

The Audi TT's engine purred reassuringly as Tasha put her foot on the accelerator and pushed the car out into the fast lane. The drive north was taking longer than expected and even though she and Amy had left London at six that morning, she just knew they were going to be late.

'Now, you've got everything you need for when we get back tonight? The magazine has to go to press in a few days time and we haven't even written the main article! I know you're only supposed to be shadowing me for your degree, but to be honest, we're really deep in the shit here and I need every bit of help I can get.'

Amy, sat next to Tasha in the passenger seat, rolled her eyes in exasperation. 'Tasha, how many times have I told you: it's fine. I'll work on whatever you want me to. Besides, it's all good experience and you're paying me, most college placements give you the tube fare if you're lucky!'

Tasha smiled at the girl's enthusiasm and returned her attention to the motorway ahead.

Amy had been working with her for nearly seven weeks now, and was due to stay until the end of August. Tasha liked her, in fact her feelings for the twenty year old were more complicated than she would openly admit to. Tasha was bisexual, not that her work colleagues knew, and she was single and on the hunt. Amy seemed to be straight, and on the few occasions when Tasha had taken her out for a drink after work, Amy had repeatedly ignored Tasha's attempts to flirt with her.

She had now admitted defeat, but that didn't mean she wasn't still attracted to Amy. On the contrary, the more she thought about the young girl's soft white flesh, the more she craved her. As they sat in the car together Tasha could smell Amy's subtle perfume, and every so often she would glance over to take in the sight of her bare legs protruding from beneath tight combat shorts.

Tasha's thoughts returned to the impending deadline and her mind snapped away from Amy. She worked for one of the biggest fetish magazines in the marketplace, 'Rubber Dreams', and now at the tender age of thirty two was pretty much head of editorial.

The next edition of the magazine was issue thirty, and it marked their fifth year in business. The magazine was going to be an anniversary special, looking back over previous numbers, but also including lots of new content, articles and photos. It was the final article that Tasha and Amy were now working on and the reason why they were speeding north in such haste.

Rumour had got around that an exclusive group of rubber minded individuals were offering a line of handmade rubber dolls to an even more exclusive collection of rich clients. They had to be as the reported price for the dolls was around fifty thousand pounds a go.

Tasha hadn't believed that part of the story, but after many hours of research and endless phone calls, she had managed to secure a one hour question and answer session with Dr. James Jacobs, the man behind the dolls, at the factory in Yorkshire.

They had been faxed a map, showing the remote location hidden deep in the Dales, and Tasha had been told that if she was late the interview would not happen. Dr. Jacobs was apparently a very busy and not particularly good humoured man and Tasha decided that she wasn't looking forward to the session. Still, there was the bonus of being stuck in a hot car with Amy all day.

Most of the staff who worked on Rubber Dreams harboured some fetish or kink and Tasha was no exception. She had been working part time in a small rubber boutique in Camden Town, when she had been recruited five and a half years ago during the magazine's inception. These days she had lost most of the multiple piercings and the wild hair, but she still had a good body and enjoyed dressing in figure hugging rubber for both business and pleasure.

Amy was into something, just one look at her told you that, but what exactly it was, would be much harder to define. Today, despite the summer heat, she was dressed in a tight fluoro pink rubber crop top, a studded leather choker, her dark green combat shorts, and knee high boots, decked out with the biggest platforms Tasha had ever seen. She certainly must have stuck out from the rest of the crowd on campus.

Her long dark hair had been tied and twisted into multiple braids and heavy eyeliner surrounded her striking green eyes. Other than that she wore no makeup, but her youth and attitude more than made up for that. Tasha sighed to herself, as she found herself obsessing again about her young charge.

She checked the clock on the dashboard and noted the time. Damn they were going to be late! There was no way she was going to drive all this way and then get refused an interview. Tasha pushed an annoying strand of blonde hair out of her eyes and once more floored the Audi, trying to ignore Amy's white knuckles as she gripped the edge of her seat.

Just under an hour and a half later and with ten minutes to spare the car came to a halt in what resembled a dusty farmyard. Amy and Tasha stepped out into the hot sun to survey their surroundings. The main buildings were a ramshackle selection of run down barns and outhouses gathered around an old crumbling farmhouse.

But next to these, spread out on the green fields were about a dozen motor homes, connected by a series of metal walkways. The vehicles looked very expensive, similar to those found in a Formula One paddock.

Then from the farmhouse there was a sudden screeching of rusty hinges and the front door opened. Out stepped a tall man, in his early fifties Tasha guessed, who wore a smart suit covered with a white lab coat. He smiled thinly and walked over to greet the two women.

'Ms Yardley I presume?'

'Yes and this is my colleague, Amy Hanson. Are you Dr Jacobs?'

'I am,' He smiled at Amy, taking in the girl's exotic looks before returning his gaze to Tasha. 'You're early I see.'

'Yes, we made good time on the motorway, I didn't want to be late. I hope it's not a problem?'

'No, not a problem,' he replied unconvincingly. 'Shall we begin the interview. We'll go to my office if you don't mind.'

'Is it okay if we look round a bit first?' asked Tasha.

'I would prefer it if you didn't,' said the doctor. 'You see many of these offices contain some of our most sensitive processes. I wouldn't want you seeing something that you're not supposed to, if you get my drift.'

'Oh okay,' answered Tasha, slightly surprised. 'We'll get on with the interview then.'

They settled themselves into the chairs provided and took the cups of coffee offered by Dr Jacobs. Sitting down behind his desk, he paused and looked at them both, before starting to speak.

'As you already know we cater for a somewhat niche market. Rubber sex dolls are not everyone's cup of tea and our's have a price tag that precludes the majority of the public. We advertise only via word of mouth, our products are very exclusive and we pride ourselves that our clients are too. When you purchase one of our dolls, you really are buying something that will satisfy your every desire.'

Jacobs paused, letting his words sink in fully. 'They are made from the finest grade latex in either male or female form or a combination of both. Any colour, shape or size can be requested and we are always open to any special requirements that a client may have.'

'Yes, well that's certainly what we've heard,' interrupted Tasha. 'But I still don't get why they cost so much. Do they make tea and do the dishes for you as well!'

The Doctor leant across towards her and raised his eyebrows. 'Well now, where shall I start?'

The two girls listened for well over an hour to Jacobs' extended lecture about the rubber dolls. Drawings, diagrams, info packs and price lists had been offered to them and after a brief question and answer session they were told that time was up and that the interview was over.

Tasha repeatedly asked if they could see one of the actual dolls, but each time, she was deflected with lame excuses about there being no finished examples at the present time.

She eventually gave up and was now waiting for Amy to return from the toilet, which was located just around the corner in the next motor home. The doctor was sitting in his office, occupying himself sorting through stacks of paperwork, as he kept a watchful eye on Tasha standing outside.

She checked her watch. Where the hell was Amy? She'd been gone for over ten minutes and if they didn't leave soon they would get caught up in the evening rush hour.

The phone on Jacob's desk suddenly rang and he answered briefly, before leaving his office and walking hurriedly down to Tasha.

'I'm afraid there's a problem. Your friend has gone poking her nose around where she wasn't wanted and has got herself and therefore you into a great deal of trouble. Follow me please!'

Jacobs stormed off around the units and Tasha had no option but to follow. She hadn't a clue what Amy had done, but she had a gut feeling that it wasn't going to turn out well, for either of them.

Tasha walked round the side of the second unit to find Amy struggling in the iron grip of two security guards and a fuming Dr Jacobs.

'Well tell me, what has she seen?' he demanded.

'We can't be sure sir, but probably enough. She was watching for a good five minutes, maybe more.'

'Shit!' Jacobs looked pretty upset and Tasha still hadn't a clue what was going on.

'Can someone tell me what the hell is going on please, and while you're at it get your hands off Amy, I'm sure whatever she's done can't be that bad!'

Jacobs turned to Tasha and gave her a bitter glare. 'Oh you may not think it's that bad at the moment Ms Yardley, but believe me what your friend has seen puts me in a very difficult position,' he turned to the guards. 'Take this girl back to my office, immediately. Ms Yardley, follow me please.'

The men pulled and pushed the struggling Amy back to the office followed by the Doctor and Tasha. Once inside they sat her down forcefully in the chair she had been occupying ten minutes earlier, waited for Tasha to settle beside her and then locked the door.

'Dr Jacobs can you please tell me what on earth is going on. If not, I'm going to have to call the police, this is wrong, you've got no right to hold us both here!'

'Oh I've got rights Ms Yardley, and believe me, I intend to exercise them. Just as soon as this interfering girl has told us what she witnessed. Contrary to what I said earlier, I rather think that you are going to be seeing some of our rubber dolls this afternoon. Now young lady speak up so that we can all hear you!'

Amy looked nervous and shocked. Tasha didn't say anything but reached out and held the girl's hand for reassurance. She looked at Tasha, then closed her eyes and began to speak.

'I went to the toilet, like I said. Only when I came out I got distracted.'

'Distracted by what?' asked Tasha.

'Noises. Noises that sounded like people. People having sex, moaning and stuff,' she paused both embarrassed and frightened. 'So I went to see where the sound was coming from. It seemed to be inside the next trailer, so I walked over to one of the windows and looked inside.'

'And just what did you see young lady?' demanded Dr Jacobs.

'You know what I fucking saw there you creep!' shouted Amy as the doctor simply smiled.

'Amy calm down! He might know but I don't, what happened next?'

'Well, inside the room was quite dark but as my eyes adjusted I could see what looked like some of the dolls. Only they weren't dolls, they were real people! There were some on the floor, kneeling and licking, sucking I mean, on dildos. Then there were more standing up. They all looked female but these were wanking themselves while some woman stood behind them shouting and whipping them, and it looked fucking painful! But they didn't flinch, they just stood there on these mile high stilettos and carried on fingering themselves,' Amy paused to catch her breath. 'Then these two fuckers came round the corner and grabbed me and the next minute there was Dr Frankenstein followed by you.' She lapsed back into a frightened silence and let her eyes fall to the floor.

'So is she right doctor? We're talking about real people here, not just toys?'

'Yes, what she saw is real. Our dolls are living breathing people, but at the end of the day they are only rubber toys. Once we train them and ship them to their new owners they become nothing more.'

'How can you say that! You expect me to believe that people volunteer for this?'

'Some do, but not many. I would like to say that every doll we sell is a willing spirit, but I would be lying. Most are forced into the role. But they don't suffer, once broken and trained they are happy to enter the world of rubber servitude, to them it is only natural.'

'But who the fuck pays for all this? Surely if any of your clients knew what was going on here you'd have to shut down?'

Jacobs shook his head. 'On the contrary Ms Yardley, all our clients know about our process, otherwise they would not be our clients. It is that very knowledge that binds us, a contract some would say, guaranteeing both excellence and complete secrecy.'

Tasha looked horrified. 'But this is akin to slavery, worse even. How the fuck am I supposed to write an article about this?!'

The doctor was silent for a moment before replying. 'Well you're obviously not going to write it are you. What your friend saw today and what you have just heard, goes no further than here.'

'So what, you're going to hold us prisoner are you?' Tasha snorted in amusement.

'Oh no. Something far more effective than that. You two have the honour of becoming my latest recruits,' he motioned to the guards. 'Take these women to the induction rooms. Then let the Mistress know that we have two new 'candidates' and tell her to meet me there in half an hour.'

As the hysterical Amy was dragged out by the first guard, Tasha tried to struggle against her captor, while trying to beg for her life with Jacobs.

'Please don't do this, I'm sure we can make a deal of some sort, just stop for a second and listen to me. Please, I'll offer you anything!'

'Anything, Ms Yardley? I think not, you're worth much more to me as a compliant sex doll than anything else you can offer me.'

'But that's where you're wrong. I don't know where you pick up your normal victims, but if I don't get back to my office tonight I'll be missed. I left a copy of the map with my boss and they know enough about who you are. Pretty quickly the police will get involved and eventually they'll find you, you can be sure of that. You'll all be fucked!'

Jacobs paused and made a gesture to the guard, who relaxed his grip from around Tasha's waist.

'Ok, let's hear it then. What kind of deal do you have in mind?'

Tasha had to think and fast. In the blink of an eye she came to a decision, not a nice one she had to admit, but it might just be enough to buy her freedom.

'Take Amy and train her. Then give her to me and I'll keep my silence, I promise.'

'What! You want us to take her, but let you go free. Why?' Jacobs sounded astonished.

'I'll go back to London tonight and I promise I'll never tell a soul about what happens here. You give me Amy to buy my silence. No police raid for you and no lifetime slavery for me, we're both happy and we both get something that we want.'

'Oh yes, and what's that?' asked the doctor.

'You get to stay in business, and carry on making millions and I get Amy. I have a soft spot for her but she doesn't feel the same way, if you get my drift. This way she'll have no say in the matter, you did say that after the training they're totally submissive?'

'Certainly. Our process works every time. It takes nearly a year of intensive training, but at the end of it they live for rubber and the pleasure of their owners, whoever they may be. Nothing else matters. Amy will love and adore you unconditionally, and she will have no memory of you or her former life. But this is all purely academic, I don't think I trust you Ms Yardley.'

'You don't have to. If I tell anyone, I'm incriminating myself, I would be arrested just for taking Amy, now why would I want to do that, when I can keep her, shut my mouth and we can all live happily ever after?'

'But you were just comparing me to a slave trader, how will you ever be able to live with yourself?'

'Oh believe me, compared to becoming one of them, I'm prepared to put my moral values aside and do whatever has to be done. After all I don't really have any other option, do I?'

'No, I suppose you don't,' the doctor slowly stood and then began to smile. 'Well I think congratulations are in order. You've just managed to talk yourself out of a particularly nasty situation, for you anyway. But now, let's go and see how your less fortunate friend is getting on shall we?'

Tasha entered the dark space and followed Jacobs into a small dimly lit booth, fronted with glass. Jacobs switched off the light, closed the door behind them and Tasha stood feeling apprehensive, waiting for her eyes to adjust.

As she began to see around her, she peered through the glass, which she had deduced was probably one way, and saw Amy sitting out in the main room in front of her.

It was however a very different looking Amy to the girl she had last seen some twenty minutes before. She had been stripped of all her clothing and jewellery and was now unconscious and slouched in a chair that looked like it belonged in a gynaecologists surgery. Around her moved two women, dressed as nurses in identical uniforms made from tight black latex, finished with white rubber surgical masks, gloves and aprons.

Amy's body was different as well. All her body hair had been removed and one of the nurses was now cutting off her long hair, slicing large chunks clean off and then using a razor to shave her head to a smooth finish.

Tasha visibly winced. 'Why's she not moving?'

'A simple mixture of drugs,' replied Jacobs. 'Don't worry, she won't be harmed. She'll come round soon enough.'

Tasha continued to watch until all of Amy's hair had gone. She now lay there completely naked and Tasha had to admit to herself that the sight turned her on. She suddenly felt ashamed by her feelings, but try as hard as she might, she could not turn away from the scene.

She then noticed a movement in the darkness behind Amy and realised that another person was in the room. At the same moment Jacobs spoke, his voice amplified and transmitted through to the main room via a microphone.

'Ah, good afternoon Mistress. How do you like our new addition?'

The sound that returned was slightly muffled but still audible. 'Fine doctor, fine. A good catch you have here I must say. I look forward to the challenge of training her, where did you find her?'

'A long story Mistress,' replied Jacobs. 'Lets just say that we crossed paths.'

'Of course doctor, whatever you say. And now, are you ready for the transformation to begin?'

'Yes Mistress I am. I know how much pleasure you take in these matters.'

Now Tasha saw a tall woman, who she presumed was Mistress, enter the pool of light that illuminated the two nurses and Amy. She wore a black rubber catsuit which fitting perfectly to her body. Covering her face was a complex mask, adorned with studs and zips and on her hands and feet were thick perfectly moulded latex gloves and boots that shone under the bright spotlight.

She nodded to the nurses at her side and then lifted a large syringe from a small trolley next to Amy. Lifting Amy's limp arm she found a vein and inserted the needle, pushing the plunger down slowly.

'What the hell is that stuff?' asked an alarmed Tasha.

'Hair suppressant,' said Jacobs. 'It will counter hair growth for at least a month. After enough injections the state becomes permanent.'

The two nurses were now rubbing Amy's body down with some kind of clear gel, before Mistress lifted up a long item of black rubber in her hands and with the aid of the nurses began to dress the naked pink flesh. The thick rubber included socks and gloves and it rolled on easily enough after a little manhandling.

As Tasha watched the nurses struggle to close the rear zipper, she saw that the suit featured a large hole at the crotch. When the suit was finally on and zipped up, a tight rubber mask was revealed and the same process with the gel was repeated.

With a feeling of sadness, Tasha looked at Amy's attractive face for one last time, before it was enveloped in slippery black rubber. The mask was pulled on and sealed to the neck of the suit by interlocking zips. As the nurses moved away Tasha could now see Amy's new face properly.

The mask was tight and looked to be made from very heavy rubber. Her eyes were replaced by tinted plastic lenses built into the mask and from Amy's nostrils protruded a pair of rubber pipes cut to about two centimetres in length.

The nurses pushed and prodded at these to make sure that they were in place and that Amy could breathe easily. Tasha couldn't understand why they were so important, as Amy's mouth was now the only part of her body other than her shaved pussy left uncovered.

Mistress walked around the still body inspecting the work. 'Stage one is complete doctor. Shall we begin the final enclosure?'

'Yes, please continue,' replied the doctor, who now turned to Tasha. 'Make sure you pay attention to this next bit.'

'What does she mean by 'final enclosure', she's already enclosed isn't she?' asked Tasha.

'Just watch,' replied Jacobs. 'I'll explain the process as we go along.'

The nurses pulled in another trolley, but this one was covered in a selection of strange looking rubber shapes and a pile of metal pumps and nozzles connected to a large container.

Mistress waited for the nurses to pull the trolley into position before taking one of the misshapen items of latex in her hand and leaning down over Amy's masked face.

With the help of one nurse, Amy's mouth was prized wide open and the rubber object was inserted into her throat. It fitted perfectly and the large overlapping flap covered her whole mouth as it sat on top of the surrounding mask.

'What the fuck is that?' asked Tasha.

'A latex mouth sheath,' said the doctor in a matter of fact way. 'When Amy was first brought to this room moulds were made of her mouth, rectal and vaginal passages. These are the resulting items made from those moulds.'

The other nurse was now holding one of the spray nozzles and had switched on a small compressor on the tank below. She adjusted the head and then aimed the pipe at Amy's mouth. With a small pull of the trigger a fine black mist sprayed out of the nozzle to cover the mask below.

'Now they're applying liquid latex over the sheath,' explained Jacobs. 'When it dries, which will be in minutes, the mouth piece will be completely sealed to the mask.'

'But how will she breathe. Surely she'll suffocate inside there?'

'Not at all! You see the base of the sheath is fitted with a series of small tubes. Amy will be able to breathe and take liquids through the device.'

'How about food, how will she eat?' asked Tasha, becoming increasingly concerned.

'She doesn't need to eat solid food. She will be fed a carefully balanced diet of liquid meals, which contain all the vitamins and trace elements that she needs.'

'What about when she's delivered to me?'

'We don't run some cowboy outfit here Ms Yardley! You will be provided with all the foodstuffs and other equipment necessary for keeping the doll alive and healthy.'

Tasha turned back to look at Amy. She was finding it all a little hard to process. As much as she wanted Amy she didn't know if she could fully take on the responsibilities of being the girl's owner, mistress and lover.

The throat sheath was now drying and the three women turned their attention to Amy's crotch. Both remaining moulds were attached to her vagina and anus and the long tubes were carefully inserted and pushed deep inside.

The nurses were now using the spray unit once again and carefully sealed both the rubber moulds to the suit.

Tasha now had another thought. 'How does she pee, and shit for that matter?'

'The vaginal sheath has a small embedded tube through which urine can pass. This can either be left as it is or attached to a longer tube or bag. She can expel solids naturally through the rear sheath, a hole has been left to allow this - or a special container can be attached to hold them - which ever you prefer.'

'I think I'll go for the natural option thank you,' answered Tasha.

'As you wish. Remember that she will be yours to do with as you please. Many of our clients decide to stretch the limits of their dolls even further after we have finished. Some with astounding results I can assure you.'

Tasha remained silent as she watched the nurses wipe away any excess sealant and then using their fingers check that the sheaths were inserted correctly. When they seemed satisfied they put the equipment back on the trolleys and disappeared from view. Mistress now stood alone by Amy's side.

She looked towards Jacobs and Tasha and smiled. 'Job done doctor. I shall leave you to make your usual inspection and see you this evening for dinner. Goodbye for now.' With a nod of her head she was gone into the darkness and the microphone transmitted the soft thud of a door closing.

'Well Ms Yardley there you are. Stage one is now complete. She will be locked down for the night and kept sedated. Tomorrow will be quite literally the first day of the rest of her life!'

Tasha looked at the doctor quizzically. 'What did she mean 'your usual inspection'?''

'I always check on the work. After all, this is my company, these are my processes, I have to make sure that everything is being done to the highest standards.'

'Yeah right! Well this girl is mine so I'll make the necessary checks this time, ok? I'm sure you'll drop in on her later anyway.'

'Whatever you wish. I'll leave the two of you alone. When you've said your goodbyes meet me back in the office. We will need you to sign some paperwork before you return to London.'

Jacobs had left through the back exit into the bright afternoon sunshine. Tasha stood for a while looking around the small space, before she stepped out into the main room.

Tentatively she walked over to look at the bizarre sight that lay in front of her. Tasha sniffed the air and smelt the rich odour of rubber. Amy was now completely hidden, submerged beneath an unbroken layer of black latex.

Her body and features were so encased that Tasha found it hard to remember what the girl had actually looked like before. It was hard not to believe that she hadn't always been this way, sleek and rubbery, softly pulsing to the internal rhythms of her sealed body.

Suddenly she began to stir. Small movements at first, barely detectable but then she began to roll and stretch as she came round from the drug induced sleep.

Tasha didn't know what to do. Hidden in the darkness she froze on the spot, petrified of what Amy's reaction was going to be when she realised what had happened.

She was touching herself now, using her hands to feel her entire body, moving down over her breasts and eventually onto her pussy. The girl seemed to be in some kind of trance, and try as hard as she might Tasha could not imagine what Amy was thinking, but perhaps it was almost akin to being reborn.

Rubber fingers were touching her face now, feeling out the mouth sheath and the nasal pipes and eye lenses. She opened her jaw slowly and her rubber coated mouth flexed and stretched.

Then Tasha thought she heard a noise, a soft sobbing coming from Amy. It was muffled beneath the thick rubber but the girl was definitely crying. Tasha couldn't stand anymore and she moved out into the light and walked towards Amy.

Holding the girl in her arms she rocked her like a baby as she sobbed and cried within the rubber.

'I'm so sorry Amy. I tried to stop them but there was nothing I could do,' She couldn't think of anything else to say and didn't particularly feel like telling Amy the truth, not yet anyway. 'I'm going to look after you. You'll have to stay here for a while, so that they can...train you, but then they'll give you to me, not some fat bastard business man who'll treat you like a piece of shit.'

Amy moved her rubber head away and looked up at Tasha. 'Buu waat bouut yuu?' The girl was trying to speak but the mouth sheath made her almost unintelligible. Tasha presumed that talking was a skill the dolls would acquire but that it would take some time. However she didn't need to understand the words to know what the question was. What about you Tasha? Time for the truth after all.

'I made a deal with Jacobs. I pointed out to him that if we both went missing the police would be looking for us. This way I can just say you never turned up for work and that the interview was predictable and boring. As a guarantee of my silence I requested you. I'm to be your new owner when your training is finished,' Tasha felt her throat constrict. 'I didn't know what else to do Amy...I'm so sorry.'

She could now feel the warmth of Amy's rubber body as she held the girl close to her and with a sudden shock realised that she was becoming sexually aroused. 'You won't remember me when we next meet, I doubt you'll even remember your own name. But I'll look after you and love you. I can promise you that.'

Amy had now stopped crying and was lying still in Tasha's arms. What the hell, she thought to herself, go with the flow! 'You're going to be a sex slave Amy, my sex slave. I don't know if you ever felt anything for me, but I certainly thought you were very special. Just think of the life we can lead once you come to be with me.'

Tasha looked at Amy and although she couldn't see through the dark lenses into the girl's eyes, she thought she sensed some small acceptance of the fate that now awaited her.

By tonight Tasha knew it would be gone and in its place only fear and anger would remain, until whatever brainwashing techniques Jacobs and his cronies used, turned Amy into a wanton sex machine.

But for now she was lucid. She still had her memories and emotions intact and this made Tasha want her more than ever. It was cruel she knew, but she could force her to have sex and Amy would have no memory of it the next time they met.

Tasha began to lazily stroke the rubber with her hands, letting her fingers slide over the rich shiny latex. Tasha had to admit that Amy did look quite amazing in her new protective shell. The girl she knew had been transformed into some alien entity, on the one hand exposed and vulnerable, on the other enclosed and unreadable.

She could feel her pussy moisten as she let her hands brush over Amy's pert rubber breasts. Almost immediately the girl's nipples sprung up like bullets beneath the latex and she sensed a change of pitch in Amy's breathing as the air whistled through her adapted nostrils.

But as Tasha felt the sexual chemistry of her body start to kick into action, her conscience once more returned and caused her hands to fall to her side and a sigh to escape from her lips.

'I'm sorry Amy, I can't do this to you. I've done enough, the least I can do is leave you with your dignity. God knows these bastards are going to strip it away,' she looked at Amy with pity in her eyes. But the rubber girl picked up both hands and replaced them on her chest, forcibly moving them to indicate she wanted more.

Then she brought her face towards Tasha's and the two women kissed. Tasha was shocked when she felt a tongue of pure rubber wrap itself around hers and then push deep between her lips. Her surprise was quickly replaced by desire, and taking Amy's body into her arms, the new slave and her mistress began to and push and thrust on the examination chair.

Their kiss continued as the sound of Amy's breathing started to become strangled. Eventually Tasha allowed her to come up for air and then almost immediately, Amy slid like a latex snake from under her and beckoned to her lover to lie down on the seat.

Tasha quickly removed her shoes, top and miniskirt and leaving her knickers and bra on, settled herself down to receive Amy's attentions.

At first Amy only gently touched Tasha's naked flesh with the tips of her rubber fingers. Then as she became braver, she massaged Tasha with long firm strokes, moving her hands down over her bra and

eventually onto the damp triangle of her knickers.

'Here let me get these off,' said Tasha, but Amy kept her hand where it was and murmured something beneath the tight rubber mask.

Then she reached round Tasha's back and removed her bra, before taking the white cotton knickers and sliding them slowly down Tasha's supple thighs to reveal her naked pussy.

Tasha was now completely naked and as she closed her eyes and tried to relax, Amy paused for a moment to take in the sight of her former colleagues pure white flesh and firm tits. Tasha had now become very excited and her clit was now raised up from inside the mound of her cunt, while below thick juices slipped down from her lips and smeared the leather seat.

Amy moved over and carefully dipped a rubber hand into Tasha's pussy and lifted the heavily scented fingers to her nose. Then aware that Tasha was watching, she placed them between her latex lips and sucked them clean.

Of course the internal sheath prevented Amy from actually tasting Tasha, but this erotic act wasn't lost on either of the women. Then Amy was placing herself neatly between Tasha's open thighs, before nuzzling up against the soft folds of skin and letting her rubber coated tongue drift across Tasha's cunt.

Inexperienced at such things, Amy was at first timid but encouraged by Tasha's loud moaning, she was soon giving her a hard tongue fucking, interspersed with tender licks and nibbles around her engorged clitoris.

Tasha leaned back and gripped the girl's soft rubber head, pushing her in harder and deeper. The contrast of Amy's slippery face against her naked skin was unbelievably erotic and Tasha found herself quickly fantasising about what Amy might be capable of once she had endured the months of hard training to come.

As Tasha was approaching orgasm, Amy pulled away and replaced her tongue with a number of wet fingers. She then gradually moved up Tasha's body, letting her sheathed tongue and mouth create a glistening trail over her stomach and between her tits, before reaching Tasha's face. Then the two women kissed again, only this time with even more passion and now Tasha could taste her own juices on Amy's rubberised lips.

As they held each other close, Amy continued to grind and push her fingers around inside her mistress's pussy and sensing that Tasha was approaching orgasm, reached down with her other hand and pushed a single digit deep inside Tasha's anus.

As she started to cum, Tasha could feel her sphincter clamp down on Amy's knuckle, holding it fast, as her wet pussy shook with wave after wave of sexual release. The women held each other tight as Tasha recovered, a bizarre contrast of interlocking pale flesh and black rubber.

Amy withdrew her fingers and Tasha moved her body, allowing the girl more room to lie back and relax. Then as Tasha was deciding how best to repay Amy, she heard the door open behind her and into the pool of light appeared the two rubber nurses from before.

'That's enough of that,' announced one of the women firmly. 'She needs to be prepared for her first evening. She has a long day ahead of her tomorrow and she'll need all the strength she can get!'

'But Jacobs said we could have as long as we needed together, you can't just kick me out!'

'Oh yes we can,' answered the other nurse. 'Dr Jacobs has jurisdiction over most of the operations within this company, but when it comes to matters of the dolls training, our Mistress in charge. Now out, before we throw you out!'

Tasha was pushed away as Amy was bound to the seat with a series of large rubber straps. She tried to lift her head to see Tasha for the last time, but was quickly secured to the headrest. Then with a flick of a switch the seat sprouted small wheels, and the nurses dragged the trolley bearing Amy away into the darkness.

Tasha could just hear the gurgles of fear as Amy tried to cry out from her rubber sheath, but then these too vanished and were replaced by silence.

Not wanting to think about what she had done or what lay ahead for Amy, Tasha wiped tears from her eyes, picked up her clothes and dressed herself, before walking over to the door through which she had entered the room.

She opened it to briefly witness the strong afternoon sun, before four strong hands gripped her arms and blackness returned.

Dr Jacobs stood beside the door and grinned with satisfaction. The rubber bag had slipped straight over Tasha's head and once the two security men had pulled her to the ground it was a relatively easy job to pull the folds of rubber down around her body. The end of the sack was now fastened tight with a drawstring connected to a small yet sturdy padlock.

Tasha tried to kick and rip her way out, but the bag was so thick it hardly flexed and pretty soon she lay exhausted within the rubber folds, the sun already heating the latex to an uncomfortable level.

'Why the fuck are you doing this, we had a deal!' Her voice was muffled but could still be heard from within the bag.

'Well, I thought long and hard about your so called deal, and I have to admit that for a while I was going to go along with you. But you see Ms Yardley, in terms of gross profit you're a very valuable asset to my business. Young, attractive, with a good body - all the ingredients for a top level sex doll - I have clients on my waiting list who will pay vast amounts of money for someone of your calibre, depending

on how your training goes. Come to think of it, I even have a lady in Japan who would like two female dolls. Perhaps if things go well we'll deliver you and your former colleague to her. That way you'll still be working together, in a manner of speaking!

'You double crossing shit!' cried out Tasha. 'I'm never going to be one of your fucking sluts!'

'That's where you're wrong I'm afraid. You may think you have a strong will but it always breaks eventually. It may take a while before you succumb, but before the year is out you'll be happy to get down on your knees and suck my cock at the slightest suggestion!'

"Fuck you. Fuck yoooo!!" Tasha was now fighting inside the bag again, a final outburst of livid anger before her body had enough.

Jacobs ignored Tasha's curses and turned towards the guards. 'Take her away to join the other one, Mistress can enclose her tomorrow. Then someone needs to get that car far away from here and dump it. I want a full clean up on all fingerprints and search for any other evidence that may lead back to us. We need to clear this whole area and get the vehicles moving in staggered formations by nine tonight. We'll be in Belgium by the morning and then we won't stop until we reach the Russian border.'

'Yes sir!' answered the men, who began to roughly drag the rubber bag along behind them.

Jacobs could just make out a few quiet sobs coming from inside. 'Goodbye Ms Yardley, It was nice to have made your acquaintance. I'm sure the magazine will miss you, but I think you'll find your new occupation rewarding; in the end.'

END.