

Katie settled herself in the back of the taxi and pulled the folds of the long black rubber coat around her. It was a cold night, but more importantly the skin tight catsuit that she wore beneath, was lacking both breast cups or a crotch and Katie was aware that one slip could reveal a pert nipple to the nosey cabby sat up front.

Her appearance wasn't outlandish, but then it wasn't completely normal for a Thursday night either. She had brushed her blonde hair back into a tight ponytail, and made her makeup as slutty as possible, following Mason's instructions. He had also told her to wear this particular revealing catsuit, and she had added a pair of wrist length rubber gloves and a pair of stiletto heeled ankle boots.

The final touch was a wide studded leather collar that was strapped tightly around her slender neck. Mason had given it to her as a Christmas present, and since then she had been told to wear it whenever they met, irrespective of where or when. Between this, her makeup and the rubber mackintosh, she was sure the driver thought she was a prostitute, but over the last couple of months Katie had become so used to people's stares and whispered assumptions that she found it didn't worry her anymore.

As the car drove quickly down the dark streets, her thoughts turned to Mason. Since starting her training after she'd met him at the fetish club, her life had undergone some major changes. Katie rang the mysterious man the very next day, and from then on she'd followed a wild existence, living the life of a submissive rubber slut as and when Mason required her to.

Her boyfriend Marcus had been an early casualty, finding solace rather to easily, in the arms of her so called friend Elizabeth. Then her studies had suffered, until eventually the University had been forced to throw her off the course. She hardly spoke to her family anymore, and had started to lose touch with most of her friends. But Katie didn't seem to care. She was only interested in exploring her submissive sexuality coupled with her love for rubber and Mason was proving to be an authority on both matters.

Katie knew that they were using each other, and that things could not continue like this forever, but she could not ignore the fact that her feelings for Mason were growing. She was his slave and he her Master, but how any other relationship between them would fare was beyond her guess. With a soft sigh she moved onto more immediate matters and wondered what he had in store for her tonight.

Katie felt excited. Mason had warned her that someone else would be present, but had refused to tell her who they were or what the purpose of the visit was. So far in her relationship with him, she had never been shared, and she was eager to see what role the new guest would be playing.

Eventually the car pulled up outside the house, Katie paid the driver and stepped out into the chill night air. She stood for a moment feeling the tight rubber cooling against her skin, and the movement of air over her moist vagina.

Then she licked her lips with anticipation and ascended the steps that lead up to the front door. She knocked three times and waited. After a brief pause, the door clicked open, and there in front of her stood Mason.

Dressed in thick, all enveloping rubber, Katie could see that he was ready for action. He was not wearing a mask, but had gloves on and a sturdy pair of black leather boots that were laced to just below his knees. She could not see exactly what he had on underneath, but Katie guessed there was one if not more layers of rubber below. Katie knew it was going to be a long night, as whenever Mason dressed in this much rubber he was in a serious mood to play.

'Good evening, my sweet slave,' he kissed her softly on the lips and then on the forehead, before drawing her close and shutting the door behind. 'And right on time, luckily for you. We wouldn't want to start the evening with a punishment would we?'

'No Master!' replied Katie, enjoying the sensation of Mason's body pushed up close against hers. 'You know I always do my best to be punctual. Do you like the makeup and coat? I hope it's close to what you had in mind?'

'Perfect! You've done a good job. Now leave the coat on for a moment, come in and meet my guest. I'm sure she will want to see you complete in your outfit.'

Katie's heart fluttered as she heard that the stranger was a female. She'd told Mason all about her summer of love spent on the farm with Tabitha. Since then however, she hadn't had any sexual encounters with other women, and it was something that had been playing at the back of her mind.

Mason walked through into the main living room and Katie followed slowly behind. She entered the room and saw a tall woman to her right, standing by the lit fireplace, drinking what looked like champagne. She was dressed in a long cape made from heavy black rubber, with matching gloves and boots. Her face was beautiful; light smooth skin sprinkled with freckles, full red lips and striking ice blue eyes, were framed by waves of long chestnut hair.

'This is Mistress Paula. An old acquaintance of mine from Vienna,' said Mason. 'Paula, this is Katie, although she is quite happy to be simply called slave.'

So she's from Vienna, Katie thought to herself, that means she's known Mason for a long time, they must be good friends.

'Good evening Mistress Paula,' Katie walked over to the silent woman and did what she knew was expected of her. Kneeling down she gently kissed the tips of the woman's boots and then stood again, her head hung low in submission.

'Hello,' replied Paula, in a soft sexy voice. 'Your Master has told me much about you. He says that you are a rare find, a young woman truly eager to become a rubber slave. Is this true?'

'Yes Mistress. My Master has been teaching me over these last few months, but I feel that I've still a lot to learn,' Katie answered truthfully. 'I'm very happy, living this life with my Master, but something is still missing, something more permanent...'

'I understand my sweet child. Many have come to me seeking the same things as you, and many have left my care as mindless slaves, bound everlasting to the substance you find so sexually stimulating. I fulfilled their dreams, fantasies of sexual depravity and slavery made real. Not many who harbour these ideals can truly live them in the real world. Which are you Katie, dreamer or realist?'

'I don't know Mistress. I think a realist but I'm unsure...and a little scared.' Katie replied.

Paula turned towards Mason who stood by the window, pouring himself another glass of wine.

'Mason, she is a fine specimen. You did well to find her. May I indulge myself?'

'Go ahead,' answered Mason, smiling. 'I hope you don't mind if I sit back and watch, I'm keen to see how one of my pupils fares. I have after all experienced your talents first hand!'

'Of course you can. It will be my pleasure to push her to the limits, and beyond if necessary.'

As the conversation continued, Katie listened, kneeling obediently by Paula's feet, whilst trying to control the knot of fear and excitement that grew inside her stomach. It looked like she was now to be this foreign woman's plaything for the night and Mason was going to sit back and watch.

'Well then Katie, for your first task you can pleasure me, I shall sit down here by the fireside and you can excite me in any way you want, but you must only use your tongue, do you understand?'

'Yes Mistress, perfectly,' replied Katie meekly.

'If you fail to follow any of my orders you will be reprimanded severely, and believe me, you wouldn't want that.'

Katie suddenly felt panic. What if she couldn't arouse Mistress Paula with her tongue or any other part of her body for that matter? The threat of a reprimand worried her, but she had a feeling that the punishment would be immaculately executed and extremely humiliating. Perhaps it wouldn't be that bad after all, she thought to herself.

Katie watched Paula seat herself in a low slung armchair made of black leather and steel tubing. Remaining on her knees and still dressed in the thick rubber coat, she clumsily shuffled over to the woman's feet and begun to lick the two shiny boots with her tongue.

Mistress Paula placed her champagne flute on a coffee table and then rested her head back on the seat. She closed both eyes and let her mouth open slightly.

Mason meanwhile, remained on the sofa and watched as Katie continued to work on the boots. Hunched over and starting to sweat under the rubber layers, Katie was thinking about how she would get her head underneath Paula's huge cape without using her hands.

She decided to bend over as far as she could and attempted to slide up between the Paula's legs. Katie had to brace herself with her hands but after several attempts in which her hair became snagged, she finally felt the heavy cape fall back across her neck.

Once inside the warm darkness, Katie paused for breath. She smelt the aroma of latex and then caught the unmistakable scent of female arousal. Paula's bare thighs were pressed up against her face and because of the smell, Katie realised that she probably wasn't wearing knickers. At least that's one trick I won't be performing with my teeth, she thought.

Mistress Paula then spread her legs wide, allowing Katie to move in between her thighs. She began to kiss the soft flesh that surrounded her face, and enjoyed the taste of the rubber scented skin mingling with expensive beauty products. Katie slipped deeper into her scene and some of the anxiety she had experienced began to fade.

She continued to lick and massage Paula's inner thighs, moving gradually further towards the woman's genitals. As she progressed things became harder, as Katie's head became lost within the confining folds of the thick latex cape. She was finding it harder to breathe and the heat was still increasing. The rubber mackintosh which clutched at her body, was being warmed by the open fire and Katie was now oozing sweat from every pore.

'Mmmm, that feels good slave,' said Mistress Paula dreamily. 'You're doing a good job so far, I hope it remains like that.'

Katie remained silent beneath the rubber and continued to work at the succulent flesh. Her long tongue probed further upwards and Paula moved her legs wider to accommodate the hidden girls form.

The smell of sex was very strong now and Katie knew that she was fast approaching Paula's pussy. Then with a final push she felt her nose press up against the wet slit. For an instant Katie paused, inhaling the rich scent and then she flicked out her tongue and began to tenderly caress Paula's clit.

Immediately, Katie heard muffled sighs from above and felt her leg muscles tense up around her head. She continued to suck at the rapidly enlarging clit, feeling the moist cunt spasm and jerk beneath her lips.

Paula now began to exude a thick creamy juice and Katie wasted no time, as she began to lap it up with mouth, pushing her face tight against Paula's vagina so that she could probe deeper inside with her tongue. Waves of arousal now sparked throughout Mistress Paula's body and she lay back

further into the chair, gripping the arms hard with her gloved hands. Her arse gyrated slowly, grinding Katie's face against her hot pussy as she kept her in position with her strong thighs.

Confined below, Katie's face was deeply cocooned within the folds of soft wet flesh, her tongue and teeth once more concentrating on Paula's aching clit. She remembered those hot summer days spent cunt licking Tabitha and recalled everything the experienced girl had taught her about oral stimulation.

She couldn't get enough of Paula's sweet juices and now fat globules of cunt cream were rolling down her neck and inside the mack. Katie herself was soaked with sweat, and she could feel the delicious touch of the rubber catsuit as it sucked tight across her wet body, squeezing at her own cunt and tits. She felt dirty and used and this in turn made her feel even more turned on.

'Oh fuck, you're a good cunt licker,' moaned Paula loudly. 'Keep sucking you little whore, I want you to make me cum!'

Katie felt perversely proud upon hearing these words. She knew that Mason was watching all of this and was no doubt enjoying himself immensely. It seemed that he had trained his slut well, if Mistress Paula's reaction was anything to go by.

Hardly able to breathe between the rubber and the thick slime that covered her, Katie concentrated on Paula's clit with both her teeth and tongue, determined to make the woman cum as hard as possible. She licked and sucked as quickly as her aching jaw would allow, starting to feel light headed trapped inside the hot wet latex. Katie began to think that she might pass out, but like the dedicated slave she was, she stuck at her duties.

With a final push she thrust her face once more inside Paula who was now balanced on the edge of orgasmic ecstasy. Holding Katie's head down with both hands through the layers of rubber, Paula arched upwards in her seat and with eyes closed, started to writhe and moan as she face fucked the trapped girl beneath.

'Fuuuckkkkk meeeee!!' she groaned.

Eventually Paula relaxed back into her chair and released Katie from the vice like grip that held her.

'You can come out now slut,' said Paula in a breathless voice. 'I haven't been licked like that for an eternity. She's certainly proving to be the real thing Mason, I'll give you that.'

Katie could hear Mason chuckling quietly in the background as she shuffled her sticky body backwards and stumbled out into the soft light. She looked like some bizarre rubber alien, covered in sticky fluids and emerging from between Mistress Paula's spread legs.

'I think you deserve a reward for that, perhaps some champagne to refresh you?' asked Paula.

'Yes please Mistress,' stammered Katie. 'That would be far more than I deserve.'

'I'll be the one who decides who deserves what,' Paula reached over to the table and picked up her half full flute. 'Here, take a sip from my glass.'

Katie gratefully reached out with her rubber glove, but as she took hold of the stem the glass slipped from her grasp and fell to the floor, instantly smashing and covering one of Mistress Paula's boots with fizzing liquid. There was an agonising silence as Katie froze on the spot and waited for Paula's response.

'Now that was a silly thing to do,' said Paula calmly. 'Stupid sluts who can't even hold a glass of champagne after it's been so generously offered to them do not deserve my kindness or tolerance. You know what that means don't you slut?'

'Yes Mistress. I should be punished,' replied Katie, trembling. She knew exactly what Mason would have done to her in these circumstances, but with this woman who knew how far she would go?

'Punished is correct, and I will make sure that you never do anything like that again, as long as you live, do you understand me slut?'

As Katie began to nod, Paula quickly stood up and grabbed the cowering girl by the shoulders of her mackintosh. She dragged Katie across the floor, forcibly removed the rubber coat and forced her face down over the coffee table.

'Your help is required Mason. I want you to secure her using straps, I'll do the rest.'

Mason got out of his seat and walked through to the next room while Katie lay inert and Paula towered over her. He quickly reappeared with a handful of various sized leather straps, knelt down next to the silent girl and began to secure her body and arms to the table.

As he did this, Paula roughly lifted Katie's head and produced an inflatable gag from a small bag she had in the room. Forcing open Katie's lips, the rubber bulb was inserted inside her mouth and then the straps secured tightly. Katie didn't struggle as she lay her head down and felt the increasing pressure from the leather straps, pulling her tight to the wooden surface. Mason secured the final buckle, then nodded to Paula and returned to the sofa to watch.

Katie was now lying flat across the table, her long rubber legs trailing down onto the floor behind her and the pink flesh of her wet pussy and arse, exposed for all to see. Paula kicked her feet apart even further to add further humiliation to the girls compromising position.

'Now then bitch,' said Paula, clearing her throat. 'You're going to learn a thing or two about how a rubber slut should behave in the presence of her superiors. Let's begin shall we?'

Katie could not see behind her but she knew that Paula was standing between her legs. There was a gentle rustle of rubber followed by an excruciating pain that filled her body, as something sharp was forced deep into her anus.

Unknown to Katie, the object that was being thrust repeatedly into her cavity was one of Mistress Paula's stiletto heels. She was standing over Katie balancing on her left foot, as her right was planted firmly over Katie's arse and her long heel flicked back and forth penetrating harder and deeper.

Mistress Paula was obviously enjoying herself as she smiled and watched Katie squirm against her restraints, no doubt noticing the tears of pain that ran over her inflated cheeks and dripped onto the table below.

There was nothing Katie could do but to endure the pain. However, as the degrading act continued it began to have an effect on her and despite the discomfort, Katie could feel her pussy moistening. Paula realised that the bound girl was relenting, and she stabbed the stiletto in even deeper, submerging the entire heel within Katie's moist hole. The poor girl tried to cry out, but only her muffled moans could be heard through the gag.

As Mistress Paula's boot continued to shaft Katie in the arse, the dominant woman bent down and placed a rubber finger just above Katie's exposed clitoris. She moved it around gently at first, and then began to finger the raised ball of Katie's clit, squeezing it between her fingers and thumb.

Katie's body was suddenly distracted by this new sensation, and the combined stimulation, both from the pain and the pleasure, washed over her in a wave of bizarre pleasure. Her body began to relax and she could feel her pussy growing thick and wet. She was no longer the young attractive university student, but a true rubber slut, a slave to her own dark desires and willing victim of the beautiful dominatrix that now tortured her rubber body.

The punishment continued until Mistress Paula was quite sure that Katie would never spill another drop of champagne again. She teased her with her foot and fingers constantly bringing her to the very edge of orgasm, then slowing the pace and removing her hand, so that Katie's body relaxed and the whole process could begin again.

Eventually Paula withdrew and stood back to get a good view of the sobbing girl, bound helplessly at her feet.

'Well then, that's another lesson for you to learn if you truly want to become a wanton rubber whore,' said Paula. 'But now it is time for pleasure. I want a fuck and you will supply me with it!'

Katie distantly wondered what Paula meant, but her body and mind were too high with sexual sensation from her punishment to really care. Meanwhile Paula rummaged around in her bag and withdrew a large double ended harness dildo. She took it in her hand and then walked round to face Katie who was now dribbling profusely over the table.

Then without saying a word she began to unzip her rubber cape from behind her neck. She drew the fastening down to the small of her back and then lifted the heavy garment up and over her head. She placed it carefully on the floor and then looked directly into Katie's eyes.

Paula was now naked apart from her boots and gloves and a small heavily boned corset made of polished black rubber. Her dark hair fell down over her pale shoulders, and her full breasts stood erect, highlighted by the flickering light of the fire.

Katie was watching her every move, entranced by the woman's beauty and the thought of her playing more perverted games with her. She moved her head around, as Paula bent down and picked up the large dildo. Katie immediately saw that it was designed for two and felt her heart miss a beat.

Mistress Paula slowly rubbed the thick shaft up against her wet crack and then slid the phallus deep inside, until the half way point had been reached. Then she reached round with her hand and fastened the simple leather harness to secure it. Licking her lips with lust and anticipation, she now walked back around Katie until the girl felt her moving in close behind.

Katie closed her eyes and waited for penetration. She did not have to wait long. Paula had lowered herself to her knees and backed up too Katie. She then grabbed the girl's tender arse and forced her cheeks wide apart with her hands. Then she quickly thrust inside, forcing the whole dildo into Katie's cunt and pulled out again slowly.

This sudden entry made Katie moan loudly behind her gag and Paula reached out over her back to grab the inflator and give it a series of rapid squeezes. Katie gasped out with indignation as the rubber ball in her mouth pressed hard up against her jaw, making it almost impossible for her to swallow.

'There we are slut,' whispered Paula. 'That should shut you up, so I can concentrate on fucking your pretty little pussy!' A deeply muffled moan was all that Katie could manage while her vagina sucked on the well greased dildo below.

Mistress Paula was aware that Mason was still sitting on the sofa watching the whole display with great interest, so she decided to make the show a bit more exciting for him. She reached out with a gloved hand and took hold of Katie's long ponytail, pulling it backwards with force, and causing the girl to cough and choke as the gag prevented her from breathing properly.

With her other hand she reached in between Katie's body and the table until she had located Katie's clit and then began to rub at it furiously with her fingers. She now had the rubber girl literally dancing beneath her; unable to breathe properly, pinned to the table with tight straps, gagged and impaled on a massive dildo.

Katie began to think that she would be strangled. But the sexual lust that ran through her body countered this fear and she knew that she would do anything to please Mason and Mistress Paula. She tried to ignore the gag pushing against her throat, and concentrated on Paula's fingers rubbing hard on her clit and the constant thrusting of the dildo.

She could sense Paula's own excitement rise as the girl pushed closer against her arse, pressing the shaft in deeper. Soon Katie knew that she would cum, but for a moment she found herself wondering whether it would be the final sensation she would experience during her short life. Then she felt her body start to shake and spasm, shattering into a thousand tiny pieces before being reformed in a flash of white heat, and then Katie passed out.

She came round lying on the sofa, still dressed in her rubber suit but now covered with a warm blanket. Both Mason and Paula were watching her and the woman had now put her heavy cape back on. She flashed a brief smile when she saw Katie open her eyes.

'Welcome back my dear, and well done. You have been pushed to the very edges of your own endurance and you did not turn back, I'm impressed.'

'I told you I was serious,' replied Katie weakly. 'But thanks for letting me prove it to you, and to myself.' She turned to look at Mason and smiled but he did not return the gesture.

'Listen carefully Katie. I've been talking to Mistress Paula and she has decided to make you an offer. Mistress Paula runs an exclusive school in Vienna for girls such as yourself and she has offered to take you on as a pupil. She and her fellow tutors will be able to teach you more than I ever could. If you're really serious about becoming a true submissive, then this is an amazing opportunity, and one which may never be offered again.' Mason now smiled at his pupil, waiting to see what her reaction would be, but Katie said nothing.

'It will be hard work if you decide to come with me, I can promise you that,' said Paula. 'There will be times when what you experienced this evening will seem like child's play in comparison, and there can be no turning back. Once you enroll at the college, you will finish your time there, even if that means being chained down in a cell for the duration.'

'How long is the 'duration'?' asked Katie.

'Five years, sometimes longer if you are not purchased by a buyer.'

'Purchased? You mean bought for money?'

'Of course I mean bought! What else in life would a true rubber slave desire?' snapped Paula.

'I need to think first. You'll be staying here for a while?'

'No. I fly back to Vienna in the morning. You make the decision now, that's final!'

Katie did not know what to think. She knew that she wanted to follow Paula back to Vienna and that the idea of a life of slavery was already making her wet with excitement. But what about Mason? He was her Master, but she was falling in love with him, how could she leave him now to be with this stranger?

The answer though was obvious. If she stayed, then that would be it for the rest of her life. She might last with Mason or maybe move on but she'd always continue to play her games and dress in rubber, but that's all it would ever be - just play.

What Paula offered was dangerously real and she knew that it was this fact that she could not resist. If she stayed with Mason, she would always wonder about what she had turned down, and it would eat away at her for the rest of her life, causing dissatisfaction wherever she looked.

'Ok, I've decided,' she said eventually. 'I'll accept your offer Mistress, I'm coming to Vienna.'

END.