

Maternal Instinct

By Denkira7

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Hi mom, what’s up?” Agnes, a beautiful, central-European white girl with gorgeous (albeit sticky from a bit of dirt and sweat) wavy blonde hair, caught in a colorful hairband answered the phone, whilst wiping the muddy sweat from her hands onto her shorts and readjusting her heavy backpack with a hop of her lean body.

She was only getting phone reception because of the hilltop her hiking group had reached. It was nice to feel the breeze against her face. For three days they were moving across raw nature and though some of these people were total strangers 72 hours ago, they were now all good friends. The open-hearted 23-year-old was always the adventure-seeking type, with little regard for concepts like danger or adversities like hygiene and discomfort stopping her. Her more city-material friends often teasingly called her a ‘hippy’, but in Agnes’ gorgeous green eyes, this was what life was all about; and she was experiencing it fully.

“DON’T ‘WHAT’S UP ME! I’VE BEEN CALLING YOU FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS NONSTOP? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN???” an anxious, extremely worried voice was heard from the other line.

The young woman had taken up after her blonde father, who was long absent ever since the divorce. Agnes’ mother, Petra, at 50-years-old, was a boney, skinny woman with long, pitch black hair, perfectly brushed straight as they reached down the woman’s waist. They were glistening with a silky shine, after their second shampooing of the day. As she spoke to her daughter, Petra held the cellphone over an especially designated ‘phone handkerchief’, which itself was over the woman’s yellow, rubber gloves. Weirdly, Petra was not in the middle of doing the dishes, or any other house cleaning.

With her free hand, Petra was spraying antiseptic (one of the dozens of bottles she had stashed around the house) on the kitchen counter, even though it seemed pretty clean by all possible standards. Her

modest, minimalist house was not only spotlessly clean, but it was also equipped with a state of the art security system. All windows were barred and the only door had triple locks installed.

The woman had a pathological fear of danger, which was getting worse each year. Her obsession to keep everything harmless had seeped into every facet of her life. A big germophobe, she changed two sets of clothes a day, always washing and ironing everything to obsessive perfection. Whether invisible viruses, precarious heights, or the imaginary lurking mugger waiting on the street corner, Petra had stepped out of every and any cosmic endeavor for her safety's sake.

She rarely stepped out of the 'safe bubble' she had turned her apartment into. Any purchases and groceries were made online and with no physical contact and as for socializing, Petra had not done that in ages.

'You can never be too safe' was her general motto.

"I told you mom there wasn't gonna be a signal in the forest. Can you please calm down?" Agnes said with a sigh that betrayed that this was far from the first time she had this kind of discussion. The young woman knew of her mother's mental instability, but every attempt at getting her to seek out help had fallen flat. Agnes was not sure how to proceed.

Furthermore, ever since she had moved out, 3 years ago, Petra's motherly worries had increased tenfold, with double and triple daily phone calls and warnings of any kind. The middle-aged woman had even kept her 'little girl's room intact ever since she moved out, in the desperate hopes that she would return to her.

As for Agnes, she had resigned to mostly lying to her obsessively overprotecting mother about her adventurous, carefree life (the polar opposite to Petra's wishes). Raw-dogging it with casual lovers (of all sexes attracted to her 5'9", slim and alluring figure), frequenting shady underground clubs, experimenting with drugs and living a nomadic kind of life that would horrify every dust-phobic, risk-averse person.

Petra's nightmare.

"When are you gonna visit? I'll make you that stew you like so much" Petra made the anticipated attempt to 'beckon' the girl towards her motherly home, with the promise of a nostalgic, homey meal. "In a few weeks, mom" Agnes sighed. It had been quite a while since her last visit. As much as she wanted to, she couldn't keep avoiding her weird mom.

“My sweetieeeee!” Petra’s excitement to see her daughter on her doorstep was immediately dampened by the fact that she could not make herself hug the young woman over his puff-coat of questionable hygiene. In her usual, plain black, ankle-long dress and with her yellow rubber gloves breaking that color’s monotony, the brunette woman, pale from the limited sunlight, made her daughter do a spin as she sprayed her with antiseptic, before giving her a big, warm hug. Agnes sighed, but she knew the deal with her mother by now. Don’t make too big of a fuss and this would be all over soon enough.

“Love what you’ve done with the place” Agnes said sarcastically, as she took a seat on the couch. This, like the rest of the furniture set, had been covered with sterile, plastic sheets. “I know you always mock me for me hypervigilance...” Petra said with her back turned to Agnes, facing the kitchen counter, as she dropped a fizzy tablet into a glass of water and took it towards her daughter.

“...but there’ll come the day where you’ll see my point of view. It’s a dangerous world out there” she said as she handed the puzzled girl the glass. “Drink, it is vitamins and electrolytes” she said with a mother’s insistence. “Last favor i’m doing for you ok?” Agnes rolled her eyes at her mom’s antics, before gulping down the whole thing.

Petra took a seat diatonically to Agnes on the sofa chair, the soft creaking of the plastic under her weight bringing this awkward energy in the room. The news were playing on her dustless TV screen, recycling the usual loop of natural disasters, constant war and senseless crime that terrorized viewers.

The soft sound from the TV was all that was heard in this tense, speechless moment between two women that were drifting further and further apart.

“I think you should reconsider moving back in” Petra said, seating with her skinny legs perfectly side-by-side, and her back perfectly straight, her posture contrasting Agnes relaxed, slumped over body language.

“Mooom, we’ve been through this again and again. I wanna be independent. I need my own home” Agnes said with dwindling patience, rubbing her forehead. Weirdly, Petra did not seem upset like all the other times her identical proposition had been rejected.

“I’m sorry you feel this way, honey. But I will make you see things my way...I promise” the woman said with the faintest of smirks, observing her confused daughter.

Agnes’ big, green eyes were feeling suddenly very heavy and a rush of nausea and dizziness was overwhelming her. “What?...what did you?” the girl had no strength in her breath to really use her voice box, her tired eyes falling on the empty glass, right before she fell limp on the plastic-wrapped couch.

“Mmmm...mnnngg...” Agnes groaned into a big, rubber ballgag. The headache ringing through her head could not have been from any ‘vitamins’. Nor the 3-hour period she was knocked out cold for. Agnes was laying on a bed, her childhood bed. A quick scan of the room confirmed she was in her childhood room, the walls still a light-pink from the last paintjob ages ago.

“MMMMFff!” Agnes moaned into her gag as she tried to get up, but found that a row of black, leather straps were pinning her down to the bed, going across her neck, her C-cup breasts her belly, waist, all the way down to her ankles. They tightly pinned each arm on the girl’s sides, and her hands were sealed inside leather mittens. Furthermore, her body, naked only except for a pair of adult diapers, was encased in a clear, plastic storage bag, engulfing her up to her neck.

Every inch of the plastic pressed tightly against the girl’s fair skin, since all the air had been sucked out of the bag. The black straps then went over the girl’s plastic-stored body. Many pillows had been placed on the headboard, tilting the girl’s permanent, flat position so that her head was a bit higher.

“Hello my dear” Petra entered the room with a wholesome, motherly smile, carrying a tray with a plate of nice, steamy stew on it. “I’m sure you have some questions, but let me clear things out for you” she addressed Agnes’ both shocked and scared stare.

“As a mother, I have to protect my child at all costs. Even if she doesn’t want it” she said to the ballgagged girl, who went into a struggling fit of muffled curses and useless pulling against the straps, which did not budge.

“SILENCE!” the woman yelled all of a sudden, cutting her daughter’s wailing like a blade. Her face was not as loving now. Agnes looked up at her mother with wide eyes, panting in her big ballgag. “I’m worried sick about you every day, I can’t bare it any longer” the woman said, looking down at her captured daughter.

“But you don’t need to fret. I’ll take good care of you, like I always did” the woman gave Agnes a warm, emotional smile. “MNNffffPPllggFF!” Agnes tried to plead to her mother to let go of this craziness, drool flying from her jaw-spreading ballgag whilst she shifted her naked, plastic-wrapped body in place on the bed, but Petra was not paying attention to her anymore, as she tossed the stew from the plate into a blender that was nearby and turned into a gross-looking, brown slob. “I didn’t forget to make your favorite stew. As a homecoming...” Petra said to the terrified girl, as she took hold of a clear tube and fitted it through a hole of the same size, at the center of Agnes’ red ballgag.

“MM-mmm, nNuuu-uuhh!” the pretty blonde shook her head in opposition, but Petra grabbed a painfully firm hold of her stretched jaw and shoved the tube through the ball and down the girl’s throat, ignoring her gagged coughing and panicked struggling. “I need to make sure you eat properly, I’m sorry there’s no other way” Petra appeared to apologize honestly, as she funneled the liquefied contents of the blender into the tube.

Agnes could only watch as her now less appetizing meal made its way down the tube and into her ballgag, then down her gullet with nothing stopping it and gravity helping it along. She choked and coughed a few times at the hot soup, finding the sensation of food travelling straight down your esophagus unpleasant and foreign to say the least. Despite looking up at her mother with eyes tearing from the choking sensation, Petra did not stop holding the tube upright until everything had disappeared.

“Gooooood girl” Petra cooed as she removed the force-feeding tube and a few more gagged coughs left the bound woman. Petra explained all about how her vacuum-sealing ‘clothing’ (which did nothing to hide her womanly breasts) would prevent any infections of airborne disease. The inside of the packaging would be disinfected every day, during the girl’s diaper change.

“I’ll have the rest of your...stuff arriving in a few days, but in the meantime, we must protect those pretty eyes from the dangerous sunlight” Petra explained with a glance at the window outside and Agnes widened her eyes with a whimper when she saw her produce a leather blindfold. “Shhhhh, it’s alright” Petra ignored Agnes’ gagged cries as she placed the blindfold over her eyes at buckled it snuggled behind her head, laying a sightless Agnes’ head softly back on its pillow.

“Don’t wanna damage your ears from the sound pollution of this city...” Petra continued, tenderly placing a pair of silicone earplugs in Agnes’ ears (she uselessly squirmed momentarily), before putting a pair of sound-cancelling headphones over the helpless girl’s ears.

“MMmmmnnmmfff....mmmmnnnnngggghh!” Mummified in clear plastic and with her senses taken away from her, Agnes broke down into heavily gagged, pitiful cries. Petra took out her rubber gloves (a rare occurrence for her) and sprayed lots of antiseptic on her hands, before placing them on the still “sullied” girl’s forehead, touching her. She leaned over the blinded, bound girl and caressed her hair softly, marveling at her daughter, enthralled that she was with her, again.

“Patience my darling. What matters is that we’re together. And I won’t let us separate ever again”.

3 years later

Scrape*scrape*scrape*scrape*scrape

With her signature yellow rubber gloves and long, dark dress on, Petra is scrubbing a particularly persistent stain on the marble kitchen counter. It's rare for that to happen, since any appalling dirt is dealt with at once. The stain is microscopic to normal people, like a pin's head. Inconsequential to the space's appearance and cleanliness. But for Petra, it is a potential source of dangerous microbes and viruses. Doom can start from that dot. The woman scrapes with the rougher, green side of the sponge, again and again, over that same spot.

Scrape*scrape*scrape*scrape*scrape

A few feet away, in a different room of the house, Agnes is much less...active than her 'beloved' mother. No discernable feature of the young woman is visible, not even a human feature, really.

The girl's is encased in an inflatable rubber sack of dark, purple color that contains her clothless body fully. The balloon-like blob is strapped down not on Agnes' high school bed, but to a medical one so that it's easily left in that 20 degree raised tilt, so that she isn't choking on her daily, forced meals.

Still, the rubber-cocooned girl is strapped down on it with the same inescapable ratchet straps that press into the wide balloon making these parallel lines along its stretched-bean shape, which ends in a tall, PVC posture collar and a round balloon that encircles Agnes' dehumanized head.

The extremely inflated nature of the durable rubber means that the inner walls of these human-sized balloon press tightly against each millimeter of the young woman's bare body and face. Her body is covered along its length with electrode pads that keep the girl's forcibly still muscles from atrophying.

Next to the bed of the completely immobilized 'patient' is a large breathing machine. A large cylindrical pump pushes good, 'clean' air straight into the girl's lungs, through the tube of her ballgag. Her mother does not leave the adult girl accountable even for her own breathing. But she doesn't mind. She likes taking care of her.

The girl's urethra has been penetrated with a catheter and her rectum invaded with a plug that ends in another tube, which fuses with the urethral one into a single waste-disposal unit that goes through a hole in the medical bed. Along with the tube responsible for the girl's breathing (and feeding), these two exits are the only connection Agnes has left with the real world.

The smooth rubber rubs tightly against her breasts and hips, as she gives another involuntary squirm. It keeps her from making any movements, like a strict mother yanking her child from crossing a busy road.

Agnes feels her bladder emptying, without much of any agency from herself. It runs through her urethral tubing, down the larger waste tube under her bedding and into the septic tank stored under the floors of her room. Despite being fully fit and able-bodied, Agnes has been living a totally paraplegic life for the last few years.

Petra enters the room, her presence unable to be registered by her cocooned daughter. To any normal person, the room would reek of the intense smell of chlorine, which is passed over each surface of the relatively empty space, every day. Petra makes sure to kill any micro-organisms that might be out there to 'get' her and her daughter. Three air filters can be seen on different walls of the room, making sure no "toxic", "polluted" air gets in the room and in her dear Agnes' lungs.

Drowned in a perpetual stillness, darkness and silence (since her earplugs were never removed and the rubber is pretty soundproofing) Agnes only registers the ever-present tingling of the muscle pads, along with the crushing pressure on all sides of her flattened body. Her life is an endless loop between dark lucidity and slumber (with the small breaks of feeding and waste being pumped out of her); all in this suspended void she cannot escape.

Petra gently smiles at her daughter's direction. She does not say anything, but approaches the purple rubber cocoon's bedside with her usual slow grace. She puts her gloved hand on the slightly curving, smooth surface of the head-balloon, right at the top, over the gas tube that protrudes from that round shape.

**puff.....*puff.....*puff.....*

The machine next to her keeps pumping oxygen with the same steady rhythm. Petra checks the girl's vitals on the little monitor. 82...84...81 bpm. All looks well. A healthy heart rate for a woman of her young age.

"MMNNNNNGGGHHHH!!!" feeling the extra weight against the front of her air-wrapped face, Agnes realizes her mother is with her and lets an instinctive gagged moan that barely reaches her mom.

The girl's pulse monitor beeps a little faster, with her heart beat accelerating due to this sudden realization of her mom's presence. As a response, the air pump works a bit faster to compensate for

the small rise in the girl's heartbeat. Despite all this, Agnes' violent struggling does not translate to anything but the slightest perceptible wobble of the large, bed-strapped balloon.

"I'm here Agnes" Petra says with a caring look, caressing the puffy rubber's smooth surface as if it is her daughter's face. "I'll keep you safe" she says looking down at the silently squirming, rubber-enveloped girl, before leaning over and giving her rubber-encased face a pecking kiss.