

The main doors of the club opened to reveal a confusing mixture of blinding lights, gyrating bodies and the deep unmistakable throb of dance music. Katie followed her boyfriend Marcus into the swirling crowd and together they tried to make their way towards the bar.

Katie marvelled at the array of costumes and outfits worn by the hot, sweaty clubbers that she was forced to squeeze her way past. She was surrounded by men and women dressed in a multitude of colours and combinations mostly made of rubber, leather and plastic. Some wore very little, while others were covered from head to toe. On display were boots and shoes of every description, as well as hoods, masks, gloves, gauntlets, collars and cuffs; it was truly a fetish-lovers paradise.

Katie and Marcus had been coming to the club for the best part of six months, and had been dating since they met at a drunken Christmas party the previous winter. Katie was starting her second year at university and had just endured a long and rather unpleasant summer break.

Separated for much of the time from Marcus, she had also tried to do some casual work at the farm where she had met Tabitha the year before. This had proved to be a mistake as Tabitha had tried to rekindle the passion that had once burnt so brightly between the two girls, despite the fact that Katie refused all her advances. Eventually though, she stupidly gave in and had shared a long afternoon of sexual gratification, both girls dressed in their rubber milking gear.

She immediately regretted it as Tabitha became even more pushy than before and Katie had to eventually leave her job. Things got worse however when Tabitha decided to get her revenge by spreading nasty rumours about Katie (some not that far removed from the truth), and eventually they made their way back to her family. Trying to explain her way out of that mess had not been an enjoyable experience.

Katie pushed the troubling memory to the back of her mind as Marcus leaned over and asked her what she wanted to drink. She requested a beer and then watched as he ordered and had a brief chat with the sexy looking barmaid, who was dressed in a short figure hugging rubber dress.

Taking the chilled bottle from Marcus, they left the bar and squeezed their way through the crowds to the opposite wall where a spiral staircase descended to the basement. This was where the chill-out room and dungeon were located and where Katie and Marcus always liked to start their evening. They found a small group of friends that they had met during previous visits to the club and an empty leather sofa completed the equation.

For the next half hour they chatted and laughed together, catching up on news and admiring each others fetish themed outfits. Katie, in particular, received a lot of positive comment as she was wearing a custom-made catsuit of dark purple rubber, polished to a high shine. As usual her large breasts stood out impressively and they were further accentuated by a tightly laced black waspie, made from ultra thick latex, and matching opera length gloves. Her long blonde hair had been painstakingly twisted into a cluster of braids and the dramatic makeup she wore complemented the outfit perfectly.

Marcus listened to the conversation and noted the lustful stares his girlfriend was receiving with a mixture of jealousy and pride. He thought he wasn't looking too shabby himself, wearing a polished pair of black rubber jeans, and a strikingly designed shirt decorated with thin zigzag strips of contrasting silver and black latex. But compared with Katie he faded into the shadows.

People came and went and eventually Marcus and Katie decided to leave the group and check out the playroom next door. They were accompanied by one of Katie's friends Elizabeth, who was dressed to kill in a sleeveless leather catsuit and black high-heeled boots.

Although called the 'dungeon', it was in reality little more than a darkly lit, low-ceilinged cellar, containing a number of bondage devices and lined with seats and tables for onlookers. The room was bereft of any action apart from a near naked girl strapped to a flogging bench, who was being repeatedly whipped by a shadowy male figure.

A number of people were watching and Katie could feel the air charged with their rising sexual excitement. She sat down with Marcus and Elizabeth in a dark corner booth and started to watch the show.

The girl looked to be about Katie's age or maybe even younger, and was wearing nothing but a tiny red rubber thong and patent leather boots. She had been strapped tightly face down onto the bench, which resembled a padded leather gym horse, and her naked bottom was shamelessly thrust outwards taking the full brunt of the attack.

Katie and Elizabeth thought she looked like she might be crying, but any concern for the girl quickly evaporated as they watched her begin to rub her crotch back and forth against the soft leather. As the blows fell down upon her exposed buttocks and back, Katie tried to get a better view of the man who was dishing out the punishment.

He appeared to be tall and slim, dressed in a tight black rubber catsuit. Over this he wore a heavy looking fitted jacket again made from rubber, and a pair of polished leather riding boots. His dark cropped hair surrounded a delicate face and prominent cheek bones. Katie thought he looked like a fallen angel; a saintly being, tainted with decadence and depravity. She knew instantly that she wanted to meet him.

The girl on the bench now seemed to be reaching climax, and unknown to the transfixed audience was also close to the edge of her physical endurance. The man knew this as he had explored and pushed the girls limits on many previous occasions.

The gathering crowd were now witnessing the result of his special skills. He had been playing the girl like an instrument, building layer upon layer of pain and pleasure, until now she was going to cum, a massive release of physical and mental sensation.

Katie noticed that Marcus had a visible hard-on and that one of Elizabeth's hands had slipped down towards her crotch, where it now lay, rubbing against the soft leather of her catsuit.

As for herself, she was also feeling turned on. Inside her tight catsuit, Katie wasn't wearing any knickers, and now she could feel her pussy moistening. She wanted to reach down and touch herself like Elizabeth, but she didn't have the courage.

The girl now reached her sexual zenith and as the whip continued to descend with a renewed vigour, she starting crying out loudly, shaking and twitching beneath the tight restraints, rubbing herself against the bench like a crazed animal on heat.

Eventually the man ceased and then after a brief pause he began to unstrap the exhausted girl from her awkward position. He rubbed her arms and legs to help renew circulation and then after a brief kiss to his cheek and a whisper she was gone, melting away into the crowd, who were all waiting to see if another willing victim would be brought forward.

"Holy shit!" said Elizabeth, turning towards Marcus and Katie. "That was fucking intense, those two were hardened pro's. What do you reckon Katie - fancy some of that yourself - I know you like to play a bit rough sometimes?"

Feeling slightly embarrassed by Elizabeth's question, Katie looked at Marcus. "Well it was definitely interesting, although I'm not sure if I would care to be on the receiving end myself."

"Well now's your chance Katie my dear," replied Elizabeth. "Look who's heading our way!"

Katie turned quickly to see the mysterious man walking towards them with a sly smile written across his face.

"You're all looking a little thirsty, can I buy everyone a drink?" he asked, in a deep sensual voice. "I hope I'm not being too forward but I noticed that you were the first in and you seemed to be particularly enjoying the show." he looked firstly at Elizabeth and then knowingly at Katie, only glancing briefly in Marcus's direction.

Marcus stood to face the stranger. "Well why not, thanks for your generosity, it's beers all round I think."

"On their way," said the man, looking in the direction of the bar and making a quick gesture with his rubber gloved hands. Shortly after, a girl arrived bearing a full tray of drinks.

"You must have a good relationship with the management," commented Katie. "Do you come and do your stuff here often?"

"Often enough. I also know the guys who own this place, old friends you see. And what about you three, are you regulars?"

"Regular enough," answered Marcus, who Katie noticed was starting to sound a little defensive.

"That was cool what you did with the girl, the whipping I mean," said Katie, a little embarrassed. "Have you been her partner before?"

"Many times. That was why it looked as good as it did. Honestly I don't know how many of these sort of things you've seen, but it's pretty hard to find someone as responsive and willing as Sarah."

"How did you meet her?" asked Elizabeth.

"Here. Having a chat, just like I am now with you," he smiled at the two girls. "In fact that was part of the reason I came over."

"Oh yeah?" laughed Elizabeth teasingly. "What reason was that then?"

"Well I'm always on the lookout for new recruits and I always watch my audience when I work, you two both seemed to be very interested. Am I right?"

Katie heard Marcus inhale sharply. She knew that he wouldn't like where this was going, but that for the time being at least, would keep quiet.

"Watching and doing are two entirely different things Mr..?"

"Just call me Mason, and I hear what you're saying. But until you've tried how do you know?"

Katie quickly replied. "I'm not saying I don't enjoy a little S&M. But that's behind closed doors in the privacy of my bedroom, not in front of a load of strangers."

"Ok. I was just offering you the opportunity in case you were interested, that's all."

Katie looked at her drink for a moment. "Well maybe I am, I'm not sure."

Both Marcus and Elizabeth quickly looked at her, while Mason just stood and grinned. Marcus looked furious, while Elizabeth was smiling.

"I knew you had it in you," she exclaimed. "Fuck it Katie, go for it. You've already seen what this guy can do, what have you got to lose?"

Katie turned to her boyfriend. "Can I do this Marcus? I really would like to, it's not just the thought of the whipping, but all these people watching, it turns me on, but obviously I'll understand if you'd rather I didn't."

Marcus looked at her. He knew that it was pointless to protest; he would have to say yes.

He didn't know everything about Katie but he did realise that she was driven by sexual experience to the point of obsession. It was better to give his consent now and then be able to watch the whole thing, rather than refuse her with the knowledge that the minute his back was turned she would do it anyway.

"Okay. If you really think you want this, do it. But don't expect me to give you sympathy if you can't sit down afterwards," He turned to Mason. "You'd better look after her mate. If she says enough then you stop. Got it?"

"Don't worry. I'm a professional. We'll agree on a safeword, but I doubt there'll be too much trouble, I'll make sure I go easy on her," Mason looked at Katie who now appeared rather nervous, taking large gulps from her bottle. "You want to wait a while, or are you ready now?"

She finished the beer and resolutely put the empty bottle down on the table. "Fuck it, I'm as ready as I'll ever be, let's do it."

While Elizabeth and Marcus sat down in the booth, drinks in hand, Mason accompanied Katie to the centre of the room where most of the apparatus was situated. The crowd sensed that more action was about to begin, and people began to gather along the walls to watch. Mason consulted with Katie and then began to get her into position.

Katie had to spread her rubber covered legs wide, following the contours of the bench. Mason then strapped attached leather restraints around her ankles and thighs, pulling them tight to make sure that she was secured properly. Looking down at the padded leather covering, Katie noticed that two large holes had been cut into the surface. One roughly corresponded with her breasts while she guessed that the other would allow her to position her face downwards, similar to a massage table.

"Ready?" asked Mason. "I've bound your legs to the bench. Now it's time to strap you down completely and then we can begin. Are you sure you still want to go through with this, there's a pretty big crowd now."

Katie looked around, first at her friends in the corner and then at all the other unknown faces, some masked in leather or rubber but all expectant, all watching her intently, waiting to see her submit to this man that she had only met minutes before.

"Yes," she answered. "Strap me down, and then let's get on with it."

As if preparing herself, she gyrated her arse in a provocative manner, and then bent her body down until she lay flat against the bench, breasts and face poking through the separate gaps. The catsuit and corset stretched across her spine and Mason allowed her to settle before he began to draw a number of leather straps across her waist, back and neck binding them tightly with buckles, pinning her latex clad body to the bench.

Then smaller restraints lying parallel to her body were placed around her arms and wrists, and again closed tightly. Mason stood back to admire her rubbered form, while Katie tried to move against her bonds and found it impossible. With her head buried into the bench, she could only see the dim floor below and so was effectively blind. There was nothing more she could do, apart from wait in apprehension for the first bite of the whip.

Elizabeth and Marcus watched intently as Katie was strapped down onto the bench. Even though he still wasn't sure whether this was right or not, Marcus couldn't stop feeling turned on. He felt his dick start to move and stiffen against his rubber jeans as he realised that he was going to enjoy watching his girlfriend being publicly humiliated by another man.

Unlike Marcus, Elizabeth had no qualms about seeing her friend strapped down and whipped. She was waiting impatiently for the show to begin and was wondering whether Katie would manage to cum in front of the crowd. Seated in the shadows her hand once more returned to the crotch of her catsuit and started to play against the smooth leather.

Katie was starting to allow her mind to wander when she felt a soft touch against her arse and knew that the session was going to begin. It certainly wasn't the whipping that she expected and Katie waited to see what would happen next, hardly able to breathe with anticipation.

Unknown to Katie it was in fact the crop that she felt, but Mason was only using the handle to touch her cheeks through the tight rubber. He started to circle her back with leisurely waves of his hand, running the crop over her buttocks and down the insides of her splayed thighs.

Katie's nerves were fired up and ready to go and she felt her entire body tingle and react to the subtle sensations she now experienced. Almost feeling lightheaded she vainly tried to move her backside in harmony to the light stroking, and her mouth opened to release a soft sigh of pleasure. Mason never once touched her sex, but Katie was all too aware of her moistening pussy inside her catsuit. She wished that he would move further up and touch her aching clitoris.

Then suddenly she heard a swift cutting through the air and before she realised what was about to happen the crop had bitten into her arse. Katie cried out, more with shock than pain, and Mason followed it promptly with a second stroke. This time was harder as he had judged correctly the force required to overcome the protection provided by the thick layer of rubber encasing Katie's skin.

Her cry was much louder and sitting at his table, Marcus suddenly felt tense and anxious. Elizabeth too was concerned for her friend, now that she could see that the crop was falling but continued to watch with fascination.

Strapped to the bench Katie tried to control herself. A third blow fell on her back and a fourth cut across the back of her legs. There was a brief pause in which she tried to remember how to breath, before a second attack rained down on her buttocks.

This time felt different though. Either Mason was easing off with his blows or Katie reckoned she was becoming resilient to the pain.

In truth it was the latter. Her adrenalin was now rising high through a combination of excitement, fear and sexual arousal. Her skin still stung but now the crop felt less painful upon impact. Her harsh cries were approaching moans of pleasure. The tide had turned and Katie was now reacting to Masons stimulation in exactly the way he had hoped for.

With her backside starting to numb, he began to whip her legs and back again. The pain suddenly renewed itself and Katie had to tense her body and grit her teeth.

The watching crowd were aware of Katie's emotional change, and the atmosphere became sexually charged as couples started to kiss and touch one another.

Marcus relaxed back in his seat. Like everyone else, he now watched the session with a swiftly rising libido and a stiff cock. He glanced across at Elizabeth and noticed her glazed eyes and open mouth. Looking down he was met by the sight of her hand sliding down the slider on her crotch zip. Then like a silent snake Elizabeth's hand slipped inside and she started to slowly masturbate.

She turned and saw Marcus watching her.

"Hey, don't blame me," she said with humour. "I'm just getting into this show that your dirty little girlfriend's putting on for us."

Marcus said nothing, but nodded more with understanding than approval. He suddenly felt extremely turned on and the sight of Elizabeth playing with herself was not helping matters.

"How are you feeling anyway?" she asked. "Getting a little horny?"

"Kind of, I guess," replied Marcus warily.

"Well then, seeing as Katie's abandoned you for that man and his riding crop, I think it's only fair that I lend you a hand to see you over. Get my meaning?"

Elizabeth gave Marcus a knowing look and then reached across for the large bulge that was now protruding through his rubber jeans. Marcus didn't try to stop her, he just closed his eyes and leant back into the soft lining of the seat, as she unzipped his fly and took his stiff cock out.

"It's a good thing I'm ambidextrous," she joked, as she began to wank Marcus with one hand and resumed rubbing her moist clit with the other.

Katie meanwhile was oblivious to what Elizabeth and her boyfriend were doing. She was softly sighing and moaning as Mason continued to beat her with the crop and fondle her exposed rubber breasts through the special slot in the bench.

Mason was an expert in sensation, both pain and pleasure. Realising that Katie was getting more turned on with every slap of the crop and gentle caress of his hand he began to increase the tempo, sensing that she was going to cum.

"Oh fuck," whimpered Katie. "Beat me harder, please, I need it to be hard..."

She could feel the increased strength behind Mason's strokes and like the girl that she had watched with such interest before her, she now began to rub her greased pussy against the bench. She felt her clit catching against the studded leatherwork, as sealed inside the damp rubber, she began to writhe under her bonds.

"Shit, this is amazing," she sighed. "Please, don't stop!"

That was the last that Katie said, as Mason then took his hand away from her soft tits and pushed a rubber finger inside her mouth, swiftly joined by another two, which Katie sucked on hungrily, dribbling and gurgling like a satisfied baby.

Marcus could tell that Katie was now fully immersed in the experience and guessed that she would cum soon. Elizabeth, who was close herself, was holding station. She gently rubbed her hand around her clitoris, occasionally sliding a finger deep inside her lubricated pussy.

Marcus watched Katie and heard her loud moans of pleasure, while Elizabeth rubbed his prick between her fingers. Cum occasionally dribbled from the head, helping to moisten the shaft. He wanted Elizabeth to suck him but knew that would be going too far.

Katie could feel her orgasm building inside, and she knew it was going to be big. The last time she felt this turned on had been fucking Tabitha for the first time the year before. She knew the crowd were eagerly watching, getting off on the sight of her humiliation.

Mason said nothing, but continued to stand next to her. The crop fell across her arse and legs with increased speed and she bit down and sucked on his rubber fingers like her life depended on it.

Her cunt was raw and she could feel hot juices flooding from her pussy and dribbling down her legs inside the clinging latex.

Suddenly she felt her orgasm start and Katie's entire body began to shudder and strain against the leather straps that held her down. Mason quickly removed his fingers from her mouth, partly so she could breathe easier, but mostly so she wouldn't bite down and cause him serious harm. With her

mouth now clear, she began to groan loudly, stuttering as her body exploded in orgasm.

"Oh god!" she moaned. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Mason let loose one final swing across both buttocks with the long crop, and then stood back to enjoy watching Katie spasm and gasp.

Hearing Katie cum was enough for Elizabeth. She orgasmed silently in her seat, not wanting to attract attention to herself and Marcus. With both eyes closed she gently rocked back and forth, forming her fingers into a tight ball which she used to knead her distended clit.

At the same time Elizabeth strengthened her grip on Marcus's dick and wanked him harder and faster, rubbing from the stem, up over the head and back down. It didn't take long before he joined her in release, shooting his creamy load over Elizabeth's hand and his rubber jeans, during a series of violent jerks.

Elizabeth gave him a paper towel to wipe himself with and then lifted her cum covered fingers to her mouth, licking the salty juices, and swallowing them as Marcus silently watched.

"You tasted good," she whispered. "Maybe next time Katie wanders off with a strange man, we could make her absence a bit more permanent. Know what I mean?"

Marcus felt confused. He didn't know if he was feeling guilty or excited by the prospect of a relationship with Katie's friend. "I can't think about this now. Let's go and see Katie."

Mason had nearly finished unstrapping Katie when Elizabeth and Marcus walked over to the stage. With a flick of his fingers the final buckle was released and he helped ease Katie from her position.

"Well then," he asked. "How was that?"

Katie was holding onto Mason and the bench, unable to stand unaided. "Not bad. One of the most erotic experiences I think I've ever had." She then turned towards the waiting pair.

"How about you guys. Had fun watching me?"

"You were very sexy," answered Elizabeth truthfully. "Marcus and I enjoyed the spectacle. You should do it again next time."

"Well maybe," said Katie, looking at Mason. "If you'll have me?"

"Oh don't worry. I'll have you again, it will be my pleasure..." Mason let the words linger, then waved goodbye to the three of them and turned on his heel, departing through the crowds.

It was the next morning when Katie brought Marcus breakfast, that she found the note. She was groping around for change in her jacket pockets when she pulled out a folded sheet of paper. When Marcus went to the toilet, she carefully unfolded it and began to read:

'Dear Katie, it was most memorable meeting you tonight. You seemed to enjoy yourself on the bench and now I can't help wondering if there is anything else we can explore together. If you agree, call me on the number below, Yours M.'

Written underneath was the number of a mobile phone.

Katie wondered if she should visit Mason behind Marcus's back or whether she should just tear up the note. But she quickly realised that she had already made up her mind. Hastily Katie refolded the piece of paper and placed it carefully inside her purse before Marcus returned.

END.