

PROLOGUE. 00:17 am

The summer night air was hot and humid and distant thunder could just be heard above the sound of the overflowing gutters as the heavy rain continued to fall.

Cindy paced impatiently by the back door of the nightclub, trying to keep as dry as she could. She was young, just twenty three, and had a slim body accentuated by a shapely bottom and firm breasts. Blonde hair fell over her shoulders obscuring the back of her tight DKNY t-shirt, long figure hugging jeans and trainers completed the picture. She clutched at a mobile phone in one hand, and a lit cigarette in the other. The phone rang and Cindy quickly answered.

'Hi Pete? About time to, what the fuck have you been doing, I rang over an hour ago!' there was a brief pause before Cindy continued. 'Yeah that's right. No, I didn't leave the club. Listen Pete, just be straight with me, they've backed out haven't they, worried I'll regret the whole thing and go to the police, or some lame shit like that,' then another pause. 'I'm categorically telling you, they are not here! They can't have left a message saying they made the pickup, it's not possible, unless, shit, you don't think they made a mistake do you?'

An edge of panic now entered Cindy's voice. 'We gave them explicit instructions Pete, there was no way they could fuck this up!' she took a long drag of the cigarette. 'Oh Jesus. What if they took some other fucking girl, suppose she looked similar or something? That's it now, we told them to hide out for twenty four hours, that was the deal, no outside contact until the time was up, they could be doing fuck only knows to her and we can't even tell them they've got the wrong girl!'

A brief silence followed, 'No I won't fucking calm down, why the hell should I? We could get put away for this, it's technically kidnapping for crying out loud, and it was me they were supposed to be taking. Fuck, and I was really looking forward to this as well, you wouldn't believe how many pairs of knickers I've gone through today!'

3:37 am

Lauren awoke in the dark feeling horribly disorientated. Then she remembered. She'd left the club, following an argument on the dancefloor involving her boyfriend, a not unusual occurrence, and had been walking down the street when she was suddenly grabbed from behind. She saw a blur of black and then felt something cover her mouth, that was all she could recall.

She tried to move but found she had been tightly bound with rope around both wrists and ankles. She realised she was no longer wearing her clothes, but that she wasn't naked. On the contrary she felt hot, and realised that she was dressed in some sort of stretchy suit that felt and smelt like rubber. It hugged tightly to the contours of her slim body and was thick and heavy, causing her to sweat.

Lauren was thirsty, her swollen tongue rolling around the inside of her dry mouth, and she tried to call out to anyone that might be near.

'Is there anyone there?' she paused to listen to the black silence that surrounded her. 'Help me, please, I need some water!' but there was no reply. She gently lay her head onto the cold floor and within moments had drifted back into a troubled sleep.

7:00 am

'Is she awake yet?'

'No. Still out for the count' came the reply. 'Better use the hose, or she'll sleep the whole day away.'

The door opened to allow a watery grey light into the room. The floor was covered in dirty straw and the walls were made from wooden planks nailed together. Two men dressed in black, entered through the door carrying a large bag and a length of hose.

Whilst one man stood back, the other twisted the end of the pipe and immediately a strong jet of water was propelled onto the floor. He aimed the spray into the corner of the room where a black object lay inert amidst the straw.

That object was Lauren and she awoke with a sudden shock as a blast of freezing water hit her square in the face. She tried to move away but could only squirm against her bonds as she cried out loud for the torture to end.

The man screwed the valve shut and dropped the hose to the floor. His associate now walked across to where Lauren lay, bound in wet rubber and sobbing amongst the strands of wet straw. He looked down upon her. Looking up into his piercing eyes she found herself unable to speak, her fear was so great.

'Good morning!' the man exclaimed in a jovial voice. 'And how are we feeling on this fine day, mmm? Fancy some breakfast?'

Lauren could only shake her head and begged for something to drink in a barely audible whisper. The man turned to his friend. 'Did you hear that Frank, she'd like a drink? We give the silly bitch a morning shower and now she's begging for water, how's that for gratitude!' he looked back down at Lauren's wet face. 'Perhaps she'd like some more from the hose, yes?'

'No please! No more spray!' she closed her eyes and fearfully waited for another chilling blast.

'Frank get her some breakfast, and put the hose away. After all she's going to need every ounce of energy to get through what we've planned today!'

The second man left the room and took the pipe with him.

'So then, how do you like your new home? I think a farmyard barn is a very fitting location for an animal such as yourself, don't you think?'

'Please, I don't know who you are but just let me go, I've never done anything to anyone. Tell me why you're doing this?' Lauren was starting to become hysterical.

'Oh come on now, don't be shy, you know this is what you want. Stop fighting it and enjoy yourself.' the man then stooped down to look inside his bag. 'I think we need some more clothes on before breakfast. We wouldn't want you getting that lovely long hair of yours messy now would we?'

He brought out a limp piece of black rubber decorated by a number of straps and buckles. Then he quickly grabbed Lauren's head and despite her attempts to bite him, trussed her dirty blonde hair into a ponytail and pulled the latex mask over her head. She spat and wriggled like a scolded cat but it was no use. After getting the hood into place, he turned Lauren over onto her front and started to lace the mask up tightly from behind. He then fastened all the straps down, closing the last buckle with the added security of a small padlock.

As Lauren was released she turned back round onto the wet straw. Her face was now covered by the tight black rubber and only her eyes, and lips could be seen through three small reinforced holes. She had difficulty adjusting her breathing to the hood and lay still for a few moments.

The man looked down upon her and briefly marvelled at the sight. The suit already had attached socks and gloves so now Lauren was completely enclosed in latex.

'Perfect!' he sighed. 'Such a shame that this is only for one day and not a more permanent transformation. Ahh here comes Frank with some sustenance for you.'

The other man returned holding a shallow metal trough in his arms. He placed it down on the floor a short distance from Lauren and then stood back.

'There it is then, your breakfast. It's all your going to get so don't turn your nose up. You've got half an hour to eat and then we'll be back to kick off the morning activities!' Both men then turned and left, closing the barn door behind them.

Lauren couldn't see the contents of the trough, so she slowly wriggled her body over the floor until she was resting her head against the rim. She lifted her head over and peered in at a dismal pool of liquid grey muck. No way was she going to touch that stuff!

She lay on the floor for a few minutes and thought about her situation. They were probably telling the truth when they said this was all she would be getting. Exhausted despite her sleep, Lauren's stomach growled loudly for food and she knew she would have to eat something.

Fuck it! There was no other option. She lifted her head again and pushed her self over enough to be able to lower her mouth to the goo. However, because of her mask she had to immerse her head into the slop and then try to suck the food up into her mouth. At first it was difficult and the gruel tasted foul, but it was nourishment. But she slowly got the hang of it, and after a while there was nothing left in the trough apart from a few pools that were too far away for her to reach. As she lay back on the straw, her hunger now satisfied, she heard the door hinges squeal and realised that her captors had returned.

9:12 am

Lauren lifted her head and felt the warmth of the sun begin to heat the black rubber that coated and imprisoned her young body. She was alone and chained to a post that stood in a sea of churned mud outside the barn. She was kneeling in the thick muck, her feet bound behind her, while her arms and hands had been secured tightly to the wooden post with metal chain. She wondered who on earth were her captors and why they were doing this to her?

After she had eaten they had dragged her screaming from the barn and out into the morning light. Pulled through the mud it had taken the strength of both men to bind her securely to the post. She had hurled a multitude of abuse at them but they didn't seem to care. Whilst the man called Frank had finished fastening her hands the other man, who seemed to be in charge, had stood in front of her and unzipped his trousers. Lauren had thought that he was going to make her suck his dick, or worse, but instead he announced that she needed a good wash after her meal and had released a long stream of warm piss over her rubber head and tits.

She moved to try and avoid it, but still urine had trickled down inside her mask, and even now over an hour later she could still taste and smell it. The worst thing was that Lauren needed to take a piss herself and knew that she would probably have to release it into her suit, to add to the sweat that was already building up.

Suddenly, from behind the shed came the man called Frank. He walked over to her and grinned down as she knelt, humiliated at his feet. She didn't dare look up in case she was showered with another dose of piss. But then the man lowered himself down to her level and spoke.

'Well slut, how are you enjoying your little stay so far? I've got something here for you that should put a smile on your face, especially one like yours you dirty whore!' He was holding an object in his left hand and Lauren saw that it appeared to be some sort of sex toy, attached to a tube and a hand pump.

The man reached across and started to slowly undo Lauren's crotch zip. The terrified girl started to cry out and tried to loosen the chains that held her tight to the post. Fuck, Lauren thought, what's the bastard going to do to me!

The cool air touched her pussy and the combination of a swollen bladder and extreme fear, meant that Lauren started to piss uncontrollably onto the mud below, splashing against her thighs and over the man's bare hand.

'Fuck, you dirty little bitch!' he exclaimed. 'You did that on purpose didn't you. Well you won't be doing it again in a hurry I can tell you that.' He now pushed his wet fingers through the mouth hole of Lauren's mask and made her lick them clean, and with his other hand he took the dildo and forced it up inside her pussy. He then sealed the zip back up and started to inflate it with a series of pumps.

Lauren tried to struggle, but was suddenly silenced by the growing invader now lodged deep inside her vagina. She pulled rigid against her bonds and stuttered out a series of loud moans.

'That's better eh?' said the man. 'Just what you wanted wasn't it, you foul bitch. Well I think we'll leave you here for a while. I reckon that sun's going to get pretty hot in an hour or so, then we'll see how you cope!' He raised himself off the ground, took one last look at Lauren, and vanished back around the side of the barn.

The girl did not know what to think. If they were going to rape or kill her then surely they would have done it by now? This focus on bondage and rubber was something else entirely and as Lauren lay there shackled to the post, with the bizarre pump dangling between her thighs, she could not stop herself from feeling slightly aroused. The dildo was pressing hard against her pussy, and she could feel her lips start to moisten under the damp latex.

11:54 am

The sun was now high in the sky above Lauren's head, although she hardly had the energy to lift her eyes to see. She had become increasingly hot since the dildo had been inserted and now the black rubber suit was literally starting to cook her in her own juices.

She had tried to settle her body deeper into the mud to at least cool her legs, but this had only partially worked. She had now sunk her head down as far as she could, to try and create some shade over her midriff, and to keep the light away from her eyes.

To add to her discomfort, the rubber now bit into her wet skin at every point where she was bound and the thick chains had cut off the circulation to both her feet and hands.

But she could still feel the dildo grinding inside, and if she concentrated on working her thighs up and down in the soft mud, eventually waves of pleasure would spread throughout her aching body, taking away the pain, if only temporarily.

The whole situation was becoming so intense and bizarre, that Lauren could feel her grip on reality begin to slip. She couldn't understand why any of this was happening, the day felt like a surreal dream.

However, rather than struggle with her dilemma, her brain now focussed on the stimuli that her body was being subjected to. Her head fell down another inch, and with a long sigh, she began to push her legs together, concentrating on the inflated dildo moving inside her greased pussy.

2:28 pm

The two men stood in front of Lauren. She was a pitiful sight, hanging limply to the wooden post, held aloft only by the chains that bound her. Her tight fitting rubber was no longer black as her lower half was now covered with mud, some of which was wet, but in other places had dried to a light brown colour.

'Wake her up Frank!' ordered the man.

Frank pulled the hose pipe from behind him and unscrewed the nozzle. A sudden gush of water emerged and he pointed it straight at Lauren's lowered head. The girl awoke with a start and inhaled loudly, crying out from shock. He sprayed her all over, washing the dried mud away and making sure that Lauren was thoroughly awake.

'Right, now give her something to drink.'

Frank adjusted the hose nozzle to weaken the flow and then bent down next to Lauren and put the pipe into her parched mouth. Greedily she sucked from the pipe and drank down the cool water for what seemed like an eternity.

'Had enough?' asked the man. Lauren nodded and Frank withdrew the hose, spraying her latex clad body one more time, before turning the flow off and dropping the pipe to the sodden ground.

'Frank, I'm sure our guest here is feeling hungry. Perhaps she'd like some more of the house speciality.' He signalled with his hand and Frank revealed another trough of the liquid slops that Lauren had eaten that morning. He placed it down on the ground and then proceeded to unshackle her from the binding post.

Her limbs were so stiff that at first she could only lie in the cool mud, gathering her strength before crawling towards the food, desperate for some energy. When she reached it she rested her masked head against the metal container and began to lap at the food like a pet, watched all the time by her two captors standing over her.

3:02 pm

Frank violently kicked the trough into the mud as Lauren finished eating the last drop of tasteless gruel. She lay face down in the slime, her mouth coated by the grey slop as she waited to see what would happen next. She did not have to wait long to find out.

'Dinners over slut. Here comes Micky with your next task, I think your going to enjoy this one!'

The other man had left shortly after Lauren began eating, but he now reappeared, pulling behind him what resembled a farmers plough. Lauren looked over at the contraption feeling a strange mixture of fear and curiosity well up inside her. He bought the piece of machinery over to where she lay and let it drop to the ground.

To Lauren's eye, it appeared conventional in most respects. A number of steel blades were fixed with rivets to lengths of wood that in turn connected to a central metal frame. However, the head of the plough was fitted with a harness made of thick leather straps and buckles that enabled it to be strapped to something or someone. Upon closer inspection, Lauren saw that the harness was fitted with a rubber mouth bit, and further down a pair of large black dildos.

'Up you get!' ordered Micky. 'You're going to become our very own rubber shire horse! Frank, give us a hand will you?' The two men manhandled Lauren easily into position and then began to quickly close the leather straps about her rubber body. The bit was slipped between her lips and then buckled tightly so that Lauren's mouth was forced apart, causing spittle to drop to the mud below.

Lauren thought about trying to struggle as Frank forced her thighs wide and then swiftly removed the slimy inflatable dildo from her pussy. There was probably little point though, as they were much stronger than her and she had figured that she would need every ounce of strength for the next ordeal.

Neither man seemed to want to hurt her. Instead it seemed that she was some part of a bizarre sex fantasy, and despite her initial fear and anxiety, she could no longer deny her own rising sexual excitement. The suit was now full of her sweat, but as the afternoon sun moved slowly behind the trees, she began to enjoy the feel of the warm, wet rubber moving against her skin, and the taste of the bit between her teeth.

Frank and Micky continued to manhandle her rear as they unzipped the suit further. She obediently waited in the mud on all fours, feeling rough greasy fingers slipping in and out of her vagina before they moved around to her arse.

Lauren knew what was going to happen next but rather than shy away, she stuck her bottom out as far as it would go and awaited penetration. Sure enough two cold objects nuzzled up against her soft skin and then taking a deep breath, she felt them both slide inside. Her wet pussy greedily ate the larger of the two, but the anal dildo had to be helped into position by Micky, while Frank knelt next to her playing with her muddy rubber tits. Lauren lowered her head and pawed the mud like an animal, delighting in the sensations she experienced as she tensed her anal and vaginal muscles.

'Fuck me, you are a randy rubber slut!' exclaimed Frank. 'We knew you'd give in eventually. It's only ever a matter of time with girls like you.' Lauren could only moan and gurgle in reply but it was plain to see she was enjoying herself. Perhaps a little too much in Micky's view, it was time to get on with the job in hand.

'Ok, that's enough of that! It's time to earn your keep now. I want you to plough this whole area around the barn and you won't be unstrapped until you finish. Understand?'

Lauren looked up at Micky and groaned, spit now falling in a steady stream from her mouth.

'And just so you know, this whole exercise is purely for our enjoyment. There's no point in you ploughing through mud, but if you fancy taking a break, Frank here will encourage you back to work.'

Lauren turned to Frank who she found standing behind her holding a large leather whip in his hand. He smiled sadistically and then raised his arm in the air, bringing the whip down onto Lauren's back with a loud cracking sound. She tried to cry out from the pain but the rubber bit prevented her from making any coherent noise.

Once was enough and Lauren had got the message. She moved off slowly on all fours dragging the heavy plough behind her. It sank quickly into the mud and it took all of her strength to pull it onwards through the soft slime. As if that was not difficult enough, her sweating hands were slipping inside the rubber gloves, making her progress through the mud that much harder.

However she could not concentrate on her discomfort for long. As she moved her legs and the plough bumped along behind her, both dildos were pulled and pushed in and out of her holes. They felt like pistons sliding deep inside her cunt and arse, lubricated by a copious flow of bodily fluids.

She chewed down hard on the rubber bit and harness as her body went into overdrive. Sweat continued to drain into her catsuit, and her body temperature once more soared. The dildo fucking was getting too much for her and several times she nearly reached orgasm, but every time she paused for breath Frank would whip her hard until she began to move again.

Feeling high from both the physical and sexual exhaustion and blinded by sweat, Lauren's rubber body groped onwards through the thick mud, as the late afternoon turned to evening.

INTERLUDE. 5:14 pm

Pete's mobile chirped into life, it was Cindy for about the fifth time that afternoon.

'Hi babe, heard anything?' There was a pause. 'No I guessed not, shit. Ok, listen. I'm going to get in my car and drive around outside town. We knew that the farm wasn't that far away and to the South, so I'll check out any places I find off the main road. I'll take my phone and get back to you if I find anything. Sound like a plan?' there was another pause. 'Yeah, you to, and listen Cindy, don't worry ok, it'll be cool, we'll sort this mess out, I promise.'

6:47 pm

Lauren was almost unrecognisable as human let alone a young female when she had finally finished ploughing the yard. Coated in mud, she lay exhausted on her side by the entrance to the barn while Frank attempted to remove her from the tangle of leather straps and slime. Micky stood nearby smoking a cigarette.

'Fucking good job girl! I have to say I didn't think you had it in you, but it's amazing what a little encouragement can do, eh?' laughing he winked at Frank. 'Anyway as your reward we're going to take you back inside the barn for the night, where we can all relax a little and get to know each other better.'

Lauren, now free from the plough, moaned weakly and was led into the barn by Frank, still stumbling along on all fours. They led her to a large pile of fresh straw in one corner and then ordered her to halt, maintaining her submissive posture.

Micky stood watching Lauren, while Frank knelt down behind her. Her suit's crotch zip was still open where he had eased out the two fat dildos, and he lifted his hand to gently play with her engorged clitoris which poked out between the folds of latex.

Lauren moaned softly and rocked her body in time to the movements of Frank's hand. He was now rubbing hard at her clit and easily slipped a pair of fingers deep inside her wet hole. Now Lauren reared her head up and groaned loudly.

'Aarrghhh, fuck yeahhh!' She felt her whole body ignite with sexual arousal. All inhibitions were falling away and she no longer cared about who these men were or why they were holding her captive. All she was aware of was the soft caress of the latex against her skin and Frank's hand against her genitals. She felt that she could do anything to prolong the feelings, and ensure her continued pleasure. I am indeed a rubber slut she thought to herself and smiled as Frank pushed another finger deep inside her pussy.

7:52 pm

The scene was one of unbridled lust and sexual perversion of the highest order. Lauren was kneeling propped up against one of the wooden cross beams at the back of the shed. Frank was fucking her from behind, his cock thrusting deep into her wide wet cunt, while his hands gripped her rubber tits, massaging them with his fingers and pinching her stiffened nipples.

Micky stood in front of Lauren, his flies unzipped and his stiff cock protruding through. She was sucking and licking his dick in the manner of a child relishing an ice lolly at the beach. Braced against the cross beam, she had both eyes closed as Frank continued to shaft her from behind.

Lauren's suit was now covered in dried mud as were a large portion of Frank's and Micky's clothes. However, her black masked head was relatively clean as both men had showered her with piss, which she had eagerly washed herself with and then drunk, savouring the obscene taste in her mouth. The surrounding straw was crushed and soaked with urine, sweat and mud. The barn stank of sex, human fluids and rubber.

The three of them had been sucking and fucking each other in differing combinations for over an hour and both men were now approaching climax. Lauren's succulent pussy sucked and clutched at Frank's huge cock with increased fervour and finally this caused the man to cum.

He gripped her rubber body hard and shook as he pumped her cunt full of hot sperm. There was so much it immediately spurting back out onto the wet straw and dribbled down the inside of Lauren's muddy thighs.

As Frank relaxed and withdrew his tool from between her legs, Micky also came filling Lauren's wet mouth with cum and then pulling his dick out, spraying her soft rubber features with creamy spunk.

'You filthy cow, that was amazing!' He smeared his cock over her face and chin, then let her tenderly lick the head clean.

Lauren carefully lowered herself to the straw and lay back exhausted. The two men stood above her and relieved themselves over her body. She tried to catch as much as she could in her open mouth and let the rest fall upon her body and the surrounding straw.

Then Frank brought out a thick leather collar from his pocket and gently fastened it around her neck with a small padlock, similar to the one that sealed her mask. The collar was then connected to a length of chain which was bolted into one of the barn's supporting beams. Both men then walked to the door, gave Lauren one last look, and without another word switched off the single overhead bulb and left.

Lauren was left in the darkness, a chained rubber slave, sexually unfulfilled and all alone.

11:18 pm

Lauren was awakened by the sound of the barn door opening. She felt cold even though the night air was warm and she could hear the roll of thunder. She tried to move into a sitting position but found the neck chain restricted her movements too much, so she lay alert in the musty straw.

She heard soft footsteps moving towards her through the darkness, and presumed it was either Frank or Micky. Then she heard them stop.

'Lauren? Are you in here?'

She went rigid hearing her name called for the first time and realised that it was the voice of Pete her boyfriend.

'Pete! Is that you? I'm here in the corner, I think there's a light switch by the door, but try to be quiet, otherwise they might overhear you!'

'I don't think there's much chance of that happening. You see I've already been up to speak to them and pay them their first days wages!'

Now the light switched on and Lauren blinking against the brightness, saw a black rubber clad figure standing proudly in front of her. Behind him, over by the door were Frank and Micky.

'What's happening, you're not Pete, who are you?' Lauren was confused and felt scared again.

'I am Pete, just not the Pete you thought you knew. My god you stink, and look at the state of you!' he turned to the two men. 'You did an impressive job for one day. I thought she would turn but I didn't think it would be this quick. This is going to be more interesting than I originally thought.' The two men beamed back with pride.

'I don't understand,' stuttered Lauren. 'You're telling me that you're behind all this - the kidnap, the humiliation the, the...' she was lost for words. She had undergone a horrible experience, but at the same time she had started to enjoy her submissive role and she knew that Pete knew this. She felt ashamed.

'You'll probably want to know why. Well let me tell you.' Pete walked over and sat down on the damp straw next to her. He took her head in his hands and affectionately cradled her in his lap. One gloved hand stroked her mask, while the other slipped below and gently touched her vagina. She sighed and closed her eyes, luxuriating in the touch of his rubber fingers. Once again she could feel herself changing into a rubber driven slut, Lauren's identity slipping away through her fingers.

'I have a friend called Cindy, you've never met her, and until today I don't think you'd have liked her, you don't have much in common, or should I say didn't.' his fingers began to gently rub at Lauren's clit as he continued. 'She's a fetish girl, that is to say loves rubber and being dominated by other rubber men and women for that matter. I too share this fetish although I sway to the dominant side myself. That's how I met Cindy, at a fetish club, and I'd be a liar if I said we hadn't fucked.'

Pete paused trying to judge Lauren's reaction, but she only lay there, eyes closed, dreamily enjoying the gentle motions of his hand.

'Anyway, Cindy has always had this dream of being abducted. She wanted to be held captive, dressed in full rubber and then treated like a sex slave, told what to do and forced to degrade herself in front of her captors. I listened to her fantasies and decided to try and make them a reality for her. It was her birthday last week, so what better opportunity I thought. I know a lot of people on the fetish scene and through the internet and knew that these two lads here would help me for the right price.'

'So why me,' asked Lauren softly. 'Why am I here and not her?'

'Ahh, well that's the clever bit you see. Cindy was all ready to be picked up last night at a local club, and during the previous week I had been organising what was going to happen to her with Frank and Micky. But at the same time I couldn't help feeling that an opportunity was being missed. This girl wanted to be abducted but at the same time she knew exactly where and when it was going to happen. On top of that she wanted to be forced in to the rubber as if she had never touched the stuff before, but again it was all bullshit, Cindy's a rubber freak for fuck's sake! So I thought to myself, what if I played this game with a real unsuspecting girl? Someone who really didn't want to be grabbed off the street, who would feel real fear and struggle hard against these guys when they forced her into rubber, so I thought of you! Also I was curious to know what you'd do. I figured you would give into the constant stimulation one way or the other but I didn't think it would be over in hours. I have to say I'm impressed, I never imagined you'd be so submissive.'

'I guess I should call you a bastard.' proposed Lauren lazily, as Pete's fingers started to stroke her wet pussy. 'Accuse you of sleeping around, telling lies, and worst of all this - kidnapping and enforced slavery - but I won't, maybe later yes, but not now. No, right now I want you to fuck me, the only way a rubber whore like me knows, and if those two want to join in the fun then let them, the more the merrier as far as I'm concerned, just fuck me - that's all I ask.' she looked up at Pete like a hungry dog begging for its food.

'Your wish sweet slave, is my command!' replied Pete, as he took Lauren in his arms and lowered her to the straw covered floor beneath him, his cock already bulging hard against his rubber catsuit.

11:54 pm

Lauren's rubber form lay in a pool of cooling cum and piss. Pete wiped his dick against her face before replacing it in his suit.

'Ok boys, do what you have to, to secure her for the night.' He turned back to look at Lauren, as Micky and Frank knelt on either side of her and began to bind her arms and legs with rope.

'The original deal for Cindy was only for one day - twenty four hours to be exact - but I've decided to alter things slightly. You seem to be settling in nicely and I want to see how far we can go with this little experiment. These two are prepared to look after you, so I'm leaving you in their care. I'll visit every day if I can to check on your progress, but I'm betting by the end of the week they'll have you eating out of their hands.'

'But what about college, my family and friends, you can't do this to me Pete..!' stammered Lauren.

'I can do it Lauren and will. Don't worry about your real life, I can take care of that for you and besides, fairly soon you probably won't be wanting it anyway.'

'But you can't leave me here!'

'Frank, Plug her and gag her please. I'll be seeing you soon Lauren. Take care and don't do anything stupid, these two are soft as anything until you push them. Night!' Pete turned and quickly left the barn, leaving the two men to their own devices.

'Here you go love, get these in you.' laughed Frank, as he pushed an inflatable dildo deep inside Lauren's pussy and forced a similar pump up gag between her teeth and strapped it round her head. Then he took both bulbs and gave them a series of hard squeezes.

Their job done, both men took one last look at Lauren's filthy body as she lay on the soiled straw. Her legs were bound firmly together with rope as were her arms, which had been tied behind her back. The wall chain was securely connected to her neck collar, further restricting her movements. Her mouth was gagged and her pussy stuffed with rubber, and all the suit's zips had been pulled shut and secured with small padlocks. She was sealed in with her own sweat and piss for the duration until they returned at seven. It would be a long and uncomfortable night.

Hardly able to move, Lauren looked at the men and tried to make a pleading sound, but all they could hear was a low wet gurgle followed by a soft moan as the girl experimentally wriggled against her bonds and felt the inflatable dildo rub deep inside. Frank winked knowingly at her, and then switched out the light, closed the barn door behind him, and locked it with a large chain.

EPILOGUE. 00:17 am

The summer night air was hot and humid and distant thunder could just be heard above the sound of the engine as Pete drove back towards town. He picked up his mobile, punched in a number and plugged it into the hands free device.

'Hi Cindy, it's Pete. All sorted you'll be pleased to hear. Found the girl and got her home safely, they didn't do too much to her and to be quite honest I think she quite enjoyed the whole thing, of course a large cash incentive helped as well...no, don't worry I've taken care of everything. You want to try again? Yeah, I don't see why not, maybe in a couple of weeks time when things have settled down, and perhaps you should consider more time than just a day, what about a week for example? Anyway, you think about it and I'll see you tomorrow. Night baby, sweet dreams!'

Pete ended the call and switched off the phone. With one hand on the wheel and the smell of warm rubber in the air, he put his foot down hard and drove into the still night.

END.