

1.

Jamie opened his eyes to total and utter darkness. Trying to move he found his body restricted from every direction by a soft but unyielding substance, while wide straps of material bound his legs and arms together holding his body tightly in a fetal position. His mouth was swollen by a bulging gag and he could taste the unmistakable flavour of rubber on his tongue. He then realised that his whole body was also gripped by thick rubber. He had worn latex on many occasions before, but this suit seemed to be specially moulded to every contour of his body. Every inch of his skin was tightly held by the embrace of the rubber, with a warm layer of sweat squeezed between the two.

Because of the intruding gag he found breathing difficult and he had to try to take shallow breaths to stop himself from suffocating. He could feel two smooth-sided tubes entering each of his nostrils, feeding clean, cool air into his lungs.

His body ached because of the uncomfortable position he found himself in, obviously wherever this was, he had been here for some time. This fact was further qualified by the sweat he felt saturating his skin, trapped beneath the layer of rubber.

This must be Susie's doing he thought to himself. Another of her sneaky little tricks that she enjoying playing on him, normally when he least expected it. The last he could remember was dozing off on the sofa in a heavy, alcohol induced sleep, late on Friday night. She must have come home from her evening out, found him comatose in front of the TV and decided to strap him up in this rubber catsuit. But where had the suit come from? It certainly wasn't one of his, or one of Susie's, to his knowledge. And what had she done with him afterwards. As he lay in the sweaty darkness he felt the warm rubber and the tight straps pull at his contorted body, while his nose and mouth were bombarded by the pungent, sweet smell and taste of rubber. He could hear nothing, his head held inside an equally close fitting, solid latex mask. As he lay inside this dark, damp cocoon he could feel his sense of anxiety start to grow. Susie had 'ambushed' him before but never with anything quite as ambitious as this, and usually her own insatiable sexual appetite would always mean that his ordeal would be relatively short lived. Even so, despite all of this, his rubber prison was starting to have an undeniable effect on him. He savoured the taste and feel of the inflated butterfly gag and flexing his arms and legs against the straps, relished the feeling of confinement. Between his legs he could feel his cock start to stiffen up, reacting to the sexual stimuli he was receiving all around him.

He could feel his whole body start to awaken to the stirring in his groin, his previous worries and anxiety quickly replaced by an increasing horniness fuelled by the slippery rubber skin that encapsulated him totally. He tried desperately to rub his cock against his belly and legs, but found he was unable to move more than a fraction either way, further frustrating himself in the process and causing a series of low moans to issue from his stuffed mouth.

2.

This scene would satisfy the deepest cravings of any rubber fetishist. The room was dark, lit only by a pair of lamps pointing towards the ceiling and numerous softly glowing candles that released a deep, musky scent. The walls themselves were draped with thick sheets of black and red rubber, and the floor and ceiling were covered with matt black tiles made of a thick vulcanised form of rubber. The smell of latex combined with the candles created a penetrating, exotic odour.

Positioned in the centre of the boudoir was a large four poster bed again draped with black and scarlet rubber, and reclining in a feline pose on top of the sheets was a young woman. She wore a dress of polished black rubber, which clung tightly to her neck and body, accentuating her large, firm breasts and slim waist. Half way down, the dress split at her thighs, revealing a long pair of legs encased in matching black latex stockings. On her feet she wore a pair of patent high heeled leather shoes, each polished to perfection. Matching glossy rubber gloves covered her hands, flowing up the length of her arms until they terminated with a tight seal over the sleeves of her dress.

This perfect vision in ebony rubber was crowned by her face. Her pale, pink skin was offset by large, deep set cinnamon coloured eyes and pouting red lips. All this was framed by long dark hair held in a tight pony tail and almost as black and shiny as the rubber clothes she was encased in.

The creaking sound of a heavy door suddenly broke the silence and the woman slowly moved her head round to be able to see who or what was entering the room.

'Is this the package K?' she asked softly.

'Yes Mistress. It's just been delivered downstairs. I had to get two of the girls to help me bring it up here. It's very heavy.'

Struggling through the doorway was a small, slim girl, dressed in a highly polished, tight black catsuit and knee boots. She wore a ponytail hood made of rubber which framed her attractive face whilst behind her, a cascade of blonde curls fell from the rubber tube that stood erect on the top of her head. With gloves covering her hands, she pulled at a metal trolley that appeared to be holding a large case. The woman on the bed continued to lounge in a relaxed position watching the rubber girl struggling with the heavy delivery.

'Who sent it over again, it was Susie wasn't it? A man. Interesting. I haven't sampled a man for

some time. This should be an experience if nothing else. One he certainly won't be forgetting in a hurry!' The woman laughed to herself and continued to watch the rubber clad girl. She had got the case fully inside the room now and wheeled it across to the front of the bed, where she started to unbuckle it from its exterior framework. As she worked she started to talk.

'Yes Mistress, it was Susie. She says that she became bored with him. He was too submissive for her taste and always asking to be bound up in rubber and humiliated. She didn't know how to end the relationship and then she came up with this idea.'

'Do we know what it's name is?' demanded the mistress.

'James or Jamie. Jamie, from what I remember.'

'Well it won't matter now, miserable rubber worm that he is. Whatever his name is I shall call him slave, and he will worship me in the manner that I'm accustomed to. Any defection from this and he will be thoroughly punished, or worse, rejected. You know how I deplore a useless slave, don't you K?

The kneeling girl nodded nervously and continued to unstrap the case.

'Don't you K?' snapped the woman.

'Yes Mistress! Of course I do. I've learnt on many occasions and have only you to thank, for your kindness in persevering with such a useless rubber slut as myself.'

'That's better. You just narrowly saved yourself from a night on the whipping stocks my girl. Now open our package up so I can see him for myself.' demanded the mistress. She lifted herself up from the bed into a sitting position so she had a better view of K's activities.

The slavegirl released the final clip and opened up the lid of the case. She looked inside and in the dim light could just make out a human body, wrapped in figure hugging black rubber and held tightly in a doubled up position by a number of thick rubber straps. Surrounding his body was a deep layer of latex foam holding and protecting his body from any severe knocks or bumps that the case might encounter.

'He's very tightly strapped in Mistress. Shall I release the bonds and try to get him out?' asked K.

'Yes, I suppose so.' replied the seated woman. 'But don't expect any help from me. If you're having real trouble you'll have to go and fetch one of the girls.'

K started to release the buckled straps and noticed that covering the man's mouth and nose was a series of tubes and pipes that seemed to lead into the outer wall of the case. She presumed that these were to allow him to breathe while remaining in a completely sealed environment. She now saw that a similar series of pipes wound away from his groin and disappeared into the foam lining. Piss tubes probably, ending in some kind of collection point within the padding. She surmised that he was probably also being fed water through one of the small mouth tubes, so that if need be he could be kept inside the rubber sarcophagus for an extended period of time. K shivered to herself as she continued her work and contemplated the man's situation. Although not usually fond of dark cramped spaces, K found that the idea of being locked inside the case, fully dressed in rubber, and not knowing when you would be released appealed to her submissive nature. As she concentrated on unfastening the buckles she could feel her pussy moistening inside the catsuit.

She loosened and removed the last strap and then started to try and lift the man's body from out of the constricted position that the lining still held him in. As she gently tugged at his head and shoulders, she could feel him start to move underneath her hands and begin to struggle to lift himself out from his confines.

'Don't talk to him!' snapped the Mistress. 'I want him to be feel the fear of not knowing where he is and who we are.'

K simply nodded in reply and had now helped him remove himself completely from the case, whereupon he fell to the floor and lay on his back disorientated and obviously in some discomfort.

'Massage his legs and arms so that the blood can get back into them.' ordered the woman. 'And then remove those devices from his mouth and cock.'

As the rubbered man lay there and moaned softly, K massaged his arms and legs with a brisk motion and after five minutes set to work disconnecting the series of pipes and apparatus from the suit. This was harder than it looked as each of the devices was strapped over the suit by a series of small leather belts, and getting them off was fiddly work especially when wearing rubber gloves. Eventually though, K succeeded, and revealed beneath the mask and gag was an open, wet mouth and under the groin attachment a very sweaty, large cock, which she carefully took in her hands and put back inside the suit, sealing the zip up afterwards.

All this time, her Mistress had sat and watched from the huge bed but she now rose with a squeaking of polished latex and walked over towards the man and K.

'Lift him up so that he is facing me and make sure that his mask isn't covered. I want to be sure that he can hear me.' she demanded.

K did as she was told and cradled the man in her arms as best she could, making sure that his tight rubber head mask was clear of any obstructions that might prevent him from hearing her Mistress's 'welcoming' speech.

3.

Jamie had no idea where he was or how he had got here. He had been awoken by a series of bumps, and was still held within the dark cramped space and covered by the thick, sweaty rubber suit. Then he had felt the pressure on his arms and legs start to ease, and he quickly realised that the straps that bit sharply into his skin were being removed. Then suddenly he felt human hands struggling with his head and arms, trying to lift him up from whatever it was he had been held in.

He now started to panic and rather futilely tried to move his body away from whoever was attempting to manhandle him. This didn't really work and as the firm hands continued to ease him out onto what felt like a flat surface his body became suddenly wracked by painful cramps, having been contorted into the same position for so long. How long exactly he didn't know, but as bad as the pain was, he was very pleased to be able to move freely once again.

As he lay there, the pain started to recede, and hands started to vigorously rub his legs and arms, aiding his recovery. Then the rubbing stopped and after a few more minutes, he felt the large, stifling gag eased out from his mouth and he relished the taste of cool, fresh air passing his lips. Now he felt hands at his groin, and then the removal of something that left his cock exposed, outside of his suit. A rubber hand held his dick briefly and he felt it being tucked back inside his suit as the crotch zip was quickly refastened. Not an unpleasurable experience in itself, Jamie now started to wonder what the hell Susie had lined up for him and when he was going to get some answers. Then his body was moved once again and he now found himself held in what felt like the arms of another person, propped up on the floor.

Then he heard her voice. Up until that point because of the thick rubber mask and the state of disorientation he had been in, he couldn't make any sense of the sounds around him. But this was much clearer, up close and near to his face.

'Welcome to my home Jamie. Can you hear me properly inside there?' Jamie nodded in response and tried to croak a reply. 'Don't try to talk yet if you don't feel capable. You'll need your voice later believe me.' that sounds ominous thought Jamie.

'My name is Kara. Mistress Kara. You may have heard of me as I've known your girlfriend Susie for sometime now. It's because of Susie that you're here with me today. Would you like to know why Jamie? Why you've been kidnapped and delivered into the hands of one of London's most notorious dominatrixes by your loving girlfriend?' Jamie's mind was racing. So it *was* Susie who had set this up. But this was on a much larger scale than anything she had done before. He licked his lips and tried to speak.

'Tell me more.' The words were barely audible but Kara understood. She sat herself down next to Jamie, who was still cradled in K's arms and continued.

'I'm afraid, Susie has left you. As you know she always has been a bit of a bright flame, flitting from one extreme experience to another, and I'm afraid to say that you were just one more experience. You became too dependent on her so she became bored. Bored people have to move on Jamie, to reignite the pleasure in their lives and that's exactly what Susie's done. But as a passing gift she has given you your deepest desire Jamie. She has allowed you to live out your fantasies, that of a submissive, lowly rubber slave. Good for nothing in life except servicing rubber dominants like myself.' Mistress Kara paused, allowing time for Jamie to take everything she was saying in.

'So you belong to me now Jamie. Susie has left London, for another women in the States I believe. You didn't know about that did you, her taste for other women? That was something you can blame me for I'm afraid. And she was very good. A real shame to lose her, but then she was a handful, not very good at taking orders as I'm sure you already know.' Kara again paused, allowing her words to take full affect on the silent rubber figure in front of her.

'So that's the situation. You're mine until I decide otherwise. Though I have to tell you that I'm not particularly fond of men. Even obedient, grovelling, rubber men like yourself Jamie. Upset me or fail in your duties in any way and you're out the door, understand?' Jamie nodded once more and whispered 'Yes, Mistress Kara.'

'Good. Now before we do anything else I think we'll test you. I'm here with my favourite rubber slut K, the girl who is holding you now, and she and I will put you through your paces to see exactly how much of a devoted rubber slave you are. Do you think you can do that for us Jamie?'

'Yes. Mistress Kara. I think so. I understand that Susie's gone now and that I'm yours, so I'll do my very best to be the hardest working slave you've ever owned, and to repay you for taking me in.'

'Why thank you Jamie. And I think we'll start by giving you a new name. I know from Susie how much you enjoy rubber boot worship, so I think 'Bootboy' would be a good start, don't you?' Kara lifted herself up from the floor. 'K, bring Bootboy over to the bed and then get some equipment out. Let's test our new toy out shall we?'

4.

Jamie was led over to the bed by K, and she sat him down on the rubber sheets while she then followed her Mistress's orders and went to collect some items from special lockers built into the walls of the room behind the many latex drapes and hangings.

Jamie unable to see, patiently waited on the bed hearing the muffled sounds of various items being pulled from the lockers. Mistress Kara stood in front of him, looking down at the slick, black rubber figure hunched up in a mixture of excitement and fear. She leaned forward so he could hear what she was about to say.

'Before K returns, I want you to get down onto your knees, here at the end of the bed. Understand Bootboy?' Not waiting for him to reply she grabbed his arms and pulled him down to the ground where he obediently dropped to the floor.

'Very good slave. Now I want you to pleasure me. Use your senses to dictate your actions. I'll leave it up to you to decide how best to do this. Use your imagination Bootboy. See this as a chance to impress me.' Kara watched Jamie and then closed her eyes anticipating his rubber touch.

For a second Jamie didn't know what to do. Trapped here in this strange place he was now being ordered to sexually pleasure this strict and dominating rubber mistress. Pushing his concerns to the back of his mind he decided to try and do his best, and see if he really could give Kara pleasure.

He reached out with his gloved hands and found the tips of her high heeled shoes. Moving across the shoes he felt her feet inside and the bottom of her heavy rubber dress brushing against the floor. He gently pushed his hands up her long rubber legs easing them up inside her dress, letting the material fall back down over his arms and head. With his fingers he kneaded her flesh through the material, softly caressing her as he moved ever upwards.

Mistress Kara made no obvious response and continued to stand completely still, allowing him free reign over her body - for now. He found the top of her stockings and could feel the outline of rubber suspenders with his fingers. He felt her move slightly against him as he touched what must have been her bare skin. With a final motion he spread out his fingers and pushed both hands upwards expecting to meet a pair of rubber knickers at the least, but instead he touched smooth, shaven skin and then the soft flesh of her pussy.

At this sudden movement Kara bucked slightly and let out a low moan. Jamie couldn't hear her but he did feel her body move and tense up as he explored her further with his hands.

K had now returned to the bedside with armfuls of rubber toys, clothes and various bits of equipment. She never knew what Kara would or wouldn't want during these private sessions so she normally tried to grab a little of everything. She looked over at her Mistress standing by the bed, eyes closed and mouth hanging open, forming unspoken words of sexual desire. She could guess at what Jamie was doing under the dress and she felt a sudden pang of jealousy that it was not her there, kneeling underneath the folds of rubber.

Jamie had become more adventurous, now that he knew Kara was getting turned on. He started to rub his fingers in and around her damp pussy and teased her clitoris with the tips of his moist rubber fingers. As her dress fell further down over his head he started to smell the warm, saltiness of her fluids. Easing his head up between her soft thighs he buried his rubber face into her wet crotch. Kara released a loud groan as she felt her rubber slave's tongue suddenly invade her cunt. She tried to steady herself by holding onto his head, whilst pushing herself down harder onto his face.

Opening her eyes Kara could see K waiting obediently by the bed for her next orders. She smiled, her face a mixture of pleasure and greed, savouring the sexual power that she exerted over both K, Jamie and many others all located in this building.

'Quit licking, right now!' barked Kara. She pressed her thighs together, pinning Jamie in a painful head lock. She bent double with him still held beneath her and spoke loudly. 'Very good my little Bootboy. I have to say I actually enjoyed that. But we don't want you getting carried away down there, so I'm changing the program ok?'

From inside her dress a muffled sound could be heard and Kara felt Jamie's head nod against her pussy and thighs.

'Now before we go anywhere else I need to pee, so you'd better get ready for some liquid refreshment down below. I don't want any on the floor, or more importantly on me, or you'll be fucked. Quite literally.' Then still smiling at K, Kara relaxed her muscles and started pissing. Jamie had his mouth open in expectation and as he felt the first spray hit his throat he quickly clamped his mouth over her pussy, making sure that nothing was missed.

He had dreamt of doing this on many occasions, but Susie had always strangely declined - she was normally keen to try out anything new and perverted. It reinforced his mental image of rubber servitude and humiliation, and to be actually kneeling here receiving such a gift from Mistress Kara was making him feel very horny. He hurriedly gulped down the salty potion before Kara squirted out a final dribble, and then ordered him to lick her clean and remove his head from between her legs.

'Well done Bootboy, no sign of a spillage I see. Did you enjoy my amber nectar? People normally pay alot of money for that you know.' Kara looked down at him and rearranged her rubber dress, smoothing out the wrinkles with her hands. She looked over at K and gave a quick nod with her head. Responding to the signal, K walked over to the rubber blind Jamie, helping him up and took him over to the bed.

'K, secure him vertically to the frame, so he can still fuck me and then strap a dildo onto yourself.' Kara ordered. 'Make it a double if you want some pleasure yourself. I doubt he'll be giving you any.' She then walked around the bed and began to unzip her tight rubber dress, peeling the shiny latex away from her moist skin to reveal a purple and black rubber bra, which firmly pushed her

large, rounded tits together. She pulled the dress down over her gloves and then snapped them back in position on her upper arms. She finally pulled the garment off over her feet, careful not to snag the rubber with her heels and stood waiting for K to finish with Jamie on the bed.

It was a fairly simple combination of straps and clips that secured Jamie's feet and legs underneath him, while he knelt on the bed. Then K strapped both his hands onto a length of leather behind his back, that terminated in a thick collar fitted around his neck. Finally she pinched Jamie's nostrils together and then popped an inflatable rubber gag into his open mouth. The gag was secured behind his head with a strap and pumped up, so that he was straining to breathe through the small nostril holes in his mask.

'He's ready for you Mistress.' K said to Kara.

'Good. I'll take over now. You can fit your dildo, you know what to do when you're ready.'

'Yes Mistress.' answered K.

5.

Mistress Kara climbed onto the bed and spread her legs on either side of Jamie. She then skillfully undid his crotch zipper and teased out his throbbing cock. Grinning with enjoyment she began to play with his dick, wanking him gently and squeezing his balls between her rubber fingers. Jamie twitched and moaned under her touch, enjoying the feeling of tight restriction combined with Kara's prick games.

K meanwhile had opened her catsuit and began to insert a large double ended dildo up inside her pussy, sliding it in with relative ease. She secured the outer head with a belt and clasp and then couldn't resist giving the beast inside a quick stir.

Mistress Kara was still playing with Jamie's shaft on the bed, until he started to moan a little too loudly for her liking. As spit started to dribble from the sides of his mouth, she backed away and positioned herself on her back, legs wide open. Then she leant forward and taking Jamie in her hands pulled him down on top of her. Unable to move his legs or arms he was completely in Kara's control, and she held him from behind taking his cock in her hand and guiding it into her waiting, wet cunt.

Inside his suit Jamie felt like he was about to explode. He could feel the pain and restriction through his bonds, but in combination with the tight rubber, and the delicious wet, warmth of Kara's tight pussy he was right on the edge of orgasm.

Kara however was a professional. She could manipulate Jamie in almost every way including controlling his cock with her vaginal muscles. She could also use this to her advantage, and although there was no chance Jamie would be able to play with her clit, she sensed an orgasm building deep inside her pussy. She continued to ride with his wild thrusting and as further stimulation, started to play with her giant breasts, rubbing them together and squeezing her swollen nipples.

Her mistress's tit play was the given signal for K to climb onto the bed and straddle Jamie from behind. She pulled his rear zipper up to reveal his naked arse. Finding it difficult as Jamie continued to fuck Kara, K finally thrust the dildo upwards into his hole and found that the shaft slid up inside after a few careful strokes. Feeling her own dildo burst into life inside her, she grabbed Jamie from behind and started to fuck him with the same speed and energy that he was giving to Kara.

Now that Kara knew K was coupled from the rear, she really started to let Jamie take her hard, slowly building up the rhythmic throbbing of her pussy, which in turn allowed her own orgasm to take shape. Pulling on her tits with aggressive force she started to coax Jamie into the final stretch.

'Very good Bootboy. Aren't you just the perfect little rubber fucker!' she exclaimed. 'Like taking it up the arse from another worthless rubber slut don't you? Makes you want to pump your Mistress's cunt full of hot, creamy spunk doesn't it, you dirty, useless, good for nothing rubber shit!'

Jamie could just hear Kara's admonishments inside his encased spinning head. With the added arse fucking K was giving him from behind he couldn't hold out any longer and with a final clamping from his Mistress's pussy, he started to cum. This was the trigger Kara was looking for and with a huge feeling of self satisfaction, she allowed herself to be taken by an unusually strong orgasm. Her whole body started to shake in violent spasms, as she tossed back her ponytail and howled with pleasure. The pair were virtually frozen in orgasmic ecstasy, but K was having none of it. She was thoroughly enjoying her little butt fuck with Jamie and could feel her cunt start to tighten and tickle in anticipation. As Jamie's exhausted body flopped horizontally on top of Kara, K's angle of entry changed so that she could ram herself harder and deeper inside of Jamie. With one hand pushing down on the back of Jamie's head and the other rubbing her clit like crazy, K started to cum.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck!!!' she yelled as the dildo hammered inside, and her whole pussy felt like it was on fire. She hung on to him, milking the moment for every last drop of sexual pleasure, before she too, fell onto the bed beside Jamie and Mistress Kara.

Very swiftly though Kara was ordering her to remove the virtually paralysed Jamie, and then to carry out the various cleanup duties that she had to perform being Kara's personal rubber maid. She shifted Jamie onto one side of the bed and then lovingly attended to her Mistress's every need.

'So what are you going to do with him?' asked K softly. 'Will he stay or go?'

'I'm not sure.' replied Kara. 'He certainly was a good fuck, and I can think of more than a few

clients who would pay good money for a session with him. Women and men. But now I need to sleep. Wake me before supper and I'll make a decision then.' Kara left to go to her private bedroom, leaving K to clean Jamie and the room up.

6.

It was early evening. K had removed Jamie from his rubber suit and allowed him to have a shower. She had quietly admired his naked body from the bathroom and after helping him dry himself had dressed him in his original total enclosure suit which she had quickly washed and dried by hand.

She woke Mistress Kara half an hour before and had helped dress her in a smart two piece red rubber jacket and short skirt.

Now both K and Jamie awaited her arrival in the bedroom, Jamie had been earlier 'tested' in. He had no real idea of what was going on and had seemed to be in a daze all afternoon, unable to fully comprehend that Susie had left him and that he was now at the mercy of an uncaring rubber dominatrix. K found that she felt a little sorry for him. She was living this lifestyle because it was her decision, it was what she had always wanted to be. But Jamie had been thrown into this situation and what happened next was all down to one woman - Mistress Kara.

Then she entered the bedroom. Looking as perfectly beautiful as ever, dressed in scarlet rubber with her dark hair flowing down over her shoulders and back. She stood in front of the fully rubbered Jamie and silently indicated her intentions towards K.

'Hello Bootboy. It's your Mistress.' she paused before continuing. 'You certainly entertained me and my rubberslut this afternoon with your abilities. Quite impressive - for a man. But you see that's where the problems start. You *are* a man and therefore having you in this house can only present problems. In time the other girls will become jealous, and who knows I may even start to favour you and your little bag of tools. So unfortunately you can't stay.'

Quickly she clicked her fingers and K squeezing Jamie's nose again, popped the original gag and breathing mechanism back inside his mouth. Quick as a flash both women held him down and K released the stopper on a small bottle attached to the breathing tubes. The colourless gas - a mild anaesthetic - was inhaled by Jamie and within seconds he was knocked out on the floor.

'Package him up in the case again K, and insert all those tubes and attachments, we don't want him to die in there. But make it fast, that stuff will wear off in about twenty minutes. There's a car coming at ten to pick him up. I rang Madame Paula in Vienna and she just has room for one dedicated toiletslave. As you know only too well it won't be very pleasurable, but then there's nothing like working your way up from the bottom, is there K?' Mistress Kara gave her slavegirl a knowing wink and strode quickly from the room.

K was left looking down at the drugged man, lying at her feet. She sighed to herself and then started to bind his legs and arms together with the rubber straps. It looked like poor Jamie was in for an even bigger shock when he eventually arrived at his final destination, and his new life.

END.