

A Change in colors

"Why you little brat..." Phantom hissed to her guest, heart pounding with anger and disgust.

"Something wrong, Phantom dear? You look... paler than usual~" Itami giggled, smirking arrogantly to the MirageCo CEO. Phantom latex clad fingers creaked as she tightened the grip on the goth girl's turtleneck, pulling her up to the tip of her platform boots.

"Stop mumbling around! You did on purpose, didn't you?"

"Who, me? Oh what painful and sharp words to hear, my dear Phantom... you break my little dark heart~"

"... you have no heart..." Phantom groaned, releasing Itami and turning once again towards the mirror. She turned indeed paler, if even possible, and her lips creaked in a grimace. "I can't go to the Council of Evil dressed like that... the other Mistresses and Masters won't stop mocking me..." she mewled with the cutest pout even, looking down at his most COLORFUL and PASTEL dress.

"Aww, but it's not that bad sweetheart." Itami popped above Phantom's shoulder, with a large silly smile tinted of purple. A finger still adjusting her creased turtleneck. "It's not like they will laugh at Phantom, Mistress of the Evil and Mischievous! ... or at least, I bet they wouldn't dare in front of you~"

"I licked your boots yesterday. WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS WOULD LICK SOMEONE ELSE BOOTS!?" Phantom reminded, accusing that as a sign of weakness and escape from the actual distress.

"... clearly, one who enjoys to be a slave for once in a while~" Itami smoothly whispered in Phantom's ear, gently grabbing her beloved one's coat collar and turning her around, just to give her a soft kiss on her black lips.

"... mmmh~" Phantom moaned, tasting once again those delicious purple lips. It felt sad to stop it so soon.

"... I promise I'll lick your boots tonight, Mistress of Evil..." Itami said, smiling nicely.

"... this won't solve the problem... I can't show myself with this lousy light-red coat and light-blue leggings. And what's more? A white corset!" Phantom was about to scream at the top of her lungs, in utter despair, but Itami's finger pressed on her lips, silencing her.

"Ssssh, it's fine. I'll come with you, ok my dear? You can ball-gag me, tie me, restrain me, make me your pet and slave, so they will laugh at me and not at you." she circled her finger along Phantom's pillowy lips, before sliding it between them and ripping soft gasps and moans from the CEO. "It's the least I can do for my mistake... I promise I won't wash our clothes together again." With a wet pop, her finger moved out from Phantom's mouth and went directly between her own lips, tasting the green eyed girl fluids.

"... are you sure, Itami?" Phantom asked, once more taking hold of the goth girl's turtleneck and bringing her tiptoe. "... it will be humiliating for you..."

"It's fiiiiiiiine~ Just put a full hood on me, and no one will ever recognize me." Itami winked, loving the squeaky latex creasing and rubbing the satin of her blouse. She blushed.

"... Thank you Itami." Phantom smiled back, more relaxed, gifting the purple haired girl with a swift kiss. Then another tug pulled her even closer. "... now, *bitch*~, kneel before me." Ordered, releasing her lover.

"... unngh~..." Itami moaned, aroused by the little offence to her mistress ego. As the gloved hand slid away from her shirt, she literally crumbled on the cold floor, making her long black latex boots squeak together. Fast as the wind, the sole of Phantom's boot was already raised up, and in mere instants, was laying on Itami's shoulder.

"Mpfh, pathetic. Never met a weakling like you before. Even Amethyst, my weakest (not true, but insults are always enjoyable =w=) agent, is better than you~" Phantom giggled, covering her mouth with the back of her gloved hand. Cruel, she rubbed the boot on Itami's chest.

“Yes Mistress... I am weak and pathetic, and a hood is all I deserve~” Itami looked up, smiling and blushing at her dominant lover. She was her pet now.

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And even with those humiliating pastel colored clothes, Phantom imposed her dominance on the powerful psionic girl. Not much later, a form fitting rubber hood was all Itami could breathe, only darkness to see, and that large ball-gag below to make every attempt to speak in mere moans and groans of pleasure. Phantom ordered her slaves to latexify Itami’s outfit, and barely holding back giggles and chuckles at their Mistress pathetic looking colorful outfit, they obeyed and added more restraints to block and arouse the goth girl. Straps and belts all wrapped around the heavy bindings.

Amethyst was the unlucky one to directly point out how ridiculous was Phantom in those pesky clothes, condemning himself to 6 more months of edging and orgasm denial while wearing a different hood than his own one. He always hated to wear a different hood, but didn’t mind those extra months of chastity... or he probably did, acknowledging he was just 3 days away from the 1 year long denial Phantom imposed to him long time ago.

Phantom didn’t care, he was weak.

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-Later, at the Council of Evil-

“... and that’s how I captured the two hunters!” Lord Omega finished to explain, proudly crossing his arms.

“Wow. Living latex sure is useful. I was expecting Melodia to be captured, but the great bounty hunter Onyx too? That’s absurdly powerful!” Kryoss said, shocked and pleased by how much effective Omega’s living latex agents were. “I would be scared to face them, personally!”

“I bet you would!” a mistress said from the other side of the table. “I remember when Mistress Phantom was completely overpowered by merely 2 prototypes of Omega’s agents, pathetically reduced to a squirming and wiggling latex worm~” the whole room of the Council filled with many different alien laughs. Some louder and shamelessly, some more composed. Still, it took a good minute before they stopped.

“Oh dear, I DO remember it so well! I still remember your reactions when I shared the video on LatexTube. It was priceless to see her getting subdued. I still watch it from time to time!”

Omega metallic voice admitted, stealing some more laughs.

“Ehi ehi, Phantom is here too. Show some respect please!” Kryoss said, with a very ironical pitch in his voice. “Sorry for our behave, Miss Phantom. Though, you have been quite silent lately... anything to tell us?”

“... MMMMPFGH!!!” squirms and moans were her answer, and laughs was theirs.

In her sitting place, here was laying Phantom in all her... disgrace. Cocooned in a couple of very tight straightjackets and bag bindings, leather straps squeezing her roundy body in her sensitive spots, she was wiggling to loose them. Useless.

“It seems she enjoyed the video too. I mean, she allowed us to subdue her and put on some nice, pink restraints on her already P-A-T-H-E-T-I-C new colorful outfit~” Omega giggled, pressing his device to inflate the ball-gag in Phantom’s mouth, well hold in place thanks to the ultra tight breathless hood.

“No Omega. This is even BETTER than that video. It’s in real time~” Zaki said with a large grin, recording everything with his camera. “And two birds with one stone. She brought Itami along with her, already well prepared and bonded. I suppose Phantom was in the mood today for some bondage~”

More laughs, more shame.

And it was all fault of that lousy pastel colored outfit.