

I entered the room and paused to take in the dimly lit scene before me, and then gently closed the door. The room had been prepared immaculately and was exactly as planned. Although only lit by a single red bulb, hidden deep inside an overhead glass lamp, I could still make out all the details.

Over by the far wall was a large bed, low to the floor like a futon and covered by several sheets of rippling black rubber. Piled on top by the back wall were several large pillows, again encased in rubber, only here red had been used as well as black.

The raw scent of latex was almost overpowering in its sweetness, but I knew that it wasn't solely the sheeting and pillows that contributed towards this.

Between myself and the bed stood a large glass table. On top of the table I could see four plastic boxes of varying sizes, and each was sealed with a lid. I knew that the cases contained a selection of rubber clothing that I was expected to wear, and this thought sent shivers of excitement through my naked body.

Looking down at myself, I saw hardened nipples, standing out erect from my breasts, and my skin began to goosepimple despite the warm temperature of the room. I couldn't kid myself, I was becoming sexually aroused already, and I hadn't even examined the contents of the first box yet. I knew I was most definitely going to enjoy the pleasures to come.

Putting my thoughts to one side, I walked across the soft carpet to the table. I reached out and took the case on the far left, labelled '1', and carefully removed the plastic lid. I smelt the aroma of polished latex and felt around to see what was inside.

I lifted out several handfuls of soft rubber and a small bottle and placed all the items down on the table, where I could see them better. I sorted out six pieces of clothing; a catsuit, gloves, stockings, and hood, and then checked the contents of the bottle, discovering that it contained dressing lubricant.

Everything was glossy black, the gloves and stockings looking long and tight, and the hood was one of the open variety. The catsuit was exceptionally well constructed and I could see from the seams that it had been made to measure. I ran my fingers slowly across the rubber and noticed that the rear zip terminated not at the front of the suit, but instead next to a large reinforced opening. From its position I quickly realised that the suit was crotchless. My excitement grew and I had to stop myself from opening up the second box, to see what I would be wearing next.

I put the suit back down and picked up the lube. Squeezing a pool into my palm, I started to apply it to my feet and legs. I rubbed the smooth oil all over, leaving my skin as shiny and slippery as the latex I was about to get into.

I picked up one of the rubber stockings and stretched the material between my fingers. Lifting up one foot in preparation, I began to pull the cool latex over it in folds. It then began to slide up easily carried by the lube and within seconds I was starting to repeat the process with the my other leg.

I then stood for a moment and bent my knees, savouring the sensation as the rubber stretched tightly over my smooth thighs. But like an addict, I now had the taste and I knew I wanted more; lots more, before I would be satisfied.

The long opera gloves were next. Each one shaped itself around my skin, fingers held tight within a sealed vacuum. Then I looked down at the two garments left on the table top and decided to go for the hood before the catsuit.

I reached up with one gloved hand to tie back the strands of my long auburn hair, instantly remembering that my entire head had been shaved that very morning, enabling me to appreciate my rubber enclosure to the max. My fingers touched the smooth skin and I could feel the contours of my skull that lay beneath. Now I would find out if the sacrifice I had made was really worth it.

My scalp was already slick from the various oils and creams that had been used to soothe my shaven skin. I pulled the hood around my chin and then slid it back to enclose my entire head. Reaching behind, I pulled down the zip which sealed the rubber mask tight around my face. There was no mirror in the room but I could imagine how I already looked and ran my hands around the edge of the hood to ensure it was a good fit.

Now I was ready for the catsuit, to complete my first layer of rubber. I picked up the garment and inspected it. Made from relatively thin latex, I knew from past experience that I would have to be careful not to rip it. I applied plenty of lubricant to my stockings and gloves, and then started to slide the leg of the suit over my foot.

As I gently eased the suit up, it immediately cooled my skin through the stocking, but within seconds the process began to reverse and I could feel my flesh tingle with warmth and the added constriction. Using a mixture of patience and plenty of lube, the suit slid on without too much trouble, and it wasn't long before both legs were encased.

I then carefully pulled the catsuit up over my waist and hips, enjoying the sensations as the crotch opening slid snugly into place around my pussy and arse. I continued to roll the rubber upwards and then squeezed my slippery hands down inside the sleeves, forcing my fingers out through the tight wrist openings.

Pulling the latex up over my shoulders, I reached behind me to grab hold of the zip. At first my fingers slipped, because of the oily lubricant, but then, with a concerted effort, I managed to draw the zip upwards. I always enjoyed closing up a catsuit, and this time was no exception. I had to tug hard to

get the latex over my ample chest, but then the zip easily slid up the last few inches and I felt the collar close around my neck, creating a comfortable seal over the rubber hood.

I stood away from the table and smoothed my hands across the glossy surface of the rubber that now covered my skin. Like a human rubber band my body expanded and stretched as I walked around the room, the highly polished latex squeaking and crackling with movement.

Apart from my face only my genitalia were now left uncovered. In contrast to the rest of my body, which now grew hotter underneath the latex, my pussy felt moist and relatively cool. Feeling the rubber working it's magic on me, I began to softly rub my clitoris with a rubber finger. I closed my eyes to concentrate better on the sensations that my body was being immersed in.

I felt the rubber all around me, not only that but I could smell it, even taste it. My fingers massaged the blood engorged skin around my clit, elevating my body onto a level of pure sexual pleasure; nothing else mattered to me now.

But I had to stop. It was pretty obvious where this would lead if I continued to masturbate. The evening had been carefully planned and this wasn't part of it, not yet anyway. I let my hand drop to my side and stood for a moment more, luxuriating in my rubber induced bliss, and wondering about what was yet to come.

I walked back to the table and pulled the second case towards me. Although it was the same size as the first it felt heavier, and I was very curious to know what lay inside. I unclipped the lid and pulled out another mass of black rubber, placing it carefully on the tabletop.

This time there were only two items, one looked to be another rubber suit and the other appeared to be a mask. The suit was much thicker than the first and very heavy. I had never worn one like it before, and I wondered if I would even be able to get into it unassisted.

Running it through my hands, I noticed that there were a number of attached rubber mouldings. It had a pair of solid rubber breast cups, but they were enormous, far larger than my own breasts. On the end of each proudly stood a huge nipple, made from pink latex, imitating real skin.

But that was just the start. Like the suit I already wore, the rear zip terminated in the small of the back. Below it was a large rubber ring, made from the same pink latex, that resembled an obscene sphincter. The hole in the centre had a raised ridge all around it and I guessed that when the suit was worn, this 'entry' point would align with my arse.

Turning the suit over, I was now not surprised to see that instead of a crotch zip there were a pair of rounded pink, rubber lips surrounding another hole in the suit. It was obviously designed to look like a giant, aroused pussy, and as I stood there fingering the hole with my glove, I felt a shiver of animal lust rock right through me.

The effect was potent. I wanted to get the bizarre suit on straight away. Like everything else it was polished to a high shine and I knew that it would be difficult to get over the first layer of sticky rubber. I fumbled for the bottle of lubricant, squirting out jets of the stuff onto my chest, legs and arms.

Surprisingly, although the suit was nearly skintight, it slid over the latex with ease. However, as I moved around causing trapped air to be pushed out, the thick rubber became almost immovable as though stuck down with glue. But eventually after a good twenty minutes of pulling and pushing, it was on, and I started to zip it shut. I found this hard work and my arm was aching, bent and constricted by the thick, outer layer. But at last I reached the top and I could feel my neck squeezed firmly by the added pressure.

I looked down at my strange form. In front of me where the two glistening rubber tits, standing out a good foot from the rest of my body. My own breasts perfectly filled the hollows that lay within and if I squeezed hard enough I could still stimulate my nipples buried inside.

Moving my arms lower I could feel, but not see, the soft lips of my prosthetic pussy. I rubbed my hands around the opening and then plunged two fingers deep inside myself. I was very wet and I could feel some fluid already starting to seep out and dribble down onto my thighs.

The suit was very restrictive and following my struggle to get into it, I was sweating heavily. Just bending my arms and legs was an effort, and I wondered if I would ever be able to get out of it. However this thought did not particularly worry me, as I could think of far worse things than being sealed inside this rubber prison. In fact after a few minutes, I quickly got used to it and found the effect of the suit to be more pleasurable than uncomfortable.

I returned my attention to the table and the rubber mask. Examining it closely in the soft red light, I could see that like my second suit this was a much more severe item of clothing than the open hood I was wearing.

The mask was made from the same thick material as the suit, and appeared to have only small openings for mouth and nose and no eye holes at all. At the base of the mask was an attached collar made of stiff rubber and fastened by a large buckle. Linked to this was an unfastened padlock, which I presumed should be locked around the buckle once the mask was on. There was no sign of a key.

I decided not to waste any more time and brought the mask up to my face. I tugged it on over my existing hood, and once in position began to pull the rear zipper downwards. Just like the suit, the fit was extremely tight and I could feel my face being squeezed inside.

I tried to concentrate on fastening the collar, but because the buckle was situated over the rear zip, my arms and fingers tired easily. Also, I was still adjusting to my enforced blindness, and trying to

breathe through the constrictive mouth and nasal openings.

Eventually, I managed to close the buckle and then had to grope around on the table until I found the heavy padlock. Picking it up, I carefully looped it through the buckle and attached 'O' ring and then clicked the lock shut with my fingers. Now with the knowledge that I was locked within the rubber mask I felt more excited and turned on than ever. My whole body was bathed in sweat beneath the multiple layers and my wet vagina and clit were aching for some attention.

However, I resisted the temptation and felt my way along the table for the third box. This felt larger than the previous two and once again I unfastened the lid and reached inside for the contents.

Instead of finding soft clothing my hands pulled out what seemed to be a pair of heavy boots. The foot was angular and felt like a wellington, but then the long legs were made of tight industrial grade rubber and were more like a cross between a wader and an ultra thick stocking. One thing was for sure, it was going to be fun putting them on!

At the bottom of the case, I also found a pair of large rubber gloves that felt like they had been made from the same thick material as the boots. But I decided I would deal with those after getting the boots on. I carefully sat down on the floor and pushed my legs out straight, clutching both the boots and the bottle of lubricant in my hands. I picked up the first boot and squirted some lube inside and then some more onto my legs, although I was sure most of it was going onto the carpet. I rubbed my legs down and then angled my foot into the boot entrance.

It was again hard, sweaty work but I slowly managed to edge my foot down inside and once I had got past the tight ankle, my foot easily slid into the relatively spacious wellington below. I then slowly repeated the process with the second boot until I heard my foot squeeze into the bottom with a wet squelching noise.

I tried to stand, but with some difficulty, as I suffered a small headrush and the lubricant inside the boots caused my feet to slip and slide with every step I took. I hauled myself back up to the table and reached around for the gloves. Locating them, I pulled on first the left and then the right, revelling again in the sheer mass of latex weighing down upon my body and inhaling the sexually charged fumes of warm rubber.

God how I wanted to fuck myself! My cunt was oozing juice all over my legs and I could feel my sensitive tits buried deep inside their rubber mounds, itching to be squeezed and pulled by a masterful pair of rubber hands. Never had I worn this much latex and never had I been this turned on. But I knew there was still one more box to go, and I was desperate to find out what was inside.

I had to grope around for the case and eventually managed to knock it off the table. I crawled around on the floor for several minutes until, at last, I found it lying unopened on its side. It was much smaller than the others and feeling thoroughly exhausted after my search, I decided to try and find the bed and open it there.

However, this was easier said than done. My first couple of attempts all ended in failure, with me either bumping blindly into the table legs or up against the walls of the room. Eventually, I stumbled across the edge of the bed, and hauled myself up, box in hand, onto the cool latex sheets.

I lay for a while on the bed, slipping into a kind of trance caused partly by my fatigue, but also helped by the many tight layers of rubber I was now buried beneath. I started to breathe easily again and felt a renewed wave of energy and excitement coursing through my veins.

Sitting up I reached for the box and unclipped its lid, discarding it onto the floor with a flick of my hand. I felt inside and pulled out a number of tubed objects. Carefully, I placed two down next to my right thigh so I would not easily lose them, and picked up the remaining item. It felt round and soft and seemed to have some form of elastic strap attached to it. There was also a long tube and another soft attachment on the end. I quickly realised that it was an inflatable rubber gag, with an elasticated strap for my head.

I had worn one several times before and despite my lack of sight, slipped the gag over my head and slid the deflated rubber ball into my mouth. It felt good to taste the latex between my lips, but this now meant I was forced to breathe only through the nose openings of the mask. I adjusted the strap and then set about inflating the gag with the attached bulb. Very quickly my mouth was filled with expanding rubber, and I stopped after several more pumps, ensuring that it wouldn't become too uncomfortable, worn over a long period.

My sensory deprivation had now gone up another step and I released a few muted moans of pleasure from within my rubber stuffed mouth. I felt down for one of the other two objects and located something large and heavy. I picked it up and slowly felt about with my gloved hands trying to work out what it was. The shape was familiar; a round base quickly tapering to a thin stem and then expanding again into what felt like a long smooth cylinder, it had to be a butt plug. But it was the size of it that now worried me - it was huge! I'd been plugged many times before, but never with anything this big, and from what I could feel it was made of hard steel, not silicone. However, I'd taken everything else this evening in my stride and I wasn't going to bottle out now, it was damn well going in me, one way or the other!

I hoped that due to my highly excited state, my rear hole was already lubricated enough. Besides I'd left the bottle back on the table and I certainly wasn't going to go and look for it now. I got down onto my knees and bent over, feeling the latex suits constrict and pull around me. One hand held the plug

while the other searched around my arse, until I found the rounded rubber lip that marked the location of the suit's anal opening.

I mentally prepared myself and then placed the plug up against the entrance. I had to push it hard in order to get it inside, as the hole was a tight fit, but then I let out a small sigh as I felt the sudden touch of cold metal against my sphincter. I waited for a second and then started to push the steel invader up into my arse. I felt very relaxed and coupled with my state of high arousal, the plug moved in slowly but without causing any real discomfort. Once or twice I had to pause, to regain my breath if nothing else and then I would start pushing again, until finally the full girth was in. Then my arsehole greedily ate the final inch with a sudden gurgling sound making me cry out with pleasure and filthy rubber lust.

Just one more item to go and then I would be completely transformed into a creature driven only by twisted sexual desire. I felt around on the bed and found what I was looking for. I was sure I now knew what the object would be, and sure enough my guess was correct; a dildo.

Like the butt plug it was large - bigger than I had used before, but made of softest silicone with a long hard handle. The head felt bulbous and smooth but below that the shaft was covered in tiny ridges, forming into larger bumps and ripples further down. The base felt like a forest of soft tentacles and spikes, bending upwards onto an extension that formed a formidable clitoral stimulator.

I knew that this was finally part of my reward. I could now take full pleasure from my situation and use the dildo to fuck myself into my first orgasm of the night. It had been hard work, mostly very pleasurable, but not without it's difficulties. Now I was going to take what was rightfully mine.

I lay back onto the rubber sheets and tried to relax completely. I could feel the huge plug settle inside me, causing ripples of sensation to fan outwards from my sealed ring, and I instinctively bit down onto the gag, revelling in its rubbery taste. I slowly lifted the dildo towards my cunt and let it nuzzle up against the wet rubber lips of my outer suit. I had wanted to build towards my penetration, but suddenly I could hold back no longer, and I pushed the fat phallus straight in, arching backwards and moaning out loud with delight.

Despite its size, I was so heavily greased with fluids, it slid straight inside. The design was perfect, the various moulded stimuli helping to tip my body over, into an uncontrollable sexual frenzy. I tried to take back control but it was too late, I was nothing now but a slave to the rubber.

I imagined how I might look to another, writhing there on the sheets in the dimly lit room. A bizarre parody of the female form made from polished ebony, I was now the perfect rubber doll; the ultimate latex fuck. With my enormous breasts and hungry cunt, there was no doubting what I wanted, or what I needed. To feel and look this way had always been my dream and now I was actually living out my wildest fantasy.

While one hand slid the dildo rhythmically in and out of my pussy, I molested my rubbered arse with the other. Pushing the butt plug even further inside, I could feel it rubbing my flesh against the dildo. I chewed on the gag like a rabid dog, giving the hand pump a further squeeze, confident that I could now handle the enlarged balloon that threatened to prize apart my mouth. The added size caused a trickle of spittle to drip from my lips, joining the sticky pool of bodily fluids that was now building up on the latex sheets beneath me.

Fuck! I was a dirty rubber whore and I was loving every second of it! The sensations I now experienced were unlike anything I had felt before, and although I wanted to make the moment last forever, I knew I was soon going to cum and I simply couldn't stop myself.

The dildo continued to plunge between my swollen latex lips, tormenting my throbbing clitoris with its array of rubber spikes and mounds. I could feel my body on the edge, falling into my orgasm for what seemed like an eternity, as I fucked myself into oblivion.

But then it happened. Still a shock when I finally started to cum, a series of ferocious jolts ripped through me as I thrashed around, tangled within the rubber sheets. I wanted to scream but the gag had robbed me of my voice, and all that I could produce was a deep animal groan. I felt all my muscles contract, making my cunt clench tightly around the dildo and then rapidly expelling it, coated with hot juices. In a similar fashion, my buttocks clamped around the anal plug buried deep within me and then nearly dislodged it with a final huge spasm.

I continued to shake and moan for a number of minutes, as I lay propped up on the bed trying to relax myself and calm my breathing down. The rubber was still welded tight onto me, and my sweat drenched body felt like it was burning up underneath the multiple layers of latex.

Then as I lay there in the damp darkness, inhaling the smell of rubber and sex, I heard the handle of the door turning. I felt no fear, but the noise surprised me and made me focus my senses. I heard a person enter the room, close the door behind them and then walk slowly towards me. I knew then that it was my husband and Master who stood there watching me, and that this night of extreme rubber lust was only just beginning.

END.