

It was half past nine and the majority of students, professors and staff had left the university campus and gone home to enjoy what remained of the warm summer evening. But not Natasha. She was a keen academic and because her finals in Chemical engineering were now finally looming, she spent nearly every waking moment, either in the labs or at home revising.

Although a hard worker, Natasha also knew how to have a good time. A tall attractive blonde, she had spent the first two years of college, moving swiftly from one boyfriend to another, whilst getting very drunk at numerous parties that she now had trouble even recalling. But when her third and final year began, Natasha vowed to focus her energies on her work, so she would hopefully leave University with the shining reputation and top level grades that everyone seemed to expect from her.

However this didn't mean that she put her private life into hibernation. For the past ten months she had been dating the head of her department, the celebrated scientist Dr. Michael Wingrove. They had met during a college party at the start of the third year, and Natasha found herself instantly attracted by his reputation as well as his handsome looks.

Michael was in his late thirties and was no stranger to dating students. After meeting Natasha he had pursued her with vigour, keen to experience the pleasures he was sure her young, curvaceous body held in store for him. He duly succeeded and then unusually for him, continued to see her over the course of the year, finding enjoyment not only when they had sex, but also during the time they spent together, talking about their shared passion for chemistry.

Natasha wasn't sure what the future held for her and Michael and she was starting to think that after she finished her degree, she would move on and start a fresh chapter in her life, without him. But for the time being the situation suited her down to the ground. Not only was she the envy of every other girl on the course but she was allowed to use Michael's private lab, whenever she liked, and this evening was no exception.

Sitting at Michael's desk, Natasha absently checked her watch as it signalled ten with a loud beep. She had tied her long hair back into a loose ponytail and due to the hot weather was only dressed in a sleeveless t-shirt and baggy, knee length shorts. She was currently researching alternative manmade products created specifically to replace natural materials that were becoming scarce. Her progress had been greatly helped by reviewing Michael's award winning work on latex. For the last few years he had been trying to find a manufactured alternative to natural rubber that imitated it but had no allergenic properties. In the last year Michael believed he had made a breakthrough, and was preparing a paper on the matter to be published in the Autumn.

Natasha reviewed the various notes in front of her and compared them to her own work on the computer screen. Feeling a soft pressure building in her bladder she realised that she needed to pee. She hopped off from the stool where she had been sitting and went out into the long corridor to go to the bathroom. However when she got there she found the door locked. Swearing under her breath, she realised that the cleaners must have locked up for the night, so she returned to the lab, remembering that there was a small toilet at the back of one of Michael's storage rooms.

She walked back across the laboratory and opened a door at the back. The room was very dark and she had trouble finding the light switch. After a few moments of groping along the wall she found it and when the room was illuminated she saw the toilet door, partially obscured by a pile of packing crates. She hurriedly pushed them out of the way, now getting desperate to take a piss.

When Natasha had finished she came back into the storage room, closing the toilet door behind her. She decided to push the crates further over so that they would be flush with the wall and well out of the way. Holding down the box on top, she felt the silky touch of rubber under her left palm, and when the crates were pushed up against the wall she saw a small corner of black latex sticking out from under the lid. Interested, she unclipped the top and opened up the crate to take a look inside.

A strong smell of rubber hit her, as she lifted the case down onto the floor to see the contents properly. Inside appeared to be a series of clear plastic bags each containing a slithery mass of black rubber. The top bag had been partly torn open and it was from here that the latex was protruding. Natasha theorised that they must have been test samples Michael had ordered, but intriguingly it looked like an item of clothing. Deciding to investigate further, she started to rip off the remainder of the packaging to fully reveal the rubbery contents within.

Having removed all the wrapping she shook out the heavy latex mass, so she could properly see what it was. Held at arms length, the rubber dropped down to reveal itself as a black polished catsuit. Natasha could make out dangling arms and legs each finishing with rubber gloves and socks. Attached at the neck was a rubber face mask made of a thicker, but no less shiny latex, and cut into it were holes that corresponded with human eyes, nostrils and mouth. The mouth hole had a strange metal rim running around it and she also noticed sets of small metal studs located on the mask, that looked electronic in nature, but for what purpose these served, she had no idea.

Looking closely at the shape of the suit she could see that it had been designed for a female. Very interestingly there were two round holes positioned where she guessed the groin and anus would be. Like the mouth on the face mask, each was surrounded by a thick band of rubber and metal, forming what appeared to be a circular seal, and more of the studs she had seen on the hood.

But what on earth was the suit for? Perhaps it was some new research Michael was working on, whereby a volunteer would wear the garment for a specified period, while their reactions could be monitored and recorded in the lab. Looking inside the packing case, Natasha saw that there were

many more suits, identical to the one she was holding. Putting the catsuit carefully down on the floor, she lifted off the top case, to see if the crates below were also filled with rubber.

She peered inside the next box and pulled out a bag full of various dark shapes. Ripping it open she spilled the contents out onto a nearby table and stared down at them in confusion. Now things were getting really weird! Spread out in front of Natasha was an array of various rubber dildos, vibrators, plugs, gags, bizarre looking tubes and what looked like a small remote control unit. She could see that many of the items had fittings that looked like they would lock onto the holes built into the latex catsuit.

Natasha thought that if all this stuff was for experiments, they were surely not going to be of a purely scientific nature. There had to be another reason as to why Michael's store room was full of rubber fetish gear, and she was hoping it was connected to his work.

Looking back at the table, she started to imagine what some of the things could possibly be used for. She picked up a particularly large dildo, and noticed that its base was packed full of tiny electronic parts. She fingered the shaft and started to imagine what it would feel like inside. Natasha kept a vibrator back at her apartment but she seldom used it, and had never inserted anything as large as the one she now held.

Looking down at the other mechanisms, Natasha couldn't help but start to feel a little randy. She felt her face flush and noticed that the room was starting to feel much warmer. Her juices were moving deep below inside her moistening pussy, and she shut her eyes, licked her lips, and savoured the feelings.

She opened her eyes again and saw the catsuit, still lying there on the floor. Then she looked back across the table, clenching the fat dildo between her fingers. She was struck by a sudden idea. The kind of idea that makes your face blush and your skin tingle with excitement and nerves. Natasha decided she would try the catsuit on and see what it felt like to be dressed in tight body hugging rubber.

After locking the door, she started to quickly undress putting her clothes in a pile on one of the chairs. Natasha didn't really know why she was doing this. She had never felt any strong inclination to wear fetish clothing before, yet here she was, about to slide herself into a complete rubber suit, while her heart hammered away with anticipation inside her ribcage.

Now completely naked, she took the heavy mass of cool latex in both hands and started to work her left foot down inside the material. It took a reasonable amount of time and a lot of patience but eventually she succeeded in getting her whole leg inside the tight suit. She smoothed out a few wrinkles round her knee and ankle and then set about getting her other foot in. This time it was easier, as she was learning how to roll the rubber up over her flesh without pulling at the delicate latex skin.

When both legs were completely in, she stood up and felt the rubber tightening against her skin as she flexed her calf muscles. Next she carefully rolled the suit up over her buttocks and gathered the material around her waist. Her damp pussy was pushed up through the round opening in the suit and she couldn't resist reaching down and lightly brushing her engorged clit with the tips of her fingers. She felt round to her arse with the other hand, and found the matching butt hole. Natasha greatly enjoyed arseplay and as she gently stroked herself, a curious finger teased the entrance to her tightly closed passage.

For a couple of minutes Natasha stood in the centre of the room, the rubber squeaking at her side as she softly rocked her body in time to the movements of her fingers. Her pussy was getting wetter and the effects of her self pleasuring were starting to make her moan. Thinking that she didn't want to go too far at this stage, she paused for a moment and then let her hands fall back to her sides.

She now began to pull the suit up over the rest of her body. First she pushed her hands down into the sleeves until her fingers were comfortably settled in the tight gloves. Then she lifted the thick rubber mask up towards her head and after taking a deep breath in anticipation, she pulled the mask over her face. The rubber virtually sucked her head inside and after a moment's adjustment she got all the various holes aligned with her features.

Natasha revelled in the amazing feeling that wearing the tight suit produced. The rubber moulded itself over her figure into a near perfect fit, and as it warmed to her skin she could feel a deliciously sexual sweat start to lubricate her body. Reaching behind, she felt around for a zip that she presumed would seal her into the slippery confines of the suit. But there seemed to be nothing there, no zip, velcro or any other form of fastener, either on the main suit or the back of the hood.

Faintly annoyed by this discovery, Natasha realised that this was probably as far as she was getting. She looked around at the objects on the table and then saw the remote that had fallen out of the bag earlier. She picked it up in her gloved hand and examined the front face. It was made of metal and was dotted with a large number of small unlabelled buttons, although most of them were marked in different colours. However one button in particular caught her eye. It was much larger than the others and made of red rubber. Underneath it were the words 'Warning - Suit Seal'. Natasha looked at it for a few seconds, then turned the handset towards herself and depressed the button.

At first nothing happened but then Natasha suddenly dropped the remote and let out a small cry of surprise. She felt the rubber on her back and neck suddenly become very supple and warm, almost like liquid tar and then it began to quickly ooze across her exposed flesh, rapidly covering her from the base of her spine upwards. Panicking she reached behind her head and tried to rip the mask off her face but it was already too late. The rubber had sealed across her head, completely enveloping her hair and now all she could feel through her gloves was a smooth coating of latex right the way down her back as if there had never been an opening in the material.

Now she felt the latex start to harden, returning to its normal chemical state and as it did, so the entire suit seemed to cool and contract, squeezing her body tight as if she had been vacuum packed inside it. Natasha pulled at the rubber that now stuck to her like a shining second skin but it was useless, she couldn't even start to get a grip on it. She was well and truly stuck inside the catsuit. Picking up the remote she examined it, trying to find an 'Unseal' button, but there wasn't one. She pushed the large red button over and over in the hope that it would reverse the process but nothing happened. She put the remote back down on the table, pulled a chair over, sat down and tried to calm herself.

Natasha was in a somewhat worrying situation but she had to admit that the suit now felt incredibly sexy. She was sweating profusely and now felt almost isolated inside the rubber, finding it hard to hear through the thick layer that covered her ears. She could hear her own breathing and the sound of her heart beating was amplified inside the mask.

Natasha sat and wondered how she was going to get out of this predicament. She knew there were a selection of knives and scissors in the lab next door and guessed that she could probably cut her way out of the suit. But instead of immediately going to search for a sharp implement, she realised that she may as well take advantage of her current situation and have some fun. After all her body was already enjoying some stimulation from the clinging latex, and she couldn't resist the idea of trying out one of the toys that lay on the table in front of her.

Standing she picked up the large black dildo that she had held earlier. Bending over she nuzzled the monster up against her exposed vagina and started to rub the head against her clit. Then as her body responded to the motion, she pushed the giant shaft up into her juicy cunt.

'Aaaarggggh!' she moaned out with pleasure, as the whole dildo sunk up deep inside her. The base plate was now touching the matching connector on the rubber suit, and with a swift, half twist Natasha locked the rubber shaft onto the suit.

Now feeling greedy with lust she picked up a large anal rod, and keeping one hand on the rubber dildo, she pushed the butt toy up against her anus and then eased it into her passage, slowly pushing it along until she could turn the base plate and connect it to the suit.

Natasha was now feeling more horny than she could ever remember. Walking slowly around the room, she felt the dildo and the rod churn and slide inside her aching holes, making her moan and sigh with intense pleasure. She started finding it hard to keep her balance, the bombardment of sensation was so great, so she sat back down on the chair. Both the attachments pushed up inside as she settled herself, causing her to tremble and moan in ecstasy. If this was what being a rubber fetishist meant, they could count her in as a new recruit, thought Natasha.

She slowly moved the greasy dildo around inside with her hand, rubbing its base hard against her sensitive clitoris. Natasha then lifted her other hand up to her mouth and started to suck on two of her rubber fingers, thrilling to the taste of latex and the semi gagged state it left her in. She reflected on what she was doing here, sitting in the storage room, encapsulated in thick rubber, stuffed full of dildo's and behaving like a deranged sex slut. But boy was it a great feeling!

But then quite suddenly the door lock rattled with the sound of a turning key and before Natasha could react it had fully opened to reveal Michael staring in at her.

'Hello, Natasha, revising hard I see?' he said grinning from ear to ear.

'Fuck Michael, you gave me a heart attack. I didn't know who you were going to be!' Natasha raced the words out in a mixture of shock and embarrassment.

'I see you found the suits then?' he said. 'I suppose it was only going to be a matter of time.'

'Yes I did. And what the hell are they for anyway?' she asked. 'I only put it on to see what it would feel like, and then I pressed a button on that damn remote and the whole thing closed up on me, it was unbelievable, and now I can't get out, so, so I...'

'Decided to stuff yourself with sex toys and get off on it, yes?' finished Michael, sarcastically. Natasha felt thoroughly humiliated, and looked away towards the opposite wall.

'Well I was fucking stuck wasn't I? I was going to get some scissors to cut myself out but thought I'd try to get some enjoyment first. I don't think there's anything wrong with that, do you?'

Michael walked over towards Natasha and pulling a chair over, sat down beside her.

'No I don't Natasha. To answer your first question, the suits that you see here are a by product of my research into latex. As you know, the money I get through sponsorship and grants is limited and a few years ago I was introduced to a consortium of men and women who offered me a lot of money to develop a bodysuit like the one you're wearing now.' Michael paused briefly, to let his words take effect on the embarrassed and uncomfortable Natasha.

'You see, to me Rubber is just a material, produced by nature and utilised by man for its

distinctive qualities. To these people though it means an awful lot more. It's a source for their sexuality, a powerful aphrodisiac quite capable of transporting them to the very edges of sexual experience. Do you know what I'm talking about Nat?'

Natasha nodded, realising that her current state of dress said a lot more about her understanding of rubber fetishism than her words ever could.

'These people wanted me to create a complete body suit made from a new type of rubber. One that would react to electronic signals sent to it from a device like this one here.' as Michael spoke he reached across for the remote and picked it up in his hand. 'They also wanted it to have certain properties, that would allow the wearer to be sealed within the suit for an extended period of time.'

'What kind of extended period?' asked Natasha, her interest finally overcoming her humiliation.

'Months, or possibly years, depending on the situation.' said Michael.

'Years!' exclaimed Natasha. 'What the fuck for?'

'Now that, I'm not exactly sure about myself.' replied Michael. 'As you know only too well Nat, I like a good fuck as much as the next man, but that's as far as I go. These people live out fantasies and dreams that I couldn't even begin to explain to you. But looking at the situation we find ourselves in, perhaps you will get a chance sooner than you think.'

'Excuse me! What the hell are you talking about.' shouted Natasha. 'Just get me out of this fucking thing will you, I've had enough!' An edge of fear was now entering her voice.

'I'm afraid I can't do that Nat. You see what you're wearing costs about forty thousand dollars in development costs alone. It utilises the latest nano technology. The latex has been combined with tiny microprocessors, in effect miniature robots, that can do the most incredible things. When you pressed that button to seal the suit you directed the microprocessors to alter the chemical structure of the rubber and to seal it completely, on a molecular level.' Michael looked Natasha directly in the eyes as he continued to explain. 'I can't possibly remove this suit from you now, the cost implications to myself are enormous. You see we can bind the rubber together but we can't yet separate it. Eventually the suit will start to decay and peel off but not for about another thirty six months, at least.'

'You mean you're seriously saying you won't get me out of this fucking thing for three years because you don't want to lose a buck? Are you insane, do you have any idea what it is you're saying?!' yelled Natasha. She stood up quickly and started to pace around the room despite the presence of the dildos, livid with the story Michael was feeding her. 'Well I'll just rip it off anyway, Who the fuck are you to stop me?'

'I'm afraid that won't work Natasha.' said Michael calmly. 'When the suit closed you may well have experienced a sensation of tightening across your whole body. That was the latex bonding with your upper skin layer. You see that's the only way for you to be able to remain in there for so long. Under normal circumstances the skin would be massively damaged by prolonged encasement in rubber, the sweat, heat and inability for the skin to breathe would only be a few of the problems. But the nano technology allows your skin to bond with the latex and continue to function in a healthy condition, it even cleans you. What I'm saying is you could try to remove the suit, but it would take your skin with it. Not something you or anyone else would want to experience, you'd probably bleed to death and it would be extremely painful.'

Natasha was now starting to cry, She couldn't believe what Michael was saying and desperately hoped that this was all a cruel practical joke. But inside she knew that he was telling the truth. Her stupid curiosity had well and truly dropped her in it this time.

'I'm sorry Nat. I wish this hadn't happened. I was really rather fond of you.' said Michael.

'Was really rather fond of you. What the fuck does that mean - Was.' demanded Natasha.

'Well you can't exactly carry on as before, can you? Take a look at yourself in the mirror.' Michael replied. 'But I think I do have an answer, a solution to the problem we're faced with.'

'What kind of solution?' asked Natasha, scared by the tone of Michael's voice.

'One of the men I mentioned, who paid for the development of these suits and purchases new ones on a regular basis, has a vacancy in his home, for a rubber girl like yourself.'

'Oh no you fucking don't!' screamed Natasha becoming hysterical. She ran for the door but before she could get there, her entire body became paralysed. Unable to move an inch, she remained in the room frozen like a black statue. 'What have you done, you bastard?' she cried.

'Utilised another of the nano tech's little tricks. I've altered the rubber's composition to become a hard shell. You won't be going anywhere Nat. You see this little box of tricks,' he waved the remote in front of her face. 'This can control virtually every aspect of your life. With this I can make you my slave, and if you refuse to co-operate I can make your life a misery.'

A feeling of inescapable doom filled Natasha. She realised that she was quite literally Michael's captive, and he was going to ship her off, to become some weirdo's rubber play thing.

'What will happen to me?' she quietly asked, sobbing through her tears.

'This man is kind, he's not a sadist. I've supplied him now with a few girls from the University campus, and he's treated them all well.' replied Michael.

'You mean I'm not the first, there have been others?' Natasha was shocked by this new revelation.

'You're the first accident, the others were all intentional. But now I fear you'll have to join them in a life of servitude.' he said regretfully. 'But unlike the others you seem to have more of a taste for rubber. He'll work you very hard, and you will have to service him sexually in every way possible,

aswell as his wife and friends too.'

'Oh fucking great!' she exclaimed.

'But you'll have no responsibilities to get you down, no bills to pay, or money troubles.' replied Michael. 'And that suit you're wearing can make your life very enjoyable. Here let me illustrate.' He walked over to the door and locked it, pocketing the key afterwards. Then he fiddled with the remote and Natasha found she was able to move again. The suit had returned to it's natural rubber mode.

Then the dildo in her pussy suddenly fired into life with an intense series of vibrations and shudders, making her almost fall to the ground with surprise and pleasure. Shortly afterwards the anal rod in her arse also began to shake and pulse with a rhythmic motion. Michael punched another couple of buttons and immediately Natasha felt her clitoris being stroked and massaged by the rubber suit itself.

'Ohhh, fuck that does feel good,' she managed to stutter, as her whole body rocked and swayed under the intense sensations.

'You see.' said Michael. 'It may not be as bad as you think.' He pressed another combination into the handset and Natasha was instantly blinded as thin, black plastic plates slid out of the face mask and covered her eyes. He then returned to the table and picked out a gag from the various items.

'What are you doing?' asked Natasha, gasping with pleasure.

'Just making sure that your journey is as enjoyable as possible.' he replied. 'Goodbye Nat, it was fun.' Before she could reply he eased her mouth open with his fingers and popped the inflatable gag inside. It attached to Natasha's mask in the same way as the dildos below, and once in place Michael entered a digit into the remote which caused it to inflate to a programmed size. Natasha's breathing suddenly became forced as she now found the small nostril holes cut in the mask were her only source for air. Then he flicked one final button and watched her body become rigid, as the latex once more hardened.

He could see that the girl was now lost inside the rubber, and had pushed the worries about her uncertain future to one side. The suit was taking over and working its magic on Natasha, he guessed that she would eventually make an excellent slave. Michael had seen other girls who hated latex, sealed inside and six months later they were perfect rubber dolls. After the material decayed the owners nearly always had them refitted as by then they were useless for anything else, addicted to their suits and the sexual pleasure that they offered.

Michael stood and watched the bizarre looking figure for a while. He could hear the sound of the dildo's vibrating away inside, and he could just distinguish the occasional moan, muffled by the mass of rubber that Natasha's mouth was now stuffed with. He could also see tiny movements as her body spasmed inside, and in some small way he felt a sudden pang of jealousy for the life that she was about to embark on. Then he turned away and pulled out a mobile phone. Dialling a number he then waited for a connection to be made.

'Hello. Is that Mr. Williams? Hi, It's Michael Wingrove here. Listen, I know you're looking for a new girl, and I think I may have just found the perfect candidate.'

END.