

Squeaky Halloween Trap

Clara was a young 20-year-old college student who normally was rather friendly and cool-headed. Always on top of work, she still had time to do nice things for her girlfriend. However, one night always put her in a bad mood. Halloween October 31.

When she was a child, her parents were unreasonably strict. Her grades always had to be above B+ at least, she wasn't allowed to play video games, and she had a very strict curfew. Never allowed to go out on Halloween night, she instead would be sent to bed and kept up by the constant ruckus of other children having fun outside. It kept her up for hours and all she could do was sob, wishing that she could join them. As an unfortunate result, she grew up to resent the holiday. Growing up, she worried about how she was perceived by others, like if she showed weakness or let her grades drop she would be frowned upon by her mom and dad.

Years later after her parents discovered that she was a lesbian, she had been kicked out of their house. Currently, she lived with her girlfriend Claudia who was a talented fashion designer, it had been a year since they started going out. She would always do nice things for Clara, like taking her on fun trips, helping her with her college work, and giving her some cute homemade outfits, just to name a few. It almost made up for the lack of affection she received from her parents as a child. Her childhood long past, she no longer had the spirit to dress up and spend the night outside.

It was Halloween once again October 31st 1997, and she still disliked this tiresome holiday. Arriving home at 7 PM, still bored after a long day of classes, she saw a note on the kitchen room table from her girlfriend that read: "Will be home soon sweetie! I bought some new sexy bedding for tonight!" A small smile appeared on her face, it was the perfect thing to take her mind off of Halloween. "I really do hope it's silky!" she thought to herself. Clara made her way to their room, where she spent most of her time reading books. The room was 14 feet across with a large queen-size bed and two dressers on the other side with a large mirror in between them. It was also painted dark purple, as it was Claudia's preference, with beautiful black and white paintings hanging

on walls next to the bed and dresser. When Clara made her way into the room, she saw a large shiny orange sheet covering their bed.

Putting down her belongings she let out a deep sigh. "Why did it have to be orange... Of all things" she groaned. The festive color of the sheet was depressing to her, it was just another reminder of a holiday she was never allowed to experience. On the other hand, the sheet itself looked rather comfortable and well-made. Taking a deep breath she decided to make the best of it. "She's done so much for me, so I'll suck it up for tonight." she stood in front of the mirror that was placed in front of their bed and began undressing, starting with her shirt and pants, showing her black lingerie. "After all, she did mention that she loves Halloween. I wouldn't want to ruin it for her the same way it was ruined for me..." Clara then kicked off her undies and socks, and took off her bra, allowing her to relax. And wasted no time laying right on top of the shiny new bedding.

When she felt the smooth sheets against her skin, her eyes opened in astonishment! She couldn't believe it, it was latex! Claudia had bought them a smooth rubber bed sheet! "Oh hell yes!" Clara shouted. Rubbing her face against the comfy bedding, Clara smiled with excitement. "Mmmm... So perfect." she moaned while nuzzling the smooth material. Drifting her slender legs across the silky rubber, she grasped the pillows with her hands. Clara absolutely adored latex, and now all she had to do was wait, before making love to her partner underneath it.

However after she was finished admiring her new fancy seats, her smile slowly disappeared. Even though she still had bitter feelings for the holiday, she still wish she could share her partners love for Halloween. Claudia was always so happy and cheerful for Clara, making an effort make every day a little brighter for her. Though she just couldn't cheer herself up tonight, Halloween was just too sad for her to think about. "If I'd been able to go trick-or-treating as a kid... I wonder what it would've been like?" She shut her eyes, wishing she had bought something cute to wear for her lover.

All of a sudden, she heard a strange hissing noise and felt the sheets shifting underneath her. Stunned she opened her eyes to see the sheets puffing up around her, bulging out like an inflating balloon. "Whaaa!?"

Clara sat back up just in time to watch the puffy latex blanket fold around her like a Venus's-flytrap. Before she could react, the borders of the rubber sheet had sealed its together as it converged above her, forming a large circular bulb around her. Within mere seconds Clara was left trapped in a rounded 6-foot inflatable rubber prison, lined and padded with soft glossy looking vertical air cushions on the walls surrounding her on all sides like some sort of pool toy.

Clara just sat there, speechless as her rump slightly sank into the soft inflated surface. "What is this!?" She shouted to herself, her voice echoed throughout her new squeaky prison. Pressing her hands against the inflated walls, she studied the soft material that surrounded her. The inflated cushions where extremely soft, whenever she pushed against material her hands would sink, causing the rest of the cushion to bulge out before wobbling back to its original shape.

Leaning in closer to the inflatable walls, she continued to press against the cushions. "Hello!? Claudia!? Are you there!?" there was no answer, all she could hear was the echo of her own voice. Even though the latex was opaque, the lights from her room still illuminated through the walls of her prison, tinting her space with orange light. With the vertical cushions lining the shiny rubber walls and the bright orange tint, it felt like she was stuck inside a giant inflatable pumpkin. Being uncomfortable with the thought, she dismissed it thinking it was just her imagination.

Clara continued pushing against the inflated walls as they squeaked and creaked under the pressure. "Sweetie!? Are the home!?" she yelled. Again no response, she took a deep breath and sat in the center of her new rubber prison. "This was just an ordinary rubber blanket a few seconds ago... Now it's some kind of large inflatable toy?" she pondered, resting her naked body on the soft inflatable cushions underneath her. It felt strangely pleasant, she already had an affinity for rubber, so feeling it squeak and rub against her skin was heavenly.

"This just must be one of her playful pranks." she chuckled, "She will probably let me out when she arrives." Suddenly Clara shivered with excitement, as a new thought popped into her head. "Or even better... Maybe she'll join me in here." Giggling playfully she rubbed her legs on

the soft rubber, filling her prison with more squeaks. Clara closed her eyes, imagining what it would be like to share her new puffy rubber room with her lover.

Just then her prison started creaking around her again, echoing through her small space as she felt it wobble under her. Opening her eyes, she was shocked to see the vertical cushions of her prison inflating again! Invading what little space she had left. The ballooning walls were contracting on her like an inflatable compactor! The cushions slowly closed in on her, quickly cramping her already limited space as she gasped in horror. Backing into one the walls behind her, Clara began to kick at the inflating enclosure, hoping to regain some space and push back the invading air cushions. Her struggles were useless, the balloons only bulged and squeaked as feet sank into the inflating rubber.

Now Clara was completely panicked, she frantically looked around in hopes of finding an opening in her prison. However, there was nothing but shiny orange latex surrounding her... "Claudia!? Are you there!?" she yelled with panic in her voice, still pushing at the invading air cushions. But still no reply, all she could hear was the tire rubber walls as they continued to creak and budge. At this point, there was barely 3 feet of space left in her prison, and it only got worse as the soft glossy walls slowly closed in upon her naked body... "Please! Help me!"

Growing desperate, she spread her arms and legs out against the walls and pushed back with all her might in an attempt to keep the inflating latex at bay. Clara momentarily succeeded, before the cushions started contorting around her limbs as if being enveloped by her prison. The balloons felt pleasant, with the tight rubber squeezing her appendages with delightful pressure. If her situation wasn't so dire, she would've loved this. Eventually, she ran out of room to move her arms and legs, squished between the puffy balloon walls enclosing her as she was forced into a spread eagle position. Shivering, she felt the pressure building up around her body. With the tight hugging sensation around her limbs and the walls that pressed against her back; it all felt absolutely euphoric. At this point, it was like she was in a small rubber womb. "This thing is going to smother me... I can't stop it..."

Taking slow deep breaths, with the glossy rubber only inches away

from her figure, she found herself growing excited. Clara attempted to pull her arms out from the inflating cushions, but her limbs were firmly pinned within the tight rubber walls. Finally, the ballooning walls began wrapping around her body from the neck down, squeezing and hugging every inch of her figure. Moaning lightly, she felt it envelop her akin to a loving hug that grew tighter by the second. It all felt blissful, the cushions tightly wrapped around her chest, squishing her breasts against her rib cage. Tight loving pressure was placed around her belly as if the balloon was embracing her in an intimate display of dominance. And her pelvis was firmly enveloped as if to tease her while tautly squeezing her rear. It felt like she was being fitted into a shrinking catsuit.

With only her head free from the clinging inflatable latex, all she could do was whimper and giggle like a puppy as she waited for the balloon to cocoon her within its rubbery embrace. Clara closed her eyes, letting her prison squeeze her, as she awaited her fate.

But suddenly the inflation ceased, allowing her to calm down as she caught her breath. It was like the toy had intentionally left some space for her head. Clara was relieved and took some time to assess her strange predicament. Her situation felt so strange to her, all she could see was orange, all she could hear was the sound of her own breath accompanied by the occasional squeak, and all she could feel was smooth rubber. It was like everything outside of her prison didn't exist, she could be in Canada right now and she wouldn't know the difference. Once again she tried moving but everything from the neck down was completely immobile, all she could do was squirm. The balloon just stretched and jiggled, holding her body in the embarrassing position she herself in. Clara sighed, giving up hope of escaping by herself, wondering what would happen next as she let herself relax in her new comfy orange balloon.

Closing her eyes, she patiently waited for Claudia to return home, when the balloon began to shift again. "What?" she gasped as the surrounding cushions that kept her immobilized suddenly began rubbing against her, wiggling and squirming around her body in a soft teasing motion. The balloon's smooth latex glided against her skin, stroking her as if it was trying to pleasure her. Clara was dumbfounded,

blushing as the soft rubber caressed her slender body. The cushions gently but firmly pressed against her most sensitive areas, teasing her as it once again placed its tight loving pressure around her body. Submitting to the sudden massage she let out a compulsive moan, feeling the balloon caressing her entire body was absolutely heavenly. Allowing her head to rest against the cushions next to her face, the surrounding latex continued to rub against her. "What kind of balloon is this?" she thought to herself, as she began to relax against her better judgment. Clara didn't want to admit it but she loved every second of it. The way the massive balloon embraced and nuzzled her was akin to a loving hug, as if it was trying to cuddle her. Finally, she loosened up and allowed herself to enjoy the gentle session, as her prison continued to toy with her like a doll.

Then the massage suddenly became faster and more eccentric. "OH!" Clara gasped as she felt the rubber intimately stroke and glide across every inch of her skin. The surrounding cushions tightly compressed her figure, wrapping and forming around her body like a second skin, as it continued to rub itself around her. The cushions stroked her legs back-and-forth, her back was rubbed up-and-down, her belly nuzzled, her chest squished. No matter how much she squirmed she was powerless to stop it. Clara just moaned in a state of bliss, as she experienced the endlessly erotic massage.

It was almost like the balloon was studying her, familiarizing itself with her body. Then without warning, the cushion's surrounding her head began to inflate further, instantly smothering her as a result. "MMMPH!" she let out a muffled moan for help, but her pleas were inaudible over the loud squeaks that filled her chamber. Then the cushions began rubbing her cheeks in a circular motion, nuzzling her face as if she was a puppy. Clara just whimpered helplessly with her eyes closed, as she felt the smooth material squeezing her entire body. Then all of a sudden the cushions started gliding past her. It felt like she was sliding through a rubber flume without the water. Or more like traveling through a latex esophagus. Clara felt herself slowly moving upwards as if she was being pushed out of the chamber.

Finally, with a soft pop, the immense pressure was gone, and she no longer felt the balloons restricting her movement. Opening her eyes she

was relieved to see her ceiling! No longer inside the double layered balloon, Clara took a deep breath and sighed. Though strangely, she still felt a squeezing sensation around her body.

Trying to sit up, Clara felt the surface underneath her suddenly shift, causing her to slip. With a soft squeak, she fell on her back once again facing her dark purple ceiling. Clara realized that there was something soft underneath her, like some kind of squishy plastic. Tilting her head up to assess the situation, she was shocked to find that her body was coated in a strange black glossy material and surrounding her was a large translucent sphere. Confused, she rolled on her right side where she saw her bed below, and on top of it was the giant orange balloon she was trapped in. Of course, with its puffy vertical cushions it looked like a large inflatable pumpkin; she pouted at the sight of it. On the top she could see a small gap slowly sealing itself up between the large cushions. "Did that thing spit me out... in a bubble?" she thought to herself.

Clara looked to her left at the mirror next to her, and was speechless at her reflection. Not only was she sitting in a large translucent bubble, she was also wrapped up in what appeared to be a dark black latex cat costume. The rubber covered her from head to toe, flawlessly empathizing her alluring slim physique. Her suit had cute little ears on the hood; one ear was pointy and firm while the other was slightly drooping to the side. The mask had two tinted eyepieces, concealing her eyes without impairing her vision. And lastly, a large puffy looking inflatable tail was on her backside, giving it a fluffy appearance. She was completely dressed as sexy rubber kitten. Her heart jumped upon seeing the reflection, she looked like something out of an erotic fantasy. It was dream come true.

"That thing wasn't massaging me, it was fitting me into a literal latex catsuit!" she thought, gasping with a hint of excitement in her voice. Clara looked back down at her costume, admiring the flawless latex hugging her perfect body. Running her hands down her thighs, she felt no friction whatsoever, allowing her to freely explore her new sexy appearance. The black latex was extremely shiny, even for a rubber costume, it was as reflective as a mirror. And best of all, despite its skin tight features there was no cameltoe between her legs, nor were her

nipples showing. The catsuit perfectly complemented her figure without making her feel naked. She had never felt so sexy in her entire life, like some kind of beautifully crafted gleaming rubber doll.

“Well, well, enjoying your new costume sweetie?” a familiarly charming voice said entering the room. Surprised, Clara turned her attention to the door. It was Claudia, stepping into the room wearing a cutesy witch outfit and a satisfied smile on her face. On her head was a comically large witch hat, it was as wide as a sombrero, while the tip slightly drooped down. Her dress was a dark gray strapless halter type of outfit with long baggy sleeves. It had white frills lining the top of her outfit as well as her large ruffled skirt. And lastly, she had a large black 6-foot staff with a gold spiral on the top. Clara could tell that it was one of Claudia's homemade outfits, just by the looking at the elegant craftsmanship.

For a moment Clara completely forgot about her situation admiring her partner's cute attire. The dark frilly design of her dress looked really nice on Claudia, complementing her gothic taste and bubbly personality. Claudia put her hand on her cheek, ogling her new pet. “You look so cute in your shiny new outfit! ☺ I’ve wanted a cat when I was little.” Clara blushed under her mask, realizing that she was completely at her girlfriend's mercy while wearing the most suggestive cat costume imaginable. Judging by the look on Claudia's face this must've been her plan all along, only she could've made a costume so perfect. “I knew you wouldn't willingly put on this outfit for me, so I made that special rubber pumpkin to do it for you.” Claudia giggled as she pointed at the large orange balloon on their bed. “Besides I knew you would love being wrapped up in tight rubber, even though you're too proud to admit it.”

Clara placed her hands on her face in embarrassment, she had never told anyone about her fetish for latex attire, not even her girlfriend. Being raised by strict parents, she was always too afraid to talk about any of her personal secrets. She wanted to deny her love for rubber outfits, but she was too ashamed to speak. Plus her mask made it difficult for her to open her mouth, causing her embarrassed whimpers to come out as muffled moans. “Sweetie, we share the same computer, so it's no secret.” Claudia chuckled, taking out a rope from the drawer next to her. “Besides, there's absolutely no shame in looking sexy. ☺

You'll see once we get outside." Tying the rope around Clara's large floating plastic bubble, her smile grew ever larger.

Clara was shocked. Putting her hands on the smooth plastic bubble she shook her head. "That's right! I'm taking you trick-or-treating tonight." Claudia giggled. Clara whimpered like a sad puppy as she began pushing against the walls of her prison in hopes of escaping, but it just continued to bob up and down like an innocent balloon.

"Sweetie, please." Claudia gently placed her hands on her girlfriends plastic bubble prison with a sincere look on her face. Clara stop fussing about and gave her attention to Claudia. "You're always so sour on October 31st. I know you have resentment towards this day, but just once I'd really like for you to enjoy Halloween." Claudia pleaded to her latex-clad partner. Unable to resist the charms of her girlfriend, she sat back down in her bubble and nodded. Claudia smiled and tied the rope around her home-made staff. "What a sweet widdle kitten." she giggled. "Now off we go!" Claudia proceeded to effortlessly squeeze Clara's bubble through their bedroom door with a soft flwoop.

Clara was dreading this choice, but she wanted to make Claudia happy. After all her girlfriend had done so many nice things for her since they had started dating. Deciding to put her negative feelings for Halloween aside just this once, she took a deep breath. Even so, she still was rather uncomfortable wearing a skintight outfit in public, not to mention she was still trapped inside a large transparent bubble. Needless to say, she felt rather exposed. With one last effortless pull, Claudia tugged her partner's bubble out of the front door, and so began Clara's first-ever Halloween night.

At first, Clara tried to hide herself by covering her chest with her arms and crossing her legs, as she lay on the bottom of her plastic bubble. Unfortunately, due to the costume's reflective material, the surrounding street lights made her stand out like a supermodel. Plus she was floating in a large plastic bubble, making spectators extra curious. She froze when she noticed other adults also dressed up for the night walking over to take a closer look. Expecting the worst, she curled up into a ball. To her surprise, Clara's admirers began to compliment her.

They said that they loved her cute costume, that she looked absolutely beautiful with her glossy rubber skin. Slowly smiling under her mask she uncurled her legs, allowing them to ogle more of her beautifully shimmering figure. She began to feel happy; no one had ever given her feedback like this, complimenting her appearance with such adulation. Clara looked back at her girlfriend Claudia, giving her a playful wink agreeing that she was the cutest kitten ever. Moving on to the next block, Claudia pulled the kitten's bubble close with her homemade staff.

Clara's costume practically glowed inside her bubble, attracting more and more spectators as they continued traveling around the neighborhood. Loving the attention, Clara was constantly showered with praise. "You're beautiful!" "I love your costume!" "You're so pretty!" "You look like a model!" "You're the cutest thing ever!" No one had ever admired her like this, with the exception of Claudia. Even her parents had never shown her this kind of attention. Despite her risqué appearance, her admirers never approached her with lust, but fondness and respect, they even offered her and Claudia some of their candy. Having never experienced anything like this before, she loved every second.

For the first time in her life, she didn't feel ashamed about of who she was, or what she was doing. Tonight she was just a young woman having fun with her partner. Finally, after a nice long enjoyable night, they returned home giggling like children; they had so much fun walking around the neighborhood gathering candy. Claudius squeezed the bubble back through the doors until they reached their bedroom. Claudia walked over to the pumpkin and poked a hole in it, causing it to deflate back into a flat rubber blanket. Then bringing Clara's bubble to the center of the room as it gently floated above their bed, she popped it with her finger; allowing the latex-clad woman to land on the soft sheets. That's when Claudia began seductively crawling onto the bed while pulling off her halter top, wearing a cute little smile. "Now... who's a sexy little kitten?"

Clara woke up the next morning in bed with Claudia sleeping next to her, feeling more refreshed than she had in months. Their cute Halloween costumes were splayed over the rubber bedsheet, leaving them naked underneath. Clara leaned down and kissed Claudia's

forehead as she slept. "Thank you sweetie." She whispered. Then she took out her phone and began writing an email to her parents.

Hello Mom and Dad,

October 31st is no longer a holiday that makes me feel sad and bitter; now it's a very special day. It's the day my girlfriend took me out for my first Halloween. It almost makes me wish that I had been able to do the same with you.

P.S. I'm still gay.

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