

I rang the brass doorbell, a feeling of excitement and trepidation building within my stomach as I stood looking out at the rain-washed parkland surrounding the mansion. I was wearing a large rubber mackintosh with a voluminous hood covering my face, the mac concealed everything beneath it apart from the tips of my shiny black boots. I waited for what seemed like eternity, and then the door opened a crack. I saw a brief glimpse of a masked face and then the door was opened fully to allow me to enter.

I walked through into a large hallway. The heavy door closed behind me and I turned to face a woman dressed entirely in glossy black rubber. She wore high heeled patent boots over her catsuit, a full face mask adorned by a frilly white headband, and a matching frilled latex apron and gloves.

'Welcome to the home of Master Kane,' she announced. 'Can I take your coat, before I show you through to the drawing room?'

'Yes please,' I replied. 'Am I the last to arrive? I'm sorry I'm late, I got a little lost driving through the last village.'

'Don't worry, most people have trouble finding the house on their first visit. It's one of the reasons Master Kane bought it, he values his privacy very highly.'

The maid removed my mackintosh and took it to a small anteroom that lead off from the hall. Now for the first time since leaving my small flat, I was fully revealed. My body was covered by a tight fitting, full length red rubber dress, which I had polished up to perfection a few hours before. The dress had long sleeves and a deep collar in contrasting black, and a laced corset pushed my large breasts upwards in a provocative manner. My shoulder length auburn hair had been tied back into a simple ponytail, and I had tried to go easy on the makeup and let my natural looks speak for themselves. The dress had a long zip up one side to allow for easy access and I had decided not to wear any underwear, as I always enjoy the feel of soft rubber against my intimate warm flesh.

'This way please,' instructed the maid as she headed off down a nearby corridor. I followed her past a large collection of expensive looking paintings and ceramics, it appeared that Kane certainly hadn't been joking when he told me that he liked to 'dabble' in the art world! Glancing out the windows I noticed that the light was starting to fade and that it would be night soon. Eventually we reached a large white door at the end of the corridor, which the maid softly tapped upon. She paused briefly and then opened the door and entered. I followed behind waiting for my eyes to adjust to the dim light.

The room was lit by numerous candles placed on the large dining table that stood at its centre and also from candelabra attached to the walls. The table was set with six places, five of which were already occupied.

'Miss Peterson,' announced the maid with a grand flourish of her gloved hand. I suddenly felt embarrassed and could barely utter a sound to my expectant hosts and their gathered friends.

'Um, hi. Sorry I'm late, I got a little lost, getting here I mean. Where am I sitting?'

'Over here, next to me,' answered a tall man sitting on the opposite side of the table and dressed in a military uniform made from thick black rubber. 'Do not worry about being late, it is often the way for people who visit us for the first time. Now come over here and let me introduce you to everyone.'

I walked around the table towards the man I knew as Kane. He always had a dramatic way of talking and an accent that made me think he was originally from some eastern European country that ended in 'Vania'. He took my hand and kissed it gently before introducing me to his young wife Katrina, who wore a matching latex outfit. Then I was brought round to meet Peter, a business associate and his American girlfriend Madison who were both fully masked and dressed in tight black catsuits, made from light weight rubber and polished up to an unbelievable shine.

Finally I was introduced to Jeremiah, who apparently also happened to be the Marquis of Rinford and owned a controlling stake in Rinford Cars, the world famous sportscar brand. Resplendent in a gentleman's riding outfit made from scarlet and black rubber, he was very obviously single and I supposed that I had been invited as the token female to even up the numbers. I returned to my place and sat down next to Kane making myself comfortable as best I could.

I felt a little uneasy and didn't seem to fit with the rest of the guests. After all these people were close friends of Kane, I was only his secretary and apart from a passion for rubber, I shared nothing in common with the man. Of course I'd had sex with him, on many occasions in fact, but that didn't mean that I necessarily liked him or his friends.

Still, I had to admit that this was a rare experience. I had finally been invited into his inner sanctum hidden away out here in the deepest countryside and I knew that I would be treated to a lavish night, full of the best food and wine that money could buy. I didn't know what else would happen, although I had a growing feeling that we weren't all sat here, decked out in our fetish finery just to look good for the waiting staff...

The rubber servants poured our wine and then we were served with the first course. Polite conversation seemed to be the order of the day and frankly, after half an hour, I was starting to get bored. I was watching Peter dressed in his catsuit and matching mask, talk endlessly on with Kane about the FTSE going up and the Nasdaq going down, wondering why the hell any of us had bothered with our outfits in the first place. Wouldn't a pair of rubber slippers and a pipe been more appropriate?

Then I noticed that his girlfriend Madison was gazing intently at me. She looked attractive from behind her mask, full parted lips and shaded eyes framed perfectly by the shining black rubber. She

seemed quite petite, but boasted a huge pair of breasts that were squeezed tightly inside the suit. She winked over at me with a sexy grin as if to confirm that she too was tiring of the conversation and then slid one gloved hand down into her lap.

For a moment she pierced me with her stare, then she half closed her eyes and started to softly gyrate on her dining chair. I was the only one watching and although my view was limited it seemed obvious that she was rubbing herself beneath the table. This continued for several minutes as I silently watched, my amazement growing as Madison continued with her most un-ladylike display of self pleasure.

The wanton women slowly stopped moving and then reopened her eyes, drinking a long draught of wine as she took renewed interest in the conversation as if nothing had happened. Feeling a little flushed and more than a little horny myself, I watched a second course of Sea Bass placed down in front of me and tried to push my lustful thoughts to the back of my mind.

The next hour or so passed easily enough, as everyone consumed the food with relish and the effects of a few bottles of French wine began to kick in. Kane entertained everyone with a variety of amusing stories, while I sat back, keeping one eye on Madison to see if there would be any repeat of her earlier sexual antics, and the other on Jeremiah Rinford, in an attempt to decide whether underneath all that rubber, he was my type or not.

Eventually, after the main course, the conversation turned in the direction of rubber, and I noticed that Madison, Mrs Kane and the Marquis of Rinford, all became more noticeably alert. Kane was leading the way, describing in detail the night he and his wife had 'enjoyed' a young female, trussed up tightly in a latex body bag and forced to receive every humiliation the inventive couple could put her through. Some of it was a little on the extreme side, especially as we hadn't even had dessert yet, but I did find myself feeling a little hot and sweaty beneath the folds of my long rubber dress.

'So Miss Peterson, how did you discover your love for rubber?' Jeremiah Rinford was now leaning toward me with an expectant smile on his face. 'Was it a deeply buried fetish that manifested itself during your youth, or a boyfriend perhaps who taught you to appreciate the shinier side of life?'

'Please, call me Jodie. In answer to your question, I don't know what turned me into a fetishist, a bit of both I suppose. I'm a very tactile person and after the first time I wore rubber, I knew I had to try more. Things just grew from there, it all seemed kind of natural.'

'And do you enjoy other forms of sexual stimuli, bondage for example, or submission?'

'Well I haven't really done too much exploration, but yes, I like to be bound and I guess I'd say I was more sub than dom,' the whole table could tell that I was now getting embarrassed by his probing questions, and I felt my face turning pink.

'And what of a partner, is there another man or women perhaps, that you explore the boundaries of your sexuality with?' Jeremiah continued to gaze intently at me, as if this were some kind of interview for a job.

'No one at the moment, but I'm not bothered, they come and go,' I answered in as offhand a manner as I could muster. 'And when it come to boys or girls, I enjoy both,' as I let the words slip I turned to look at Madison who was smiling back at me with a predatory glint in her eyes.

With a sudden shock, I realised that I was closer to the truth than I had realised. Jeremiah was interviewing me, and everyone else around the table, who had been carefully listening to my answers, were now seeing if I was worthy of joining their exclusive little group. Kane must have put me forward as a possible 'candidate' and this was my entry exam. The only question now remaining on my mind, was entry into what?

The conversation continued with the questions becoming more personal all the time. I would under normal circumstances have faded rapidly into embarrassment, but fuelled by the wine and dressed as we all were in full rubber, I found myself answering with growing confidence, even to the extent of exaggerating one or two facts. My replies had not fallen on deaf ears though. Madison especially had been listening intently and now seemed to want to put me to the test.

'Ok honey, if you're such a rubber slut, like you've been telling us all why don't you prove it? See that maid over there?' she pointed past me to the rubber clad girl, who stood meekly by the far wall.

'Yes,' I replied, hesitantly.

'Well, why you don't you stroll over to her and show us what you're capable of? Don't worry she won't mind, she's used to being a plaything, you can do what you like to her!'

I said nothing. Looking briefly at Madison, I felt the combined stare of the other guests burning into me, waiting to see what I would do. The wine rushed around my head, and I decided to seize the moment. I stood up, pushed my chair away from the table, and put my empty glass down. Then at a measured pace I did my best to swagger sexily across the room towards the maid, who waited silently looking down at her boots.

I reached for her gently and tilted her masked face up towards mine. She had deep beautiful eyes which looked up at me with a mixture of apprehension and excitement. I pulled her polished body to mine and held her in a close embrace, leaning in and kissing her full on the mouth, waiting for her soft lips to part, allowing my tongue to penetrate.

With a sense of pleasure, I could hear a sharp inhalation of breath from the table, and then turned my whole attention on the young women that was in my arms. Our rubber slid and squeaked against each other, and as I felt her wet tongue mingle with mine, I moved my hands downwards to press against

her firm buttocks.

I could sense that she was now mine and that I could do with her whatever I pleased. The power of dominance rushed through my veins, as I kissed harder and began to move one hand around towards her crotch. She didn't resist and soon her rubber body was writhing against mine, as I kneaded her hot pussy through the slippery layers of latex.

My little show didn't last long. The girl came swiftly, falling to the floor in a crumpled mass of moans and sighs. She didn't reciprocate and I didn't want her to, after all I could sense the night was far from over. I left the girl there and returned to the table as calmly as I could. Another maid hastily helped me into the seat and refilled my wine glass, evidently she was hoping for some firm treatment herself!

'Go girl!' exclaimed Madison and began to clap with her gloved hands.

'Bravo indeed,' added Kane. 'You see, I told you she was an impulsive young woman, but would any of you believe me? I don't just fuck anybody you know! I do have some taste!'

I didn't know whether to be insulted or proud about his statement. Instead I smiled demurely and drank some more wine.

'Well then,' said Kane 'If no one objects, I think we can now get on with the evenings entertainment.'

'What about dessert?' I asked in my most spoilt voice.

'Oh, did we not tell you my dear Jodie. You are to be the dessert on this fine night!' he clapped his hands loudly. 'Maids! Clear the table and prepare it for our new guest. Quickly now, or you'll feel the bite of my crop!'

I thought I had a pretty good idea of what Kane was talking about and I didn't like the sound of it. The rubber clad maids quickly cleared the main table and then removed the rubber cloth to reveal an intricate jigsaw of wooden panels and metal fixing points. They worked on the contraption until a number of the panels had been unscrewed, removed and stored in an adjoining room.

As I watched them work like busy ants, Kane came over and stroked my face and hair with his hand.

'You are proving to be as unpredictable as I had hoped you would be.'

'Is that all I am tonight then? Your little plaything, a new rubber slut for you and your friends to play around with?'

'No! Jodie, you are much more than that, and you know it. You should view tonight as an exciting opportunity, many girls would jump at a chance such as this! And besides, if that was all that this really was, would it be so bad?'

I said nothing, just looked him in the eyes and tried to look pissed off. It didn't last long, as he knew it wouldn't, I started to smile and then to laugh.

'Well, I suppose I am feeling more than a little horny after that display I gave. What do I have to do?'

'Just follow me over here, and we'll get you strapped in. You won't regret this you know,' he kissed me gently on the cheek and then led me to the table, turned bondage contraption, like a willing lamb to the slaughter.

Dark lingering music now wafted from hidden speakers, as the maids returned to their positions standing by the doors. The guests followed Kane's directions and ushered me towards the 'table'. Large portions were now missing and I could slide myself into an opening that was shaped like a horseshoe. An angled board, padded with soft leather and terminating in a small seat was behind me and leather stirrups were visible, attached to the wood below the entrance hole.

With some help from Madison and Katrina, I settled myself back into the seat, unzipped the panels of my dress and lifted my boots up into the stirrups. Now Kane and Peter came forward and began to secure me to the board with a series of tight rubber straps that were secured on both sides, compressing my chest and arms hard against the wood.

I sensed movement behind me, and felt the soft touch of Madison's gloved hand upon my face.

'Don't worry my love, we'll be looking after you,' she laughed gently, and then caressed me with both hands, covering my mouth completely and allowing me to inhale the scent of her rubber and to suck her sweet tasting fingers. She leaned over so that her masked face entered my field of view. She held her position, letting me take in the full beauty of her eyes and lips, before kissing me deeply and passionately.

I lay there under Madison, tied down to the table, with my legs spread and an audience dressed in rubber watching my every move. My cunt began to ache beneath my split dress, as I felt a wave of warm desire spread throughout my body. I wished she would reach down with her hand and satisfy me there, but I knew that she wouldn't. Not yet anyway.

First though it was my job to satisfy those guests who were feeling as turned on as I was. I had slipped easily into my role of bound submissive and I motioned with my eyes to Kane. He came over and placed himself between my legs, putting a small matching wooden stool onto the floor in front of him. Then he stood on the stool and reached down underneath the table. There must have been a mechanism of some kind there as he now altered the angle of my position, bringing my head in line with his waist. Katrina his wife, unzipped his tight rubber trousers and brought out the stiff throbbing member that had been cocooned within. It twitched and danced in front of me and without asking, I pushed forward and took the whole length into my mouth. Kane groaned and steadied himself using both hands on my head. He then took my ponytail and used it to thrust my face ever closer down his cock. Out of the corner of my

eye, I could just see Madison and Peter caressing each other through their tight suits, as they watched me eagerly blowing Kane.

I always thought I was pretty good at sucking cock, and fairly soon Kane was arching back in ecstasy, having to push me away before he went too far and came. I licked my lips like a common slut, as Peter then moved in and replaced him, his stiff dick already in hand. I closed my mouth around his rod, enjoying the combined taste of sweat, cum and rubber.

As I began to suck, Katrina approached Peter from behind and began to caress him, pulling the crotch zip back further to reveal his balls and arse. Madison stood nearby and seemed to pass something over to Katrina. Peter remained silent enjoying the movements of my mouth, until he gasped loudly and nearly fell over on top of me. Katrina now knelt behind him and I quickly realised that she was pleasuring Peter with some form of anal dildo.

He continued to stand between us, moaning and gyrating his body, as we worked him over respectively at both ends. Katrina bent down lower and began to kiss and lick his arse, whilst I slipped his cock out of my mouth and sucked and nibbled at his balls. Eventually our hungry mouths met beneath him and we began to kiss, tasting the rubber and cum on each others lips.

Then as Peter replaced Kane, so Jeremiah replaced Peter. He stood in front of me and slowly released the zip on his tight rubber riding breeches. His prick emerged, looking moist and fat. I gave him a tender lick with the tip of my tongue, and watched it continue to grow in size, before taking him in my mouth. Now bloated with excitement, the Marquis's cock was huge and I had trouble getting it all inside. I moved my lips slowly up and down the shaft, making obscene gagging sounds as I reached the base and tried to stop myself from dribbling over my stomach.

I could feel everyone's eyes were upon us, so I wanted to make this last as long as possible. Every time I felt that he was getting too close to orgasm, I slowed down my movements and let his flesh drop from my mouth, licking away the dribbles of spit and cum that coated it. Eventually though even this became too much for the Marquis and with a nod of his head and a gentle sigh, he pulled away and with some difficulty re-fastened his zip.

The taste of salty rubber filled my mouth. My own body had grown extremely sweaty underneath the tight latex of my dress, bound as I was to the table and turned on by my services to the three men. I lay back my head back onto the soft leather support and tried to relax my muscles. Madison now stood between my legs and started to stroke my naked thighs.

'A job well done I'd say. You did much better than my first night and I only had to do Kane.'

'I find that hard to believe,' I smiled up at the masked girl and once more felt a surge of desire for this young woman.

'Well, I think you deserve a reward, and furthermore, I think I know just what it should be!'

Madison then got down onto her knees and adjusted the angle of my body. She then lifted one flap of my dress and her head promptly vanished beneath the rippling rubber. There was a brief pause, and then I could feel her warm breath on my thighs. This was followed by the softest touch of her tongue against my wet lips, before she began to tickle and tease me, and finally plunged deep inside my juicy hole, giving my an amazing tongue fuck.

I certainly wasn't her first, as Madison continued to go down on me like a professional. After licking me out, she began to nibble and play with my engorged clit, making me moan and squirm against my bonds with pleasure.

As Madison continued to tongue away at my moist pussy, I slowly looked around the dimly lit room to see what the other guests were doing. I now appeared to no longer be the centre of attention, as my fellow diners were fully engaged in a variety of depraved activities. Kane had two rubber maids bent over double as he and Peter carefully stuffed their orifices full, with a variety of inflatable dildos and gags, held in place by thick leather straps. The girls shuffled and sighed as both men prodded and probed them, like livestock at a market.

Much closer to me I could see Katrina, clutching hard at the edge of the dining table, as Jeremiah took her from behind. Her large tits swayed out across the polished surface, and her face was a grimace of both pain and pleasure, as his enormous rod filled her cunt to capacity.

Down below, Madison was now using her fingers inside my anus, greased with juices from my vagina. She continued to worship me with her mouth and I could feel her tongue running rings around my clit until I was ready to explode. At the same moment she felt my body tense up, Madison plunged her fingers deep up inside my arse. I was now out of control as I began to cum, my whole body shaking against the biting restraints that held me fast.

Madison continued to linger beneath my dress until she was sure I was finished, and then emerged, her rubber mask stained with the numerous emissions from my vagina. She smiled and then laughed while I grinned back at her. What a night this was turning out to be!

I tried to relax in the seat and catch my breath, but before I could close my eyes Peter and Kane were uncoupling my feet from the stirrups and unfastening the back board from the rest of the table. I was lifted up and taken over to the richly carpeted floor where I was gently lowered to the ground. My legs were now free, but my body and arms were still bound tight to the length of wood. Some of the candles were now extinguished to darken the room further and for a strange moment I thought that maybe

everyone was going to bed, leaving me strapped down on the floor to endure a night of painful bondage.

Kane now stood above me and looked down at my prone body and then across to his other guests. Behind him the main door opened and I could hear some kind of trolley being wheeled in.

'I hope you have enjoyed the evening so far. I know that both myself and my wife have taken great pleasure from your company!' there was a pause as the guests chuckled softly.

'But now you must be wondering where the dessert is? Of course it is never my intention to make my guests wait for anything, but in this case I thought it was perhaps appropriate to have a small appetiser before the main course..' he now looked down at me in a sinister manner, and I began to feel slightly apprehensive. 'Maids! bring out the sweet trolley and serve our guests.'

The small group took a step back as the two girls stuffed with dildos emerged, pulling a wooden trolley between them, laden down by four vast bowls of food. One girl carefully got down next to me on her knees, while the other remained by the trolley and passed the first bowl down to her colleague. I could not see what was inside, but the girl pushed her gloved hands in with a sucking sound and brought out two large handfuls of brown goo, which she then proceeded to smear all over my stomach and breasts.

From the rich smell I knew that it was some kind of chocolate and she repeated the same operation many times, building up a thick layer of pudding all over my body, until the bowl was empty. She then passed up the empty and was given another dish of equal size filled with more mousse. The process continued, and this time handfuls of slop were deposited onto my face and hair so that I couldn't even see, and then over my thighs and pussy.

The chocolate eventually ran out and then a bowl full of fresh strawberries was set down next to me. The maid began to liberally shower me with fruit, making sure there was plenty covering my sticky cunt and tits. Then finally, a whole urn of thick cream was poured over me, covering every inch of my body with the silky cool liquid.

As I lay there, bound and transformed into a human chocolate pudding, I did not know how to react. The full impact of this perverse game was still sinking in, but already my skin grew warm and I could feel the familiar excitement, coiling up inside my stomach and crotch.

Then as I lay there, still dazed with sensation the others suddenly set upon me. They fell to the floor and rubbed their hands and bodies across my slimy form. Tongues and faces were immersed in the chocolate and cream, and it wasn't long before I felt a rubbery head work its way between my legs and up to my pussy. I guessed it was either Peter or Madison as they were the only two wearing masks but I didn't spend long thinking about it.

As I felt the tongue begin to lick its way through to my cunt, other bodies were wrestling with my face and tits. Heavy hands massaged my breasts through the thick layer of pudding and my rubber dress, as tongues and lips kissed my mouth and face. I could not identify who was who, or even who was doing what in my blinded state.

Suddenly, I felt a pair of rubbery legs clamp tight around my head and my face was dragged upwards by my ponytail. Chocolate was cleared away from my mouth and then I felt a stiff cock, thrust deep inside my throat. I sucked on it hungrily, as I felt more slop fall away from my eyes and nose in large dollops. This meant that I could just about see, and I could make out the figure of Kane, straddling my abused body.

Now the tongue inside my pussy was replaced by probing fingers, and soon more joined the fray only these were firmly targeted at my arsehole. I relaxed my anus as much as I could, to allow the slime coated intruders inside, and with a shiver of pleasure I felt them sucked in deep.

I began to lose myself in sexual ecstasy as I continued to fellate Kane, feeling the numerous hands and lips massage and touch my body all over. Katrina lay next to me playing roughly with my tits as she eat the strawberries from my body and licked clean her creamy fingers.

Jeremiah meanwhile was playing with the two maids, wanking over them and ordering them to finger fuck each other, then telling them to get down into the goo and rut together like a pair of randy pigs in the mud.

Behind Kane were Peter and Madison, their rubber suits now brown and filthy, sat between my spreadeagled legs and working on my cunt and arse. They must have sensed my growing excitement, as they began to pump harder and I tried to relax my holes even further. It obviously worked, as in unison their hands slid deep inside me, and then formed rounded fists that rammed my passages, causing the most extreme combination of pleasure and pain, I have ever felt.

I had to rapidly eject Kane from my mouth and could do nothing else but writhe in the sticky mess, crying out loudly with every motion of their fists. I was now unable to do a thing, an incapacitated rubber fuck doll, kept on the edge of ecstasy by the well timed movements of Peter and Madison. The others knew I was approaching my zenith and a messy crowd began to gather round me.

Kane and Jeremiah stood directly above, both with their cocks out, being expertly wanked by the rubber maids who now knelt beside them. Katrina meanwhile, had unzipped her rubber trousers and was now angling her bare arse over my head. Slowly, she lowered herself down onto my face, until her deeply scented pussy settled, covering my nose and mouth like a warm fleshy mask. My cries were now muffled beneath her, as she began to ride my face with swift movements of her body.

I knew that it wouldn't be long now. Between the fisting, Katrina's games and the thought of the two men above me, I was close to orgasm. God how I squirmed as the lubed fists thrust inside me! Ramming

my tongue deeper inside Katrina's pussy, I was nearly screaming with the erotic release that was boiling up inside me.

Finally, my whole body grew rigid beneath Katrina's crotch, as I licked and sucked like a hungry animal beneath her wet flesh. Unable to make a sound and bound tight to the wooden board, my orgasm was silent but did not go unnoticed. Katrina started to cum at the same time, moaning loudly as she threw back her head and shoulders and pressed herself closer to my smothered face.

Madison and Peter continued to plunge my moist depths as I kicked both legs up and outward, this being the only form of physical release I could actually achieve. As I began to relax and let my feet fall, they slowed their movements and eventually eased their slime covered hands out of my exhausted holes.

Katrina collapsed down beside me onto the chocolate covered carpet, as inhaling deeply, I tried to regain my breath. Then, as we both lay there recovering, hot jets of sperm suddenly spattered across our bodies as Jeremiah and Kane reached the conclusion to our display of chocolate coated lust.

Only Peter and Madison were yet to fulfil themselves, and I could see that they were now noisily fucking, bent over the table that I had been attached to earlier. The rubber maids meanwhile, had quietly returned to their duties and were now clearing away the detritus from the dessert 'course'. I thought about how Kane, like the cunning fox he was, had obviously planned all this from the start and wondered what else he had in store for me. But if nothing else, I knew that I had achieved one thing that night - I was now most definitely a member of the club!

END.