

Home Bound

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 14: Clock)

Content warning: Rubber bondage, mild objectification, and lovey dovey stuff

Chloe woke up with a snort, brushing the disheveled brown locks from her face. Scratching her head, she brushed the crumpled sheets away from her form, huffing as she swung her legs over and stood up. Her daily routine continued—the naked pig slipping from bedroom to toilet, toilet to shower, and shower to bedroom—before she finally spotted the strange item in the room: a small package on top of the dresser, tied with a small bow and with a post-it note stuck onto the side.

“Wear these today! Further notes inside. ;o)”

Oh good grief, did I forget our anniversary or something?! Frantically, Chloe scrambled to her nightstand, snatching her phone and flipping to her calendar. No...today was like any other Thursday, another day where her wife, Lani, went to work and left her alone in the house with nothing to do. Cleaning days were Wednesdays, she’d cooked for the week on Monday, and Tuesday she’d experimented with baking cookies. ...and Chloe really didn’t feel like experimenting with that again, today. No, the present seemed to be simply a random gift from her love.

Chloe sighed. Luckiest pig in the world, she was. After opening the box, Chloe had to smile and think it all again: she was the luckiest damn pig in the world. A pair of sleek rubber panties sat on a small cushion, but she knew there’d be something beneath the cushion too. But first, she had to give that lovely pink pig’s gift a try.

Lifting up the rubber garment, she held it up in the mirror, testingly stretching it as if to test if something so thin could hold up. In the mirror, the image surprised her; with little effort, she could stretch it far beyond her body’s width. “Fuck, I could wear these on my boobs.” Her surprise wasn’t without merit, either; just one the pig’s huge breasts eclipsed the size of most people’s heads.

Hopping onto the side of the bed, small curled tail twitching with eagerness, she leaned down and began to slide the small panties up her body. Having had a spa date and thorough waxing just last week, there was little for the rubber to catch on besides smooth brown pig-flesh. And even when it staggered on that, it was a rubber kiss, a brief tease of tightness that made Chloe shiver. Nothing could prepare her, though, for just how snugly they wiggled up into place around her hips and snapped over her pussy’s pouty mound.

“Ooh~”

As the pig released her fingers and let the rubber garment sit on her body, she could've sworn the black material gave its own shudder and tightened its hug, Seconds ticked by, and still it continued to tighten, almost teasingly pinching her cunt tight. It was only when her tail raised in surprise and something began to sink into the tight pucker just below that the pig realized something was afoot. “Eeph?!”

Without a full-length mirror, Chloe resorted to standing on the bed's messy sheets and thick mattress, aiming her butt and looking over her shoulder at the mirror above the dresser. Eventually, after she thought to reach back and spread her thick asscheeks, the morning light caught just barely enough of the dark rubber material to show what had happened. Where her tight hole once had been, a smooth, wide-open, and perfectly circular rubber passage now was.

Now more than a little confused and alarmed, Chloe tried to hook her fingers into the rubber panties. Instead, she found it so tight on her body that the flesh and rubber refused to separate. The pig, in a bit of an embarrassed huff, resorted to hopping down off the bed and removing the package's cushion. Sure enough, plenty of heart-covered notecards littered the bottom. One of them was labeled “Read Me First! <3” on its blank side.

“A little game to make your day more exciting!
Find the panties' matching rubber plug to remove them.
I hid it somewhere in the house.
Love you, my fire ♥”

Smiling, Chloe sighed. A silly game of hide and seek for the patnies? It was almost too cute. But really, with no fail condition, her darling Lani had failed once more to get truly kinky. Then she saw the note card labeled “Read ME Second!!! D:”

“Almost forgot the main reason I ordered these!
If you don't find it by 4:30, it's gonna gobble you up!
If I outsmarted ya, then you'll be my toy until Sunday.
Told you I'd learn to surprise you~”

Looking down, Chloe suddenly realized that the panties were quite a bit larger than the sleek little thing she'd slipped on earlier. Instead, the edges seemed to slowly roll over her brown hips and up the dark pink color of her belly. Looking at the clock, she realized she'd ever so typically slept in...to her detriment. 11:50 AM.

“Fuck,” the pig breathed, her arousal upwards at full realization of the terribly kinky scenario she now found herself in.

The game was on.

“Ah-HA!” the triumphant cry came. After a thorough scouring of the bedroom, the living room, and the kitchen, Chloe had found something suspect while unloading the dishwasher. Tucked in the back of the upper rack was a large, heavy rubber dildo with a flared rubber base, She’d never seen a toy like that in the house before, and something so lewd was surely the key to something as lewd as a rubber dollifying pair of panties.

Still nude, she marched with the object into the living room, her entire hips now embraced in rubber that squeezed her as tightly as Lani had on their first honeymoon night. Touting around the solid sex toy and plug, she bowed to an imaginary audience, fat breasts rocking as she did so. “Too easy, my dear,” she chuckled, lying down on the sofa belly-first, her own chest cushioning her more than the furniture pads. “Time to unlock these things...and surprise you once you’re back with an unexpected vacation day from your job!”

Leaning an arm back, the pig smoothly and quickly slapped the toy into the perfect rubber sex-doll hole her ass had become.

pop! “**SQUEEEEE!**”

Her hand remained slapped over the flared end of the toy as it hilted in her, too shocked to move. With the entire passage a smooth, perfect toy’s hole, Chloe hadn’t expected her ass to suddenly flood her with pure sexual pleasure, the sensation of her rump being stretched by a massive cock, the unknowable ecstasy of being plugged up as a rubber toy. Spit flung from her snout as she squealed, snorted, and wheezed at the amazing feeling, writhing on the sofa as her own hand kept it securely sealed inside of her. Chloe eventually had to bury her snout into a nearby pillow and oink dizzily into that while the sensation slowly subsided.

Only once a few startled tears had run down her face and her lungs had finally gathered enough air to control its rise and fall once more did Chloe blissfully reach back to peel away the panties. Confused, dizzy from the sudden orgasm, she tried again. It remained tight to her body, slowly slurping over her belly-button and leaving a perfect dimple in the resulting rubber to match. Her hips squirmed, her mound feeling just how much arousal had seeped out of its tightly pinched hole and smeared across her flesh, and her mind ran slow. The distractions might’ve explained why she, as if flipping a USB upside down to try and fit it in a computer once more, withdrew the plug, turned it, and pushed it in again.

pop! “**SNRK-oiNK!**”

This time, the sensation was far more manageable. There was no pleasure from the movement of rubber fucking her rubber hole. Instead, it was only once the plug hilted that every nerve the rubber hid away was allowed to fire all at once. However, even as comparatively subdued as the feeling was, her mound still trembled and leaked from the flood of juices a second orgasm brought. Her second hand reached back to squeeze over her hidden cunt, feeling how the rubber maintained its firm hold despite the liquid that now squeezed and squished throughout the growing suit between it and her flesh.

“So,” Chloe wheezed, “either Lani lied about there being a key, or this isn’t it.” Slowly, the feeling in her legs returned, allowing the limbs to relax. She looked up from the pillow she’d bitten, drooled, and squealed into and grumbled. There wasn’t too much left in the house for her to check, and last she saw it’d been merely 1:05 PM. And she’d already unloaded the dishwasher—her one tiny chore of the day—in the pursuit of the game.

...there was no harm in a brief break from the game to enjoy herself, right?

Her hand withdrew the rubber-capped dildo from her squeaking hole, and then, without hesitation, it slammed the shaft to be hidden inside her toy-hole once more.

pop! ***SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEE~!***

By the time Chloe’s legs were trembling their complete surrender, half of her body numb from countless orgasms, the pig had learned just how the suit planned to handle copious arousal. Whenever the suit’s smooth rubber denial began to sag with collected fluid, it squeezed around the mass and effectively “swallowed” it back across her taint until it collected around the toy-hole and squirted it directly into the rubber-stretched hole. Never had the pig found such a strange fluid invasion to be so arousing, so the strange bursts of sensation as liquid squirted deep into her bowels did little to discourage her unusual masturbation.

Gasping, a dopey smile stretched across her muzzle, Chloe slipped free the toy and sat it on the nearby coffee table. “Best...toy...yet...” she giggled breathlessly, eventually willing her plump body to stand up once more.

squeek! squeak!

Blinking, she looked down. Without even realizing it, the rubber had completely enveloped her legs and feet, her toes wiggling in their own tight rubbery prisons. Her every step and shift of weight caused the rubber soles to noisily announce their presence. It only grew louder, too, as the rubber had begun to thicken all across her body. She watched as her wiggling toes suddenly stilled in their movement, the feet becoming formless lumps as the material became an increasingly large barrier between her and the world.

Chloe glanced up her body. Her shoulders now shimmered with smooth blackness, the flesh of her upper arms feeling ticklish as rubber began to crawl down them towards her hands. Gradually, it occurred to the sow to look at the living room clock.

“3:15?! I’ve been cumming for over *two hours?!!*” she shrieked.

Dashing to the bedroom, she scoured through the note-cards for any potential leads. Some were innocent, some were distinctly Lani doing her best to be truly naughty for her kinky wife.

“You can do it! :o)
I hope you’re having fun even if you don’t do it, though.
Here’s something just in case: one tongue click is yes, two is no,
three tongue clicks if you really need out, okay?”

“You are so special to me~
I think about you every day,
and I am so happy to have found you.
You make my life exciting and fun! ♥”

“If you win, I know you’ll want revenge.
Yes, I do have a vacation day available.
Just FYI
No reason ;o)”

“You’re going to be such a fun toy!
I’m going to use you every morning,
every night, until you’re squeaking
at the very sound of my voice~”

Blushing, Chloe chewed on her lip at all the messages. Lani was far, far too good for her. But dammit, she really wanted to try and win now too! So she read through each one; minutes later, her hand scraped the bottom of the box to find two more useful messages.

“Did you like the toy in the dishwasher?
It is a plug! Just not for that hole.
I’ll show you when you lose where it goes~
Hope you didn’t lose too much time playing!”

“Dammit,” she groaned, “yup, she got me with that one.” As she read the last note-card, she simultaneously watched her fingers that held the card vanish into black sheaths of their own.

“Need a hint?
Okay, only ‘cuz I love you~
I put it with the only thing
we’ve ever truly argued about.”

Argued? They never argued. Confused, Chloe flipped the card to its other side.

"If you can't remember,
That's because you won. :oP"

Groaning, Chloe massaged her face. "Great. Now I feel like a jerk, too," she mumbled. She knew full well that Lani didn't intend her to feel bad about the argument, but it didn't stop Chloe from feeling that way anyhow. Her moment soured, she took the moment to look at the increasingly dominant gift her wife had left for her.

Black shininess embraced her every inch of body, not a single spot or expanse of brown or pink left in sight. As tightly as it squeezed her, Chloe could swear she was fifty pounds fitter from the silhouette the suit left. Her every movement from her lower body now loosed a shameless squeak of rubber against rubber. Her toes were completely paralyzed, and even her legs' movements were beginning to grow bulky. Her breasts remained untouched, hanging from small independent windows in her otherwise all-encompassing suit. She let one rubber-encased hand brush through her hair while the other itched anxiously over the massive curve of featureless groin where her mound once had been. "But they let me keep my belly button, huh," she said with a sigh and a smirk. "Whoever made this product is evil. Kinky in all the best ways, but still evil."

And there was still an hour left in her game.

Chloe's searching had been rampant, but slowly she began to put away just as many things as she hurriedly tossed from drawers and boxes. Between her arousal and the release of her pride, she started to accept the reality she was going to lose. While she'd been dominant in the bedroom for most of their kinkiest play, it seemed that Lani had well and truly won her place on top this time. She admired her wife's quick learning and cleverness, and she found herself rereading the notecards periodically to feel that warm and fuzzy love beat within her chest.

The rubber began to grow warm, causing her to add a sweat that quickly smeared about her body. Her breasts had finally experienced the touch of rubber, the windows encircling the base of the fatty tissue and squeezing it tight. It never encompassed them, though, leaving them agonizingly dangling in the open air, exposed and strained from the rubber's pinching.

More and more, control slipped away from the young sow. Her hair had been sheathed in a rubber imitation of the haircut and her particular bangs. The cheeks on her face now squeezed in as much as her asscheeks did, uncomfortably pressed in as if from the pinch of her old *abuela*. Her lips began to feel rubbery, too, a numbness tingling through them. Chloe had a feeling she knew where the plug she found was going to end up.

Despite racking her brain for any possible solution, the young sow was left staring at the clock with one minute to go. She'd put the house back together into some semblance of order, her loss of the day's game complete. At the very topmost edge of her vision she began to see darkness slipping down. Her limbs began to stiffen, her ability to even move or stand upright slowly slipping away. All she could think about now was how aroused she was at the prospect of being a rubber doll for her wife.

...aroused?

"Gnh!"

The sudden realization made Chloe lunge for the door to the living room, her rubber-hobbled body soon causing her to fall. She crawled forward as the rubber began to take over her mouth and sink into her nostrils. Her fingers began fusing into featureless mitts as she lunged foot after foot to the coffee table's side. There wasn't enough motion left in her hand to reach, so she bumped into the table. The rubber plug fell over, dangling on the edge. *"Nngh!"* The toy knocked the table as hard as she could without risking breaking something, turning her ass to the edge of the coffee table. The second hand passed the 11 as she tried to rock backwards one last time...

When the short, wide-hipped piggy stepped back into her house, the silence that greeted her suggested one of two things: her wife preparing an ambush, or her wife after her first true defeat. Lani didn't have to wonder long as she hung up her coat and removed her heels, stepping into the living room to admire her plot's results.

A shiny black rubber piggy was motionless. The long rubber hair was the only truly identifying feature, a hairstyle Chloe dearly enjoyed for how free and wild it felt. Well, Lani would've had an easy time identifying her wife from the dangling breasts, too; she'd given them countless hours worth of affection and worship to every inch of the heavy, round breasts since meeting the wonderful, fun-loving pig. The only other feature that was immediately visible was a new round pair of swollen, pillowy rubber lips with a fleshy pink tongue still hanging from them, drooling down onto the living room carpet and coloring it a darker shade of brown.

What amused Lani the most was the plug that dangled just barely askew from the rubber pig's toy-hole. So close, yet so far. For almost an hour, her wife had been a toy without the smallest amount of stimulation beyond the rubber prison itself. Removing the plug from its precarious lean, she gazed into the sterile, circular rubber hole. So this is what a cheap rubber sex toy looked like? Lani was learning something new every second.

When she left wordlessly for the bedroom to get changed, she brought along the product's instruction manual to read through once more. Sure enough, the high tech rubber suit would take care of all her wife's most pressing biological needs. Her sexual needs, her psychological needs, and her kinky needs...those were up to Lani.

When Lani returned to the living room, she only wore one thing. A blush colored her bright pink cheeks, and her red hair no longer was tied back for work but loose and hanging all the way down to the first curve of her ass. She leaned down to the rubber pig's head.

"Did you read all my notes?"

The tongue suddenly wagged fiercely, the slightest of wiggling managing to come through. It was hardly a conclusive answer.

"I'll say it if you need a reminder or may have missed it. One tongue click for yes, two for no, and three for 'I need out now.'"

Lani's calm voice seemed to slowly sink in, the wiggling subdued. Eventually, Lani heard the click of a tongue flicked against a rubbery palette. **klik**

"Good, my fire. Now, are you having fun?"

klik klik Two clicks without hesitation. Lani had to laugh.

"Okay, okay. *Did* you have fun?"

The pause that resulted was thoughtful and followed by what Lani could only assume was a bashful single **klik**.

"Good, my fire. Would you like to know where the key was?"

klik

"Early on when we moved in, I got upset that you never made the bed. You didn't think it was a big deal. We talked out our reasons the next day, but you slept on the couch that night. I thought your reasons were fair and felt bad for making a big deal of it, so I agreed to not mind the wrinkly sheets and just iron them a little more often. ...if you'd made the bed today, you'd have found it in the crumpled sheets on my side."

Lani watched the tongue circle then bob. She didn't know what that that meant, but she assumed it was something along the lines of a facepalm. She giggled. "Sorry if that was vindictive of me, but it was a good hiding spot, wasn't it?"

klik

Lani beamed. She'd done good today and rescued her wife from a boring Thursday. "Thank you, you're too kind," she giggled. But rescuing her wife from a boring Thursday wasn't enough for her anymore. Now...came her prize. "Now, the most important question of all...do you want me to use you like the toy you are?"

Lani would later hear Chloe describe it as "the hottest damn thing she'd ever heard Lani say", but, in this moment, Lani was perfectly satisfied hearing one **klik**.

"Good, my toy."

Lani lined up her strap-on with one hand. She set aside the mouth plug, though; although she knew her darling would likely ask for it soon enough, she didn't want to rob her wife of the only form of safe word she had. Just in case.

But as the young pink sow slammed her hips forward, the strap-on buzzing inside of her own sex as she hilted the rubber toy-hole beneath that rubber-encased curly tail, she got the

impression Chloe couldn't be happier. Even through inches of impossibly tight and obscuring material, she knew the movements of her fire cumming herself silly. She'd know that shake countless times as she fucked her toy for the rest of the week, countless times when taking her out of the bedroom closet, and countless more times when setting her back in, night after night, to plug up, kiss goodnight, and whisper those three invaluable words once more.

"I love you."