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Building Reality

Love

"Mmm... It's been nine hours... I... I have to let her out... She is going to be exhausted again. Hehe."

April had lost control again. After placing Tracy in the isolation box for just one hour, she couldn't help herself and left her in it for an additional eight hours.

She walked to the box and quietly opened the door. As expected, Tracy had curled into a ball on the cushioned rubber floor and was either profoundly asleep or in a trance; it was hard to tell with her full leather hood on. Tracy looked amazing with her shiny black latex-covered body and with one of her hands resting on her crotch well protected by a chastity belt.

"Tracy? Tracy? Wake up. I'm letting you out."

"Mmm..."

Every time Tracy spent an extended period inside the rubber box, she ended up confused. It was the whole point of the activity, but she always remembered that all she had to do was extend one of her tired arms, and then April would take good care of her.

Carefully, April would guide Tracy out of the box and make her crawl to the bed so they could make love for an hour or two. That was the deal and their lovely routine.

Because of Tracy's exhaustion due to the long isolation, April would always lead this joyful moment. At the end of the session, she would remove the leather hood and other bondage items that she may have added before throwing Tracy into the box, and then they would lovingly chat about their experience.

"Mmm... April. How long did you leave me in the box for this time?"

"... Only five hours..."

"Hehe... Are you lying again?"

"N...No!"

"April... How long?"

"N...Nine hours... sorry! I always try to cut back, but then, it's too hot, and I wait and wait and..."

"It's okay. You know I like it. But, what is it that you like so much when I'm a prisoner of the rubber box? I mean, you can't even see me."

"I think it is because I know you are helpless, covered in rubber, and there is nothing you can do to escape. Knowing that my rubber wife is unable to escape her predicament, it turns me on so much."

"That's what I thought... But don't you miss seeing me?"

"Seeing you?"

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to see what I'm doing inside the box while you are outside?"

"I guess it would be hot too, but I don't think I can install a camera inside it, or else you'll be able to find it with your finger and have a sense of where you are."

"Well, what if I tell you I thought about something even hotter while I was dreaming during my isolation?"

"Something even hotter?"

This last question caught April's attention. What could be hotter than the rubber isolation box? They played with it for weeks, and it was still as erotic as the first day. If there were something even better, she wanted to know about it.

"What is it? Tell me!"

"Mmm... I think I want it to be a surprise, April. Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do. What do you want to do?"

"Mmm... For a full week, you need to let me out of my latex suit and not come into our master bedroom either. We can sleep together downstairs, in the rubber room, until my surprise is ready."

"I like sleeping with you in the rubber room. Okay, I'm in."

"Oh, and I need to move the isolation box out of our bedroom too. I'll move it to the rubber room temporarily. There is enough space there."

"AAaah! My isolation box... Nooo!"

"Trust me, April. You'll like my surprise. And if you don't, I'll move your box back to the master bedroom. Okay?"

"Mmm... okay. But it's going to be a long week without my rubber wife."

Tracy chuckled and wrapped her latex limbs around her naked wife for another round of torrid kissing.

Since they started playing with rubber a while ago, their romantic life was better than ever. Tracy had discovered some unsuspected kinks and learned to love the ones April was pushing on

her. On her side, April had been sexually satisfied like never before, feeling so lucky that Tracy had accepted to play all her twisted games.

During the following week, April went to work without her daily dose of rubber wife while Tracy stayed home to work on her new kinky little project.

The first thing she did was to move the rubber box down to the rubber room downstairs. Because of its size, this task required her to take it apart and reassemble it. Her opinion was that it would be less out of place if relocated in the rubber room. As long as April had a comfy bed for masturbating while looking at it, that was all that really mattered, but she fully understood how important it was to April, so she couldn't just dismantle it without any backup plan.

After a round trip to the hardware store, Tracy had found everything she needed to spend the next few days working on her project in the master bedroom. The most challenging task was to make sure April wouldn't try to peek. Her little latex deprived wife was losing patience and kept trying to sneak in the bedroom to take a look at what Tracy was preparing.

On the day before the reveal, Tracy even had to trick April and lock her in the rubber room for the remaining of the day. It was a strange role reversal, but it had become necessary.

Finally, Friday arrived, and everything was ready for a full weekend of fun, possibly longer.

After her long day at work, April entered the house and was greeted by Tracy, naked like a worm, lying on the living room couch.

"Hellooo, April!"

"Mmm... You are naked... Does that mean..."

"Yes! My little project is ready. And I went farther than I thought with it. You are going to LOVE it."

"Hehe. I want to see my surprise now!"

"Soon... First, you have to turn me into your rubber wife. Would you like that?"

"YES! Of course, I'd like that. What kind of question is that? For the past week, I didn't see you in your latex suit, and it drove me nuts."

"Then help me. Everything you need is here."

Incapable of patience anymore, April rushed to the latex gears that were piled up on the coffee table and hugged them all tightly, inhaling the scent, way too happy to convert her wife to the thing she loved the most, a black and shiny rubber doll who smelled so delicious.

First, the full latex catsuit went on, a slightly different one from before; the hood, in particular, had some different features. But before getting to that, Tracy had April stuck a bunch of electro pads everywhere on her body. Some were more specialized than others, like the big round ones covering her breasts, the smaller ones for her nipples and clitoris, and the metallic vaginal insert covering her pussy lips as well.

April applied another set of medical electrodes to Tracy's chest. As a doctor, April quickly figured out that those would be used to monitor Tracy's health. Imagining why those were necessary turned her on like crazy. Could her surprise be so extreme that it would require close monitoring?

A hollow buttplug with a short tube went up Tracy's rear along with a catheter for her urethra before April helped her get inside the full latex catsuit.

The hood was next; it had a molded mouthpiece in which Tracy had to bite, long nose tubes that went deep inside her nostrils, and no eye holes. Some wired earbuds went in her ears as well.

Zippering the suit up was easy and extremely thrilling for April. Her helpless rubber wife was back, and that new hood was so restrictive; seeing Tracy like this was just the best thing in the world.

Then Tracy mumbled something and tried to point at the couch that she couldn't see anymore.

"Mmmph!"

"What? I can't understand what you are saying! Oh... you left a letter for me?"

"mmHmm!"

"Okay, let's see. Instructions maybe?"

"MmHmm!"

April unfolded the small note, and her instinct had been correct. Tracy had left her a set of steps to follow.

"I love you so much, April, and I wanted to reward you for being the best wife in the world. I knew you couldn't live without me being your rubber wife, so I hope you love this new suit. But

that is only a small part of what is going to happen. Lead me to the bedroom, then read the other note that I left on the bed... Careful... You might have a shock! (a good one)"

"Aaah! Tracy! What did you prepare!?! I'm so excited now!"

Hand in hand, the two women went up to the bedroom, and as soon as April got there, she went ballistic.

"OOOOH! What is thiiiiis!?! Tracy! What have you done!?"

Tracy smiled under her hood and knew that April was on to something. There was some sort of large aquarium resting on top of a sturdy desk at the foot of the bed. There were too many things going on at once for April to focus. But one thing she understood very well was that Tracy would end up inside that big plexiglass box.

As expected, another letter was waiting on the bed for April to read, which she did in a hurry.

"Hi, April! This is a gift from me to you. You love storing me away for many hours, but this will allow you to store me away for DAYS. Here is what you have to do:

First, you have to glue this rubber band over my zipper to seal me in perfectly. Second, you have to help me inside the plexiglass box. Pretty simple, right?

Once that is done, you have to tie me very securely using the straps that are already anchored inside the box. If you do it right, I should end up suspended mid-air in the middle of the box. I put the order of each strap at the back of this letter. Once you are happy that I can't get away, you will connect all my wires to the electronic box in the corner. I labeled everything for you. You'll then glue the enema tube to my buttplug, the catheter to the waste tube, my nose tubes to the air leads, and the same thing for my mouth tube.

Once you are happy that everything is good, you are going to fill up my plexiglass prison with warm water using the hose running from the bathroom sink, it's going to take a while, but once it's full, all you have to do is to close the top cover and secure it with those padlocks.

When you are done, there is another note under your pillow that will explain everything else you need to know."

"Tracyyyyy! This is ... this is... AMAZING! Quick, come. We need to put you in! I can't wait."

Without wasting a second, April sealed Tracy very well in her suit using the rubber band to cover the zippers, and then helped her get into the plexiglass box. Since Tracy was the one who had designed it, she knew how to position herself correctly while April attached the straps to her body. It took a while, but she did it right. Tracy was now suspended mid-air inside her plexiglass box.

Next, April spent some time connecting the multitude of wires to the electronic box. Those labels definitely made her life much easier. The nose and mouth tubes, the catheter, and the butt plug got connected, and all there was left to do was to fill the tank with water.

April found the convenient hose connected to the sink, which was a much better alternative to carrying buckets; her wife really had thought about everything. She brought the hose to the plexiglass box and began to fill it up.

Slowly but surely, the water level rose in the tank as Tracy kept wriggling as she got slowly submerged. Unfortunately, the water got very cloudy.

"Mmm, What's all that white dust floating around? Perhaps Tracy forgot to clean the box after building it. Ah, well, it will fall back at the bottom later, I'm sure."

It took about fifteen to twenty minutes to fill the aquarium up to the top level line. April coiled the hose back to the sink and proceeded with the last step; the cover. It was a big wood panel that she slid on top of the aquarium and aligned with the eight pins awaiting the padlocks.

One by one, with very satisfying clicks, April took away the last chance Tracy had to escape. Even she didn't have the key to those padlocks.

April looked at the final result, and it was so beautiful. Tracy was suspended in the middle of the tank, submerged in cloudy water, and her only connections to the outside world were her various rubber tubes.

There was plenty more to explore around the tank, but April knew it was probably all in the next note, so she went to retrieve it from under her pillow and read it.

"Blup! Blup! Hi, lovely April. If everything went well, I'm now your little prisoner fish until you decide to free me. But I thought I would make it extra interesting for you. I know it turns you on when you can't see me, so you'll find a black satin cover that you can put over the aquarium

when you want to hide me. If you want to see me, then there is a switch on the desk's side that will turn on some LED to illuminate my tank. And yes, you can change the color.

You'll also find a tablet. You can use it to control all the electronics I'm wearing. You'll be able to make me cum if I'm a good girl and punish me if I'm a bad girl. Talking about electronics, I wanted to make things spicier for both of us, so I attached your favorite vibrator to the system. Every time you will use it to pleasure yourself (which is probably often), it will torture me with some nice shocks. At first, it will be very gentle and pleasant, but the longer you play with yourself, the harder I will get shocked. Try to remember that part, okay?

Now, the fun part. I don't know how long you'll want me to stay inside the tank. But I'm sure you don't want me to come out too soon. So let's play a game. I hid the keys to the padlocks somewhere in the house. They will be hard to find. But once you have them, you'll be able to let me out.

Ha, and another thing you may have noticed is how cloudy the water is. It's because of all the absorbent powder I put in the tank beforehand. Within a few hours, it will turn the water to a gel, making it harder for me to move. Within a day, I probably won't be able to move at all anymore. And the longer you wait, the harder it will become. It is up to you to rescue me when you see fit.

Oh, and for the enema, don't forget to clean me as often as you think it is necessary. You have to feed me as well, okay? I'm counting on you not to forget.

*I love you so much
Tracy*

PS: You can talk to me through the earbuds, but only if you want to. You can make me listen to whatever you want too... I know you like hypnosis a lot, so I thought I would give you that opportunity to play with my brain."

April was astonished by how cool her gift was.

"Woaaaaw! Tracy, I love you SO MUCH! This is the best gift ever!"

April didn't waste time and grabbed the tablet and her vibrator before jumping back on the bed. She opened the app and looked at Tracy's vitals. Everything was green, and her heart rate was good and slow; she was probably relaxing at the moment, as someone would do in a meditation tank. Her hydration was perfect too. There was nothing to worry about.

Inside her warm world, Tracy smiled. She was very happy with the result. It was way more comfortable than she had expected. At first, all her weight was on the straps, and it was not that fun, but now that she was underwater, there were no pressure points anymore. She was in a doggy-style position, but it was as if she was kneeling on a cloud.

After a little while, a funny sensation tickled her breasts. She chuckled a little, knowing that April, so predictably, had not been capable of waiting any longer and had started masturbating using the connected vibrator.

Of course, April would probably be at it for hours. If she did, it would mean great success for their couple. Tracy wanted April to masturbate for as long as possible as an acknowledgement that she loved her fantastic gift.

Tracy was not a fool. She knew April's personality and that she was probably going to lose control. She prepared herself mentally to spend days in her plexiglass tank while April would feel guilty not to be capable of ending this whole adventure, and it was why she had sent some additional letters that April would get by mail in the near future.

The electric shocks increased in strength. April must have played with herself for the past hour, which was great, but it was getting challenging for Tracy. The shocks randomly attacked her breasts and pussy, but also her thighs, calves, feet, belly, chest, arms. There were a lot of different electrodes, perhaps too many. Surely April could see her jerking around in the tank and understood that she was getting jolted harder... unless she had put the satin cover over her tank already.

Tracy could also feel the resistance of the water slowly turning to gel. She couldn't wait to see how it felt to be fully immobilized. In a few hours, she would be unable to move anymore. And then, if the product worked as advertised, it should turn clearer and clearer the more it would cure. So April would be able to see Tracy perfectly well through the tank.

The shocks stopped. April was done playing with herself, for now, giving Tracy a small break. But it was testing time, apparently. A thin stream of cold water entered her throat, which was very refreshing. Drinking wouldn't be an issue.

Next item on the checklist was her enema system. Tracy's intestine filled up with a warm liquid repeatedly, and that made her feel very clean.

And then the shocks restarted, meaning that April was back at it. It would be a long Friday evening for Tracy.

"Tracy? Can you hear me... Breath out three times quickly if you do."

"Fff... fff... fff"

"Aaah! Good. Today, you are all pink. That is the color I picked for your tank. You are not moving anymore, so I guess your water has completely turned into a gel. It was such an amazing idea. It really turns me on to see you all objectified like this. You are my favorite piece of art in the house. Hehe."

April had her nose pressed on the tank and looked at her wife, who was utterly paralyzed by the hardened gel. Tracy was beautiful and looked so peaceful. Her vital signs were strong, and everything was going as planned.

"I noticed that I have to give you a bit more water than before. I'm still adjusting. It's only been three days, right. Oh, and you probably know that already, but I can't stop playing with myself every time I'm around you. When I'm doing it for too long, I see that your heart rate is going up, probably due to all that shocking it gives you, so it helps me control myself. It was such a great idea to link my vibrator to your electro machine."

Tracy was pleased to hear April's voice and all the good news she had to share. Everything she had planned was happening and more. Her encasement was definitely way more comfortable than she had expected, and she wasn't nearly ready to be freed. Listening to April, who was having a blast, was worth more than gold.

"So, we are Monday morning, Tracy. I have to go to work, but I'll be back tonight, and then we can discuss how far we want to take this. But I can tell you already. I'm keeping you in there until next Friday for sure. I love it way too much."

Unable to answer, Tracy just smiled in her hood. What April announced to her just now was so not surprising. Her wife always easily got distracted by her pleasure and quickly forgot the big picture of the activity; somehow, this was a cute personality trait.

Tracy's first day alone at home dragged slowly but was not as lonely as she had expected it to be. April had brought the management tablet with her to work and spent the whole day playing with the different settings. An alternation of pleasure and pain occupied Tracy's time; April seemed to have a lot of fun with the electrode connected to her clitoris.

When April got back home, she rushed to her bedroom to inspect her objectified rubber wife. She still couldn't believe how amazing it was to have this big plexiglass box at the foot of her bed containing Tracy who was encased in gel; it was surreal. The pink light made her look even prettier.

"Okay, I can't spend all my time looking at her. This is way too distracting. Where is that fabric cover she talked about?"

Since this was a fantastic opportunity to have fun with as many features as possible, April decided to wrap the fabric cover over the tank to hide Tracy.

"Aaah, it just made it worse! That's too hot. Now I have to play with myself again!"

April jumped on the bed and grabbed her vibrator. As soon as she switched it on, she knew Tracy would get tortured gently, and that thought turned her on even more. It was such a vicious circle for a person addicted to control.

"She... She can't do anything to stop me! This is so hot!"

On the tablet, she could monitor the physiological changes that were occurring live. Tracy's heart rate climbed, her breathing accelerated, and her temperature rose. Everything was in a safe zone, and there were no reasons for concern.

After an hour of pleasure, April was still not done. She could easily tell that Tracy was getting jolted pretty hard in her prison of hardened gel, but her judgment was a bit impaired by all the fun she was getting out of this.

"Mmm, if Tracy put those features in place, it's because she was okay with it. Maybe she likes being treated like that more than I thought. I'll try to push her for a bit longer and see how she is reacting."

Tracy couldn't see or hear anything, but the random shocks were getting pretty intense. It was not the end of the world because she knew the reason. April was probably having a blast next to her on the bed, pleasuring herself with the vibrator. This was excellent news, she thought.

Also, she tried to enjoy her predicament instead of feeling like an enduring victim. A lot of people liked electro play, and she could tell why. Some of those random pulses everywhere around her body and genitals combined with the knowledge that her wife was having the time of her life turned this experience into an incredible one. Tracy tried to appreciate everything that

happened to her, accepting pleasure from the oddest parts of her body and from the pain. If she could speak, she would have asked April to crank up the intensity a bit more to experiment instead of having to wait so long for it to escalate.

As if someone read her thoughts and granted her wish, an hour later, she received some shocks that were not fun anymore. She was delighted that April was having a lot of pleasure, but she hoped she would stop playing with her vibrator soon at this point.

"Aaaaah! Okay, okay... Enough... Poor Tracy... She is doing this for me, but she seems to struggle now. I have to stop playing with myself. Her gift is way too addictive."

April switched off her vibrator and observed the health signs on the tablet slowly returning to normal.

"It's been three days already. That gives me another four days before I release her. Maybe I should start looking for the keys she hid around the house. I need to find them if I want to let her out. I haven't seen them so far. Not that I really looked. Hehe."

The week flew by quickly. On Friday afternoon, April came back home and found a letter in her mailbox... from Tracy. That made her grin as she understood that her wife had posted it before getting encased last week.

She climbed the stairs and entered the master bedroom. There was still that big box with a fabric cover over it at the foot of her bed. April had decided to keep Tracy covered all week to make it feel more special the next time she would look at her, frozen in her block of gel.

And that next time was right now. April pulled the sheet off the plexiglass tank and stopped breathing when she noticed that the cloudy gel had turned crystal clear. With the pink led lights, it looked incredible. Tracy was still in the same position, immobile, but the shine of her latex suit was now perfect.

"Aaaaah! Tracy! You look fantastic! I didn't know the gel would clarify like that!"

April jumped on the bed and grabbed her tablet. She needed to talk to her wife.

"Tracy? Are you awake? Hey, I don't know why, but your gel became all clear. It looks so amazing. I'll take pictures to show you later. So, I really looked for the keys all week, but I didn't

find them. I guess I'm not that good at that game. You made it too hard for me. But, hey. I just received a letter from you. I hope you put some hints in it. Let me read it... One sec."

Using her nail, she ripped the envelope open and pulled out a little note.

"Hi, April.

If you read this, it means I'm still your prisoner, which also means you had a lot of fun with me, and that makes me very happy. I kind of expected you would keep me encased for at least a week. I know my wife pretty well, you know.

So, about the gel. I didn't tell you, but the longer you wait, the more it will cure. I hope it worked because they said it should become transparent like glass. It would be awesome if it was true. It is supposed to get firmer and firmer as well, but not hard like a rock. I'm willing to bet that I'm really comfortable right now (and immobile).

I hope you found the keys for the padlock, but if you didn't, that's fine. They are pretty well hidden. But don't worry, I made sure you would find them. Next week, you should receive another letter with the keys' location, then you can let me out. You can just wait for the letter and not waste your time searching for the keys if you prefer, it's up to you. As long as you have fun, that's the most important.

I love you!

Tracy"

April grabbed the tablet back and reopened the communication with Tracy.

"Tracyyyy... That's so nice of you. Look, since you offered, I want to keep you like this until I get your next letter."

Tracy, immobile inside her hardened gel, listened to April's excited voice with a smile. She knew what April would have chosen to do well before she mailed that letter. Obviously, she would keep her isolated in her tank for as long as possible, given the opportunity. Tracy wanted her to have a good experience, and offering her two full weeks of pleasure was a small price to pay to hear such happiness through the earbuds.

Of course, after her faith had been exposed to her, she received some gentle electric shocks, meaning April was having a blast with her vibrator again.

Another week went by, and April received a new letter in by mail.

"Aaah! It's over already... It's okay. I'm sure Tracy will want to do it again at some point. I can't be greedy. That was an amazing two weeks."

She ripped open the envelope and read the letter.

"Hi April,

As promised, here is the keys' location. They are in the rubber room, under the couch. I bet you didn't think of looking there.

I'll see you later!

Love! Tracy!"

"Aaaaah! So that is where they were! Sneaky!"

Without wasting any time, she went to retrieve the keys and ran back up to the master bedroom, where the crystal block held Tracy in a frozen state.

One by one, April removed the large padlocks from the cover, and slid it off to set it aside. Then she climbed on the bed and pressed with her hand on the gel block to see what she had to deal with.

"Oh... That's really hard. How am I supposed to dig Tracy out of there? She didn't leave any instruction for that."

The gel was much firmer than what she could have expected, which turned her on right away. Knowing her wife was stuck inside such an inescapable prison with no quick way to get out was so erotic. She had no other choice but to grab her vibrator and play with herself some more.

"Aaanh! What... What am I supposed to do!?"

For the next hour or so, she tried to think about how to attack this problem while she was bringing herself to orgasm. It was certainly not the best way to accomplish anything useful, but it felt so good.

A bit later, after regaining her composure, she addressed the problem with a small kitchen knife and many garbage bags. Cutting small pieces at a time worked quite well, and she managed to make good progress while not making a mess everywhere.

April cut and cut some more for hours until she had enough and decided to call it a day. She grabbed her tablet and told Tracy that she would have to wait a bit longer.

"Traaacyyyy! I'm so tired... This is taking too long! I almost reached your back, but I'll continue tomorrow, okay? But since it is your last night in the tank, I'll make you feel extra good."

On hearing that, Tracy realized that she had not cum a single time during the past two weeks. By extra nice, did April mean that she would finally force her to orgasm?

When the small electrodes started working on her body's most sensitive parts, she knew this was going in the right direction.

Over and over, the electrodes made her cum hard; it must have been a few hours of that already. Talk about a nice reward for making her wife happy, but if April continued to stimulate her like this, she would end up passing out.

April was lying down on her big bed, her tablet at her side, snoring a little. All this carving had exhausted her, and she fell deep asleep. Tracy would spend the night cumming endlessly until the morning with no way to stop it.

That felt so incredible. When April reached Tracy's back and touched it with her bare hand, it was the first physical contact that the encased girl had in over two weeks.

"Aaah! You like that, uh? I'll try not to touch you too much, so when we make love later, you'll feel amazing. But you are so warm... Maybe it's because I made you cum all night by accident. It was an honest mistake. I swear! Hehe."

April kept working for a while longer, carefully cutting around Tracy. It got easier because the gel didn't stick at all to the latex suit. The only problem was the wholly caked straps, so April just cut those off without too much remorse.

"Mmmm!"

"Finally! Your head is free! Give me a bit more time. I'm almost done. Then we can take you out of there."

With renewed energy, April dug deeper to free up Tracy's arms and legs for the next thirty minutes. It was like digging out a treasure buried on a secret island.

When Tracy was finally set free, April understood that her wife was mostly out of energy. It was more than likely a combination of her extreme predicament she had endured for the past two weeks mixed with her accidental night of endless orgasm.

But the two of them managed it. Tracy stood up just long enough for April to make her tip over the tank and fall on the bouncy bed like a ragdoll.

After a quick repositioning, April explored the rubber body next to her. Tracy was still entirely sealed inside her latex suit, which was what April loved the most.

"Aaaah! Tracy! You are so pretty! How are you feeling?"

"Mmmhmmm..."

"Well, that sounded positive. Let's stay like this while you are recovering. As much as I loved to have you as an ornament, I missed cuddling with my rubber wife. Hehe."

For the next few hours, the two girls rested on the bed, cuddling lovingly. The experience had been fantastic for both of them.

Over two weeks later, things were back to normal. Tracy had fully recovered her strengths and was already back working on various projects. She didn't have a job like April, but she was not the type to stay still for very long unless forced to. Now that she was no longer a rubber doll or prisoner of a block of gel, she could do whatever she wanted during the day.

Cleaning the tank was a big job, but it was now ready for a potential second run. Every time she looked at the empty plexiglass box, she couldn't help but feel a bit turned on. At first, she had done this for April, but she had liked to be encased much more than anticipated.

April also allowed Tracy to build her home theatre in the basement, next to the rubber room, as a reward for the incredible two weeks of objectification. The two of them already spent a few

nights cuddling and watching movies together in that new room. Perhaps they would watch more movies tonight?

"Tracy! I'm home! Where are you?"

"In the bedroom!"

April climbed the stairs and entered the master bedroom to find Tracy lying on the bed, wearing nothing at all.

"Oooh! Naked wife again!"

"Hehe... Yes. I waited for you. I want to show you something."

"Oh? What is it?"

"Look."

Tracy extended her arm to grab a glass from the nightstand and turned it upside down.

"This is a glass full of the gel we used to encase me inside the tank. I filled it up about a week ago, so it is fully cured. I read more about that substance, and I discovered something really cool... look."

In her other hand, she had a small squeeze bottle containing a crystal clear liquid. She carefully put a couple of drops on top of the gel.

"Come close and check this out."

"Okay?"

April crawled on the bed and sat next to Tracy, and they both stared at the small block of gel. After a few seconds, something happened... It was as if the clear liquid started to break down the gel and spread inside the glass slowly. Over time, the chemical reaction reached the bottom of the glass.

"What... what happened, Tracy?"

"Hehe... Look now."

Tracy pushed her finger inside the glass effortlessly, and when she pulled it out, it was as if it was coated in a honey-textured substance.

"It's called bromelain. It's an enzyme that can turn the solid gel back into a viscous liquid. It really doesn't need a lot of it."

"This is gross... It looks sticky."

"Yes... but... It gave me an idea. A hot idea."

"I like hot ideas... But you'll need to explain it. I don't see how this is sexy."

"Well, It's your vacation in two weeks, right? You get three weeks off?"

"Yes, but what does that have to do with your weird chemistry magic."

"I want the two of us to be prisoners for the gel during your vacation. We will be stuck together for two full weeks, and then the bromelain will free us up."

"Tra... Tracy... I... I don't know. I love it when you are helpless in the rubber box or the gel tank... It turns me on a lot. But, I never imagined myself wearing your shoes."

"You'll love it... Being encased in the gel is fun. If you try, you'll like it a lot."

"I... I can try if it makes you happy... but two weeks is long."

"Okay, one week then. Would you be okay with one week?"

"What about three days... Just to try..."

"Three days it is! Aaaaah! Thanks so much, April. You'll see. You'll love it!"

"Mmm... I don't know about that. I'm not used to be the incapacitated one."

"I know, but right now, you are going to make love to me, and you'll forget about that."

"Mmm... You have good arguments."

April rolled over Tracy and kissed her tenderly.

The two following weeks were arduous work for Tracy, who had to prepare the whole setup to fulfill another hot couple fantasy. This time, the system was more complicated, but everything had been well tested, and Tracy was very confident that everything was programmed right. All there was left to do was to implement the plan.

"This is crazy... I'm not supposed to be the rubber wife, Tracy. It's supposed to be just you."

"I know, but do it for me. It will make me happy. Let me pull that hood over your face, and I'll tell you everything about what's going to happen."

"Mmm... Okay. Good thing I love you."

The two girls were standing in front of each other, wearing identical skin-tight black latex suits with feet, hands, and hood attached. They had already inserted their anal plugs and catheter for waste management and inserted some fancy vibrators that would tease their G-spot and clit very efficiently.

Tracy decided against the electrodes this time around as she didn't want to scare April off for her first time; they were only going to use their health monitor. She wanted April to have the best experience possible, so electricity torture was off the menu.

After inserting the mouthpiece, the nose tube, and the earbuds in April's orifices, Tracy zipped her hood up, which was slightly different from last time. Instead of being confined to a world of darkness, clear plastic lenses would allow her to see the outside world. Tracy knew that April loved to watch her while she was a prisoner of the gel, so this would make it so much better for her.

The next step was to get April to sit in the tank, which involved stepping on the bed and climbing over the tank wall.

"Okay, April. Don't be nervous. Just sit down, and I'll connect your tubes and wires. I replaced the nose and mouth tubes with clear ones. So you'll be able to see the food and water traveling to our mouth and maybe the condensation of the warm air going to our nose. It's going to be awesomely hot. The liquid food is going to come from a cooler. We will always be fed together by the system."

One by one, Tracy connected wires and tubes to the proper extensions. April was visibly nervous but didn't show any signs of wanting to back out of this. Sure, she wondered how it would feel like to spend three days without being able to move, but sharing this moment with Tracy was absolutely worth it. It was true that Tracy did a lot more extreme things to make her happy so far, so doing something for her wife for once was more than fair.

Then it was Tracy's turn to pull her hood up and climb into the tank. Before that, though, she used a checklist to make sure she didn't forget anything; the computer would entertain them, the health monitor could trigger an early exit if something went wrong, the water and food pumps were all good to go.

The only thing that made her smile, and it was both for fun and as a well-deserved payback, was that she changed the session time from three days to two weeks. April was unaware of this change of plan and would only discover it slowly. Looking in her eyes as she realized what was happening would be priceless.

Tracy climbed into the tank and joined April, who was already shivering with excitement. Once again, she connected all her wires and tubes to the proper ports and then wrapped her legs and arms around her wife.

Because of the plastic lenses, they could look at each other. This would be enough to communicate basic emotions; April seemed very happy, which was a good thing. Sitting in front of each other like this, they really wanted to kiss but knew it wouldn't happen.

And then it started.

The water pump engaged, sucking water from the nearby bathroom sink through a hose, and slowly filling the big plexiglass tank. Tracy had carefully calculated the amount of absorbing powder that was needed, adjusting for the extra person. The cloudy water went up and up, submerging the two lovers until it reached the top of the tank.

Tracy only realized then that she had not given a lot of details to April about what was going to happen. Her wife was already aware that the gel would take a little while to solidify, but that was about it. The entertainment she had set up was what would be the most interesting.

The two girls cuddled for the next few hours, patiently waiting for the absorbing powder to do its job. The tank lighting turned on to a red color, which made the ambiance quite romantic.

The first thing April discovered so far was that she could hear Tracy through her earbuds; this means that if they were to moan, the other person would listen to it, making it very pleasant for both of them. Talking wasn't an option, though.

The water thickness reached a point where they could let their arms fall, but they wouldn't go down. They were slowly turning into a nice bedroom decorative object. It was their last opportunity to find the most comfortable position they would be in for the next few days. Tracy approached her face from April's to make sure they would look in each other's eyes, and they just held hands.

Shortly after that, they couldn't move anymore. April was unaware that they would stay like this for the next two weeks.

The first round of feeding started. Through the clear tubes, they could both see the mixture entering each other's mouth, which provided them with a good feeling. Sharing food was a nice symbol of love. This operation ended with water rinsing the tubes and hydrating them.

Satisfied with their meal, the two girls wanted to cuddle and have sex, but it was wishful thinking. All they could do was appreciate the situation they were in. But then the system decided to have a bit of fun with them. April was in it for a few surprises.

First, the vibrators turned on, and they could hear each other moaning, which was way too hot for their own good. They were played with at low speed, far from being enough to trigger an orgasm, but when the vibrators kicked up a notch, alternating between different modes of stimulation, it was a different story. Some modes were better than the others, but there was nothing they could do to influence what was happening between their legs.

And then, something very unexpected happened. The air valve shut off, startling April, who wondered what was happening; Tracy knew all about this and smiled under her mask. Using her eyes, she tried to communicate to April that everything was fine.

The trick here was that they had to sync their breathing with each other. When April inhaled, she was breathing the air from Tracy's lungs, and when she exhaled, she was giving the warm moist air back to her wife. The system had turned the two of them into human rebreather bags.

Of course, the oxygen level dropped quickly enough, and when the health monitor detected that it was enough, it reopened the air valve, returning fresh air to them, making them moan even more.

This crazy activity, combined with the vibrator working tirelessly on their sex, sent both of them to a happy place.

Hour after hour, day after day, the two lovers endured their predicament together. The gel was now crystal clear, and from the outside, it had such a romantic feel to it. Their encased bodies were a work of art.

Two pretty women, covered from head to toes in shiny rubber, sitting in front of each other, legs wrapped, and holding hands, this frozen in time sculpture was the most beautiful symbol of love, trust, and life.

April was a bit puzzled as to why so many days had passed so far, and they were still prisoners, but Tracy's gentle happy eyes were enough to reassure her that there was nothing to worry about.

Another twist that April had not expected was that the health monitor was pretty good at preventing her from cumming. She had been kept on the edge since the very beginning but not allowed to have an orgasm.

This was somewhat unfair because Tracy didn't seem to have this problem. Based on the moans April heard in her earbuds, and how Tracy's eyes rolled up, her wife orgasmed many times a day.

But all was good. April was very comfortable, and during those moments when the system was not teasing her too much, she knew...

... Once they would be done with this session, she would encase Tracy for at least a full month as a punishment for those devilish little twists...

... or would it be a reward? Or maybe a full month wouldn't be enough?

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