Chloé and Marinette

Troubles in Art School

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TODAY



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I KNEW YOU WOULD TRY TO RUIN MY DESIGN CAREER.

CHLOE, CALM DOWN. ***NOBODY*** WANTS TO RUIN ANYTHING.

1.

NEW SCHOOL YEAR

„I can't believe this! It's like you're my shadow, you just follow me everywhere and I hate it!"

Chloe, dressed in her bespoke school uniform, paced from one end of the room to the other, over and over again. Her face burned red from pure indignation, and from the strain of yelling. In the corner, another girl watched her unfolding temper tantrum, her hands carefully squeezing her ladybug print bag. She knew, from years of experience, that the only way to truly survive one of Chloe's legendary fits was to wait for her insults and vitriol to burn themselves out.

"I still just can't believe it's.. It's you! I told my Daddy that I wanted this whole room to myself!"

As Chloe had yet to lose her breath, showing an impressive amount of stamina, her new roommate tried her best to calm her down.

"Chloe, is everything okay...?" the concerned girl asked, voice quiet and slightly nervous.

"None of your business, miss nosey! Gosh, Marinette Dupain-Cheng, in MY bedroom? This is an outrage!"

Her newest classmate was one of the many people termed as her 'arch-enemy', or a rival for the romantic interests of a certain boy all through high school. Of course, it was hard to say if the enmity was mutual; anyone who wasn't worshiping the ground she walked on was automatically Chloe's 'enemy'.

Not that this had ever stopped Marinette from trying to break her shell, but years of experience had slowly left a sour taste in her mouth whenever the obscenely rich girl appeared.

"Look, Chloe, I'm not much happier about this situation than you are. I get that we weren't exactly 'best friends'. Or 'friends'. Or... Anything. But we have five years in this school, at least, so we should make the best of it, okay?" Marinette pleaded, trying to assuage the situation.

"Oh my gosh, this is even worse than I thought! But you!" Chloe pointed a finger at Marinette, stalking up until she could push her finger up under the other girl's chin "Don't you think for a minute that I will be staying here! Tonight, I'll have Daddy send a rescue chopper to get me out of this.. this torture room! How are you even here? I thought this school was only for the rich, important, and talented. Like me." One hand threw her hair in a haughty flip, just to add some emphasis to her statement.

Chloe had never been the kind to hide her noble heritage. Ever.

"Okay! Fine! Well, that means you're here for one night, right? So which bed do you want?" Marinette nearly shouted in exasperation, waving her hand across the two completely identical beds flanking the window.

Chloe fell silent as her eyes went from the left, to the right, then back again. Each bed was weighed in her mind, gauging which one would be the most important. This decision could not be rushed. But then, she had an idea!

"I think you should pick first, Marinette. After all, I'm just here for one night and you have to stay here so long, it would only be fair if you picked, right?" Chloe put on a sickly sweet smile to match her saccharine voice, silently congratulating herself on solving the supposed Gordian knot.

Without a word, Marinette lifted her bag up and dropped it, letting it fall on the nearest bed to her with a thud of finality.

"No way! I wanted that bed! You can't have it!" the rich girl shouted as she jumped onto the bed, confiscating it for her personal use.

"Fine!" Marinette shouted.

The girl closed her eyes as she moved her bag to the other bed. No matter how many times she

had come across Chloe and learned of her true nature, the vapid socialite never failed to get on her nerves. Even if it was, supposedly, for one day, this would be a long night.

"You think I'm stupid, Marinette? You think you can trick me?" Chloe snapped, a second later.

"What are you talking about?" Marinette asked, confused.

"I know you knew I would pick the bed you picked, because you secretly WANTED that bed all along! So I want to trade beds now! You can't trick me!" Chloe shouted, mind absorbed in the utterly flawless logic it had found itself drowning in.

"You know what? Yeah, you're right, Chloe. Great job. You're a genius. What was I thinking, tricking the great Chloe Bourgeois? Why, logic doesn't even know your name!" Marinette had to hide her smile, looking away for a moment.

"And see that you remember it!"

Chloe smiled triumphantly as they moved beds once more, with the rich girl claiming her prize. After a moment, they began unpacking and straightening up their things, preparing all of their living space perfectly. This did confuse Marinette a little bit, as she thought Chloe was only staying one night. Why would she unpack?

A knock came at the door, suddenly startling the pair from their focus.

"Who is that? Come in, please!" Marinette shouted, politely.

The door opened up, revealing a woman in a nun's habit. She entered calmly, looking about the room.

"Madam Vernon, it is wonderful to see you! I was just about to call my Daddy about a tragedy, but I'm sure you'll be much more appropriate for my problems!" Chloe began, enacting her strategy against Marinette with her usual tactics.

"Chloe Bourgeois! My god, it is so nice to see you! I am glad that you girls are settling in well?" Madam Vernon was known for being a kind woman, as well as one with close ties to the Mayor. He was, after all, supporting this school with city donations on a regular schedule.

„Yes, yes, it's always great to see me. But that's actually what I wanted to talk abo-" Chloe tried to start her complaints, but was immediately cut off.

"Oh, I knew you two were friends from high school, which is why I roomed you together. Actually, Chloe, did you know we were completely full before your father called me? He told me that you wanted to be a fashion designer, and I just had to let you in, so I ordered a bed for this room! Marinette here is one we're expecting great things from. She got perfect test scores and a full scholarship! I hope you two can help each other study!" Madam Vernon just gave an innocently kind smile, just as the two students stared with their jaws slack.

"Yeah... Yeah.. Yes, I mean, thank you, Madam Vernon!" Chloe could feel her blood boil as she responded, feeling how proud Marinette was of her academic accomplishments.

"Oh! Look at the time, it goes so quickly! I have to hurry and talk to the other girls. If you need anything, please tell me! Good night, ladies!" With that, Madam Vernon left the room and closed the doors behind her.

"Good bye, Madam Vernon! It was nice to meet you!"

Marinette waved as the headmistress left, before looking back at Chloe. She had hoped that seeing the authority of the school would help calm her mood, but it didn't seem all that effective. All that happened was that Chloe was now unpacking in silence, ending by putting a teddy bear beside her pillow. Then she laid down, rolling side to side in frustration.

"Uh.. Chloe, I'm going to go to the showers. Would you like to come with me?" Marinette implored, trying to be as friendly as she could.

The rich girl only responded by blowing a raspberry into her pillow.

"Well, I tried." Marinette muttered, walking out the door.

As soon as the door clicked closed, Chloe hopped up and pulled out her **25** carat gold plated iMac. It was as expensive as it looked, but that was less important than trying to find some dirt on Marinette. That would force the school to expel the annoying baker's daughter, making Chloe free!

Her scheme didn't turn anything up; Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, nothing. Marinette was absolutely pure in all of these places, something that annoyed her even more. She would just have to find some way to humiliate her in front of the entire school! That would make her quit on her own!

Suddenly, Chloe clicked on the ADULT site with description www.dbcomix.com - Bondage, BDSM, Humiliation.

She saw a girl, dressed from head to toe in some kind of shiny material. It caught the light from all

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CHLOE WAS A VIRGIN AND RATHER INNOCENT.
SHE WASN'T AWARE OF THE EXTREME NATURE OF **BDSM.**

OH BOY...
WHY WOULD
ANYBODY BE
ALLOWED TO
DO THIS?

all angles and reflected it, like some kind of glossy, tight, amazingly showy skin.It looked like she wore some kind of sleeping mask on her face, as well as had a big, red, rubber ball pushing her lips apart. But what caught Chloe the most off guard were these white objects, shaped almost like remotes for a TV, pressed between the girl's legs. They seemed to be driving her crazy!

This forced Chloe to blush; she felt like a child coming across her parents in their 'alone time', but old enough to understand what was going on. She couldn't stop looking, clicking through more and more examples of this form of depravity. She had found the fetishistic world of slavery and submission, one that was newly opened up for her.It was an addiction, a growing need, to discover ever greater depths. Something, she realized, she had always been looking for.

"Oh my gosh, this is even better than I thought!" the rich student said, laughing aloud to herself. She laughed even harder when she realized how she could trick Marinette out of school!

Chloe quickly packed her golden computer and dashed to the library. Once she found a secluded corner, she started browsing and buying a huge variety of latex wares. She could find anything on one of these sites, sent directly from Germany, and get it delivered right to her room; it was like shopping on a rubber Louboutin site! Expensive and assuredly of the highest quality possible. Gags, suits, cuffs, collars, everything that she could possibly want. Even the thing she saw before, the part that made her squirm even thinking about it. The orgasm belt. She had such wonderful plans in mind for her submissive to be!

And she just couldn't wait to get started!

2.

BAIT

Only a few days later, Chloe had returned from her classes to find dozens of beautifully wrapped boxes. They were stacked high, standing proudly in the middle of her shared room. A sense of excitement built up in her, even more when she saw the confusion on her roommate's face.

"Hey Chloe, I see you bought out another store. But what's 'Latex Inc'? I've never heard of this line..." Marinette asked, her voice trailing off as she tried to think; the poor, sweet, and oh so innocent girl had just never heard of the most high end BDSM store available.

"That's... Um..." Chloe had to pause momentarily, trying to come up with a clever lie, "A hugely successful new brand. Ah, as if you would know about it? Puh-lease, it's far too expensive for you!" she said with a scoff, nose raised to the sky.

"Ok then... I'll be in the library, studying. See you later?" Marinette swept out of the room, quickly closing the door behind herself.

Chloe, for her part, quickly moved to watch the girl. She seemed suspicious of something, even if her lie had been flawless, so she had to make sure. But, as the soft footsteps told her, it seemed she was really just going to study. Perfect!

"Oh, she actually left. But hey! That means I have time for all of.. .This!"

The girl hopped onto her absolutely unmade bed, wiggling softly as she imagined what was inside each box. A sense of shame, for probably the first time in her life, washed over her at the fantasies that unfolded in her mind. There was just so much that she could do!

And yet, she was so nervous.

"Okay, Chloe. You're the best. You got this. There's nothing that'll go wrong." Chloe muttered, taking deep breaths to calm herself. This was, for the very first time in her spoiled youth, that she had the chance to really doubt herself. But her plan had so many things that could backfire, even she had to feel nervous!

Minutes ticked by as she tried to gather her courage. Her nerves had to be settled, one by one, before she eventually decided to get up and walk across the room, but not before looking at her teddy bear.

"You're not going to want to see this." she said, her hands pushing the toy into the covers, face down. It was only then that she could walk over and grab the ribbon, guessing it was fine silk from how smooth it felt, and pull the box open.

The box was tightly packed with paper and material, but years of unwrapping lavish gifts had prepared the girl for tearing through the supplies at lightning speed. Anticipation pushed her to go faster, tearing everything away until...

The strong scent of rubber burned into her sensitive nose!

"Oh my gosh! Blech! What is that... That horrible smell?!" she coughed, trying to contain herself.

Chloe kept holding her nose as she looked into the box, seeing something gold and shiny. It took all of her will to push into this single, heroic, act and grasp the slick surface. With a few creaks and groans, she withdrew the tightly folded material and gave it a direct inspection.

It was a 3mm thick, golden rubber catsuit of the absolute highest quality, with built-in, elbow length gloves and tall socks. Despite it being a masterpiece of latex, Chloe was at a loss. Somewhere at the middle of its singular color, the acrid smell of the rubber, and the fact that it would be encasing her glorious body, she had conflicted feelings. It was beautiful, but she was so nervous to try it out.

"Ugh, I should try something else! But..."

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AFTER SCHOOL
CHLOE'S ROOM FILLED UP WITH PACKAGES FROM THE BEST FRENCH RUBBER BONDAGE MANUFACTURERS.

SHOULD I OPEN THEM OR NOT? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...

COME ON CHLOE, THIS IS NOTHING! YOU WON'T EVEN LIKE IT!

SHHHFFRRSH

As Chloe pulled it completely out of the box, she marveled at how polished this latex stuff was. She'd read about how there were oil sprays that could be used to achieve an even bright shine, something she was sure was impossible, and had spent hours imagining how it would look on her body. It only continued to send forbidden feelings into her, so much so that she even ignored the biting rubber smell and laid the catsuit over Marinette's bed.

One after another, the boxes were torn apart to reveal the rubbery beauty inside. She had a whole catalogue of deviancy in her room: rubber suits for different uses, whips, dildos of every size and shape, binders for all parts of the body, and her fantasized orgasm belt. The last device was her favorite, the epitome of her fantasies.

And now that she was finally holding it, she felt strange, unknown, feelings growing in her virginal body.

Chloe's incredibly uptight family had never spoken to her about sex; it was a taboo in their household, the biggest she knew of. The closest to sex she had ever come to was practicing kissing with Sabrina, back in high school. Despite having the air of knowing everything, the world of sexuality was fresh territory for her. Her dream had always been to have her first time with Adrien, but even she can't have everything.

By the time the boxes were empty, Chloe's rubber fetish had spread across both beds and the floor, leaving patches of gloss all over. It was then that she stripped down, taking off her bespoke uniform and silken underclothes quickly. She stood nude over the myriad of bondage implements, coming to term with what she was feeling. Her nipples were stiffened, but not due to the cold; it was too warm in this room, as the girls managed to agree upon.

No, this was some kind of excitement, a new and foreign one!

Over the last few days, she had been studying how to wear this new kind of fashion; she knew that the first step was to put on some kind of slick fluid, a lubricant, to make it easier. So, she had gotten one with a banana scent, which she applied in liberal amounts. The chill caused her skin to prickle up a little bit, before she finished covering everything with the perfume of her favorite fruit.

"Hmm~ I wonder if I look as delicious as I smell?" Chloe said with a laugh, already reaching for the new suit.

It slid onto her body easily, guided by the thickly applied lubricant. It only took a moment for her to rub her hands down the surface, just as the videos online had shown her, to allow those bubbles to come free. It had been measured utterly perfectly, clinging to her like a second layer of glossy skin, snapping and creaking as she moved to stretch it out. She reached over her back, smoothly pulling the zipper all the way up. Every last inch of her body, from her toes to her breasts, were covered in a thick layer of shining gold.

"Well, this is tighter than I expected, but I must say, I like it!" Chloe said as she admired her body with a full length mirror, absorbed in how the rubber accentuated each of her curves so perfectly.

She looked, and felt, like some kind of latex goddess. It was like her body was born to wear latex, with its natural hourglass shape, large bust, shining golden hair, and bright blue eyes. She really was the body of a goddess with the spirit of a tiger.

But she had to hurry! Marinette could return any time!

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CHLOE QUICKLY CHANGED HER MIND.
THE LATEX OUTFIT SHE CHOSE MATCHED HER PERFECTLY.

WOW
THIS LOOKS
SO COOL!

I DIDN'T KNOW
MY BODY COULD
LOOK SO GOOD
IN THIS LATEX
CATSUIT.

She quickly grabbed a tight, rubber corset and slipped it on. The strings were quickly tugged and squished against her body even harder, making it hard to breathe and move. Her already curvaceous body was tightened up, adding to the restriction the golden bodysuit had already given her.

The next part was her gag; a panel of rubber with a thick, red rubber ball in the middle. She had to open wide, then pushed the large orb between her shining white teeth. The sudden taste of acrid rubber hit her like a truck, even as she was excited for this step!

"Mmmph!" Chloe choked into the gag, having to fight from vomiting. The taste of rubber was just too strong for her and she kind of hated it! Her eyes swam with tears as she pushed it a bit further, locking the gag tightly behind her head. One strap went over the back, and others around the bottom of her nose, each squeezing tightly as she perfectly cinched them up. She was consistent, at least, in how tightly bound she was making herself!

She finished the look by adding two bands about her wrists, as cuffs, which were tightened and locked with small devices. They only made her body squeak more as she moved, creaking and snapping around the restrictive straps.

She did want to add a rubber collar around her neck, just for completion, but she couldn't muster the courage for that. Not yet.

"Slurrpgh!" Chloe had bent her head forward and felt some of her spit coming out; she hadn't realized the thick ball would make her drool! So she had to swallow her own saliva, mixed with that strong taste of rubber.

The next part was adding some bindings between her legs; straps of rubber going up the thighs and calves, meeting in her waist belt, to keep her from walking. She had to tighten as hard as she could, locking the belt with just a bit more discomfort around her midsection. It wasn't something she couldn't stand, of course, but frustrating!

After all of this, before binding her legs, she started to set her bed up. Straps of rubber and rope were tied to a silvery box, under the bed. Each one was going for a different part of her; two for the arms, two for the legs, and two for the waist. Each one would be tied firmly about their respective section, before she tugged the final rope. That one would trigger a mechanism to pull at her, immobilizing the willing victim completely.

She trembled with excitement as her hands found the next part of the outfit; the orgasm belt. Even touching it sent a thrill through her hand, just as she set the vibrating wands next to the keys to her gear.

It was only then that she sat on the bed, sliding her legs into the free straps of the legbinder. It was harder than she expected, having the corsets and suit limiting her movement. Each breath was a fight, a struggle mixed into squeaks, while she tried to fill it with her own body. She even slipped a dildo between her thighs, but it vanished as her legs were forced together. Every lacing was pulled and tugged tight, attached to her waist, and then locked again. That meant another key at her side, then more locks around ler leg ropes. But before she tied the ropes, she reached for the remote for the vibrating toy.

"Mmph?!" she moaned as a huge buzz filled the air, eyes widened in shock.

Her breathing went faster and, for the first time in her life, she felt something incredibly pleasurable come from her sex. It was alien, unexpected, but ultimately something she quickly learned to love. Even as she breathed deep, or as much as her corset would allow, as she steadied herself for the next part. She was tying the ropes around her different pieces of gear, over the belt and her wrists. The instant she pulled on the last rope, each one activated and instantly pulled her down, snapping her against her own bed.

And now, she was completely trapped.

This is a lot tighter than I expected but... Unf.. This thing between my legs feels better than I expected!

Chloe shivered and purred with pleasure as the toy did its work. She even managed to adjust to the taste of the gag in her mouth, slowly.

"Mmm.."

Chloe closed her eyes and tried to struggle, playfully. This only made the device angry, as it tugged her ropes even tighter!

"Unhh!" she moaned into the gag, this time of discomfort.

This is bad! I don't want it to be this tight!

Of course, the machine didn't care; she had set it for immobilization, a task which it was completing flawlessly. Even worse, the toy trapped between her thighs continued to attack Chloe's defenseless, virgin sex! The thick rubber was not good for protection against this, leaving her open to the relentless assault. Chloe could feel she was going for the very first orgasm of her life, even while she was helplessly bound in rubber!

Chloe tightly closed her eyes and moved her body up and down, gyrating slightly in an effort to avoid the buzzing. It didn't help, of course, and she only pushed herself further, deeper into pleasure, before she exploded into the first orgasm of her life!

"Mmmm!"

She felt her wet snatch drooling out fluid like she was wetting herself, but was only squirting into the tight rubber suit for the first time. It took time for her to even get her mind focused again, feeling as if it was shattered by the force of her orgasm.

"Mm... Mm..." she softly moaned to herself, restrained by her gag.

Her breath was short as she hoped these new sensations would end soon, but she had forgotten to set a timer on the toy. It wasn't even as long before her second orgasm was coming to a head, thanks to how sensitive she was from the first one!

Chloe, in a panic, started to struggle against her bonds. Of course, this only made them tighter and held her further down, immobilizing her worse than before. It was only now that she realized that the keys near her hands were useless, as she couldn't get herself free of the bondage.
All the while, the toy continued to buzz, endlessly, against her body.

Chloe screamed into the gag, but failed to make any appreciable noise. She tried to struggle, but just made herself more helpless. She even started to cry, but the infernal machine did nothing to help her. All she could do was wait for anyone to come save her.

And she knew it would be Marinette.

Where is that stupid pastry cook? She just went to the library but... Oh no. She'll probably be there until late! She studies so hard!

Even as Chloe tried to scream, she remembered one of the first things her father fixed in the school; the doors and walls. As the school had some musicians studying here, they'd made sure that each and every room was soundproofed, completely. Even if she could get the gag free, there would be no one to hear her!

Oh god... Another one!

Chloe rolled and pressed herself against the rubber, desperately trying to get free of the constant abuse against her body. It didn't help at all, even as she felt her desire for escape growing.

Please stop it, I'll be good! I'll be nice, I'll Mmmph! Chloe thought to herself, thoughts chased away as yet another orgasm silenced her mind.

At the library...

"Ahhh, it looks like everyone had the same idea as me!" Marinette eventually groaned to herself, wishing she could be louder as she looked over the dozens of students that had appeared in the library over the last few hours.

Marinette sighed and turned another page and tried to concentrate on her History of Art text. She would have preferred to study in her room, but the issues with Chloe had grown to the point that their only interaction was Chloe turning her golden speakers up to max, drowning out all thought.

In front of her sat two girls, both about her own age. It was obvious that they were only pretending to study, since they kept looking at their phones and giggling. The noise split the quiet air of the library, driving Marinette ever more crazy.

Okay, that's it! Marinette thought as she got to her feet, *Chloe will probably be in bed or something, so maybe I can just read under my blankets or... Whatever!*

Both girls watched as she left the library, looking annoyed at her sudden movements, but immediately giggled again.

Once Marinette left the library, she headed towards the door at the end of the hall. The last one on the left, that was her new room. She tried to get in, but something was wrong; the lock clicked a couple of times, before she carefully slipped her key in and cracked the door. Inside, Chloe was on the bed, but she had to gasp in shock at her condition.

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HOLY SHIT! THIS IS FANTASTIC!

MMMMM

BUZZZZZ

3.

RESCUE

At first, Chloe couldn't hear someone coming into her room, what with the sounds of her moaning and the ever present buzzing between her thighs. Eventually, though, she saw the flushed face of her roommate showing up!

"Mmph!" Chloe screamed into the acrid ball between her lips, struggling against her tight bonds.

Where the hell did you come from, you stupid bimbo?!

Not that Marinette could understand a word.

"Oh wow, Chloe, what happened to you? Who did this to you?"

Marinette burst into the room, burying the bound roommate under a barrage of questions. She got ten in before remembering that the rich bitch was unable to answer any, though she was busy pointing towards the keys on the table.

"What?" Marinette said, her eyes trying to follow the motion.

The girl didn't quite understand what was going on, even when she gave a weird look to the heavily bound colleague. It was only then that Chloe burst into another loud, screaming, orgasm that shocked the virgin girl.

"Ohh Mmmmph!"

Chloe really enjoyed this orgasm; it helped to share her situation with someone else, especially a person with such a soft face. She only now realized how attractive the other girl was, even though the rapidly fading orgasm left her stubborn nature to take over again.

She screamed through her gag, trying to indicate how much she wanted to end this experience right now!

The not-quite-friend panicked at the sound of the screaming girl, so much so that her shaking hands couldn't hold the keys. They weren't stable enough, especially with the constant movement from Chloe keeping the locks unstable.

It was ironic that Chloe could have freed herself at any time, by just undoing the ropes around her wrists. The knots were simple and basic, enough that anyone could have gotten free... If they weren't overly nervous and terrified!

After what felt like an eternity, the poor bondage victim managed to get freed from her locks. Once her wrists were free, she could move down and turn off the vibrator, giving her hidden sex some time to recover from the endless orgasms.

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MARINETTE CAME IN THE MOST HUMILIATING MOMENT.

CHL... CHLOE! WHO DID THIS TO YOU??!

GULP

HMMM

YAHHHH!

UNTIE ME YOU DUMB BITCH!

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"Chloe, what happened here? Who... Who did this to you?" Marinette tried to calm down Chloe a bit, though the tears of shame still ran down the golden-clad girl's face.

"Nobody did anything to me, Marinette! It... It was me!" Chloe said while choking on her own tears, using her history as an actress to her advantage.

"I.. Wh.. But why?" Marinette had to take a moment to gather her thoughts. What was happening?

It was impossible for her to hide her shock; after all, Ladybug had always been a virgin. Her whole life was waiting for her prince, Adrien, to ride in and save her while atop a white horse. Nothing here was anywhere near her mind, even worse with the strong smell of rubber in the air!

"Why? Isn't it obvious why I play with myself? I... I'm alone. You have a lot of friends, you're so gifted and just.. Just perfect! But me? I don't have any real friends... Just myself." Chloe had to fight her nature to act like a broken doll, even hiding her smile behind her rubbery palms.

"But you uh... You are... Nice? You have friends like... Uh..." Marinette had to think hard to try and remember a person who actually liked Chloe but, before she could put a face and name together, Chloe burst into more perfectly timed tears.

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CHLOE'S PLAN HAD WORKED PERFECTLY.

SHHH CHLOE, IT'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T WORRY IT WILL STAY BETWEEN US!

SOB SNIFF AND THAT'S WHY I DID THIS TO MYSELF.

"Waaah, I'm so useless! I'll be alone forever, with no friends, and I can't even do self-bondage right!" Chloe kept playing with Marinette until the other girl finally figured out what happened here.

So Chloe did t his to herself? She really must be lonely.

While she didn't know what to think about this situation, Marinette could tell that Chloe really needed her help.

"So you.. Play this? Like cops and robbers, but on your own?" the girl said, trying to give a friendly smile to her 'friend'. One hand pulled the latex student close, holding tight

"Yes! I always wanted to do this with someone else... to be helpless and bound, at their mercy while they have total power over my body. But it's so hard when you don't have any... Open minded friends to help you." Chloe keeps talking, explaining to her 'friend'.

"Maybe... If you can help me find someone, I've been trying to find a good person, a Master or a... A Mistress. But it's so dangerous! I checked some internet sites and they're all just weirdos..."

After her speech, Chloe looked up at Marinette with her bright blue eyes, still stained with tears. The kind of eyes that a puppet would have; a puppy that could get anything it wanted.

"Wha... me?! Absolutely not, Chloe1 I don't.. I don't know these things and I'm not really comfortable talking about this stuff with you!" Marinette closed her eyes and turned her head to the side, emphasizing the strength of her no.

"But.. I thought you said we could be friends. Friends help each other, right?" Chloe said, being the perfect schemer.

"Please Chloe, don't ask this from me. I... I just can't, you know?"

They had been arch enemies only a minute before, but now was Chloe actually asking for help with her deviancy?

"I understand... Even without that, can we still be friends? And keep this between us?"Chloe said, her voice trembling like she might cry at an ymoment.

"Of course Chloe! Don´t worry, it will stay between us. I won't tell anybody!" Marinette said, relieved that she wouldn't be pushed into this kinky abyss.

The two girls hugged, with the more pure one marveling at how smooth the golden costume was.

"I... Think you might want some privacy now. So I'll be going to the cafeteria. Do you want anything.. Friend?" Marinette said, nervously trying to vacate her position.

"Wha.. Huh?"Chloe had to stop herself before she sent another insult at Marinette.

"Just bring me anything.. Pal!" Chloe pointed at Marinette and gave a friendly wave to her, right before the girl disappeared into the hallway.

Then she unlocked the rest of her gear, removing her golden suit and other restraints to reveal the marks of her prolonged torture. The most red part was her pussy, of course. Even when protected by a sheet of latex, it had been assaulted the most! The rest of her body also showed the effects of latex wear, to different degrees. Most uncomfortable to Chloe was the sweat, everywhere, that she had built up! The rubber stockings were absolutely full of sweat and her own cum.

It was very humiliating and Chloe was glad she was alone here.

At first, she wanted to pour the disgusting contents of her suit over Marinette's pillow, but they were 'friends' now, and that would be a bad thing for a 'friend' to do, right?

She ran to the showers and quickly removed the grime all over her body. Then she returned, hanging up her suit and beginning to polish it over. She was responsible for her expensive things, after all, and had to keep it up perfectly.


DO... DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP ME AND BE MY DOMME?
NEVER! I'M SORRY CHLOE, BUT I'M NOT INTO THIS KIND OF STUFF.

Just when she was finishing, a knock came from the door. It was, predictably, her roommate, carrying a couple of bottles of water.

"Hey Chloe, they didn't have your favorite brand, so I had to get something else. I hope it's..."

Before she could finish, Marinette had her eyes come across the golden suit that had so recently been holding her roommate. It was glossy, shining brighter than a diamond.

And it was beside Marinette's bed?

"No, that's fine! I hope you don't mind," the girl indicated her suit with a smile, "I have very wild dreams and I don't want to damage it. It's very expensive, you know?" Chloe forgot she was playing the good girl now, letting her old habits of being the spoiled princess bubble to the surface.

"That's... Sure. Why not. We've had a long day, so let's just get to sleep? Doctor's orders." Marinette gave a friendly smile, just as her 'friend' returned it with an angry expression; she wasn't used to getting orders! But then she had a thought and put up a playful salute.

"Yes Mistress!" With those words, and her bottle of water, the spoiled girl went to bed.

Marinette was quickly changing into her pyjamas, then slipped into her own bed. She tried and tossed and turned, but couldn't get herself to sleep. Her mind was too caught on the reflected light coming from the hanging suit, and her nose burned from the rubbery smell. Something about it all kept her mind replaying, over and over again, about how the bound student moved and orgasmed just right in front of her. It..

It was so hot. But she couldn't understand why, since they were both girls. Both of them even liked boys! But something about it was confusing her over and over again, worse as the smell of latex hit her nose again.

She didn't even notice as one of her fingers slid into her clothes, teasing herself like someone who had been at this for years. Her breath quickened, still laced with the scent of rubber, driving her fantasies towards the edge until...

"Guh.. Gruuuhhrrr!" A noise split the night, shocking Marinette back to reality, driving her fingers away from her heated sex.

"How does a girl that small snore so loudly?" she muttered in deep frustration, grumbling before rolling back over.

A second pillow was clamped over her ears, just as she tried to tune the girl out. Hopefully, today was a one time thing; tomorrow, they could move on.

4.

DOMME MARINETTE

Several days had passed since the 'latex incident' with Marinette and Chloe not talking about it.

Chloe, of course, didn't abandon her plans. In her own way, she tried to be as subtle as possible; working the rubbery theme into things over time, including playing many different movies where the female protagonists wore tight catsuits.

Not that Chloe had ever been known for her subtlety.

Marinette hated the movies; she was much more the kind to watch something romantic or comedic, not these action films. But she couldn't stop from thinking about how much she loved the look of those ladies in latex. Every time one of them was on screen, her mind would float into the idea of the shining outfit, the soft squeaks it would make with each movement, and how perfectly it adorned the actress' body.

Chloe didn't mind at all. Instead, she was happy to just stuff her face with popcorn, grabbing handfuls from a perfectly placed bowl that rested between Marinette's thighs. Every time she reached for a new mouthful, her nails sent small vibrations through the transfixed girl's body, unknowingly keeping her slightly aroused while watching these beautiful women.

Once the credits began to roll, Chloe got up and turned off the TV.

"Ahhh, I'm so tired! This one was even better than the other, right?" Chloe asked her 'best friend' as she put the DVD away.

"Oh!" Marinette said, popping out of her own thoughts, "I guess so! The costumes were at least passable, right?" she finished,, nervously, and looked off to one side.

"Passable? Please! The lead looked awful in that! No chest, not hips, you would look so much better than her, you know!" Chloe turned on her heel and smirked, pointing at the shocked Marinette.

"What.. What are you saying, Chloe?" her roommate asked, stammering slightly.

"I'm saying that, if you were in that costume, you'd be a true hero. Not like that silly actress!" Chloe was trying to tease and mock, but it seemed to be working on Marinette.

"Ah ahaha... I couldn't be a superhero. You know me, too scared and timid and stuff..." the girl said awkwardly, trying to move into a different theme.

"You think you're scared? Why, I'm terrified! I have a date in a few days!" Chloe sat next to her 'friend' casually, intending to finish her story before being cut off.

"A date? Really?" Marinette started, her voice strained by surprise that anyone would date such a difficult girl, especially so quickly. But she had to keep her composure. "That's amazing, Chloe! Who is the lucky guy? Does he have a name?"

The avalanche of questions caught her off guard, but the rich girl had to answer regardless.

"That's the problem... It's not a guy!"

As she spoke, Chloe burst into her perfectly rehearsed crying. For her part, Marinette was red in the face, blushing furiously as she considered two girls on a date. Though France was a known haven for such people, her virginal lifestyle left her to still be startled by people being so open.

"She's a very skilled and sexy domme and I need to learn how to react perfectly. I can't disappoint her! I have to practice and.. There's no one better in this school than you are, Marinette!"

Chloe's proposal was clear and the supposed emotion hit like a steam train. Marinette, after all, wasn't a hater of alternative sexualities. She supported them openly! And Chloe had no other friends in this school, which left her all alone. How could someone refuse to help in that situation?

"Of course I'll help you, Chloe. That's what friends do, right?" she said with a smile, one hand placed on the others shoulder, gently.

"Oh thank you, Marinette! I have just the thing, right here!" Chloe shouted as she went from the bed, springing to action and heading to the closet.

"Right here? What do you...?"

But before the startled friend could finish her question, the answer was given in the form of two shining catsuits. Both rubber, one golden for Chloe. That was obvious, as it was the one she had found the struggling student in. The other was jet black but with blue accents all along the gloves and boots, making a stark contrast.

Marinette was shocked into silence, staring at the giggling girl as she just looked so proud.

"Do you like the colors? I chose them just for you, my Mistress." Chloe giggled a little as her voice purred out the suggestion, but Marinette wasn't laughing. She was so shocked and embarrassed from this shocking situation that all she could do was shake her head slowly.

"You can't be serious! I can't be dressing in.. In that!" she said loudly, pointing at the blue and black bodysuit.

"But.. why? Isn't that what friends do? Didn't you say you'd help me out? Are we even friends?" Chloe listed so many points that it was hard for her 'friend' to keep track of everything.

Giving in, Marinette stood up and walked across the room. She grabbed at the hanger and her suit, tugging it away before muttering.

"Fine! But we'll never tell anyone about this, right?"

It took every ounce of Chloe's self control to stop herself from bursting into laughter right there; her genius plan, from her own amazing mind, was working perfectly!

"You're going to need this, Mistress, if you want to get in that suit." Chloe said with a smile, pulling some lubrication from her box of fetish equipment.

Marinette grabbed the oil with a grumble.

"Don't you call me that!" even as she was stripping away her uniform to reveal her youthful body.

Chloe did the same, stripping with haste before wiping the oil over herself. With her bit of experience in this field, she wrapped the rubber about herself without as many problems, even working the bubbles away with only a bit of an issue.

Across from her, Marinette was having a fight with her own suit. It was difficult to get the entire thing on at once, especially when her hands kept shaking. But it wasn't from fear that she was trembling so much.

It was excitement? The catsuit suits her unexpectedly perfectly, but it was that fantastic feeling to be wrapped by this rubber material that really pushed her. She had to fight back the pure desire to enjoy this latexy prison before the golden girl could figure it out, since she wanted to keep it a secret.

However, Chloe was in fact looking at Marinette as she struggled to get her outfit on. Something about watching the newbie was enjoyable, cathartic even. It was a little surprising, but somehow Marinette knew how to slip the skintight suit over her body and, once the catsuit was up to her waist, she just put both arms in the sleeves and pulled the catsuit on with one movement. With the quick sound of a zip, the catsuit was wrapped about her perfect body. She even moved to avoid the bunched up parts around her joints before turning back to Chloe.

"Oh wow, Marinette, you look fantastic! But there's still the corset, you know?"

She didn't wait for the girl in blue to refuse, already wrapping the rubber constrictor about the slender waist of her supposed best friend.

"Wait, wasn't this used in.. Unf... Balls a long time ago?!" Marinette managed to squeak out, began to lace her back up, her tongue hanging out in concentration.

She didn't answer, of course, and just focused on her task. She made it tight, but not enough to panic Marinette.

"Wow, like I said, you look just perfect! But I have to set up the rest myself, so it's time for you to get the rest on. Your gloves, stockings, all of it's over there."

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MARINETTE WAS A NERVOUS SCHOOLGIRL.



It sure sounded like Chloe was in charge, not the one she called Mistress, but that was to be expected. Marinette had no idea what to do, so she just followed her friend's lead.

While getting dressed, Marinette could hear Chloe rustling through all the other stuff. It was probably something about the uniform for a submissive, right?

She sat down on the edge of her bed to try and get the stockings on, but had to marvel at how much the inconvenient accessory reduced her movement. Something about that, she mused, was still exciting. The restriction mixed into the large amounts of creaks and snaps of rubber on rubber, driving her wild. Even the acrid rubber scent and the feeling of compression only added to her deep arousal.

She finished both socks and then moved to the tall boots. They were polished and reflective leather, practically the same as her latex, with a tall heel spike. At least they were easy to put on! It was the gloves she had issues with; they were right around the wrists, and using only one hand was mildly frustrating. But she could do that easily.

What startled her was Chloe turning around, offering her a carnival styled mask.

Marinette wasn't sure if she should put it on. It was intimidating to try and would hide her entire face, but she quickly tied the buckler behind her head with a final click before standing up. The rubber stretched and snapped around her frame, making her feel somehow more naked than when she put it on before.

"Oh my god! You look like Ladybug with that on! I can't believe I never saw the resemblance!" Chloe said loudly, shocked at how similar the roommate was to her hero.

Marinette, of course, looked every bit the shell shocked virgin going into rubber for her first time. Which she was, there was no doubt, but even Chloe was new to this! She shouldn't be that afraid!

What is wrong with me? Why did I agree to this? Stupid Marinette! You're so dumb! Marinette thought to herself, just as her cheeks turned bright red. But she felt something else happening in her nether lips, a heat she was not used to at all. It was only now that she was glad rubber was fluid-resistant!

"Let's just get started, Chloe. I want to get this off and behind me as soon as possible." Marinette said, trying to sound tough, but Chloe could see her knees shaking as much as her voice.

"Okay! Well, it's really easy, you know. This thing here, with the straps? That's a strait jacket to keep my arms stuck. And here, with the lots more straps? Legbinder, same idea. And finally, this devil is the panel gag you found me in. Which, of course, I can't thank you enough for saving me!"

She loved how much this description made her roommate turn scarlet.

"I wish you'd stop reminding me of that, Chloe!" Marinette muttered, angrily.

"Well, there's only one way to shut me up!" said the girl, leaving her mouth wide and open for her partner.

Marinette looked like she was trying to get some courage, having closed her eyes already, so Chloe tried to speed things up a little bit.

"Was it embarrassing to find me cumming so ha-mmph!" she couldn't get the words out as the gag suddenly slammed into her mouth so hard it made her eyes water! Buckling it took a while, what with Marinette's hands shaking so badly, but it eventually clicked into place as well.

"Mmph?! Mmph!" Chloe couldn't even close her mouth while so heavily gagged, but she tried to ask Marinette which item would be next.

That answer would be the rubber straitjacket; one that looked particularly tight and had lots of straps on it. The appearance didn't lie at all, as the straps were buckled, but the girl tying them was far too soft. It was so obvious she'd never done this before and was trying to avoid hurting her charge. Even worse, at the groin straps, she stopped and bit her lip because of her immense nervousness.

"Mmph dhhh!" Chloe wiggled her hips on reflex to try and get closer to her temporary dominant while she was tightened up.

Even as an amateur, Chloe could tell the lack of tightness was rather soft and lame. That was fine, really, since the golden gimp didn't care to be the one tied down. No, she wanted people bound to her, at her beck and call, with her as the puppet master!

A second later, the two girls moved to the bed and got into position for the legbinder. Even as loose as it was, with the straps barely tightened, it was more than enough to keep the mostly bound student from breaking free in any way.

Chloe took a moment to struggle against her bonds, which was the first moment that her domme could really appreciate the scene. It was beautiful, hearing the rubber on rubber while watching the incredibly tight suit squeeze against the youthful body. She loved it, and wanted to try it more at some point. It was some hidden, awakened urge that had found itself in her mind.

Using her nose, which was the most unbound part of her body, Chloe was trying to indicate the riding crop, something that Marinette had forgotten in this dressing period.

"Mmph! Geph!" Chloe was still the one giving orders, gag or no, which had her rolling to her side. Her perfectly encased butt was on display now, shining in the light for strikes.

"I don't really know if I should..." The 'domme' Marinette was protesting, but couldn't even get the words out before more muffled annoyances led her to following through. A single, careful, timid strike on her butt, followed by a sigh.

It had all the strength and noise of someone trying to kill an annoying fly, barely enough to be painful.

Chloe tried another angry protest as the second strike happened. It was still just too weak, barely even worth talking about. She just couldn't do it, could she? After all, less than an hour ago, she'd been a quiet, meek, timid, hetero girl. And here she was, striking her roommate while dressed in rubber fetish gear? She just realized how fast it was, and even started to doubt what she was doing.

"Mmph?" the bound one realized the domme was thinking and tried to squirm, but just then...

"Mmrph!" That one was much harder than before, sending an echo through the room. It hurt, but it was still too fake. However, Chloe was such a soft doll that even this was too much, leaving her to close her eyes and sigh in deep humiliation and pain.

Who do you think you are, Marinette, that you can slap my perfect ass? Wait until I get my revenge, you bitch! Chloe was thinking angrily, but had no choice but to endure this.

It was around ten minutes before Marinette finished her job, but it felt like hours for Chloe's rubber clad butt. Beneath the gold, it was red and tender, which the whipping girl felt utterly terrible about. Even as the crop was dropped, more muted instructions were being given for the nightstand.


YOU HAVE BEEN VERY EEEH VERY BAD_ GIRL, CHLOE.
AM I DOING THIS RIGHT?
HMPHH

Somehow able to understand her, Marinette was then pulling a tool out from inside. It was the biggest blush of the night and shocked her so hard; a wireless, vibrating, magic wand.

Oh my god, you half-Asian bitch! Pick it up! Chloe thought as she tried to wordlessly motivate Marinette. She needed some relief after all of that spanking so much that she almost forgot the pain in her backside, rolling over and feeling the burning needles eat through her.

"Mmmm!" she shouted into the gag and moved to one side.

Which startled Marinette so much that she pushed the power button, turning the sex toy on. It was her first time watching one of those things vibrate so powerfully, which only compounded her shock.

"What am I doing here?"

Marinette took a breath as deeply as the corset would allow her, stabilized her nerves, and moved over to press the toy between Cloe's thighs. The buzzing thing was now rubbing and stroking against the hidden sex, enough that the tone of the gagged girl's noises went from angry to pleasured. She even started to gyrate her hips around, trying to get more pleasure. But, as quickly as it started...

Marinette dropped the toy to the ground and just stood right up.

"I just can't do it! I.. I'm sorry, Chloe, but this just isn't me!" she apologized over and over, missing the daggers being stared at her by Chloe.

How dare you! You beat the hell out of my ass and when you're supposed to reward me you stop? You whore! Chloe wanted to scream, but Marinette could only hear a lot of gagged grunting.

By some miracle, the dildo got turned off. Then the bondage gear was removed, piece by piece, from the angry Chloe. By the time the gag was removed, she had managed to calm down enough to speak rationally and not bite her friend's throat out.

"Marinette, you can't just do this! After pain is pleasure, that's a super basic rule!" she said in annoyance, but had to keep her anger in check.

"I.. I know, but look. I'm not good at this, or practiced, or anything." she muttered, undoing the legbinder quickly.

"Yeah, you're right, Marinette. I guess you're not good at this." Chloe said, hatching a new plan right away.

"Thanks Chloe. I was so scared you'd be mad at me! Is there some other way I can help?" she was just clad that this was over!

"Oh, there is! We can switch roles! I show you what I like and how to do it, then you can do it for me later, if you figure it out. Don't you owe me at least that much?" Chloe faked a smile at her friend, who was so confused and worried that she agreed without quite knowing what she was signing up for.

"Okay, you're probably right, but it has to stay just us! No one can ever know!" Marinette practically begged as she undid the final straps, which caused her to miss the short, evil, smile on her former rival's face.

"Yes, I agree." Chloe said, though Marinette would miss the fingers crossed behind her back.

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OH MY GOD! WHAT IS THIS?

BUZZZZ

5.

DOMME CHLOÉ

Chloe didn't waste any time. She knew that, if she gave Marinette enough time, she might back out of their deal. The instant she was given permission, she was practically running to the closet! She had to get a lot of rubber gear; face masks, rubber gloves, lubricant, all of it. Nothing could be forgotten, since she might not get such a perfect chance again!

At the same time, Marinette was given the stern order to strip down.

"Um.. Chloe, do you.. do you really think I have to be naked?" Marinette tried to protest, her nerves on high from how quickly Chloe had changed from slave to Mistress. But there was no chance to argue, not with the golden girl in charge.

"Ssh, my little slave,"Chloe said as she placed a finger of warning over Marinette's mouth, "you'll do everything I say. And..."

"call me Mistress."

Marinette could do nothing but obediently nod her head and obey; stripping off the domineering catsuit and gear at once. She was shocked at how much her body smelled of rubber, and that thick layer of sweat was gross!

"Dry off, slave!" Chloe shouted as she threw the nude girl a towel, "I need you to clean for your new slutty slave outfit."

Something about this role was giving Chloe a deep feeling of pleasure; some tingling in the parts of her body she had been neglecting. It was turning her on!

Marinette, for her part, was burning with shame. Showing her body off and failing at the role of Mistress were both a heavy burden; she really wanted to please her new friend! But Chloe didn't seem to care at all, instead she just waited for her to be ready. What would the slave role really entail?


DON'T LOOK SO DUMB-FOUNDED AT ME, SLUT, TOWEL DOWN!
GULP. CHLOE YOU... YOU MEAN...
MISTRESS CHLOE!

With a loud, creaking, rustle and the heavier scent of rubber, the night's uniform was unveiled; a suit of thin, yet transparent, rubber. The sort that wouldn't hide anything at all, from shame to pleasure. Nor, unfortunately, the immense redness creeping over the naked hero's cheeks.

"I... but.. it'll look like I'm naked!" Marinette blurted out, though Chloe just gave her a cocky smile.

„Don´t be such a prude. After all, you already saw me naked and turnabout is fair play! But, for questioning your Mistress, that means it is punishing time!" Chloe said, her voice shaking. She was already used to giving orders, but this was so much more real, like it was what she was born to do. She had to take it slow, or she might ruin the whole plan.

She had to help the new slave with the suit, as this one was a lot more complicated. It was thin enough, but thicker than the dominant look she had been sporting before. With enough of the lubricant, it was worked all over the body and squished her perfectly, gripping and tightening her like a tube of toothpaste.

"Are you sure this is the right size? It's like it's crushing me!" she hesitated, almost forgetting to add "Mistress!"

"Oh shush, the zipper is almost up. Did you gain weight? I was so sure I had your size right!" Chloe giggled as she gave a mighty pull, almost pulling Marinette's feet from the ground.


THERE, NICE AND TIGHT, EXACTLY HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE, SLUT.
CHLOE, I MEAN MISTRESS CHLOE PLEASE, IT IS TOO TIGHT..

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"Whew, that was tough. But hey, it looks even better than I thought."

Chloe had to hold back some laughter; she could see that Marinette was so red she might be stuck that way. And it was easy to tell why! The rubber caressed each part of her body at the same time, revealing everything. From her breasts down to her shaved sex, nothing was hidden from the probing eyes of her new 'friend'.

"Can we please continue? I want to finish as fast as I can, Mistress." Marinette whispered, her voice almost impossible to hear.

"Oh? You want to be tied up? Well, of course, slave, but we have to dress you first. This is only layer one!" Chloe said, already turning to look for more parts of the restrictive uniform.

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MISTRESS PLEASE, CAN WE STOP FOR A MOMENT? THIS LATEX CATSUIT IS TOO TIGHT.

AND YOU HAVEN'T SEE ANYTHING, YET

"First layer?" the slave girl said in fear, just as two pieces of rubber landed in front of her.

"Put them on!" her Mistress ordered, not even looking as she was still searching for more gear.

Marinette slowly unrolled the rubbery thing before her to reveal pink latex stockings. She didn't realize at first, but it was her pink, the color she wore so often! How was Chloe this well prepared? But this sense of trepidation didn't slow her down, as she was busily wrapping the clothing over her thighs and knees. More rubber, more compression, and more discomfort. She groaned as the material clung to itself, squeaking and creaking.

Just as she finished, two long gloves of the same pink material went over her arms, only deepening the discomfort of our captive heroine!

"C'mon, faster. We don't have all day!" Chloe said, patiently watching despite her impatient words. Having a fashion show from her archenemy, who was so fully in her power? It was beautiful.

Luckily, this new addition helped Marinette calm down. Having even something else on top made it feel like she was dressed, at least somewhat.

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NOW THE GLOVES, IT IS CALLED LAYERING LATEX. DOMMES USE IT AS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT.

I'M DOING IT ONLY FOR YOUR GOOD... ***SLAVE.***

YES, MISTRESS!

By the time she took a calming breath, Chloe had returned with something made of blue rubber that matched her hair.

"My little friend here will help with your posture. You slouch horribly, all the time. So get up and lean forward, on the wall!"

Chloe didn't even wait for Marinette to respond, already grabbing her and pushing her against the wall. It looked like a huge struggle, with how the slave was suddenly trapped inside of a very tight and rubber corset with obvious metal bones. Even without the lacing, which the golden Mistress was generously seeing to, it was hard enough for Marinette to breathe. Worse, she was ordered to exhale so it could get as tight as possible.

Marinette couldn't bring herself to protest, as she was still too shocked by these changes.

"Hold still, slave! One more... pull!"

Using her right foot for leverage, pressed against Marinette's butt, the other girl could just barely pull enough to compress the chest. Despite the pain, the results had slimmed the girl down by nearly four inches! That was impressive, and only made the pink latex bra seem even more vibrant than without.

GOSH, YOUR WAIST IS SO WIDE, EXHALE SO I CAN TIGHTEN YOUR CORSET PROPERLY.

NEVER!

"You really did put on some weight. We'll deal with that later.... for now, your new slave boots await!"

Once again, the hero was left to adjust to her new sensation. Which was awful! She couldn't breathe in any way except using short, gasping little breaths. How could she do anything in this gear? Was that the point?

When she was sat down, she realized that lacing her own boots was impossible, due to the corset.

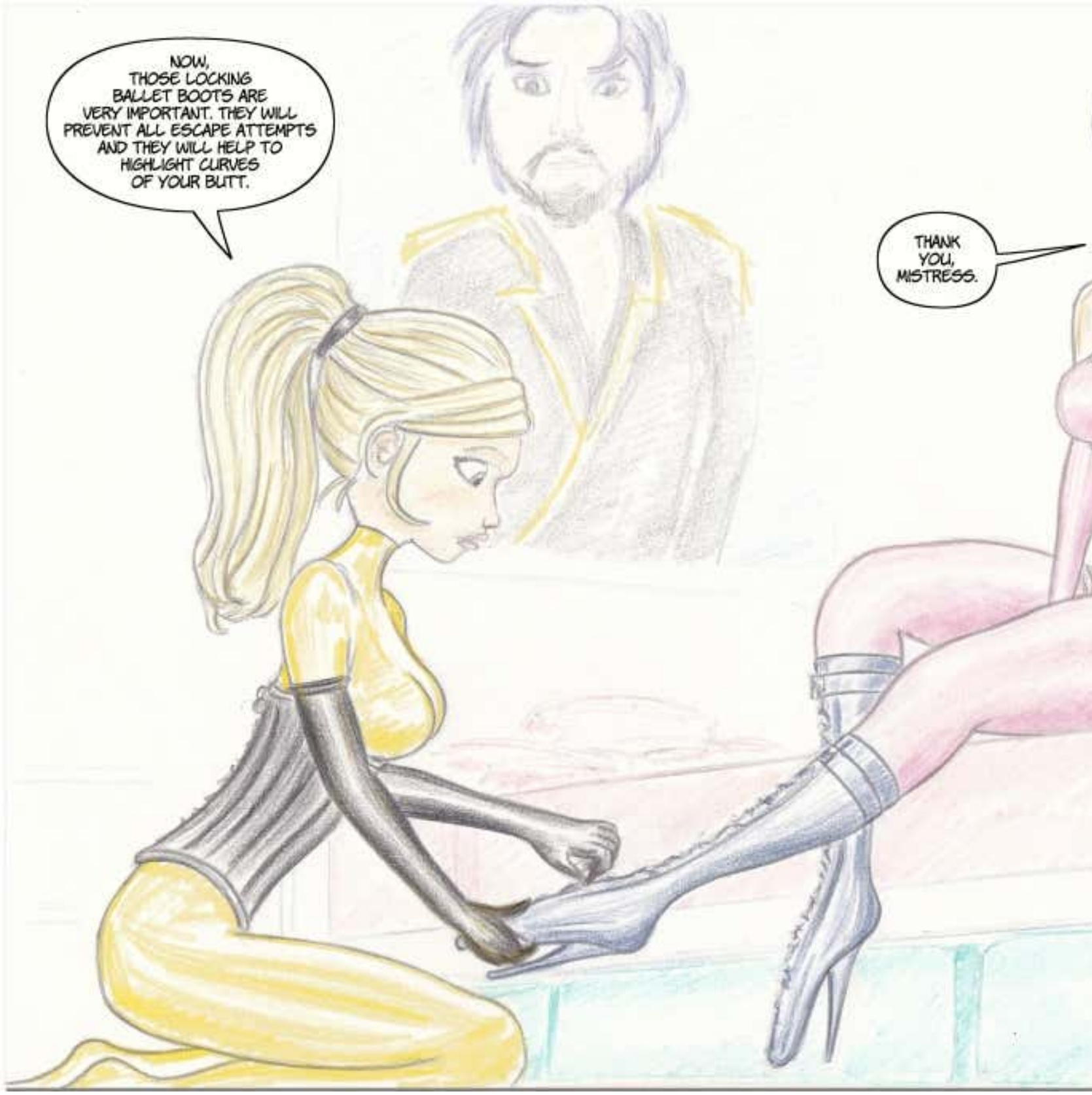
"Oh, drat! I forgot to put your boots on before the corset! I suppose that's your fault, so you'll be punished for it, Marinette!"

Hearing her own name in this new situation, while being dressed like a perverted doll by someone she hated so much, was just the worst experience. It hurt the slave to the core, more than the corset ever could. Even feeling the boots, which were high ballet heeled monstrosities, wasn't that bad. But how could she even walk in such cruel things? It wasn't up to her, she realized, as the locks clicked into place.

"You must learn that I am your Mistress and you are under my complete control!" the dominant girl said with a laugh, as panic started to rise in her slave's mind. It seemed that Chloe really was a master manipulator; she had removed all of Marinette's freedom without her noticing.

"Put these on! I have to find something else." was all that was said, before a small object was dropped in the rubber covered hands of the submissive, before Chloe buried her head in the cabinet again.

They were pink panties, which she tried to put on with a great deal of relief. At least she'd be covering her privates! But it wasn't that easy. With this corset, she couldn't lean forward, so she couldn't push the heels through the tiny openings. So she had to get up and, with great deal of fear and luck, balance before sliding her legs through and pulling them up. It hurt, as the steel pushed into her ribs like an annoying set of fingers, but she managed it... somehow.


NOW, THOSE LOCKING BALLET BOOTS ARE VERY IMPORTANT. THEY WILL PREVENT ALL ESCAPE ATTEMPTS AND THEY WILL HELP TO HIGHLIGHT CURVES OF YOUR BUTT.
THANK YOU, MISTRESS.

For a moment, she shook her legs. That second of rest was lost immediately, though, as another piece of heavy rubber was shoved into the hands. Another catsuit?!

"Time for your second layer!" Chloe said as she shoved the suit against Marinette's bust.

"Are you sure I'm not dressed enough? I mean, it's already thick and getting hot and..." Marinette failed to get her sentence out before being cut off by an angry exclamation.

"How dare you talk back to your Mistress! Put it on, now!"

Mistress Chloe turned away to keep herself from laughing at the girl. For her part, Marinette was busy looking at the suit and taking in the strong scent of polished rubber, before surrendering to the will of her dominant. She couldn't put up enough of a fight, and her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Could you please... help me, Mistress? I can't seem to bend enough in the corset you gifted me..." Even if her words were properly servile, her irritated expression spoke otherwise.

"Oh, of course, my little slave! I'll help you."

Chloe was too impatient to see the shiny result, so she turned around and quickly helped to push this horribly tight suit onto the squirming servant. It was sized a bit smaller than the transparent one, by design, so it was pushing and squishing every inch of her frame. Marinette felt like it was cooking and squeezing harder, restricting her more than she thought possible!

Seeing a small bit of doubt in the rubber toy's face, Chloe shifted tactics towards a more positive reinforcement route.

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ANOTHER CATSUIT REALLY?

MISTRESS *MORE* LATEX?

YES! MORE MORE MORE!

AMW

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"You are doing so good, my little slave. I'm proud of you!" but the fact that she had another pink corset in her hands, only slightly larger, spoke against this.

"Buh.. But I... I already have a corset on!" Marinette's voice shook as she stared at the new piece, almost in tears from having to repeat the last experience.

"Oh, but this one is far thicker and... did I not say we needed to work your posture?" the wink at the end startled Marinette, worrying her more than before.


AAAND ANOTHER CORSET, THIS ONE IS MUCH THICKER THAN THE PREVIOUS ONE.
GULP, MISTRESS.. PLEASE..

The situation with the first corset was repeated, which caused more discomfort to the unfortunate hero. While she leaned against the wall and had the accessory wrapped about her body, she expected tying but got something even more horrible; cinch straps for tightening. Laced to the maximum, it took everything Marinette had to even keep from fainting!

"Chloe, I... I can't breathe.. please..." she whispered out, trying so hard to catch her breath against the two tools. She was cut off, though, when something pressed to her throat.

"And what is that?!" She demanded an answer as she tried to look around but was forced to stare perfectly forward.

"Posture collar. It won't hurt, but it's going to work on that atrocious slouch of yours. I only expect the best from my toys!" Chloe said, her tone and attitude like that of a pro dominant, even though she'd been on bottom just a bit ago.

The tightening of the collar pressed some tears from Marinette's eyes, but it didn't last long. Once it was locked on, she tried to move or look around, but couldn't get free for more than an inch. Only one direction was free for her, so she had to move her entire body to see any direction!

It was then that she saw the second layer of rubber panties, ready to join the first. More layers, less comfortable, and even harder to breathe than before, she was fighting against the desire to demand her friend let her free. It was just so hot and uncomfortable!

One girl hoped they were finished, but the opposite had different plans.

"I think it's time for your punishment. That's why I brought my little friend here!" Chloe said, smiling at the horror that crossed over her friend's face. It was the orgasm belt, ready to be wrapped about the slave's waist.

"Chloe, I.. I really don't think I'm ready for..." Marinette begged, though she was stopped right away.

"Hold still, slave!" was her response, before feeling the belt wrap about her waist. The dildo was placed with extreme care to grind against her hidden cunt, right where it could do the most damage.

"Now you'll get your first experience of being trapped with one of these!" she said, slapping the double suited butt with one hand. A loud slap rang across the room, accentuated by the latex itself.

"Ah!" Marinette shouted, shocked at the sudden hit. While it didn't hurt much, the surprise made her sway on the tottering heels. She moved, prepared to fall over without the saving grace of her dominant.

And, despite every expectation, Chloe did. One latex clad hand wrapped around the girl's wrists as she tried to right herself, tugging her back up to her towering heels and toes. She had to spend just a moment to sway and click against the ground in an effort to remain upright, which she just barely managed to do.

It was a shock, but a welcome one.

"Chloe, why did you...?" Marinette tried to ask, but was swiftly cut off by the loud creaking and snapping noises of rubber on rubber.

"Isn't it obvious, slave?" Chloe asked, mostly rhetorically, one of her hands playing with a sheet of bright pink latex. "I can't have you getting hurt. We have so much fun ahead of us!"

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THIS LITTLE BOY IS THE SAME MODEL I USED THAT NIGHT YOU CAUGHT ME.

I CAN'T MOVE ALREADY AND SHE IS JUST ADDING MORE AND MORE ONTO ME.

OF COURSE SLIGHTLY IMPROVED WITH STRONGER BATTERIES AND VIBRATIONS, BUT THAT'S A SURPRISE.


IT IS TIME TO FINALLY DRESS YOU, MY LOVELY LATEX SLUT.

With those words, the newest piece of rubber gear was wrapped about Marinette's thighs.

It was sheer, tight, and utterly immobilizing. The air was filled with the creaks and snaps again, almost loud enough to become uncomfortable, as it was smoothed into place. From around her hips and down towards the tops of her thighs, and clung tightly with a glossy belt. Even though it didn't continue that far down, and only just barely managed to hide the tip of the impossibly frustrating dildo, Marinette could still barely move her thighs apart.

It was thick!

"Is that all of... it?" her voice trailed off as she looked forward, seeing an even greater degree of pink resting in the hands of her tormenting 'friend'.

A thicker, heavier, even longer layer of pink hung from Chloe's golden gloves. This thing had to be at least three times the size of the other, yet seemed to be no more roomy. It almost looked like the top of a balloon, or something you might see in an old-school movie about classical women, as something designed to keep them from moving very freely. Marinette even knew what it was called, from her myriad of fashion studies over the years.

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I ALMOST CAN'T STAND ON THOSE KILLER BOOTS AND THIS SKIRT IS JUST A SUPER SLUTTY VERSION OF A MINI SKIRT.

MHM MHM, HERE ANOTHER ONE!

"Is that a... a hobble skirt?" she managed to squeak out. A stern look from Chloe had her append "Mistress!" right on the end, fearing some backside retribution.

"Such an observant slave." Chloe said, stepping forward with a domineering sneer on her face. One hand reached up and slowly pulled a nearly perfectly hidden zipper down with a loud ziiipp noise, echoing across their small room and sticking itself within the mind of the somewhat terrified girl.

"Uh, um.. how will I walk in that?" she said, just as the opened garment moved behind her.

Before bothering to answer, Chloe was tugging and sizing it just right, making sure that it clung to every curve of the mini-skirt covered butt. Even from this angle, and in spite of her previous desires being placed firmly around a boy, she had to admire the curves of her captive 'friend's backside. It filled out the pink latex perfectly, stretching out without straining in any bad way. Even her comments about putting on weight were put in perspective, though the golden Mistress would never really give her new appreciations away.

"You." she began, pulling the zipper.

Slowly. Not quickly. In a way that Marinette could hear each and every tooth clicking together, one after another. A seemingly endless barrage of sound, torturous in the deliberate pace that she was being subjected to. Every one put in place only served to squeeze tighter around her body and keep her a little more immobile, sealing her in the pastel plastic prison more than before. Even bending her knees was becoming more difficult, even without the plastic toy pushing against her thankfully protected pussy.

"Won't." was the finishing word, just as the hidden zipper was finished. A small plastic lock was attached to the top, making it certain that the college girl couldn't wriggle it down at all. The only way out was from the key, now resting on the bedside table.

Marinette wanted to take a couple of testing steps, judging the effects of her prison on her legs and feet. Even putting one in front of the other was difficult, as the act went against the incredible tightness and restriction she couldn't escape from. She nearly fell after that first step and just barely, with all of her hero trained concentration, managed to get a small rhythm of forward progress. Even still, it was slow; only a couple of inches per step, as the rubber would broker no greater escape from her containment.

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THIS ONE IS CALLED HOBBLE SKIRT, YOU CAN GUESS WHY, BUT YOU THINK YOU ARE TOO DUMB TO GET IT. TIME TO RESTRAIN YOU.

OH..

Behind her, and unbeknownst to her, was the blonde dominant. She just smiled as she watched that still perfectly crafted butt move underneath the latex, creasing it around with each and every step. She could practically feel how perfect it would be on camera, for all the world to see. Her genius plan would be so sexy, so much that she might even have to watch it back a few dozen times. Maybe while putting on that orgasm belt..

Chloe caught herself thinking about that, blinking in confusion. Why was she wanting to play with herself like this? How did watching Marinette walk about and display her reduced freedom begin to bring some soft warmth to the forbidden place between her thighs? That wasn't part of the plan.

What was important was the tape in her hands!

A roll of shiny, single sided, rubber bonding, tape.

"Slave! Stop moving!" she said, the firmness to her voice even surprising to herself.

It was powerful enough that even Marinette instantly obeyed, snapping to attention with only the softest bounce to her tightly rubbered frame.

"Yes Mistress!" she squeaked, surprised at her own act of falling so well into this role.

The instant acquiescence brought a smile to the spoiled girl's face as she came forward, grabbing both of the submissive's wrists. Marinette was tugged backwards and forced to place her hands together, elbow to elbow and wrist to wrist, before a liberal layer of adhesive tape was applied. A single thick snake of material would worm itself around her forearms and press them together, just strong enough to be somewhat uncomfortable under the multiple layers of suits. Any attempt at pulling her arms strained the muscles a little bit and hurt, mostly around the shoulder, so she had to slacken them a bit.

"Is this uh... really necessary?" she asked, looking over her shoulders at Chloe. "There are so many layers, and so much stuff.. I can't move at all. And it kinda hurts."

There was a moment that Chloe felt doubt. Not just in her abilities to tie up Marinette properly, though there was a bit of that. She could mess up a knot, or a cord, or cause some permanent injury. If that happened, she would fail! And that would be horrible. It wasn't like she really wanted to hurt the girl, physically. Just make sure she is gone.

But there was a second's worth of doubt where she held a concern about her plan all together. Was this really the best option? She didn't know, anymore, if she should push so hard to get rid of her roommate in such a way, especially since this would be way more than simply getting her expelled. It was so much harsher than the things she had done in the past. Well, kind of. Maybe?

"Shut up, slave. Don't talk back to your Mistress." Chloe pulled her hands away from the tape and gave one harsh spank to the butt, creating a resounding crack of impact and a squeak of pain from the bound girl. No need to be letting a slave get uppity, a sentiment which only pushed her back into wanting to do her diabolical plan a bit more.

Why be nice?

She gave a sharp tug at the newly taped up arms, drawing a squeak from her bound up servant. Something about the way she squirmed and grunted, regardless of whether it was from that forbidden pleasure they had both been feeling or the mild discomfort brought on by the force, was triggering a small degree of enjoyment in the golden dominant. She felt a greater connection to Marinette, a kind she hadn't ever really thought of feeling before.


MISTRESS, PLEASE, NOT SO TIGHT. MY ELBOWS ARE TOUCHING.
YES. YOU ARE VERY FLEXIBLE.
YOU WERE BORN TO BE DOMINATED, WRAPPED IN LATEX AND DOMINATED BY SOME GREAT WOMAN LIKE ME.
HEY??!

Was this what it was like to have power over another, one not brought on by money or blackmail? Well, at least, not yet? It was a strange new feeling to have this willingly given up, even if she didn't really pick up on the fact that it was being done through a fairly significant degree of coercion. It felt, relatively, willing and free.

Marinette herself was swimming in strangely conflicting emotions.

Of course, she absolutely hated being at the mercy of Chloe. Even when there was something wrapping around her arms in another layer, a binder like what she had seen on her 'friend', she couldn't do anything to get free of it. All she could feel was the pink rubber tightening and grasping around her arms, only serving to remove her autonomy even further. It hurt, was humiliating, and put her in a pose that she never would have wanted from her lifelong enemy.

And yet...

Something in her mind was pushing against her logical morals. A small part of herself, weary from the years of playing the hero of Paris, that wanted to accept this lack of power. It was this voice of Marinette, the girl instead of Ladybug, who wanted to allow herself to simply fall into the glossy prison she had so willingly walked into. Even when the pink bands wrapped around her collar, and crossed over her strangely exposed and also covered chest, she could feel that fire of submission beginning to burn brighter.

It was a small ember, as yet, but the pressure against her shoulders and the inherent weakness of her bondage was stoking the flames. She had to keep herself calm!


I THINK SHE IS DEEPLY ENJOYING THIS MORE THAN I.

"Okay, Mistress. Um..." Marinette took in a deep breath, feeling the soft burn of the acidic rubber smell, "is that.. enough? Please?"

For a second, all she could hear was the humming of her blonde haired Mistress from behind. Of course, she could feel the pressure of the lacing running up her arms being tightened. A tug here and there would produce even more pressure, stiffening the muscles further than the bound girl would have thought possible. Her eyes even bugged out just a little bit, as they were drawn straight as a board!

"Oh, my dumb slave. Questioning Mistress again?" The words were laced with venom.

At the same time, Marinette could feel even more rubber being applied to her body! Thick layers of binding material were strapped over her chest and around the binder, right up at her bicep. These bands were thick and tight, like a rubber band for holding together paper except way bigger. And less comfortable.

Especially when mixed with the already strong restraints that held her so tightly. A grunt was given from Marinette again, as she tried to push free. She wanted to worm free for at least a moment, to get some freedom for her aching shoulders. If she couldn't breathe freely, and god knew she couldn't do that, she would have to fight for at least her arms! So she strained and pushed as hard as she could...

Nothing.

"Unf..." she moaned as a second strap went around her arms, pinning her already uncomfortably stretched body tighter together. A flurry of creaks split the air as her body rested into its new position, then was joined by another band that went just over her wrists. Even so tightly tied, they could be further bound. No moving out or in, just trapped in a completely stationary position. It hurt...

But why was she starting to love it?

AND MORE STRAPS TO KEEP THAT THING ON YOU. SEE? IT'S ESCAPE PROOF. WITHOUT ME YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN IT!

WHY DO I FEEL SO GOOD?

"To answer your question, Marinette, there's ALWAYS more rubber!" Chloe said, as she was busy finding something from just out of view.

"I was just- MMPH!"

Marinette wanted to complain but was suddenly cut off by the insertion of something round. Something big and round. Like a ball, except it was covered in the same acrid taste of rubber she had been getting so accustomed to this entire time. This time, due to being directly in her mouth, it was even stronger than before! A direct blast of rubber and polish, coating her depressed tongue and forcing her to gag from the overwhelming sensation.

She would have cried out if she could, but the clicking noises of some unseen locks was far more than enough to silence her protests. It was with a sinking feeling that she realized there would be no way to beg for freedom now, deepening her mixture of nervous fear and hidden arousal in tandem. Even past this constant disgusting taste, she could feel some mild appreciation...

But also a desire to get free!

"Mmph! Mumme mo!" she tried to scream, though gave nothing beyond the gagging and mumbles that no one could possibly decipher.

"Oh, that is the best part! No more bitching, Bitch!" Chloe said, happily, before applying a few more of those eye-watering slaps to Marinette's hostage hind quarters. She got a perfect view of those eyes getting wide, seeing her cheeks practically burst with constrained breath, and the failure of any attempt at resistance to come free.

It was delicious. Almost as much as her amazing plans.

Of course, she got to see the glaring eyes of her slave. Marinette looked completely pissed at this sudden stifling of her voice, and probably was at least as angry as her eyes showed. There was no overestimating how unhappy she was, nor the fact that she was begging to be released from their little game!


OKAY, TIME TO GAG THAT MOUTH. THEY DIDN'T HAVE YOUR SIZE, SO THIS LIL 3.5" BOY, I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW.
WHAT DID YOU SAY? TIGHTER? AS YOU WISH!

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YOU ARE JUST A SLUTTY LATEX SLAVE. THE DREAM OF ANY FETISH LOVER AND YOU ARE MINE. ***MINE!***

OKAY CHLOE, YOU HAD YOUR FUN, NOW IT IS TIME TO UNTIE ME. IM BATHING IN MY OWN SWEAT!

This has gone far enough, Chloe! Let me go! She tried to say through mental power alone, but the pathetic sounds she managed to grunt out had no relevance on where they were going.

Especially when she was shoved down and onto her back, with Chloe already moving for the next piece in the seemingly endless pile of deviant bondage equipment.

A single black piece of rubber started to wrap around her legs all at once, rolling over them like a sheet that had heavy belts attached. These were more industrial grade than her overly glossy clothing, covering the pink hobble skirt in a deep black mass. What little movement she had left was being taken away from her all at once, with the click of metal on metal. The belt loops were tightened and forced her latex covered thighs together once more, squishing the plastic tip of the hidden dildo even more firmly into her slightly heated sex.

A small blush of arousal burned against Marinette's face, though she couldn't tell if it was from humiliation or this illicit feeling she had been so forcefully exposed to.

"See? So much better when you're a quiet slave." Chloe said, as she leaned over to adjust the straps one last time. A single pull was all she needed, in order to get her roommate completely under control. Even if she could move after all of the other stages, these new ones made sure she was completely helpless! Not that that would save her.

One hand tapped along the length of the heavy legbinder, sending vibrations through the strapped form that could just barely be felt. Even past the centimeters of latex, there was a tiny bit of sensation that could still be translated. Enough to almost be comforting to the girl, had she not been so caught up in her distractions.

"I mean, wow. You kind of look.. so helpless and weak like this, Marinette." Chloe said, her face showing the slightest bit of distress at it. Why was she feeling so much more of a connection to the girl she had known for years, when she was tied up and completely at her mercy?

Not that Marinette was thinking any differently. Those words echoed in her head, pushing her submissive desires more towards the surface than ever before. She was weak and helpless, even more than she pretended to be for her daily life. It was this feeling of incredible servility that restrained her anger now, giving her a new series of feelings she had never had.

This distracted Marinette so much that she missed seeing the gloved hand of her Mistress reach over and touch on a remote control she had carefully hidden to the side. One of the many switches was flipped and the signal was sent.


TIME TO START WITH YOUR PUNISHMENTS.
THIS LEGBINDER STOPS YOU FROM WANDERING AROUND MY ROOM.
MMMMM HMPHHH
BUZZZZ

Which sent a massive surge of that new feeling of sexual excitement through her body. An electric charge rippled through her skin as the plastic phallus sprang to life, all at once, and dug itself deeper into the rubber covered sex. What redness she had been fighting to suppress was fully on display, mixing with the silenced moans that she couldn't even begin to hold back. Were it not for her gag, the room would have been full of her cries of shock and arousal.

"See? I'm not a totally mean Mistress. I just gave you level one. Aren't I so nice?" the voice was her sickly sweet, manipulative, voice that had been used to control so many of their peers. Everyone seemed to fall for the machinations of the girl, but not Marinette.

Until now, she realized, as the rich girl started to slide her already overly bound form into a single sheath of pink latex. Though it wasn't as thick as the other pieces she had been forcibly drafted into, this layer was completely covering and nearly air tight. Every detail of her bondage was hidden from the world by the glossy exterior of what felt like a camping sleeping bag, which was zipped up the front slowly.

Each click of the zips made it tighter and more suffocating than before, outlining what was beneath without directly showing it. Rubber on rubber on rubber made a cacophony of squeaks and creaks, damning their hearing with the endless rubbing and friction. The noises would be maddening, had they been that much different from what sounds they were getting so accustomed to.

Especially for poor Marinette, who was still trapped with the lowest level of her vibrating toy. The association of latex and sex were beginning to batter at her mind ever more, driving her into a hidden state of submissive bliss. She even caught herself almost hoping for more, when the rubber bands were returned from before.

One after the other, these tight loops of latex began to bind against her legs and arms. Wherever they were placed, that part of her became even less useful than before. Everything from her neck down was just covered in the squeaking straps, forcing her to be nearly completely immobile. Even attempting to push free was uncomfortable, forcing Marinette to relax her body as well as she could.

"Un... See?" Chloe muttered, as she pulled one of the last straps on. The bindings were tight enough that it was a pain to get her in it! "It's so much better... when you let Mistress take over!"

For a moment, after being so thickly bound in her new sack, Marinette figured she could take a moment to relax. After all, what else could be added? Not a single muscle of hers would fight against this, so she didn't need to stay on edge for whatever next trick Chloe would pull off. She could just...

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POOR MARINETTE WAS STUFFED INTO ANOTHER BONDAGE SLEEPING SACK WITH MORE BELTS. HER ESCAPE CHANCES DROPPED ON ZERO AND SHE KNEW IT.



OH NO, THAT THING BETWEEN MY LEGS, EVEN BEHIND SO MANY LAYERS, IT IS FANTASTIC!

DON'T LOOK AT ME STUPID, WE ARE ALMOST DONE.

BUZZZZZZ

"And the last piece!" Mistress Chloe said, perhaps too excitedly. It was almost over!

The last bit was a heavy rubber bag. Another one that reminded Marinette of a sleeping bag, but way heavier. Two layers of black latex creaked as she was slid inside of it at once, like a worm going into a passage. The part that her head was left free in was a bit loose, letting her relax against the insides of the strangely deflated piece.

She cast a curious look at Chloe, though fearing this would be another one of the weird bindings.

With the aid of a small machine, Marinette was proven right. Air hissed into the empty space between the layers and began to expand it, almost exactly like a basketball. A heavy pressure began to mount against the poor, trapped, girl within, grinding rubber against every inch of her. The tiny bit of breathing she could do easily was forced away from her by the inexorable expansion, straining her even more than she had been before. It was like being stuck inside of a balloon when someone was inflating it!

The straps that kept the sleep sack together were pushed tight as the rubbery surface ballooned between, seeking to expand to its maximum as quickly as possible. It even wrapped more firmly around Marinette's head, pushing so that she had to stare straight up! No freedom, no slack. Just still submitting.

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FINALLY AN INFLATABLE SLEEPING SACK. COMFY, BITCH?

YES, MISTRESS.

MMMM

"And we're just about done." Chloe muttered as she tied a few more straps around the bed. The rubber bed sheets creaked against her knees as she secured the heavily inflated Marinette, so that she couldn't even pretend to be able to roll away. One belt to each of the four that kept her new prison tight went around the mattress, squishing so hard that Marinette felt she would never move again.

"There you go! You look like the worm you are, slave. Helpless, bound, shiny. But I want you to put on a show."

Marinette didn't have time to question what was going on as Chloe lifted up the remote. She had long since adjusted to the simple teasing that level one had been, even if it was a shock to feel it happening for the first time in her life. But now, with the tightness all about her and the helplessness taking over what thoughts she had, it was all too apparent that level one meant there had to at least be a second one!

"Mmph!" she tried to tell her not to do it, but nothing came out. Instead, she sounded almost like she wanted it... and did she?

"Wow, you must really need it, huh? Well..." Chloe didn't finish her sentence before clicking that button.

The only indication of change, from the outside, was the sudden wideness of Marinette's eyes, mixed with the frequency of the moans from her gagged mouth. If one listened carefully, they could hear a soft thumping noise from the toy vibrating against the inside of the hollow sleeping sack, though even that was difficult to pick up. Such were the restraints that kept the girl from moving.

But inside, Marinette couldn't have imagined what she was feeling. The relentless assault of the sextoy was pushing against her body over and over again, held in place by the infernal design of the orgasm belt. Each piece of the rubbery bondage against her body had been perfectly placed to improve this feeling, to squish her sex as hard as possible. Even her bodysuits did nothing to hide her from the arousing attack all at once.

A huge flood of heat broke free in her body as she tried to combat the feeling and lost, rather quickly. It was as if the floodgates to her secret needs had been pried open by a master thief and shown to the world, with her inner desires revealed. She could feel a greater sense of sexuality flowing from the toy, and her bondage, and her rubbery suits. All of it was pushing together and grinding into her clit at once, seeking to pass that ultimate level.


OKAY
YOU WILL STAY
LIKE THIS UNTIL I WILL
ALLOW YOU TO GO FREE
AND NOT THAT THAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN.
OH NO
OH NO
OH NO!!!
HMPHHHH!!!
BUZZZZ

"Nhph.. Nnmmph!" Marinette cried into her gag as she hit her life's first orgasm. The electric thrill shot through her body as she gushed into her suits, trapping the heated fluid against her body. It had nowhere to go, simply washing her skin in liquid lust without any escape. This endlessly drawn out series of spasms was spurred on by the violently vibrating toy, exciting her long teased body endlessly. Everything around her seemed to vanish into the rubbery ether as she rode this feeling.

click

The digitized noise of a phone set off Marinette into the world of sanity. Her labored breathing was still shallow and forceful as she tried to focus on what was happening up above her.

Chloe was standing tall, with her phone in one hand. A grin crossed her face as she went for a second snapshot, commemorating the moments of marinette's first orgasm. The evil look on her face sent shivers through her restrained roommate's mind, as she tried to figure out what this could mean. Why would Chloe be saving a copy of this? Was it blackmail? To..

Realization dawned on her as it all came together. Was this some kind of plan to get her expelled?

"Hah, Marinette. I got you! I just have to show this to Daddy and you're gone! They wouldn't let some pervert be in this school!" Chloe said with a loud laugh, which left Marinette in a cold fury.

How could she have let herself be caught up in such an obvious scheme? This was stupid! It was the sort of trick that only someone as dumb as Chloe would have come up with! And yet, here she was. Smart girl, falling for the dumbest idea. She could only really be mad at herself, after all this.

"But..." Marinette perked her ears up, looking towards the traitorous roommate with a glare.

Chloe took a breath, having to steady herself for something she was sure she'd never, ever, **ever**, say in her entire life. But here she was, nervous around Marinette for the first time in her life. There was just something about the thrill she got from seeing her tied up like this, or from that little bit they'd connected from everything today, that was pressing her to be a little bit more mature than she had been before.

"I could delete that." Marinette was startled beyond comparison when those words were said. Was this some kind of trick? A trap? What else could the spoiled bitch do to her, if not just show off her as some kind of rubbery pervert?

"If you stay my slave." Chloe said, as the vibrating toy was turned off.

It was going to be a long night.

To Be Continued...

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HA HA, MY PLAN WORKED! THAT BITCH EVEN HELPED ME PUT THAT IN!

SNAP

LET ME MAKE A FEW PHOTOS AND VIDEOS OF YOU, MARINETTE.

SNAP

I THINK IT IS TIME TO POST THESE ON ALL OF *YOUR* SOCIAL NETWORKS.

SNAP

HMPHHH

SLO MO VIDEO PHOTO

SHOULD I SEND IT OR KEEP HER LIKE THIS A BIT MORE. DAMN I FEEL SO GREAT TO DOMINATE THIS LITTLE BITCH...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chloé and Marinette

Troubles in Art School

MISTRESS CHLOE PLEASE, TURN THAT THING OFF!!!

HMPHHHHH!!!

BUZZZZ

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Linda and ThunderingPikachu

HMPHHHH!!!

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