy so happy. She was so cute, asleep in front of her.

April finished cleaning her and dried her skin with a soft towel. It would take a few more hours before she woke up. Usually, she cuddled with her sleeping wife or sat next to her with a book. But today, she was oppressed by unexpected nostalgia.

April went to her closet and pulled some rubber gears from the shelf. She had kept everything that she forced Tracy to wear during the past year. She still loved everything. She placed the gears on the bed and picked up the heavy rubber hood with the built-in VR goggles. It was the best. When Tracy was wearing it, it was so arousing. She had masturbated so often while watching her wife covered in rubber.

"It cannot hurt to be nostalgic... As long as I don't do it while she is awake, she won't get anxious... She won't wake up for another three hours... Three hours... yeah..."

April was thorned. She was missing her rubber toy so badly. She knew how hard it had been to walk away from what she loved the most, but now she needed it. She would give her life to see her rubber toy once more and get sexual pleasure out of it, if only for an hour or so.

"Okay... Just for an hour. Then, I'll let her out, and she won't suspect anything. I have to take care of myself too. It will be easier to help her if I feel good myself."

April began the long process of rubberizing Tracy. She decided to go for the complete experience as it would be just a one-time thing. She plugged Tracy's ears with the earbuds and the wax. She then slid her body inside the full rubber suit and placed her hands in the heavy rubber mitts. Next in line was the full chastity belt and breast shields. Tracy already looked so amazing.

April's arousal went through the roof. She was shaking so much she was excited about doing this—all the memories of what she had enjoyed so very much flooded her mind and clouded her judgment. There was only one thing left to do.

She placed the heavy hood over Tracy's sleeping head and locked it in place with the sturdy collar. She connected the battery pack behind her neck and grabbed her phone to turn on the hypnosis with all the features enabled. She also started a timer.

"Just one hour... then I will let her out. She would be okay with this, I'm sure. She would understand that it's too hard for me."

April grabbed a vibrator and started pleasuring herself in front of her isolated wife. It didn't take long for her to get to the edge. A slight push sent her orgasm land. Once it started, it never stopped. How many times did she cum? Three, Five... Ten times? She stopped counting. It was too hot.

She kept an eye on her timer. 00:58.

"I still have two minutes ... I'm sure I can cum again."

She climbed on top of Tracy and pressed her vibrator hard on her clit, attempting another shattering orgasm before it was too late.

She looked at her timer again. 01:47.

"Oh, no! That much time already? Okay, April, come on... you had your fun, and you must stop... You have to remove her gears now!"

As she was trying to convince herself to do the right thing, Tracy's arm started to move; it went right to her rubberized face, sending April into panic mode.

"Oh, NO! No, no ,no! She can't wake up now. I won't have time to take her gears off. She is going to be so disappointed in me."

April sprinted to the bathroom and opened the pharmacy. She grabbed a few pills and a small glass of water and rushed back to her room to climb on top of Tracy. She dropped the pills inside the feeding tube and poured a bit of water in it, forcing Tracy's innate reflex to swallow.

It only took a few minutes for Tracy to stop moving. April's heart was racing, and she collapsed on the bed next to her, panting.

"That was so close... Wait? How many pills did I give her?"

She didn't know exactly, but she estimated that she knocked Tracy out for the next twelve hours. This meant... the little miscalculation would allow her to have sex with her rubber toy for another half-day. There was nothing she could do to wake her up anyway, so she would be a fool not to take this opportunity to enjoy herself.

She decided to drag Tracy's body to the isolation box, cuddling in there would be great. It was hard work, but she made it. Tracy was now resting on the cushy rubber floor inside the box.

April took off all her clothes and left them on the corner of the bed. She walked to the isolation box and crouched in front of the door.

"I've never used that feature. It would probably be my only chance to do so. Aaah, why not."

April punched in some numbers on the digital panel. She entered 8 hours; it was the auto-lock timer. She crawled inside the box and closed the door behind her. The latch automatically closed.

"Locked in the rubber box with my rubber toy for the next 8 hours, that is so exciting. I didn't think this would happen again, ever. I was lucky in my bad luck. I'm pretty sure she would have been okay with all of this anyway. I didn't mean to drug her that much this time. It was an honest mistake. I will apologize when she wakes up."

April moved Tracy around to find the best position for both of them to enjoy their time together. And of course, it didn't take long before she started masturbating again over Tracy's sleeping rubber body.

Knowing that the hypnosis was active and that Tracy couldn't hear anything was turning April so much. Her sexual bliss lasted for hours, without knowing precisely how many. She was experimenting with self-isolation for the first time, which made her understand how amazing all this must have been for Tracy.

Tracy's consciousness slowly returned. She was so confused. In front of her were two rubber girls having sex. She didn't know where she was.

"April? OOOOWW!"

She received a nasty shock in the neck, reminding her of something very familiar. There was nothing she could do to regain her sense faster. She was still very susceptible to hypnosis, and the voice told her to forget everything. Then she felt a pair of hands running on her body.

"Why? Why did she wake up so early? It's only been like three hours. It can't be! She will know that I relapsed... And there is nothing I can do about it," April said.

Every time Tracy tried to moan, she was getting hit by electricity, which made April feel so bad... She laid down on top of her wife and kept repeating the same words over and over, uselessly.

"Tracy! Tracy! Stop resisting... You have to let the hypnosis do its job... only another 5 hours. Then I will fix this. I promise."

Tracy couldn't hear April's words, but she came to the same conclusion. She relaxed and just let her consciousness drift away. She was happy to cuddle with her wife, even though she wasn't sure what was happening to her.

As April saw Tracy calm down and relax. She was relieved and decided to play with herself just a bit more... just to kill time until the door unlocked.

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