

The heavily suited female form sank deeper into the murky blue depths, following the guide lines until she reached the sharply angled deck of the sunken research vessel. She used her hands to drag herself across the metal surface towards an open access hatch that lay a few metres away to her right. A small school of silvery fish darted away in fright, as the diver approached the edge of the hatch. Inside it looked dark, and she paused to switch on the torch that was built into her helmet. Her path now illuminated, she looked around for a brief instant, before pulling herself over the edge and in to the blackness below.

The light swung from left to right illuminating the jumbled array of air bottles, drilling equipment, and seemingly endless coils of wiring. Eventually, she found what she was looking for. In the far corner stacked against the inner hull, were about 20 large oil drums. These contained various chemical cocktails, some harmless, others anything but, and it was these that the diver was aiming for. She swam over to the nearest drum and examined the peeling label that was still stuck to the side. Reading the information, she produced a small watertight keypad attached to the sleeve of her thick diving suit, and punched in the details. She then proceeded to make her way through the drums, repeating the process, and checking each one for signs of damage or leaks.

Inside the suit the woman was feeling warm and sweaty. She was wearing an outer drysuit, made from the latest protective neoprene. Below this, instead of the usual base layers of cotton she was wearing another all in one suit. This though was made entirely from pure black rubber and was one that the woman cherished. Not only was it the first suit that she had gone deep sea diving in, but it was also the first item of clothing that she had had sex in, after discovering her fetish for rubber and latex.

And it was now that same impulse that was playing on her mind and taking her attention away from what she should be doing. With only six drums to go she switched off the keypad and let her body drift in the still water. The torch illuminated the wreckage that surrounded her and minute particles of sand and mud drifted lazily across the bright beam.

Her hearing was dominated by the sound of her own rhythmic breathing and for the time being the com system inside her helmet was blissfully quiet. She knew that the moment would not last forever.

Her attention returned to the suit that clung to her body, caressing her damp skin in a way that no human lover had ever achieved. She could feel her cheeks flushing as the sensation attained a sexual urgency and she moved her hands down towards her crotch.

The combined suits were very restrictive and she had to form her hands into tight fists to be able to feel any pressure as she rubbed against her clitoris. Her breathing accelerated and became louder as her body responded to the sexual stimulation. Her skin sweated and she revelled in the feeling, as the warm rubber slid and rippled against her oily flesh.

She was surprised by how quickly she had become turned on, and realised that she hadn't masturbated in well over a week. Her pussy was moist and sticky with juice and as she rubbed herself with her hands she could feel it lubricating the inside of the suit, allowing her to push the latex hard up against her clitoris, wedging the material deep against her vagina and arsehole.

This was enough to trigger an orgasm and with a series of violent spasms, she came inside the rubber, 35 meters below the waters surface. She lay in the darkness, both eyes closed, her body exhausted.

Then the radio sounded inside her right ear with a shot of static followed by a sharp electronic chirp.

'Hey Chase, how are you doing down there. You got all those drums done yet?' The girl whispered a silent curse and then opened her eyes.

'Andy, I'm nearly done, just give me a couple more minutes ok?'

'Fuck me girl! How long does it take you to do that shit, what're you doing down there, meditating or something?'

'Fuck off Andy. I'll be up in 15.'

The radio went silent again as she returned to the pile of drums, switching her wrist display back on. As she began to check the next label she chuckled softly to herself - If only they knew what she had been doing down there!

That evening Chase was sitting alone in the main mess, hungrily eating a plate of beef stew and potatoes. The weather had worsened since the afternoon and now the ship was noticeably moving with the swell of the water. As she ate, she reflected on the job at hand and wondered whether she shouldn't have given it a miss after all.

Chase worked for a UK salvage operation, and the wreck they were currently engaged on was a Danish research vessel that had gone down off the coast of Normandy several months earlier, during a violent storm. Chase had worked with this crew before but that still didn't make her like them any better. She was the only woman on board and as tough as she was the endless barrage of sexist jokes wore her down.

She had originally trained as an engineer in the Navy, but had quickly grown bored with the pay and the responsibility, so had decided to take her skills to a more lucrative market. She was indeed good at her job and her employees rewarded her well, it was just a shame that she had to work with such a bunch of neanderthals, and this crew in particular were the worst.

It being a Saturday night, most of them had taken a boat to the village that lay four miles further down the coast. Chase knew what that would entail. Huge amounts of drinking followed by the pursuit and conquer of any females they could find, it was always the same. She herself had opted to stay on the ship along with four remaining men - Andy and Frank - both fellow divers and two members of the

ship's crew, whose names she didn't know as they were hardly ever seen outside the bridge.

As she finished her food and began to toy with the idea of retiring to her cabin for the night with a bottle of vodka, she heard footsteps enter the room behind her.

'Chase, are you still in that damned rubber suit? What is it - some kind of weirdo sex thing? Whatever it is, you've got to be smelling pretty musty in there by now.'

'In case you hadn't noticed Andy, you dickhead, I just finished my dive an hour ago and I couldn't be arsed to change,' she barked back at him. 'And besides, I'm not always wearing it.'

Chase knew that she sounded overly defensive, but in fact she did enjoy to wear the suit after a dive and had even taken to sleeping in it lately. She played with a few strands of her spiky, platinum blonde hair and did her best to ignore the man as he walked over to get a coffee.

'So you didn't go into town to play with the boys then?' he asked enquiringly.

'What does it look like. Why the hell are you here though? I thought you lived for your little orgies in the village.'

'The roster says I stay, so here I am. Me and Frank have got some booze for later though, you care to join us?'

'Yeah Andy, I can't think of a better way to spend my evening than with you two jerks!' Chase looked up at the man, her attractive face contorted into a sarcastic smile.

'Ok, whatever rubber girl. You have fun in your suit, I'll catch you in the morning.'

Andy grabbed his coffee and with a grin turned and left the room, heading for his cabin. Chase remained in her seat, feeling the thick rubber enveloping her body. The wind was blowing stronger outside and the air temperature was starting to drop, it was time to head for her bunk.

Lying on her small bed, still dressed in rubber and drinking from a half full bottle of Smirnoff, Chase wondered why she had been quite so rude to Andy. If she had to be honest he was one of the better members of crew on board, and although he took the piss he was always relatively friendly and respected her abilities when they worked together.

She realised that it was the jibe about the suit that had really got to her. Chase wouldn't stop indulging her fetish because of a few well aimed comments made by Andy, but she didn't want the whole damn ship to know about it. The guys had very small brains but when they got an idea inside their thick skulls it took a lot to make them forget and a rumour about Chase and anything remotely sexual would spread like wildfire.

She lay pondering the problem whilst absently fingering her nipples through the taut surface of the black rubber. She was feeling sexy again but the comments made by Andy were worrying her. Perhaps she would go and play cards with them after all. She had nothing better to do apart from getting drunk, which was never very enjoyable when you were on your own.

She thought about taking the suit off, but decided against it when she saw the heap of unwashed laundry that lay scattered about her small cabin. Anyway, she figured she would still get off in the rubber when she got back to bed, whenever that turned out to be. She grabbed the unfinished vodka and stepped out onto the cold metal of the corridor.

Chase knocked quickly on Andy's cabin door and waited for an answer.

'Yeah, what is it?' came a muffled voice from within.

'It's me, Chase,' she said rather sheepishly. 'I've decided I'll join you after all, if that's ok I mean.'

The door opened and Andy's shaven head peered out.

'You're the last person I thought I'd be seeing tonight. Still wearing your suit I see. Anyway come on in, Franky and I will be more than pleased to welcome you to our humble abode!'

Chase entered the cramped cabin, and saw Frank sitting on the floor, cards in hand and a bottle of beer close by. The room was warm and the single porthole was misted over with condensation.

'Here take a seat, can I get you a drink?' asked Andy.

'No it's ok, I've brought my own,' Chase revealed the vodka as she squatted down on some worn and rather dirty looking pillows. 'So what are we playing?'

'Black Jack,' said Frank quietly, letting his eyes wander across Chase's rubbered form. 'You always dress like that on Saturdays?'

'Only for you two,' replied Chase, rolling her eyes in exasperation. 'Now can we please get on with this game.'

A couple of hours had passed since Chase had joined the two men, and now they were getting to the end of their alcohol supply, and growing bored of the cards.

'So Chase, tell me,' said Frank. 'Why do you keep that suit on all the time - does it like, turn you on - give you a sexual kick, you know like a fetish?'

'Oh shut the fuck up,' Chase replied with humour, giving Frank a drunken shove. 'You wouldn't know what a fetish was anyway, apart from perving at girls in short skirts and no knickers. That's as close as you two get to any kind of kinky sex I bet!'

'You'd be surprised Chase my dear,' responded Andy. 'Frank and I are really quite cultured lads aren't we?'

There was only a drunken snort from Frank to confirm this, so Andy continued.

'Anyway, whose to say we don't have any fetishes?'

'Not me,' said Chase putting her hands defensively in the air. 'I wouldn't dare. Next thing you'll be telling me that you're into rubber yourselves.'

'Aha, got you! So you admit it, you are a rubber freak!'

'I'm admitting nothing,' replied Chase. 'I'm not saying what turns me on, it's my business, no one else's, and certainly not yours.'

'But you have to admit it does something for you. I mean you do look sexy. A girl like yourself, good body, firm flesh and all that, wrapped up in that suit - all the guys look at you - and don't tell me you haven't noticed.'

'Fuck off Andy, of course they don't!' But as she thought about it, she realised that maybe he was right. The men did look at her and acted kind of strange around her, but she always assumed that was because of her attitude.

'So hang on let me get this straight, you think the other guys fancy me dressed like this?'

'Chase, you're a good looking girl, if a little scary sometimes. Most of them would fancy you dressed in a bin liner!'

'And that's a fact,' added Frank, nodding to himself.

Chase looked at the cards she still held in one hand. The atmosphere in the room had changed. Where as before there had been a sense of shared camaraderie, Chase now felt embarrassed. She had been enjoying herself, there was no doubt about that, but now once again she was reminded of the fact that she was a woman and the rest of the crew were men.

Only now things were different. She was no longer the butt of their jokes, but something they secretly desired. Upon realising this, Chase felt a rush of excitement flow through her. There was a sudden sexual edge to her mood, and the alcohol was doing nothing to subdue it. She relaxed her body against the cabins bulkhead, and moved her legs so that they now lay parted, flat against the floor.

'I'm bored of fucking cards, what else can we do?' she asked.

'Not much,' replied Andy. 'The weather is still shit. I doubt the boys will be coming back tonight, they're going to have to sleep in the village.'

'Heh, that'll impress the local populace,' chuckled Frank.

'Yeah, well it'll serve them right if they get the shit beaten out of them. It might even teach them a lesson,' Chase said, smiling.

'What the hell is bugging you Chase? You're one aggressive girl, anyone ever told you you should see a shrink or something?'

'Yeah, once. And I replied with my fist,' the two men laughed at her joke, while Chase paused before speaking again. 'Anyway, if you think I'm so tense maybe you should help me relax a little.'

Andy looked up, detecting the change in her voice. 'Well I'm sure we could help you out if you wanted us to. What did you have in mind?'

'I dunno. Massage maybe? To start with anyway.'

'Ok. Roll over onto your front and we'll see what we can do. You care to help me Frank?'

'Don't mind if I do,' replied Frank, as Chase turned onto her stomach and made herself comfortable.

The still black body lay between the two men, lit only by the glow of the single light bulb, positioned high on the wall of the cabin. The men's hands rubbed and kneaded through the warm and supple rubber, feeling the woman's soft flesh move beneath their fingers.

Chase was feeling relaxed. The combination of the rubber and alcohol had lowered her guard, and she was now enjoying the attentions of both Andy and Frank. She didn't know what was going to happen between the three of them, maybe nothing, but either way she didn't feel particularly bothered. She hadn't felt this carefree for a long time and it was great.

'That starting to melt your bones?' asked Andy.

'Mmm, definitely,' she purred in reply. 'Keep going, and don't stop until I tell you.'

Chase was loving the touch of the hands against the tight rubber that surrounded her. It seemed that rather than dulling the sensations, she felt more tuned to her own body. She tried to tell herself that this was a dangerous and highly embarrassing situation she had got herself in, and that whatever happened now, she was going to regret it in the morning.

But as Chase began to feel more sleepy than aroused, she threw her rationality out of the window and decided that this was the moment to make her intentions clear to Andy and Frank. With a quiet murmur she lifted her body from the floor and turned around onto her back, settling down onto the assorted pillows and clothes with a cheeky grin on her face.

'That's enough work on my back boys. But I still feel a little sore after that dive this afternoon, anything you can help me with?'

Andy and Frank looked surprised for an instant and then Andy smiled. 'I think we probably can. You just lie back and close your eyes, let us do the rest.'

Chase nodded and did exactly that. The two men began to touch her stomach and ribcage, gently at first, almost like children petting a wild creature, afraid of getting bitten. Urged on by Chase's subtle sighs, they both became more relaxed and began to explore the girl's rubberised body.

Their fingers probed and tantalised Chase's skin, beneath the latex. The room was starting to get hot and humid and Chase could feel herself perspiring. She sighed with pleasure, sweaty rubber being one of her bigger kicks, and hoped that the men would respond to her excited state.

Sure enough, Andy moved his hands further up Chase's body until he brushed against her breasts, both held within individual rubber cups built into the suit. She moaned gently, but loud enough to make Andy understand that she wanted more. He began to firmly massage her tits, her nipples hardening quickly beneath the tight latex.

Frank meanwhile was gradually moving south, Chase closely monitored his movements with growing anticipation. His hands played on her hips and between her thighs, until eventually he stroked her clitoris. Her vagina felt soft and juicy beneath the warm rubber and Frank's nimble fingers worked at Chase expertly.

For her part, Chase was in bliss. She began to move her body beneath the men, stretching her muscles out and arching her back like a cat. She could feel her pussy moistening and wanted to feel Frank's fingers invade her through the barrier of the suit. But no, not yet, she decided that it was time for her to give the men some attention.

Pulling herself up with her hands she sat upright resting on her elbows and grinned at Andy and Frank. Without saying a word she leant towards Andy and began to feel for his dick inside his jeans. Andy kept one hand busy feeling her left tit, while she gave his stiff member a playful squeeze and then began to unfasten the buttons of his fly. Chase then dipped her fingers inside his boxers and tenderly eased out his erect cock.

She began to softly rub the tip, making Andy sigh with pleasure, before turning to Frank and beckoning him to come forward. Frank stumbled forward, a look of disbelief written across his face, and Chase repeated the procedure. He stayed very still as Chase pulled his dick from his pants and quietly marvelled at the size of the thing, Andy was well equipped but Frank was a monster! With a cock in each hand, Chase rested her head back on the pillows and began to slowly wank both men.

The three bodies had become interlocked into one perverted triangle of pleasure. Chase continued to manually stimulate both Andy and Frank, while they in turn kept their hands firmly focused on Chase's erogenous zones. She could feel her body come alive in a way that she hadn't felt in a long time and knew that both men were also very turned on.

'Come here fucker,' she motioned to Frank and opened her mouth wide making her intentions obvious. Frank moved closer and Chase lifted her head so that she was level with his huge cock. She looked him dead in the eyes with the sluttiest look she could muster and then took his throbbing rod in her mouth.

Frank closed his eyes and had to steady himself against the side of the overhead bunks. Chase did her best to slide in the whole length, but the sheer size meant that she was having trouble breathing and very nearly gagged with every plunge. With her whole mouth filled, spittle flowed freely from around her lips and onto her chest.

Frank began to moan loudly, and Chase quickly joined him as Andy's hands found the zipper on her suits crotch opening and he slid a whole bunch of fingers deep into her wet pussy. Chase jerked her whole body in shock as she felt the thick fingers push in and out of her, sliding on the thick coating of cunt juice.

'That's it baby,' said Andy. 'Feel those fingers, you hot rubber bitch!'

Chase could only moan a muffled response, her mouth being crammed full of cock. She was working on Frank hard and fast, sucking his rod like her life depended on it. Sticky lengths of slime fell from her jaw as her lips smacked and gurgled around his member.

Further down Chase's body similar sounds could be heard, as Andy's hand thrust in and out of her wet cunt, teasing her clit which was now visible between the folds of rubber, with his thumb. Andy himself was trying to stay focused, enjoying the touch of her hand upon his stiff cock, and the sight of his fingers planted inside the squirming black body beneath him.

'Fuck me this feels good,' said Frank quietly. 'But I'm going to cum soon if you carry on like that Chase. Time for something different I think.' Slowly he edged away from Chase sliding his glistening cock from between her lips. Then he looked across at Andy. 'You got any of that rope left in your locker?'

Andy smiled and nodded. 'Let me just get it,' he gently pulled his fingers from Chase's cunt and walked over to the two metal lockers secured in the corner of the cabin.

Chase simply lay back and closed her eyes. She didn't particularly care what the boys were up to. She lazily slipped one hand down her rubbery front and over her clit, where she began to gyrate her fingers and wrist in slow circular movements.

Andy closed the squeaky locker door and returned to the two figures on the floor.

'Now Chase,' said Frank. 'I want you to shift up a bit so that your back is resting against the bunk, use some pillows for padding if it feels uncomfortable.'

Chase opened her eyes, and after a brief pause, followed his orders.

'Good. Now stretch out your hands on either side and rest them on the bed.'

Again, Chase obediently did what she was told, without saying a word. Frank took a length of the thick dirty rope from Andy, and taking Chase's right hand bound her wrist tightly to the metal frame of the bunk above. He then indicated to Andy who took the left hand and repeated the operation, stretching Chase's wrist as far as he dared before securing it to the bunk.

'Still feeling horny, rubber girl?' Andy demanded. Chase replied with a slow nod, and a wanton look in her large eyes.

Frank meanwhile, was sorting through some of the clothes on the floor until he found a crumpled

black shirt. He folded it down neatly into a long strip and then sat next to Chase. Without any resistance from the bound girl, he wrapped the material quickly over her eyes, creating a makeshift blindfold and securing it with a tight knot at the rear.

'Looking good,' said Frank. 'Now you really do look like a rubber clad sex bitch.'

'Fuck me then you filthy bastards. Fuck my fucking brains out, use me any way you want, I don't care what you do.'

'Ok Chase,' replied Andy. 'You asked for it. Frank pass me that empty bottle, it's time to show the slut that we mean business!'

Andy knelt down between Chase's spread legs and took the empty beer bottle from Frank's hand. He slid his fingers over her rubber thighs before taking the bottle and nuzzling it up against the girls pussy.

Chase was feeling so horny, that her cunt lips were puffy and inflated, and stuck out obscenely in contrast to the soiled rubber that surrounded them. Andy now worked the bottle's head between these lips and then deep into her vagina, causing a sucking sound reminiscent of a boot caught in mud.

'I bet that feels good, filling up that dirty cunt of yours,' said Andy, as he rhythmically shunted the bottle in and out of Chase. 'Well answer me slut!'

'Mmmm, fuck yeah. It feels good Andy, fucking great. Push it in deeper, shove it up inside me.'

Andy did just that. He pumped the bottle with all his force, finding it harder to pull it out from her sticky hole, as it gradually became coated in thick cunt juice.

Chase pulled at the ropes that securely held her to the bed frame, loving the feel of the bottle fuck combined with the tight bondage and the even tighter kiss of her damp rubber. Her eyes closed, she groaned loudly like a whore and had to gulp for breath whenever Andy shoved the bottle in hard.

She tried to control the feeling of sexual release that was building inside her body, but soon she knew that there was no use. Chase gave in and let her clitoris take control, as she shuddered and shouted through an orgasmic display the likes of which neither Frank or Andy had ever seen before.

The bottle continued to shaft away, as she rolled her eyes and pulled at the ropes with all her strength, forcing the rough material to cut into her flesh as she cried out for the feelings to never end.

Eventually though they did, and she lay back against the bunk, as Andy withdrew the bottle from her wet pussy.

'I'm not done yet,' she said in a weak voice. 'I want your cocks inside me. Andy in my mouth, and you Frank in my cunt. I want that dick of yours to split me in two. Do it, now.'

Chase's rubber covered form moved and pulsed beneath the two men. Both Andy and Frank had undressed and now Frank held Chases ankles in his hands, forcing her legs high and wide, as he fucked her with his huge cock. He pounded her pussy hard and fast with mechanical like movements.

Andy meanwhile straddled her tits, kneeling in front of her face, with his firm dick plunging between Chase's moist red lips.

Still blind and bound, Chase was feeling fully re-energised after her orgasm and was now fully immersed in her role as rubber slut. She could picture herself, roped down to the bed, and fully rubbered as she sucked and fucked the two naked men. Frank's huge member had stuffed her cunt full, and Chase tried to recall if she had ever been screwed with such animal ferocity before. As Frank thrust hard inside her, she decided that she hadn't.

'Fuck,' moaned Andy. 'That's it you bitch, suck on me harder. Fuck Yes!'

Chase responded by increasing the speed of her movements, her head bobbing up and down Andy's shaft, as a mixture of cum and saliva formed a mass of foam around her mouth. Andy clutched at her head with both hands and forced her down on him further, almost choking her until he eased his grip to allow her to swallow.

Chase didn't mind though. She was getting off on the abuse. Up until now she had been the hard woman on board the ship, always the loner. But this was release from all of that. Tomorrow morning she would probably be back to the old Chase again, at least with the rest of the crew, but right here, right now, she was a different woman and it felt fucking good.

She wanted to laugh or cry out but couldn't. Instead she carried on blowing Andy, as all the while Frank fucked her, pushing her spreadeagled legs up until they pressed against her arms on the side of the bed. Chase's whole body was doubled up and she could feel the thick rubber digging into her thighs, as it cut off her circulation.

Andy was now thrusting her head hard and fast against his cock, her tongue tickling and licking the tip like some frenzied animal. Then suddenly he went rigid and began to cum in her mouth. Chase slid him back in deep, so that she could catch all the cream as it pumped into her mouth. She had to start swallowing and relished the strange salty taste as it slid down her throat.

Throughout all this, Andy hardly made any noise which surprised Chase. He just let his body slowly relax and made a weird wincing sound, almost as if he was in pain. Eventually he relaxed his grip, pulled out his spent dick, and moved himself off Chase and onto the floor, where he lay exhausted listening to the sound of Frank and Chase's combined grunts and moans.

Freed of Andy's cock, Chase now revelled in her frenzied fucking, as Frank pinned her rubbered body against the bed and rammed her full of dick. He twisted his hands around her legs, so that he could get a hold of her tits, still nestled within their latex cups. His mouth now touched her face, and as they both

joined tongues in a riot of saliva and sweat, Frank began to cum.

Chase too edged over the brink and unlike her first almost painfully violent orgasm, felt a warm wave of pleasure emanate from her pussy and spread throughout her body. She kissed Frank hard as he shuddered and pushed against her, filling her cunt with his spunk, which then splattered back out onto the floor as his dick took a final thrust.

The night passed swiftly as the storm finally blew itself out and the first rays of sunshine broke above the horizon. The movement of the boat gradually returned to normal and at around seven Chase and the two men woke.

It being Sunday, no one had a shift, so the three of them enjoyed a long and lazy session of sex in the lower bunk. Eventually Chase returned to her own cabin and fell into a deep sleep, curled up in her own bed and still dressed in her filthy cum stained rubber.

END.