

Mistress Paula lay back in her leather clad seat as she braced herself for take off. The British Airways plane slowly edged itself around onto the runway and paused, waiting for the relevant orders from traffic control, before powering up its screaming jets and surging down the tarmac.

Paula waited for the plane to lift off, took one brief glance out the window at the rapidly receding ground, and then returned her attention to the glossy fashion magazine that she held in her hands. Turning the pages she decided to order a glass of champagne from the hostess to celebrate her return to Vienna. She had been away for several weeks visiting friends in both England and France, and was looking forward to returning home.

As she delicately sipped the sparkling liquid, her thoughts turned to the purchase she had made in England, that was now being carried in the cargo hold of the plane. She smiled inwardly, contemplating the scenario that her property would be awakening to in the next ten minutes or so. Then, handing the empty glass back to a passing hostess, Paula reclined her seat and turned her mind towards her homecoming. The flight was not long and she figured she'd need to be fresh for when she got home and had to inspect the students and staff at her unique girls' school. With the taste of champagne still on her tongue and the dull roar of the engines in her ears, she closed her eyes and drifted into a light sleep.

Below Mistress Paula's feet, in the forward cargo hold, the sounds of the plane were much louder. Within the dimly lit area stood a large sturdy box made from a dull silver metal. In many places it was battered and scarred, the results of similar trips made all around the globe.

It had been checked by customs before being cleared and on all sides were pasted various stickers and plastic wrapped paperwork. Most noticeable were those that stated an animal was contained within and despite the fact that the officials had been misled, the true occupant was indeed a female mammal.

On one side of the case a sturdy lock was located and next to this glowed two bright red lights. The lights indicated that the case was fully sealed and that a complex set of life support functions were operating inside.

Katie awoke feeling groggy. She had been drugged. Unable at first to open her eyes, when she eventually tried to all that surrounded her was utter darkness.

Katie tried to control her fear. She had a feeling that Mistress Paula might do something like this after she had agreed to go back to Vienna with her. She told herself that whatever situation she was in her safety would be assured, or at least she hoped that would be the case.

As she became more aware of her surroundings she felt pressure pushing against her body from every direction. Katie felt naked but could not be completely sure, as when she tried to move her hands, she found that they were pinned hard to her sides. What she was sure of however, was that rubber was touching every inch of her warm flesh. It felt taught with pressure and she guessed that she was being held inside some form of inflatable device.

Unable to move her hands, Katie tried to flex her legs but found they were also immobile. Now that she was fully awake, she suddenly realised that her breathing was being controlled and that a mask was strapped to her face. Covering her mouth and nose, she could smell the aroma of rubber every time she inhaled, and as she breathed out she could just hear the faint sounds of a valve opening and closing.

Katie now tried to test her confines by using all her strength. She threw her body from left to right, desperately attempting to free her limbs, but it was no use. She didn't move an inch, and all she managed to succeed was to make herself out of breath.

She remained still for a few moments and tried to listen for any external sounds. There was nothing, although as she lay in the inky blackness, she thought she could feel a very low vibration through her rubber skin. She faced the fact that there were no clues as to where she was or how long she would remain imprisoned.

Katie had been quite anxious, but this was now being replaced by feelings of resignation about her situation. She hadn't had any sexual thoughts despite the nature of her captivity, but now she realised she could feel items inserted inside her. Two smooth objects, probably made of metal, nestled inside her pussy and arse, but she couldn't move against them due to her immobility.

Just as she was thinking this, she felt a tingling rush of sensations escape from the metal plugs and into her surrounding body. Katie tried again to flex against the rubber, but unable to move all she could do was tense her muscles and moan loudly within the mask.

The feelings subsided gently and were then promptly replaced by another wave, though this time Katie felt a different set of sensations, focused around her anus. The process was then repeated and as Katie tried to work out what was happening, she realised that the plugs must be wired to an electrical current.

The rhythm of pleasure began to stabilise into a predictable order with only occasional divergences from the pattern. Katie closed her eyes and concentrated on the steady pulse surrounding her pussy and arse. Her arms and legs tensed and relaxed in unison with her constant sighs and by now ragged breathing.

As Katie lay throbbing with ecstatic feeling inside her rubber cocoon, she started to imagine

herself far removed from the warm darkness that surrounded her. She began to fantasise that she stood naked, in the middle of a strange, dark room. The walls, floor and ceiling were all padded with matt black rubber and the pungent smell was so strong it was almost overwhelming.

Katie looked around the whole room from her central vantage point (although she couldn't remember turning her head), and when her eyes returned to the beginning she saw her master Mason, standing some distance away from her. At first he didn't look at Katie and seemed to be staring into space. She watched him, admiring his glossy outfit of tight black rubber and riding boots. Katie realised that she missed Mason and her home back in Bristol, that she had only left that very morning. But left for where? Katie could not remember.

Then another figure appeared next to Mason. It was her old college friend Elizabeth. Lately she had lost touch with Elizabeth after she'd started seeing Mason and left her boyfriend Marcus. She felt vaguely guilty about not bothering to return any of Elizabeth's calls, but knew that she had been seeing Marcus behind her back. But what was she doing here, with Mason, and dressed like that?

Elizabeth, like Mason, wore a polished black catsuit, but that was where the similarities ended. Two holes allowed her full breasts to swing side by side and her shaved pussy could be seen glistening through another opening at the crotch. The suit itself was punctuated by tightly buckled rubber straps, running up the entire length of both arms and legs. Beneath the fastened buckles, Elizabeth's flesh exuded between each strap, accentuating the shape of her rubber body.

Katie was fascinated and felt suddenly turned on, as Elizabeth raised her eyes to meet hers. She stared briefly before smiling and turning to face Mason. Neither Elizabeth or Mason spoke as they embraced each other and then began to kiss hungrily.

Katie watched as the rubber clad couple entwined bodies before Mason released Elizabeth from his grip and began to kiss and lick her latex skin. He moved towards her tits and holding them in his gloved hands started to suck on them like a rampant animal. First with the left and then the right, Mason used his fingers and mouth to expertly excite Elizabeth's nipples, until they were like hard rocks pointing directly away from her body.

Then his hands slid down to her crotch and he inserted a bunch of rubbery fingers straight between her wet lips and into her cunt. Katie could hear Elizabeth moan, as well as the lewd sucking sounds that were made as Mason friggid his rubber lover.

Elizabeth was now leaning against Mason, using his body as support as he probed her with more digits. Eventually his whole fist slid in and out of her pussy, shafting her with the repetitive speed and force of a mechanised piston.

Katie watched with wide eyes as her friend received the vaginal fisting with such apparent ease. She wanted to masturbate as this vision of unbridled rubber lust continued to unfold in front of her, but found that she could not reach down with her arms.

Looking around, she was puzzled to see that her hands were no longer at her sides, but were now drawn up over her head and bound together with thick leather straps. These in turn were connected to ropes which vanished above her into the dark rubber ceiling.

Katie now became aware of a strange floating sensation and looked down to see that her feet were no longer on the ground. She was suspended by the rope and directly beneath her the floor fell away into a black hole with no discernable bottom. Instead of fear, Katie felt only a child-like curiosity, and she swayed in the air, kicking out with her legs, making the rope creak above her head.

Mason and Elizabeth didn't seem to notice Katie's transformation and now she saw that Elizabeth was down on all fours, while Mason approached her from behind, his stiffened cock in hand and ready to penetrate her.

As his dick rammed in, Elizabeth cried out with lust and stuck her rubber arse out further, so that Mason could fuck her deep and hard. The twin polished figures, rutted and ground against each other like a perfectly orchestrated ballet of sin, and their rubber suits squeaked noisily together in appreciation.

Rather than feeling any discomfort from the bindings that held her, Katie felt as light as feather and her aroused state was caused her warm skin to tingle and glow all over. She wished she could join Mason and Elizabeth, either as she was or dressed in rubber as well. She wanted to pleasure them both in turn, sucking on Mason's strong hard cock and fingering and licking Elizabeth's moist pussy.

As Katie's thoughts became more tuned to what she was seeing, she felt waves of increasing pleasure course through her suspended body. She let her head fall back and closed her eyes, savouring the almost out of body sensation she was experiencing.

Her cunt throbbed and pulsed and she imagined that she could feel her clitoris being caressed by a rubber finger. But then she realised that she really could feel it!

Opening her eyes quickly, she saw a figure dressed in pure white rubber, standing directly in front of her. It was her old friend and lover Tabitha. Wearing a tight fitting catsuit, her raven hair fell in long folds down her back and over her shoulders. The catsuit had a front zip and it was open enough to allow Katie a fabulous view of Tabitha's large milky white breasts. As if to remind Katie of their past together, she wore white wellington boots on her feet, marked with dirt and mud as if she had just walked in from the milking yard.

Katie tried to speak to her friend but she couldn't make a sound. From nowhere a stiff rubber gag

now filled her mouth, buckled tightly around her face. Tabitha lifted a finger to her lips and signalled to keep quiet. The other hand remained down below, massaging Katie's clit, stroking the ball of sensitive flesh with expert attention.

Tabitha continued to rub Katie with her hand and slowly began to lower herself down onto one knee, making sure she didn't lose her balance. When she was settled and had adjusted herself to the correct height, she took Katie's hips in her hands and guided the powerless girl's crotch towards her waiting face.

Katie knew what was about to happen and she closed her eyes in anticipation. Contact was swiftly made and Tabitha fed on her cunt, licking gently at first then pushing her mouth and tongue in deep, almost suffocating herself within Katie's folds of wet flesh.

It had been a long time since Katie had last been with Tabitha, but now all the memories and details of the summer they had spent together came rushing back to her, as her ex lovers tongue continued to bombard Katie's quivering pussy.

Katie was worried that she would soon cum and she didn't want this moment with Tabitha to end. She tried to resist the other girl's probing, but no matter what she did she couldn't slow Tabitha down or halt her own rising excitement.

She looked down from her elevated position, hanging like some piece of drying meat. Tabitha knelt down before her, fronds of dark hair contrasting strongly with the white latex that covered her shoulders. Katie could just see the heels of her wellies and wished that she could be released to take Tabitha in her arms, to kiss her, to lick and clean those boots and to join in the rubber lust that they had enjoyed together, so many times before.

Wanting to cry out with ecstasy, all Katie could achieve was a muffled moan, as spittle fell from between her gagged lips and onto her breasts below. She looked up and tried to see Mason and Elizabeth but they had evidently both left the room.

Katie was now shuddering and knew that her orgasm was close. Suddenly Tabitha pulled away and stood up in front of Katie. Strangely the touch of her tongue could still be felt by Katie and she continued to roll her eyes, groaning in pre-orgasmic bliss.

Katie's head was now level with Tabitha's and she realised that she was being lowered down from her previous position. Tabitha leant across and softly kissed her on both cheeks and then once on her forehead.

Looking up, Katie saw Tabitha was now slowly moving away and she looked down at her feet. They were gone! She tried to kick her legs but they were becoming immobilised as she sank lower into the dark hole beneath her. But the hole wasn't empty, it felt like she was being enclosed by something, something warm and soft to the touch. Rubber.

She was being swallowed, sliding feet first into a huge rubber throat. She still felt Tabitha's disembodied lips upon her sex and now the penetrating waves of bodily pleasure had returned. She twisted and moaned, sinking ever lower into the depths of the pit, wanting desperately to cum right there, but at the same time wondering what would happen to her once she had been enveloped whole? Either way, she knew that she would soon find out.

First her breasts disappeared and then her shoulders. The rubber had become almost molten in texture and she felt like she was being sucked down into a bottomless mire. She wasn't scared though. On the contrary all she wanted to do was cum. But her arms still hung useless above her head, connected to the rope that snaked upwards into darkness, so she could not finish the job herself.

It wasn't a problem. The rhythmic pleasures that assailed her orifices quickly intensified and now began to override her senses. Her clit felt like it was on fire and her head had now slipped down into the liquid rubber surrounding her.

Katie leant back and closed her eyes, taking one last breath of cool air before she felt the rubber cover her face. She felt completely enclosed and at one with the substance that she had now given herself to. This mental acceptance was all that was required for Katie to finally cum and she felt her whole body spasm and explode with a strength she had never before experienced.

Her orgasm began to fade, and then she felt a huge jolt run through her body as unseen forces pulled at her. She faded into sleep, her body and mind exhausted. Her last thoughts were of a beautiful woman, but for some reason Katie feared her, and then nothing but darkness closed about her.

Up above, Mistress Paula unfastened her seatbelt and waited for the plane to come to a stop. She discarded the magazine and reflected on how refreshed she felt, despite only sleeping for just over an hour. She was ready to return to the dark cells and echoing passages that made up her school for young ladies and was looking forward in particular to the arrival of her newest recruit, the slave who would now only be know as 'K'.

TO BE CONTINUED.