

They moved through the trees quietly and swiftly like some mystical pair of forest spirits, intent on a secret ritual. Against the sound of parted undergrowth and the occasional snapping of twigs the rustle of heavy latex Mac's could be heard, and the squeaking of rubber hip boots.

The similarly attired couple walked hand in hand downhill through the woods, moving towards the sound of water that could be heard from the valley below. Soon the descent would get steeper and they would have to progress in single file until they reached their destination. But they already knew this, as it wasn't the first time they had made this silent pilgrimage together.

Their names were Maria and John, and they had lived together in a large house on the edge of this vast forest for over a year now. Married for several years they had been passionate lovers from the start and Maria's discovery that John had a secret sexual fetish for rubber clothing had not dampened the flames. Over time they had developed their rubber tastes together, and now Maria was as big a fan of dressing up in latex as John was. Maria too had her own particular sexual preferences and she enjoyed any kind of messy sex especially whilst dressed in her rubber, but her particular favourite was what they were seeking out at this very moment - mud.

John had found this particular spot shortly after they had first moved and he had bought Maria there soon after, both of them dressed in full rubber outfits. One of the benefits of living where they did was that you could wear and do what you wanted with very little fear of being seen by someone. There were occasional dog walkers but this area was not connected by any major roads and was generally only used for logging once or twice a year. Partly because of this fact both John and Maria had quickly become used to the idea that the Forest was their personal playground and rain or shine they took every opportunity that they could to get out amongst the trees and the mud, to indulge in their rubber sex sessions.

John reviewed these facts in his head as they got closer to the river and the special spot that they were trying to reach. As they entered a steep ravine he went ahead and reached an arm out so that Maria could safely clamber down behind him. He looked up at her and felt his cock stirring within its tight rubber enclosure.

She wore a thick matt, black rubber mac, buckled tightly at the waist and fully buttoned up to her neck. The bottom of the coat was dirty, marked by soil and mud during the long walk from the house. Her black waders poked out from the bottom of the mac also dirty and the soles of the boots were caked in a thick mass of sticky gunge. Framed by the stiff collar her red lips and dark brown eyes stood out against the polished latex mask that disguised her pretty face.

What was not visible beneath the coat was the tight fitting catsuit she wore made of heavy gauge rubber with attached socks and smooth fingered gloves emerging from the ends of the rubber macintosh's sleeves. John was dressed in a similar outfit and to the casual observer it would have been hard to guess who was who looking at the two rubbery black figures.

They carefully made their way down to the stream at the bottom of the ravine and splashing into it proceeded to walk in the direction of the flowing water, until the stream levelled out and the surrounding land became flat and marshy.

This was what they had been aiming for, a shallow depression surrounded by thick bushes and trees where the water had collected to form a pond. Maria went first and pushed her way through a large clump of reeds out onto a mudflat that surrounded most of the water. Only after it had rained very hard did the pond fill up completely, the rest of the year it was mostly just kept soft by trapped moisture in the ground and trickles of water from the nearby stream. The colour was a light grey brown almost like clay, and from previous experiences Maria knew it was deceptively deep in places and could easily trap you up to your waist. But at the same time the mud itself was delightfully sticky and smooth - which was exactly how she liked it.

Maria stood perfectly still on the apparently firm ground but with a simple shake of her legs, her boots submerged quickly under the sticky slime, and when she tried to pull one foot out it slid slowly with a deep sucking sound. She turned to John who had stopped by the reeds.

'It feels just right, aren't you coming in?' she asked.

'Yep, but i'm just taking in the view of you slowly sinking first.' Maria looked round and he was right, her boots had sunk another couple of inches and her Mac was now starting to flatten out on the surface of the mud. She turned back and motioned to him to join her.

'Come on lover boy, I want you over here and I'll give you a nice long blowjob before we get down to some real action.' Her voice had a playful lilt to it, and with a grin on his face, John stepped out onto the mud and squelched over to stand next to Maria. They embraced, caressing each other through the multi layered rubber, and kissing deeply as they both continued to sink into the morass.

Maria started to rub the expanding shape of John's dick pushing up against his Mac and when she felt it was hard enough she carefully lowered herself down, first onto one knee and then the other. She settled herself in the mud feeling her knees initially sink down pulling her Mac with them. The cool feel of the thick slime penetrated the heat of her rubber covered legs and sent little shivers of sexual anticipation up through her body.

John had unbuckled his Mac and unzipped the front of his catsuit, reaching in with his glove and bringing his sticky, erect cock out for Maria to view. She looked up at him with sluttish desire in

her eyes and then taking his prick into her mouth she started fellating him deeply. John stood in the mud balancing himself by resting his hands on her rubber covered head, groaning softly as Maria increased the pace of the oral pleasure.

'Mmmm, that feels so good, don't stop until I tell you.' In response Maria sucked harder, cum and spit dribbling from her mouth over the chin of the mask and dripping down the front of her mac. Her own excitement building, she reached down into the mud and scooped up two handfuls of the thick muck. Looking back up at John she rubbed the mud over her breasts massaging it into the mac while she moaned softly to herself and continued to suck up and down his long, thick shaft.

The quiet slurping sounds of the disturbed mud and Maria and John's mutual moaning were suddenly interrupted by the loud cracking of a broken branch and the sound of something heavy falling onto the dried leaves covering the forest floor.

Maria instantly pulled back and slipping in the mud tried to quickly get to her feet. John helped her up and together they hurriedly walked round the edge of the pond to where they believed the sound had come from. Through the dense reeds and bushes John could see a figure clothed in yellow struggling to get up from the ground.

'Oi!' shouted John, 'What the fuck do you think you're doing?'

A man in his early twenties stood up looking extremely red faced and fumbling with the yellow PVC raincoat he was wearing. He also wore matching trousers tucked into a pair of muddy wellingtons and on his hands he had a pair of household rubber gloves. He hurriedly tried to cover his crotch but it was painfully obvious that he was hiding a huge erection.

'Well, what were you doing?' demanded John.

'I...I was just climbing this tree,' he indicated the broken branch lying on the ground next to him. 'And I...I fell, it was an accident, I didn't know you were here, I'm really sorry.'

Now John was getting really wound up, 'And what the fuck were you doing climbing trees in the first place? You were spying on us weren't you, you little sod, come on out with it!?''

'Calm down John!' demanded Maria. 'Hey, what's your name?'

'Ben.' the man said quietly, instantly looking like he regretted telling them.

'Well Ben, I reckon you've got just as much right to be out here as we have, especially when you look at the way my husband and I are dressed.' she smiled and looked across at John. 'Of course it is rude to spy on people if that is what you were doing, but under the circumstances I don't think I can really blame you.' she looked him up and down taking in his choice of clothing.

'Why the outfit Ben? It doesn't look like its going to rain. Now if you've been watching you'll already of figured that we're not dressed like this because of the weather, you into dressing up for your kicks too?' Maria stood in her muddy mac in a questioning stance, while John came over and protectively put his arm round her. They were both waiting for an answer.

'Shit, ok, I admit it. I came to watch you having sex. I've seen you before and I know when you're going to be down here so I come to watch. I like the mud and the fetish gear, if you saw the free show that you two put on you'd be down here aswell.' Ben waited, a worried expression on his face while he waited to see what the couple's reaction would be.

'Ok,' said John. 'Now we're getting somewhere. I suggest unless you have anything else you want to come clean about you'd better hop it, and no more spying, ok?'

'Now wait a minute.' Maria said abruptly. 'I think we should just get back to what we were doing and leave Ben to his own business.'

'No way!' John exclaimed. 'I'm not just leaving him here in the bushes to have a good perv!'

'Ok then, he can come over to the mud and show us what he's made of! Deal?'

John's eyes looked shocked, staring at Ben and then turning his attention to his masked wife.

'Don't look so upset John, its not as if we haven't had a threesome before.'

'Yeah, but we knew who those people were, we don't have a clue about this guy.' John quickly countered. Maria turned to face him and took Ben by the hand.

'We know two things, he's into rubber and mud, and that's good enough for me.' she started to walk back round to the spot they had just left, pulling the speechless young man after her, 'come on Ben, you interrupted us earlier just when my pussy was starting to itch for attention. To prove you're sorry I think you can get down in the mud and provide me with what I need. A good clit licking!'

Behind them John kicked at the broken tree branch with his boot and started to follow them back around the pond.

Maria and Ben reached the area where she had originally got on her knees to blow John, still evident from the surrounding churned up mud.

'Ok Ben, kneel down in front of me.' she ordered, clumsily unbuckling her thick belt with her mud covered fingers. The belt came undone and she parted the Mac reaching in to the fly zip on her catsuit. John watched from nearby, propped up against an old tree stump as Ben knelt down in the mire in front of Maria, transfixed by the muddy rubber girl gently pulling down the crotch zip to reveal her warm and sticky cunt.

The mud quickly covered Ben's wellingtons and his knees sank in as he settled into position,

waiting for Maria's next move. She stood over him and gently started to play with herself while smearing the wet mud around her clitoris, as her pussy moistened with anticipation. She reached over and placed one hand on Ben's PVC coat watching his face transfixed on the circling motion of her other gyrating hand. With a swift motion she inserted two of her fingers inside her hole and started to slowly frig herself. She continued for about a minute and then pulling both of her slime coated rubber fingers out, offered them to Ben's mouth.

The young man kneeling in the mud had now fully regained his sexual appetite and he sucked strongly on the scented fingers, rolling the soft latex around his mouth with his tongue, enjoying the unique taste of Maria's sex mingled with the rubber. Then Maria quickly withdrew her hand from his mouth and firmly pulled his head down onto her groin.

At first Ben gently tongued her clitoris and the surrounding pink skin, savouring her flavour and the feeling of the adhesive mud pulling his legs further down.

'Fuck Ben, that feels good! Lick me deeper, I wanna feel your tongue right up inside me, I'm not letting you get up till you've made me cum you bastard.' Maria's pelvis was writhing into Ben's face, her hands gripping onto his yellow hood as she too slowly continued sinking into the slime. Sticky juices were covering Ben's face and started to drip down Maria's thighs, inside her waders and onto the mud below. Ben kept on licking, flicking his tongue around her swollen clitoris and then ramming it as far and as hard up her honey coated pussy as he could, feeling her body buck against his mouth in pleasure.

'Oh Jesus your good! Keep going, please just keep going. I can feel I'm getting close.' Maria threw her head back in pleasure, her mouth open in ecstasy as a series of animal like moans and wimpers issued from her. Ben moved one hand up to below his probing tongue and started to play with the pursed opening of her anus. Gently at first he circled his finger around, then feeling the lubricant that had already dribbled down from her cunt Ben started to ease his finger up into her loosening passage, feeling the warm embrace of her moist hole.

This extra stimulation was enough to push Maria completely over the edge. Nearly up to her knees in the soft mud she thrust herself onto Ben's tongue and finger, shuddering to orgasm while moaning harshly into the still woodland air. John looked on from the tree stump, his stiff cock twitching in his right hand while he took in the erotic site of his wife cumming with such animal abandon, due to the attention Ben was giving her. Sensing that the moment was nearing its end, he pushed himself up and started to make his way over to the muddy couple.

Maria meanwhile could take no more and releasing Ben's head from her vicelike grip she allowed herself to fall backwards into the mud with a loud liquid sucking noise, splattering the front of Ben's Mac with thick brown trickles, as still kneeling, he stared down at the prone rubber figure laid out before him.

'Fuck that felt good! For a dirty plastic lover lurking in the bushes, you certainly do know how to give a good tongue fucking.' As she lay in the soft ooze she gently played with her rubbered breasts smearing the mud in circles while massaging them. 'But we're not finished with you yet, are we John?' She eased her head further back with a squelch and looked up at her husband who was now standing directly behind her by the reeds. 'I still need a proper hard mud fucking, before I'm done and I bet you won't be satisfied spending the rest of the day standing there with your dick in your hand.' Maria returned her gaze to Ben and beckoned for him to come over to her.

He slowly got up from the sticky mud pushing his arms down deep under the surface in order to push himself up. Uncertain of what would happen next he walked over to Maria who raised her mud covered glove up to him. Grabbing her by the hand and arm he helped pull her up out of the mud, a series of loud wet burping noises marking her separation from the mire.

Just as she found her balance on both feet, she instantly pulled hard on Ben's arm and kicked at his nearest foot with her boot. The startled young man fell face down into the slime with a noisy splat, his whole head pressing into the mud from the force of the impact.

'Don't move fucker!' Maria announced, as her mud caked sole pressed hard into his buttocks through the mac. 'Now before you get that nice big dick out, so I can see if it will satisfy my needs, I want to see you role in that mud like you're related to a hippo. I don't want one patch of yellow to be showing when you've finished, and you can fill those wellies to.'

Ben didn't need any further persuading, he was already starting to roll his whole body round in the churned up gloop, letting the mud penetrate every nook and cranny of his rainwear, as inside his trousers he could feel his slime coated cock push hard against the slippery plastic. Maria walked with some difficulty round to where John stood and with her hand slowly rubbing his erection they both watched the show that was being performed before them.

Now he was completely coated in the glistening mud, Ben sat up facing the rubber couple and removed the right wellington boot from his foot. Then with his other hand he ladled up some of the thicker mud and poured it inside, filling the boot to the brim. Then he stood up and pulled the boot back onto his foot, relishing the feeling of the cool slime as it was forced round his foot and leg and up inside his trousers. He then repeated the operation with the other foot before settling back down into the mess for another series of full body rolls.

'Ok, enough!' barked Maria, suddenly halting the sticky slurps and sucks of Ben's crazed mud

wallowing. 'Now stay on your back and get your tool out so we can both have a good look.' Ben did as he was instructed, parting his slimy mac and easing his PVC trousers down over his hips, so his brown mud coated cock was exposed, lancing straight up in front of him, more erect than he could ever remember seeing it.

'Not bad!' Maria exclaimed with lust and admiration in her voice. 'What do you think John?'

'I've seen better, but I'm guessing from the tone of your voice that you want to fuck him anyway, right?'

Maria ignored his question and slopped through the mire to where Ben was still kneeling in the ooze. She placed one boot on either side of his waist and slowly wiped the clinging slime from her pussy with a rubber finger. Then she slipped the digit back inside her warm hole, stirred it within, withdrew and then started to massage her soiled clitoris with the resulting juices. She looked down at the prone mud covered body under her, and started to lower herself down carefully, until Ben's enormous cock slid straight up inside her wet cavity. With both of them softly moaning she settled herself on his muddy torso with a comfortable squelching sound and then started to gently rock herself back and forth, whilst riding his filthy dick inside her.

Ben started to move in rhythm underneath her pulsing body, pushing his arse and legs deeply into the soft encasing slime, creating a vacuum that burped loudly every time Maria thrust down on him. At the same time he rolled his head around in ecstasy, threatening to completely engulf himself with the surrounding mud, as he begged Maria to fuck him harder and deeper into the ooze.

Still watching the two excited mud fuckers from the scenery, John, now sporting a large erection of his own started to quietly make his way around in front of Maria and approached her by walking directly round Ben's semi submerged head. Whilst Maria watched with wide glassy eyes, John moved to within inches of her face and then with a single movement of his glove offered his throbbing prick up towards her wet lips.

'You dirty fucker,' moaned Maria. 'Letting me finish what I started earlier, eh?' and with a quick smirk she opened her lips and let him thrust the whole length of his mud smeared cock inside her warm mouth, grabbing the back of her slippery rubber head with his gloves and letting her wank him roughly with her filth ridden gob.

They made a bizarre site, the three encased figures coated in mud in the dank swamp, as the rain continued to fall around them. Like a well oiled machine they squeaked and squelched in time to the fevered movements of their bodies, both John and Ben making noises of pure sexual ecstasy, while the gagged moans of Maria could just be heard as she continued to take John's spit covered shaft in and out of her mouth.

Ben and Maria were the first to cum. He thrust himself into her warm, muddy cunt as far and as hard as he could while his whole body went rigid with pleasure. She responded by momentarily losing her grip on John's cock and plunging her gloves and arms deep into the mud on either side of Ben's sunken body, feeling her orgasm shake her hot, sweat soaked body within its rubber layers and outer coating of soft mud. She felt sexually pleased beyond belief, no experience she had yet enjoyed had taken her deep rooted love of rubber, mud and fucking to such great heights. Feeling faint she looked back up at John and vainly tried to take his penis back inside her mouth.

Whilst Ben still lay rigid underneath them, John knew that Maria hardly had enough strength to stay upright, let alone suck him to the pleasure he was seeking. So he took his dick in his gloved hand and aiming it straight at Maria's muddy face started to masturbate. She looked directly at him, her mouth open wide as she tried to regain her breath.

'Oh fuck baby I feel wasted. I'm sorry I can't be much help. I've been a naughty little piggy rolling around in the mud, hogging all the action!' John remained silent as he looked at her but continued to wank himself at an ever increasing speed and force.

'Are you going to punish me by cumming on me?' Maria asked. 'I think I deserve your hot spunk inside my mouth, so I can taste it mixing with the filthy mud, I'd like that alot being the dirty little mud whore that I am.'

This was too much for John and with a deep sigh he launched a glistening arc of liquid, straight over Maria's muddy rubber mask. She angled herself to take as much as she could into her mouth and then savoured the taste of the hot salty juices as she swallowed them down. John, now feeling exhausted himself from the afternoon's activities, sat down in the cool gloop beside Ben and let the mud embrace his rubber body while he regained his strength. Maria flopped down onto Ben's slimy plastic torso and lay there with her head resting on his shoulder pushing her waders down so that they rubbed against his wellies.

As they rested, Ben who was still floating in an orgasm induced haze, reflected on the mud filled threesome he had just enjoyed, unable to believe everything he had experienced. Silently he promised to himself that despite his being discovered by the rubber loving couple, this afternoon certainly wouldn't be the last time he came out into the woods, to spy on John & Maria.

END.