

Help Being Helpless

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.weasyl.com/~maventreecat>

Content Warning: Consensual long-term bondage, latex encasement, mild objectification, ice play, sex toys, groping, and masturbation.

In the brief moments of fully lucid thought, Lani focused on the small things. Bending her feet back to press her hooved toes deeper into her own firm asscheeks, rolling her tender pink shoulders and feeling the thick tightness squeezing back, stroking her tongue against that smooth, rubbery curve wedged inside her mouth...each and every sensation that answered her tiniest motion or testing shift added and added until her mind once more felt one sensation above all others: helplessness. Complete and total helplessness.

When the adrenaline began to build in her chest from that realization, Lani began to paint pictures on the inside of her eyelids. The mild hallucinations of vague colored smudges served as her paint, allowing her to mentally reconstruct a rendition of the surroundings she believed to be around her. To her sides she outlined the pushed-aside hangars bearing neatly ironed business outfits and fancier casual wear, each of the soft pieces suspended from the same sturdy metal bar. The colors only manifested in horizontal lines where the light filtered in through horizontal door slats. Beyond the door she stroked the vague images of an unmade bed with crumpled white sheets, multiple days' worth of haphazardly strewn dirty clothes of various flirty cuts and bright colors, and a small writing desk with a laptop left still on despite no one being around.

Lani felt a twinge of irritation at her own imagined scenario, the messiness a deliberate response to her more orderly desires. She had only her own mind to blame, though, even if she felt it was representative of reality. After all, how could she know when her eyes even while open only truly saw darkness? But the irritation and helplessness she felt were so very real, just as real as the scent of latex and leather and the taste of a pliant rubber ball drenched in her own saliva. There was no denying those feelings, just as she couldn't deny her lips feeling dry and cracked, her breasts feeling sore where the bottom of a closed metal zipper encircled them, or the smoothness of her lower back feeling itchy where much of her sweat collected.

What did her mind do with these sensations? It created someone to blame. A tall, curvy pig woman formed in her mind. Plump and sexy, the brown, spotted swine spun her flowery sundress about herself and stuck out her tongue as if to tease Lani. Oh, this imagined girl was just too mean, a fiery spirit filling her cute eyes and a spunky swagger carried in those ample, caressable hips. Why, to be utterly helpless for this sexy wastrel's nefarious desires was just...well, it was just...*hot*.

If she was like this for her fire's enjoyment? Well, there'd be a third feeling that would not only overpower both her helplessness and irritation but be empowered by them: unquenchable arousal.

Lani squirmed, eyes rolling back as she hoarsely groaned and embraced the feeling of being a put-away toy.

...

There was a creak, one her hood-flattened ears caught not because the rubber was thin but because her every sense was driven to extreme sensitivity. She could smell pollen and the faint odor of a grocery store, feel moving air ever so slightly nudge against her suspended and encased form, and catch a very happy chuckle.

"Afternoon, dear~"

Suddenly, she felt a strong arm supporting her from underneath her belly, relieving her of the gravity that had been weighing on her for hours. The strain on the sack's back relieved as it was unhooked from the clothes rack, and her senses tumbled as she was carried somewhere else. When she was no longer carried, she found her belly laid flat against two long yet soft shapes and her left side resting against a softer, curvy shape. Had she been put on someone's lap? Surely, that must have been the right conclusion, obvious even to her exhausted, lust-addled brain.

Lani's jaw throbbed as a tension around her head eased. Before she knew it, the ball she'd been nursing popped free from her mouth, the sudden hit of fresh bedroom air coaxing a gasp from her. Her tongue lolled as she took deep breaths, staggered only by an occasional dry cough.

"Are you okay?"

Lani tried to nod, but that wasn't within her control. "...y-yes! Just a little...dry."

"I'm going to uncover your eyes, then; ready?"

"...ready."

The unzipping nose and feel of the metal back of a small zipper dancing along her face wasn't nearly as disorienting as the first punch of light her eyes had gotten in hours. She squinted, scrunching her flat nose in discomfort against those tiny nose holes in her hood, before slowly blinking the spots away. Her eyes slowly focused on a blue plastic bottle filled with ice water, nozzle flipped open and awaiting her readiness mere inches away from her face.

“I have some cold water for you.”

Lani opened her mouth further as the nozzle approached, firmly pressing her lips over the soft plastic tip and sucking. The chill that hit with the first sip caused her to tremble, but her thirst encouraged the hot pig to greedily drink. She'd blink, and the bottle would be pulled away as she used some of the water to dampen her lips or swish around her mouth. She'd blink again, and the bottle was offered once more.

“Good girl. Keep drinking until you're done, okay? Take your time.”

It must've taken minutes, but Lani wasn't about to leave a drop. All that was left was the ice when she was done. A brown hand unscrewed the bottle's top and plucked out one of the half-circles of frozen material.

“Kissy face!”

Lani pursed her lips, shivering with delight as the ice was tenderly rubbed on her lips.

“Do you want your back too?”

She smiled, and her back soon felt the fresh air as the hand partially unzipped her body sack as well. Her captor tenderly stroked the ice over the tender pink skin, coaxing the pig to give an encouraging shiver and groan. It did nothing to cool the heat in her loins, but it worked miracles to feel that freezing touch on the back of her neck beneath the hood and all the way down until just before the curve of her rump. “G-gosh I'll never get used to how good that feels...”

Lani could hear the smile in her captor's voice. “Do you want all the way out? Or...”

“No!” the black latex-clad girl gasped enthusiastically, “there's still plenty of time. Just...maybe a little massage?”

“A playful one, or a serious one?”

Beneath the hood's remaining coverage, she blushed. “Serious one...first.”

Knuckles cracked, zippers moved, and rubber loosened. Then those strong hands kneaded down into Lani's tense muscles, kneading in practiced motions. Despite asking for it, the pink pig had drastically underestimated the ache that permeated through her body from such tight confinement, groaning as it was treated in deep, firm grinds and circular rubs. “Hh...you've gotten...really good at this, my fire,” she sighed, grateful her captor had relented to taking lessons as to better counteract her lewd, confining interests. “Have you considered...working at a massage parlor?”

"Don't they require, like, special degrees and licenses for that now?"

"I don't...*oohf*...know. Let me look it up..."

"Nope. Toys don't need to worry about things like that, dear. Unless you want to stop?"

She had a point. "No, no...I'm...*nnh*...I'm yours still," Lani relented with a sweet smile.

"Oh, you're always mine." One hand lifted away from its work to show a gold band that encircled one of its fingers to the prone pig. "Just as I'm always yours. But today you're my **property**."

Lani shivered, a reaction not entirely attributable to that relaxing massage. Every so often, her captor wiped down her flesh with a cool, damp washcloth or planted a small kiss on a cleaner portion before moving her hands down to massage out the knots. She'd not known of these kinks or a possible interest in them before meeting her captor, but, especially in moments of care like this, she wasn't about to deny the pleasure she felt.

"Y'know, I always feel very flattered when you use vacation time to entertain my kinky interests," her captor explained as Lani groaned and sighed the tension away. "Like...I know you're not offended when I have fun like this with others, so...like, we could've gone somewhere or done something else."

"But Chloe...you're very cute when you're in control." Lani giggled, wiggling her bent-back legs in the slightly loosened sack. "And I'd certainly never think to try these things on my own. If you'll experiment with going hiking or trying out fancy restaurants with me, why shouldn't I do the same for your hobbies?"

Her captor laughed, but it was that familiar laugh Lani knew: one for covering up an embarrassed coloration on those round cheeks. "You like being under my control?"

Lani tried looking up and left, but her captor remained out of sight so long as her hood remained snug. "I do."

There was a brief pause as the freshly loosened pig's response hung in the air. Then...in a few sharp, forceful motions, those hands tugged the sack snug, zipped her back up, slapped the blind of the hood back in place, and spun the metal slider around its rim until, with a *vvrrrrt!*, the latex shrouded Lani's eyes in darkness once more. "Well, your owner wants to play with her toy before putting it away...just like I'll do with the groceries afterwards."

Lani felt a spike of irritation; you had to put away the groceries quickly! Something could spoil!

Her captor felt the encased pig tense and snickered. "I'm in control, dear," she teased as her hands played with one of two zippers she'd left entirely untouched until now. "The groceries can wait a *little* while. Toys only have to think about getting played with."

Zzzzzzzp!

Lani's ungagged mouth widened at the sudden feeling of her breasts popping free, and her captor took the opportunity to wedge the gag back into place until those lips were spread wide around the hefty ball. "Don't think that means I don't want to hear you squeal, dear," her captor hummed with pride, hands beginning a rougher, lewder massage over the exposed tits. Lani did her best to hold back the sounds in a playful sort of spite, but each and every grope and manhandle got her arousal spiking higher and higher; it wasn't long before, she was squeaking and squealing for her fire to enjoy hearing muffled by all that bondage.

Her captor might've had far larger ones, but there was no shortage of affection for the bound girl's own ample pair or the pleasure the pig-toy got from such rough handling. Yet, despite that love, one of the two brown hands did leave that possessive handling in order to grab one final item. Lani could feel something get pushed down between the legs that supported her mostly-anonymized form, hear something click, and then sense a firm vibration as it whirled to life. Her captor's moan and the scent of untrapped arousal only confirmed her suspicion; she was using a vibrator on herself as she handled Lani.

"*Oohh...I'm cute when I'm in control, huh?*" She wasn't doing anything to hide her self-pleasuring, grinding the whirring pink to against the rubber-clad belly of her love as she pumped it in and out of her own sex. "I just feel so lucky I get to own these cute tits of yours. Hearing your cute squeals is just the best! *Ahhhn...d-damn*, you're the cutest toy ever for a girl like me to control."

Lani had never before been so jealous of an object, but that made sense to her since she'd not been an object too often before. Such confinement and handling made her wish that toy wasn't just teasingly rubbing over her rubber-hidden belly button; she wanted it diving into *her* pussy. Or she wanted to be diving into her captor's pussy herself! But, having surrendered control of such choices to her fire, being denied such was its own special sort of feeling. So she began focusing on the tiny moments of resistance that so snugly prevented her squirms, imagining just how that curvy brown pig's snatch was stretching around the other toy, and letting the arousal take over.

"*Ahh...ahh, hff...SQUEEE!*" The unmuffled sound of her captor and the particularly strong grip of her tit told Lani all she needed to know. She wondered how wet the shiny black belly of her latex sack was with the other pig's juices. She wondered if she'd been more important than the vibrator for reaching that climax. But, most of all, she wondered, horny and needy, if her captor was thinking of her as she breathed hard in the afterglow...was she considering...

Zzzzp! Whrrrrr-squish! Spank! Vvvvp!

In a swift series of motions, her captor confirmed that she had indeed been considering Lani and made use of that last untouched zipper. It opened the sack right where Lani's legs began to bend backwards and pressed those hooves into the pig's own ass and provided the perfect opening for the toy's owner to use. She thrust the buzzing vibrator into the soaked pink folds of her captive, spanked the needy mound with her palm, and sealed the sack back up over the engulfed sex toy.. "Hmm...might want to play with these over the day," Lani half-heard the other pig say over the sound of her own horny squealing and peak, feeling her breasts get grappled with once more. "...and they do look a little tender. I'm gonna leave these uncovered, okay, my toy?"

Lani, as she rode out an orgasm to rival her feral cousins, felt herself get lifted and returned to the closet and those leather suspensions. Her vigorous motions caused her to slightly rock from the hangar bar, breasts dangling freely from the window they'd been provided, but there was no getting out from being put away now that her love was done with her.

Almost done, that was. Chloe gave a tit one more teasing squeeze. "You know what to hum if you need me, my dear," she said, leaning close to where that folded ear was pinned, "but for now...think of who owns you and have fun...until dinner, at least~"

The closet door shut, leaving the turned-on toy to slowly run its batteries out over the next few hours. Lani felt where the tight bondage pressed her pink flesh in, smelt her own lust building, tasted the familiar rubber ball gagging her, and squeezed every sensitive fold around the smooth plastic phallus that, snug in her sex, teased her tirelessly. She imagined her captor putting away the groceries and getting at least three things misplaced. The helpless and frustrated feelings built, but it was nothing compared to her submissive pleasure.

She was like this for her fire's enjoyment, and she loved it. Besides, it was well worth a vacation day or two to hear how pleased Chloe was singing away somewhere in the kitchen, ever so happy to help her wife be helpless.