

The train rocked and clattered as it past over a set of points, then returned to its former state of relative peace as I watched the distant fields and trees speed past. The winter sun was setting and the landscape was bathed in a strange orange light.

I was travelling to Bristol from London, to visit a friend and spend a few days relaxing in the town of my birth. The journey was more than half way through, but I was feeling tired and had long grown bored of the latest best seller I was reading.

The train began to brake and the driver announced that we would be stopping at the next station. It was no where of any interest, a small town inhabited by commuters and the employees of countless insurance companies who had moved out of London during the seventies.

I looked at the few passengers waiting outside on the platform, and then checked my watch. The train was still on time and I would be in Bristol by six.

I was interrupted by a person moving past me to sit in the opposite seat. I felt vaguely annoyed; the train had plenty of spare seats, so why did they have to come and cramp my precious leg room?

But then I looked up and quickly changed my mind. Settling herself in front of me was a very attractive girl, in her early twenties I guessed, and dressed in a long black velvet coat. Her hair was long and dark and was secured in a graceful ponytail. She looked up at me, smiled shyly and then buried herself in a music magazine.

The train got back up to speed and as darkness fell outside I continued to study the girl as she carried on reading. Her skin was milky white and her makeup looked slightly gothic. Her large brown eyes were rimmed with black mascara, her lips were painted with ruby red lipstick and her long finger nails were coated in a matching shade of varnish.

The thick coat covered everything, apart from the tips of her leather boots which protruded from beneath it. They were a bulky design, not unlike biker boots but were bound by interlinked leather thongs.

She moved in her seat and briefly looked up at me, catching my eye and causing me to look at my feet with embarrassment. She returned to her magazine and my eyes returned to her.

By her side was a black backpack and with intense interest I noticed that what looked like the leather handle of a whip was emerging from the top of it. I tried to imagine what else it could be, but the more I stared the more certain I was.

My eyes searched over the rest of the bag and then the girl herself for any other signs of deviancy but none could be found. I turned my attention to the blur of speeding lights outside the window, while my brain worked on reasons why the girl would be carrying such an instrument.

Perhaps she was going to a hen night in Bristol or a fancy dress party? Both were plausible but then my mind moved away to more fanciful solutions. What if she was a prostitute or a Mistress going to visit one of her clients, and if so what was she wearing underneath the coat?

I realised with acute embarrassment that I was becoming aroused and my cock was starting to strain against my jeans. I hurriedly shifted position in my seat and decided to pick up my book and try reading some more.

The journey dragged on and I did my best to keep my eyes and my mind away from the girl opposite me. Eventually I looked up as the train braked and saw that we were nearing Bath, and with relief I realised that my destination was now not far.

As the train slowed, the girl gathered her things up and stood, obviously preparing to get off at the station. With a sense of disappointment, I watched her pick up her bag and throw it over one shoulder as she moved across to the exit. Then as the train stopped and the doors opened, she stepped out onto the dark platform and was gone.

But something fell from her bag as she left. It clattered to the floor and was left balancing precariously on the edge of the train. It was the whip.

For a brief second I just stared in disbelief, surprised that the object had turned out to be what I had suspected. Then in a sudden burst of motion, I grabbed my bag and jacket, ran to the door, scooped up the whip and jumped out onto the platform just as the doors slid shut behind me.

The train pulled away and with a sudden curse, I realised that I'd left the book in the carriage. Then as I stood on the empty platform, turning the leather whip in my hand I wondered what the hell I was playing at. What was I thinking off? I was going to Bristol, and the next morning I was supposed to meeting my friend, now I was stuck in Bath.

I looked back at the whip and decided to act on my instincts. The girl couldn't have got far. I'd find her and hand over her lost property. It would probably be horribly embarrassing and in ten minutes time I'd be back on the platform waiting for the next train, but at least I'd have tried.

I trudged down the steps to the street below and looked around, hoping that she hadn't been picked up by someone or caught a cab. But then I spotted her, walking up the street towards the centre of town, her long black coat billowing behind her in the breeze. I began to run and pretty soon had caught up behind her.

'Hi! Can I stop you for a moment?' I cried out, not knowing what I was going to say next. The girl stopped and turned to look at me, a look of apprehension written across her face.

'I was on the train with you, and when you left, you ahh...you left this behind,' I offered the whip up for examination. 'It fell out of your bag.'

She looked surprised for a moment and then smiled. 'And you picked it up and followed me, well what can I say, thanks.'

I looked into her eyes, looking for any signs of embarrassment but there were none.

'Well there it is, I guess I'll be off now,' I placed the object in her hand and turned to walk away.

'Hold on,' she said. 'What part of town do you live in, perhaps we could walk together for some of the way?'

'Me? No, I'm travelling to Bristol so I'll head back to the station.'

'Hang on, you mean you don't live here? You didn't leave the train just to give this back to me did you?'

'Um, yeah, I did actually. Don't worry, it's not a problem. There are plenty of trains to Bristol, I think there's another one in about twenty minutes.'

'At least let me buy you a drink to say thanks, there's a great bar five minutes from here,' she looked at me and started to laugh. 'Come on, you can get a train to Bristol anytime tonight, and I've got nothing better to do, in fact I could do with the company.'

She put the whip back in her bag and zipped it shut. She then took my hand in her's and together we walked back up the street.

The bar was near the river and was small and crowded. Squeezing past the varied mix of office workers, locals and students, we found a table and a couple of stools towards the back in a darkened alcove. I placed my pint down and settled on the stool, feeling nervous and slightly embarrassed by my current situation.

'My name's Isabelle by the way,' she threw her heavy coat over the back of the chair, to reveal a tight black, high necked top, soft leather jeans and the boots which stretched up to her her knees. She lit a cigarette and briefly took in the surrounding crowd.

'I'm Toby,' I replied rather lamely.

'Well Toby,' she said smiling. 'Are you always jumping from trains to pursue strange women, or am I a special case?'

I smiled back, as she broke the tension. 'No, I have to admit you were a bit of a special case.'

'Yeah? Why was that then? Got anything to do with what I dropped?'

'Well, maybe, yes I suppose so. And also the way you look, you're,' I paused trying not to think about how stupid I must sound. 'You're very attractive. If you don't mind me saying of course.'

'Not at all. People have said similar things before, but I do believe I detect something different about you. Something more interesting, maybe a little dark and mysterious. Or am I just tired Toby, perhaps you can tell me what it is?'

I could tell that I'd been rumbled. It was now just a question of how long we would continue to play this game of words. I decided to grab the bull by the horns.

'I'm not sure Isabelle. Perhaps it would help if you told me what you were going to do with the whip that fell out of your bag?'

She stared at me, her large dark eyes quite literally taking my breath away. Then she picked up her glass and drank down the remainder in one hit.

'Drink up young man and I'll take you round my flat. That way I can show you what I was going to do with the whip. It's far better than boring you all about it here.' Then she stood up, took her coat and bag, and walked towards the exit. I sat shocked for a moment, then grabbed my things and pushed my way out past the noisy throng.

Her flat was large, which was a good thing as she seemed to own an incredible amount of stuff, most of which was scattered over the floor and on every available surface. The kitchen was chaos, and I had to fight just to make space for the beers we had bought on the way.

Isabelle had thrown her stuff in the hall and had immediately disappeared into the bathroom some fifteen minutes before. As I waited, I sipped from a bottle, surveying the surrounding carnage.

I heard the handle suddenly rattle and the bathroom door opened. I listened to the sound of softly padding feet moving into the bedroom and then Isabelle called out.

'You can come in if you want. Bring me a beer as well?'

I picked up two bottles and an opener and walked through to the bedroom. The lights were dimmed low and a number of candles were lit, illuminating piles of clothes, books, magazines and CDs. But there amidst the disorganisation was Isabelle, reclined on the bed like a feline temptress.

She had changed out of her clothes and into a form hugging suit of what appeared to be pure black rubber. Matching fingerless gloves adorned her hands and she was still wearing her chunky leather boots. Her hair was now tied up into two matching ponytails and she had re-applied her makeup.

I had to grip the cold bottles hard, to stop them slipping from my fingers. As I stood there staring at Isabelle, I noticed that the catsuit had a long zip at the crotch and twin zips over her tits. My heart beat hard and my mind raced through the possibilities presented by this situation.

'Is that my beer?' she asked demurely.

'Yes. Here,' I walked over to the bed and offered her the bottle. She took it carefully from my hand and took a swig.

'So what do you think? Is this the kind of thing you expected a girl like me to wear?'

'I don't know. Maybe. Whatever it's very...sexy.'

'Sexy! Is that all you can say? I'd work on the compliments some more if you want to get your hands on this tonight.'

'Ok then, fucking sexy. Fucking unbelievably sexy. My cock is rock hard just looking at you.'

'That's better,' she smiled at me. 'Your cock was hard earlier as well wasn't it?'

'What do you mean?'

'On the train, I saw you checking me out. Then the bulge in the trousers - oh yes - I've been there before, many times.'

'But not so often here I hope?' I asked.

'No, not so often. Although I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said I've never lured a man back here. Or a woman for that matter.'

I looked at her with longing and then began to settle myself on the bed next to her.

'No, not yet Toby. You need to strip before you can get down next to me. First I want you naked and then I want you to put this on.' She threw a small rubber bundle at me, which upon inspection seemed to be some kind of mask. It had small holes for eyes and mouth, a rear zip and seemed to be made out of very thick rubber. I felt nervous again. What was Isabelle planning to do with me?

'Go on over there. By the candles where I can see you better.'

I moved over to where Isabelle was motioning and began to strip. My clothes came off easily enough, and soon I was just down to my pants.

'And the rest. Go on,' Isabelle demanded.

I removed my pants to reveal my semi hard cock and then picked up the rubber mask. 'You want me to put this on now?'

Isabelle nodded slowly in reply. I took the mask in both hands and brought it up over my face. Then I pulled it on over my head and adjusted the eye and mouth holes. When it seemed to be sitting right, I pulled the zip down to the nape of the neck and felt the cool latex press tight around my face.

My hands followed the contours of my head, exploring the smooth rubber that now covered my features. With my cock stiffening visibly, I walked back over to Isabelle.

'That looks better,' she said. 'How does it feel?'

'Weird. Kind of sexy,' I paused as I got down beside her on the bed. 'I like it.'

'Good. So do I,' Isabelle reached out and caressed my naked chest. 'Come here and kiss me.'

Excited by her demand, I leant over and placed my mouth against her lips. I could smell her hop tainted breath and perfume, blended with the strong odour of the rubber suit. Closing my eyes I felt our tongues connect and then her arms were around my body, pulling us closer in a tight embrace.

We remained like this for a while, kissing and fondling each other like a pair of teenage lovers. Isabelle gently moved her rubberised body against mine, the warm latex sliding and sticking across my flesh. Then she broke the kiss and leant back to look me in the face.

'I want to do something to you, is that ok?'

'I don't know,' I replied. "I guess that depends on what it is.'

'Nothing too scary. You'll like it, I promise. You need to get down onto the floor and then put your hands behind your back.'

'What now?'

'Yes now! Go on, on your knees, if you please.'

I slowly got off the bed and then dropped onto my knees trying to find some space amongst the clutter. Isabelle jumped past me and went to rummage in an old wardrobe near the door. I placed my hands behind my back as instructed and waited to see what would happen next.

'Good, stay like that while I sort your hands out,' Isabelle was standing right behind me.

I felt her touching my hands and then she began to secure what felt like a thick leather cuff around one wrist. Quickly she tightened the straps and then repeated the process with my right hand. When this had been attached she snapped the two cuffs together with some form of metal fastener and asked me to flex my muscles. Satisfied that the cuffs were secure, she returned to the bed.

'Now then Toby, I want you to get over here and lick my pussy,' Isabelle was sitting on the edge of the bed, with her legs spread. She reached down with one hand and unzipped the crotch fastener. As the zip moved down a wedge of pink flesh appeared, revealing her shaved pussy lips and her moist vagina. Then she spread her lips with her fingers and lay back down on the bed.

Transfixed by the girl's naked genitals laid out in front of me, I hobbled on my knees over to the edge of the bed and then lowered myself to meet her. My rubber mask coupled with her moist cunt and filled with a rush of sexual desire I buried my face in her pussy.

I found her smell and taste exquisite, as I licked at her fluids. Pushing my nose and tongue as deep inside her hole as I could reach, I could feel Isabelle wriggle and moan with pleasure.

After a few minutes I changed tack, and began to nuzzle and lick her clitoris, noticing that her reactions grew with intensity as I concentrated my attack on the engorged flesh beneath my tongue.

The rubber mask was restrictive and wouldn't allow me to open my mouth as wide as I would have liked. Furthermore my jaw began to ache as I continued to plunge my tongue in and out of her honey sweet hole while Isabelle lay silent, her entire body shaking and jerking in response to my attentions.

I could feel her body building toward climax, but before she got there I felt her fingertips grasp my

mask and she pushed me away from her wet flesh.

'Very good slave,' she announced quietly. 'You can take a brief break, while I finish myself off.'

Puzzled I watched Isabelle reach around behind her and gasped as she produced an enormous black rubber dildo, glistening in the soft candle light.

'You see Toby, I'm not that keen on conventional sex,' she smiled across at me. 'Although you've probably worked that one out by now.' She braced herself against the bed frame as she spoke, nuzzling the dildo against her pussy as she began to ease the huge intruder between the glistening folds of skin.

'I get my kicks in all sorts of ways, and this is just one of them,' her voice became strained as the dildo slid up inside her and she began to move the shaft around with her fingers.

'Fuck this feels good!' she moaned softly. She closed her eyes as I continued to watch, while my hard rod twitched and dribbled cum between my legs. What a sight she made, standing tall and beautiful in front of me, dressed in her catsuit, fucking herself with the enormous rubber dildo.

Her hand motions were gentle at first but after a while an urgency crept into her actions. She had stopped talking although she now moaned and sighed and her eyes remained closed, but she knew I was watching everything.

One hand remained on the dildo, while the other slid down across her rubber tits until it reached her clitoris. Then she slid a finger inside herself for extra lubrication, before she began to rub her clit in time with the gyrating dildo.

The sounds of Isabelle's pleasure became louder as the movement of her hands became faster. She had gone into a trance, so much so that I felt she had even forgotten that I was there. I wanted to wank myself as I watched her performance but the leather cuffs prevented me.

Then the trance broke and her eyes flashed wide open.

'Fuuuuccckkkkk!' she groaned loudly, forcing the dildo in and out of her cunt, her fingers a blur of movement over her clitoris. Eventually spent, she fell back against the bed and pulled the slippery rubber cock out from her pussy, with a sordid sucking noise. She lay there for a minute getting her breath back before raising herself up to look at me.

'Fuck that was good. I always cum better when I know I'm being watched, especially when it happens to be a complete stranger.'

'And one in a rubber mask,' I added.

She smirked. 'That always helps. But we're not finished yet Toby. You my boy are going to find out exactly what I can do with that whip. Seeing as it was the reason you ended up here tonight, I think it's only fair you get to taste it's forbidden pleasures. Bend down over the bed and stick your arse out!'

Without further delay I did what I was told. With my arms over the end of the bed I pushed my bottom out about as far as it would go. Isabelle walked round behind me and tapped the foot of one boot.

'You call that stuck out?! Come on, put your fucking balls into it, out I said!'

I pushed out further and waited for her reaction.

'That's better. Now close your eyes and let me do the rest. And don't squeal, you're probably not going to like this, but it's tough shit!'

I closed my eyes as instructed and tried to remain still. Then I felt something touch my arse. Not just my arse but my hole and after a brief second of confusion I knew what Isabelle was going to do. I'd never been penetrated before and having seen the size of the dildo, I was worried.

'Now just stay calm and relax,' I heard Isabelle whisper close to my ear. 'This *will* hurt, but it's well lubricated with my juices and I'll go in nice and slow. Once it's in you'll be fine, I've taken this baby in both holes, so I know what I'm talking about.'

As I felt Isabelle position the dildo up against my anus, I tried to relax and thought about where it had already been. The thought of Isabelle's still warm juices now lubricating my own arse, made my cock leap and twitch with excitement. As she began to ease the shaft in I felt pain along my passage but as I relaxed my sphincter, it became easier to take the invader.

I gripped the edge of the bed expecting the ordeal to take forever, but then Isabelle announced that it was fully inserted.

'Don't speak,' she ordered. 'Just concentrate on the sensations and let me take control. If I want you to do anything else I'll tell you, ok?'

I just nodded my head and didn't utter a sound. Isabelle began to gently ease the dildo in and out of my arse and my body was suddenly plunged into a pool of sensation, quite unlike anything I'd experienced before.

There was pain and there was pleasure. One moment I felt full and then the dildo would be withdrawn, leaving me desperate to grind myself down harder as Isabelle continued to push and pull the object within me.

I began to moan and then a new sensation was suddenly added to my already overloaded nervous system. Pain sliced across my back and I realised that Isabelle had just used the whip on me. And she didn't stop there.

Now for every twist of the dildo I had to endure the bite of the whip, as Isabelle slapped and cut across my back and buttocks, my legs, inner thighs and even my balls and erect cock.

The pleasures of the dildo were now contrasted with the power of the whip. Isabelle had obviously done this many times before as she knew exactly how to tease me with both sensations. I groaned out loud and then whimpered like a baby as she dished out her unique combination of pleasure and pain.

I could feel my entire body flushed with heat from the kiss of the whip and just when I thought I couldn't take much more Isabelle stopped. I heard her suit squeak as she shifted her weight behind me and then she whispered in my ear again.

'Well I'm guessing that you enjoyed that, you dirty fucker. Now I'm going to leave this cock up your arse and then I'm going to lie down on the floor here. Then I want you to straddle me and I'm going to wank that cock of yours. Would you like that?'

As before, I nodded silently and waited for Isabelle to move. She released her grip from the dildo and I felt it move and then settle into place deep within me. Isabelle moved over beside me and then lay down on the floor. With her hand she carefully unzipped her two tits from the suit, so that they looked like pale islands, surrounded by a sea of shining black rubber.

I moved across and got one leg over her stomach. I eased my weight down gently, settling on her stomach and then felt her fingers grasp around my cock as she started to rub me. I pushed down against her body and moaned with pleasure as I felt the dildo churn around inside.

Isabelle worked on me slowly at first, moving my foreskin up and down and then rubbing my head with her fingers. It was obvious that she was a pro, but I didn't care what her occupation was. To me she was my rubber clad goddess, made real from my deepest fantasies, and lying now beneath me, my throbbing dick in her hand.

It wasn't long before I could feel myself approaching orgasm. Isabelle knew it too from the gleam in her eyes and now she wanked me faster, using both hands to increase her grip and the pressure against my penis.

Then I came. With my hands flexing against my bonds and the dildo pushing deep inside my arse, I pumped my cream over Isabelle's face and neck. She looked up at me smiling and aimed my still jerking cock at her naked tits, watching the fat blobs of spunk spatter down onto her downy soft skin.

I gasped for air as I fired my last few drops and Isabelle released her grasp from my dick. She lay her cum covered head back and closed her eyes for a moment, before breaking the silence.

'Are you sure you want to catch that train to Bristol tonight, or do you fancy staying around here so we can move onto the main course?'

END.