

He tried vainly to move against the bonds that held him, but despite their tightness and the pain they caused, his cock was still hard inside the sticky rubber enveloping his body.

His name was Logan and he was finding it hard to remember how long he had been fixed in this position. Strapped against a rigid steel frame, both legs spread wide, and arms pinned painfully in an arm binder, he could now feel his muscles start to ache from the strain.

Logan was wearing a rubber catsuit made from extremely thin latex. It coated his body like a layer of paint, stretching and twisting with every move he made. Included was a built in sheath, also made from rubber and this now held his firm wet cock in a tight grip. At the neck of the suit a mask had been attached, containing small holes for both eyes and mouth and a pair of openings for his nostrils.

Enveloping this was a second suit of looser black rubber. Unlike the first this was made from ultra thick latex and had a pair of socks and a tight fitting open hood attached. The suit's crotch zip had been undone and Logan's penis was now standing erect, rising through the folds of rubber.

Earlier that day, he had been secured into position by the mistress of the house - Lady Kara. He had visited her on many occasions before and although her costs were high, the service that she and her harem of girls provided for the discerning rubberist, was always of the very highest quality.

Today had seemed different though. She had never left him alone for this length of time, and normally he would have had a brief discussion with either Kara or one of the girls before the session began. But not today. Kara had been insistent that he wore the double layers of rubber and that he would be bound and locked inside the heated sauna room for an unspecified length of time.

The room was lit by a single red bulb and despite its small size had been filled with three large radiators, all of which were now switched on and set to max. Logan didn't know what the temperature was but he guessed it to be somewhere in the forties. His body was coated in sweat, and he could feel pools of warm liquid collecting inside his thick latex socks.

Mistress Kara had made him drink over a litre of water as he was being strapped into the frame by a pair of rubber clad beauties. He knew that he had lost a lot of liquid through dehydration but he also felt the growing need to piss and knew that soon he would be forced to relieve himself inside the rubber.

As well as his bound arms, both legs were being tightly held by a number of thick rubber straps that were attached to the frame and his neck was secured via a collar to the wide central pole that ran up against his back and into the ceiling above. In practical terms this meant that Logan could not lower his head or move it from side to side, and his back and neck were now starting to feel the pain.

As he began to wonder if Mistress Kara would ever return, the door showed a sign of movement, and almost in slow motion opened outwards in front of him.

Kara entered, dressed in a long transparent rubber coat, which was open at the front, revealing her large pair of firm breasts. She also wore long black latex gloves, and high heeled patent leather boots that almost reached her crotch. Through the amber coloured rubber, Logan could see her damp freshly shaven pussy and he could feel his prick twitch and jerk with excitement. Behind her moved the shape of a slim feminine figure dressed in an all enclosing suit of polished red rubber. Dangling from the suit were two tubes, attached to inflator bulbs and it appeared that the girl's arse and pussy were stuffed full with rubber. He did not know who she was and watched with interest, as obediently she knelt down at the feet of her mistress and lowered her masked head to the floor in subservience.

'Hello sweaty boy.'

'Mistress,' answered Logan. 'I'm glad you've come back to visit your dirty rubber slave, I was worried that you'd left me.'

'Now would I do that to you? After all this time if there's one thing you should have learnt about me, it's that I would never let a slave down. Isn't that right?'

'Yes Mistress. I was wrong to doubt you, please accept my humblest apology,' stammered Logan.

'Of course I will.' Kara now held Logan's cheek in her gloved hand and looked straight at him, a curl of long dark hair fell, covering her right eye. 'As I will also accept the sexual services that you will now supply me with, in return for your freedom. Sound fair?'

'Yes Mistress, very fair. What would you like me to do?' Logan was turned on and he could feel his blood course through his veins, pumping straight down into his thirsty cock.

'My pussy has an itch and I want you to scratch it for me with your filthy tongue.'

She then reached up to a set of welded metal bars secured to the wall above and pulled the framework down around Logan's head. The contraption clicked securely into place and he saw that a small leather seat was welded onto the structure. Kara then fitted a matching backrest onto a small slot in the seat, and using a small ladder gracefully climbed up onto the frame, sitting down directly in front of Logan. She slid both legs on either side of him and braced her boots against a pair of leather footrests. Finally, she flicked a switch mounted into the frame, igniting a motor which slowly lowered the seat and her moist pussy directly onto Logan's face.

He felt Kara's warm flesh brush against his cheeks, before his mouth and nose were engulfed by her pussy. Smelling the acid sweetness of her juices she wrapped her thighs tightly around his head, spurring his tongue into action.

'Now lick my cunt clean you rubber fucker, and I want to feel it go in deep, as deep as you can thrust,

or else you'll be here all night satisfying me!

Logan needed no verbal encouragement to fulfil his duties. After sweating it out for a few hours in the hot rubber, he was now feeling horny as hell and ready to do whatever his Mistress desired. He began by gently tickling her clit with the tip of his tongue, before taking longer plunges deep into her soft sticky flesh.

Kara reacted with a series of deep sighs and as Logan began to work further inside her, she rested her head back against the seat, closed her eyes and began to moan and gasp.

As Logan licked harder, the more excited he became. He felt his cock stiffening further between the folds of latex, and he wished that Mistress Kara would wrap a hand around it and give a few tender strokes. Then his mind turned to the red rubber girl, whom he presumed was till crouching upon the floor. He could feel her watching him service Kara, and knew that she must be getting off on the bizarre scene that was unfolding in front of her. He didn't yet know what her role would be, but was sure that she would play some part in his humiliation.

Now firmly trapped within the moist confines of his Mistress's thighs, Logan continued to work his tongue in and around her hole, licking and sucking on her swollen clit and swallowing down the richly scented juice that she was producing. He tried to stimulate her orally in every way he could and even positioned his mouth, so that he could kiss the tender bud of her arsehole.

Logan was doing his job well, and Mistress Kara's reaction was more than enough proof of this. She frequently had to steady herself in the seat by clutching onto the metal frame around her with her gloves, and the rest of the time she held tightly onto Logan's head pushing his face deeper and harder against her genitalia.

'Fuck, that feels good,' Kara exclaimed. 'Keep that tongue in there slave. I want you to lick up every last drop of my precious nectar.'

Kara turned to look down at the rubber girl, who had been quietly watching her Mistress and Logan at play, enjoying the perverted spectacle.

'Up bitch! I want you to fondle my tits. You know what I like, so do it properly otherwise you'll be spending the night strapped in here yourself, sweating away like the rubber pig that you are.'

The girl obediently got up and stood next to Kara, both rubber tubes swaying between her legs. The suspended seat meant that Mistress Kara was almost level with her shoulders, so the girl carefully reached out both arms towards Kara's large tits and began to massage them with the palms of her gloves.

'Mmmm. That feels good. Both of you keep up the hard work, while I take this opportunity to relax.' She closed her eyes and rested her head back upon the seat. The room became almost silent, punctuated only by the sound of soft moaning, and the muffled sounds of sucking that rose from beneath Kara.

Time seemed to pass slowly but eventually Logan felt Kara's hands pull her body back into the seat and away from his tethered head.

'You can rest now.' she said quietly.

Exhausted from the oral pleasures that Logan had given his Mistress, Kara slowly breathed out and allowed her mind to engage with reality. The girl still continued to massage her breasts, occasionally rubbing hard and pulling on an erect nipple.

'Come here.' Kara demanded.

As the girl paused and took a step closer towards her Mistress, Kara suddenly took her in her arms embracing her firmly and placing her tongue against her lips. Briefly the girl resisted the kiss but then opened up, allowing Kara to slip her tongue deep inside her mouth. The girl moved in closer against Kara's body and tits, rubbing herself gently against her Mistress's rubber coat, trying to feel the warm flesh that lay beneath.

Through all this Logan sat strapped to the metal frame watching the two women kiss inches from him, while Kara's bodily fluids began to dry around his open mouth and on his mask. Mistress Kara flexed her long legs against the footrests and broke away from the girl's wet mouth, stroking the masked face of the women and caressing her stiff nipples, which were now visibly pushing through the taut red rubber of her catsuit.

Kara reached down between the girl's legs and took one of the black rubber bulbs that hung there. She gave it three firm squeezes, and smiled as the girl suddenly pulled up straight and let out a loud gasp of pleasure.

'There's more where that came from slut.' said Kara softly. 'Would you like some more, perhaps feeling it filling up inside your dirty arse?'

'Oh yes Mistress!' sighed the girl, speaking for the first time. Logan thought he recognised her voice but couldn't place where from.

Kara reached out for the second bulb and with a series of hard squeezes, pumped up the anal plug buried deep in the girl's orifice. Again the girl moaned, but this time was noticeably louder and an edge of discomfort was detectable in her voice.

Mistress Kara sat up straight and watched the rubber encased girl enjoy the sensations caused by the dildos churning inside her moist holes.

'Now slut, I want you to get on your knees and give this man's cock a good sucking. You'd like to taste his rubber tool wouldn't you?'

The girl nodded in agreement and continued to moan, as she got down onto the floor and turned to position herself between Logan's spreadeagled legs. Directly in front of her masked face, was his stiff prick, coated in black rubber and standing over ten inches high. It twitched and throbbed like a trapped creature as the girl leant over with her mouth open and slid the full width down inside her throat.

Logan cried out briefly as he felt the girl close her lips around his tool and then start to fellate him with a series of firm head movements. Whoever she was, he thought to himself, she certainly was a damn good cock sucker!

Mistress Kara sat patiently, watching her two rubber slaves, while she gently rubbed her clitoris with a rubber coated hand and listened to the sounds of pleasure that Logan made.

As he sat rigid still confined tightly to the chair, the urge to piss suddenly returned, but this time it was much stronger. After all the liquids that Mistress Kara had forced him to drink earlier, he could no longer control himself. He allowed his cock to relax a little and a trickle of urine quickly filled the sheath and was then forced out into the sweaty confines of his inner suit.

He knew that the girl would sense the warm piss flooding inside the rubber, but she remained on her knees with his dick deep inside her mouth. Both her gloved hands now grasped at his thighs, and she knelt with both legs pressed firmly together, thrusting against the pair of inflated dildos that lay buried within.

Logan sensed movement and opened his eyes to see Mistress Kara carefully rise out of her seat and start to climb back down the ladder.

'You just stay where you are bitch and keep on sucking.' Kara ordered. 'She's good isn't she slave? I've felt her lips against my pussy many times and she's yet to dissappoint, quite an unusual feat I have to say.' Kara reached the floor and began to fold the metal frame back onto the wall above.

'Aren't you interested to know who she is slave, and where I managed to find such a submissive rubber loving whore?'

'Yes Mistress,' answered Logan, between gasps. 'Please tell me how you came to find such a slave.'

'It's an interesting story, you see she actually came to me. She's the wife of one of my clients, who got suspicious and one day followed him, right to these very doors. Obviously she was angry when she found out what he had been up to, but she wanted to talk to me to find out exactly what her husband had been doing. Normally I would have marched her off the premises, but this girl wasn't taking no for an answer, so eventually I relented and told her what she wanted to know.'

Kara briefly paused and stared hard at Logan. The girl still had his cock in her mouth and gave no indication that she was listening to her Mistress, but Kara knew differently.

'She could not understand that her husband felt the way he did and that he had never told her about his fetish for rubber and bondage, but eventually she left and I thought that would be the last I would see of her or my client. But I was wrong. A few weeks later she returned and asked to speak with me in private. As her husband had continued to show up for his appointments I was intrigued and agreed to see her in my private study.'

Kara moved towards Logan and laid her hands softly on the girl's head, stroking her as if she was a favourite pet.

'She told me that she had not yet challenged her husband about his visits. Furthermore she had been thinking about the tales I had told her, and had become more curious. She didn't say it out loud, but I could tell she was sexually aroused. Just think, rather than demanding a divorce she herself had become ensnared by the temptation of rubber and now she wanted me to teach her!'

The girl fellated Logan faster and seemed to be pushing down against the dildos harder than before, while long streams of spittle dribbled down from her open mouth.

'Well that was over a year ago, and what you now see kneeling before you is the finished product. I have to say I'm very pleased with her progress. From an attractive housewife, she has been transformed into one of the foulest sex crazed sluts I've ever had the pleasure to encounter. She started with private sessions but pretty soon that was not enough. The more she discovered, the stronger her fantasies became. Total submission dressed in rubber was all that she desired, and she would do anything to achieve it, and I do mean anything.'

Kara paused as she pushed the girl's latex head further and harder along Logan's hard shaft. He quickly responded with a series of loud grunts.

'Soon enough she wanted more than even I could give her,' she continued. 'So I handed her over to some of my girls and even to some of my clients, especially those with a - how shall I put it - sadistic streak. To say she thrived would be a joke, you're looking at the real deal here, a living breathing twenty four hour rubber slut, capable of gaining enjoyment from the most extreme sexual humiliation and degradation. She sets quite an example to someone like you, doesn't she slave?'

'Yes Mistress, she does,' replied Logan.

'You really don't have a clue do you, you poor stupid fool?' Kara asked. 'No idea as to who the woman bent down before you, suckling your dick is?'

'No Mistress, I don't understand,' stammered Logan. 'Why would I know her, I don't normally see any of your girls, only you, you know that.'

'She's not one of my girls you fucking idiot! She's yours, your cock sucking, sex crazed, rubber obsessed wife to be exact.' Kara paused to allow her words time to settle. 'Well what do you say to that

slave? Back off Sarah, something tells me he may need a minute or two undistracted.'

The girl slipped her mouth off Logan's member and knelt down by the side of her Mistress, silently watching her husband, immobile against the facing wall. Mistress Kara stood over him, a sensual figure outlined by soft transparent rubber, taking delight from the obvious confusion and uncertainty he now found himself in. She walked over to him and then turned to face his wife, her rubbered arse swaying provocatively in front of him.

'Well come on, react!' she exclaimed. 'Your wife's been fucked by every perv within fifty miles of this place in the last twelve months. I've fucked her myself many times, as have most of my girls. How many nights have you left my tender care only to return home and find Sarah preparing your dinner or washing the dishes? I bet you never imagined that while you were working away in your office that very afternoon, she'd been here, fully rubbered and bound and servicing my clients.'

Kara reached behind her and felt Logan's erection in her hand. She wasn't surprised, he was similar to Sarah in many respects and she'd guessed that this would probably be his initial reaction. She lifted her coat, and then slowly began to lower herself downwards onto his rubber cock. He had no say in the matter, strapped and buckled to the chair as he was, but he reacted with evident pleasure as Kara settled, his prick impaled deep into the soft folds of her moist cunt.

Kara kept her eyes on Sarah and as she began to ease her arse up and down Logan's greased shaft, she beckoned to the women with her hand.

'Come here bitch,' Kara indicated the space between her legs. 'Sit there and give my cunt what it needs.'

'Yes Mistress,' replied Sarah quietly, knestling down between Kara's open thighs. She peeled away the open coat and briefly admired the hot wet flesh that gyrated slowly beneath it, before leaning in and giving her Mistress a long sensual kiss.

Kara knew what she wanted, but she wasn't ready to give her two rubber servants their release yet - they would have to work for that. She continued to fuck Logan who had closed his eyes and was now intent on only one thing, giving his Mistress as much pleasure as he could.

Sarah too was lost in a world of complete sexual servitude. Her tongue flicked back and forth across Kara's clit, now engorged by blood and wet with pussy juice. Sarah was an expert cunt licker and Kara was getting the full treatment.

She was riding Logan like an expert lover, having fucked him on many occasions before, and could already feel her body tensing as she approached climax. Looking down on Sarah, submissively tucked between her legs she decided to give her slave a little present, a reward from her Mistress for creating this whole bizarre evening.

Kara held Sarah's head tight against her wet cunt and as she felt the girl bury her tongue inside, she released a strong steam of urine straight into her face. She knew the girl would appreciate it, and watched with pleasure as Sarah vainly tried to keep her tongue inside Kara's pussy, aswell as catch the piss in her mouth and swallow down the hot nectar.

Logan could not see the action taking place in front of him but he could hear the piss splashing off his wife's head and onto the floor below, amid Kara's deep moans of satisfaction.

'Fuck yeah! That's it you bitch, drink my sweet piss, I know how much you love it!' Kara continued. 'Something you probably didn't know about your foul wife Logan? Oh yeah she's a real piss drinker, a filthy rubber toilet girl and she's tongue fucking me like a pro, while I've got your dick inside me, what do you think of that? Fucking ironic huh?'

Kara was thrusting herself onto Logan's cock even harder now, rubbing her large tits together with both hands, as droplets of piss fell from her rubber coat onto the floor. Following her shower, Sarah remained at her station, sucking greedily at Kara's cunt, determined to make her mistress cum in style.

She did not have to wait long for her wish. Kara exploded suddenly, forcing herself down onto Logan's cock and holding Sarah's face hard against her vagina, until the girl was almost at the point of suffocation. Eventually she was released and then immediately Kara separated herself from Logan's juice smeared erection.

'You dirty fuckers! You're both made for each other, that much is true. When I think of the hours of depravity you're going to share together, it almost makes me jealous. But then you're both my property now, so who's to say what I'll let you do, the possibilities are almost endless!'

Kara stood by the doorway, carefully buttoning her transparent rubber coat, before she reached for the handle and opened the door.

'Goodnight my sweet slaves. You may now use each other as you see fit, and I'll return in the morning to decide what we will do with you next.' Then she left, the door closed behind her and the sound of a lock being fastened could be heard.

Logan looked down at his wife and smiled. She raised herself up from the wet floor, and further inflated the dildos, with a couple of firm pumps. Then she edged closer to his shackled form, and reaching down with a red glove began to masturbate slowly. The other hand moved towards his face and a rubber finger slipped deep inside his mouth. The night was young indeed.

END.