

Hers
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You wait in the darkness...

...

How long has it been?

...

Hours? Days? Weeks?

...

You breathe in through the tubes in your nose...taking in the sweet odor of whatever passes for oxygen...

...

...and you feel better. Like your cares are fading away with each breath.

...

You breathe in again, feeling the rubber suit you are in expand slightly...

...

...and exhale slowly, letting the rubber compress your body as the air leaves, caressing your form gently.

...

You let out a very faint moan at that, hard to do with the slender feeding tube in your throat.

...

Then, you feel a cool feeling sliding down your throat...

...

It slithers along the feeding tube, cooling your insides as it passes along the length...

...

...then you feel a cooling sensation in your stomach as the

fluid reaches it.

...

You squirm just a little bit, the rubber holding you in place as the coolness begins to radiate through your belly...

...

...then it slowly suffuses your body, making you feel relaxed as it does...like a cool, soothing bath...

...

You hear something faintly in your ears. Something that sounds familiar for a few seconds...

...

...then, like almost every other sense, it is gone.

...

Replaced with blackness.

...

Nothingness.

...

Emptiness.

...

You remember the day you met her. How completely smitten you were.

...

Fawning over her like a lovesick kid. Doing everything she asked of you.

...

And you didn't mind any of it.

...

When she asked you to begin wearing women's clothing, you agreed eagerly.

...

When she presented you with a maid's uniform, you eagerly accepted and relished your new role.

...
When she asked you if you wanted breasts like hers, you willingly told her “Yes.”

...
And then, you remember that day.

...
The day that she asked, “Would you like to truly be mine?”

...
With no hesitation, you replied, “Yes.”

...
She smiled...and said, “Then you must prove it to me.”

...
You asked “How?”...and she smiled again.

...
She placed you into this suit...a full-body latex suit.

...
She hooked up all sorts of tubes and nozzles to it...you know, because you felt her do it.

...
She secured you to something on the floor of wherever you were placed...and then she spoke the last words you have heard:

...
“Stay here until I come back for you. That is all you need to do.”

...
And here you have remained.

...
No idea how much time has passed.

...
Hours? Days? Weeks? Months?

...
It doesn't matter to you.

...

You will remain here as long as it takes.

...

Obedient.

...

Loyal.

...

Loving.

...

Hers.

...

Forevermore.

...

You attempt to measure time by how many times the cold fluid enters your body...but it seems futile.

...

The air flows in and out, making you feel happy and calm.

...

The faint noise in the background is barely a whisper now.

...

The darkness is welcoming. Safe.

...

The rubber caresses your body, becoming your new fur, your new skin.

...

And you sit and wait.

...

Obedient.

...

Loyal.

...

Loving.

...

Waiting to serve Her.

...

Forevermore.

...

You do not know how much time has passed.

...

You no longer care about the concept anyway.

...

There is no noise now. All is quiet. You hear nothing.

...

The fluid's coldness is comforting. Familiar. Enjoyable.

...

The air is warm. Comforting. Soothing.

...

The rubber flesh you now wear moves when you breathe.

It feels natural now.

...

And you sit. And wait.

...

Obedient.

...

Loyal.

...

Longing to serve Her.

...

Forevermore.

...

“You have done well.”

...

You breathe in suddenly, surprised by the voice.

...

You feel the bonds holding you to the floor being removed slowly.

...

Your heart soars with joy as you recognize the voice.

...

Slowly, the tube in your throat is eased out...and you feel a twinge of sadness as it leaves, the familiarity now gone.

...

The air tubes are slowly removed...and you breathe in air through your nose. It smells wrong. Unfamiliar.

...

Then, very slowly...light.

...

You shut your eyes, flinching at this new intruder...

...

...then slowly, you blink. Cautiously. Fearful.

...

You feel movement on your arms and body as you are moved out into the light...

...

...and you want with all your might to retreat back into the safety of the darkness. Back to what was safe. Familiar.

...

And then, the voice speaks again.

...

“What are you?”

...

You do not reply. You do not even know how to reply. You cannot even think of a word that defines what you are.

...

Then, you feel a gentle touch on your rubber skin, under your chin.

...

Your head is very slowly eased upward...

...

...and your eyes go wide.

...

SHE is there! It is HER! SHE is talking to you!

...

Your heart leaps with joy. SHE came for you!

...

The vixen smiles down at you, her red fur seeming vibrant and bright.

...

“What are you?” she asks softly, yet her voice echoes in your head.

...

And you think for a few seconds...then the word hits you as to what you are.

...

And you say it, softly.

...

“Yours.”

...

She smiles at you...and you feel your tail swish behind you, knowing you have pleased her.

...

“What are you?” she asks again, softly.

...

You take a breath in...and reply, softly, closing your eyes.

...

“Yours. Forevermore.”