

All was going well until I got about halfway down the garden. Underneath my right foot, instead of grass, I felt mud. Thick mud. I just balanced my right foot, but when my left foot found that the mud got deeper and even more slippery I feared the worst. Looking through the plastic eye holes, I couldn't see where the mud started and the grass finished. Two steps further and I realised the complexity of the challenge. The swine's had a section of the garden which was pure mud. Difficult to walk through at the best of times, never mind wearing a rubber suit. Now I realised the reason behind the gel in the feet of the suit. Ingenious! Bastards!

Counting the steps before the inevitable happened, I felt my right foot slide as I placed it down, and with the weight of the log around my shoulders, I struggled to get my balance, and down I fell. I landed on my back. My arms spread out and lying in around six inches of mud. Covered!

As I lay there my mind turned to how difficult it was going to be to right myself. Not only was I at a disadvantage with the log around my shoulders, but the mud was really slippery, I lay there for a few minutes to work out the best way to go about this. At the end of the thought process I decided that there wasn't one - I'd just have to go for it. With that I tried to raise my shoulders off the ground and swing my legs around. All I did was slide in the mud.

It suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't seen any rain around here since I came, only beautiful weather. So how come it was so muddy. The only conclusion I could come up with was that my captors had deliberately laid the trap, manufacturing the mud for the occasion.

As I lay there, I strained my head to look back at the house only to see Simon and Andrew laughing their heads off and moving inside the house. I was to be left, either to swim around in the mud for hours or to try and finish the task at hand.

I tried again to get up and right myself, but the more I tried the more mud I created and the worst it seemed to get. The more my legs thrashed around in the mud, trying to get a grip, the more mud was created. All I was managing to do was change my position in the mud, and get myself covered in yet more mud. I must have looked a real sight.

When Andrew popped out to check on me, I must have been laying there for at least an hour. Andrew just laughed and left. I tried to plead that I'd had enough, but with a gag firmly in place it's difficult to make any sense. With that I tried once again to muster the energy to try to right myself again. I moved my shoulders down into the mud and bent my legs so they went under my body. Straightening my leg now, I managed to get some leverage and forced my body up slightly - but all came crashing down when my foot slipped again in the mud and I fell again. Only this time, because I was throwing so much of my weight forward I managed to slip forward and finished on my stomach. I was now lying face first in the mud. I started to panic, wondering if I would be able to breathe in the mud.

I shouldn't have panicked so easily, as my nose was some three to four inches above the level of the mud, but still - I was now in a position where I wouldn't be able to get up from. I resigned myself to lying where I was - until I was rescued from my predicament. Its surprising how taxing it is on the body when you're in such a position. I lay there exhausted. For another two hours - unable to right myself - covered completely in inches of mud. Great Fun!

I completely lost track of how long I spent in that position, but it was a few hours at least. It was with great relief that I greeted Andrew lifting me up, restoring my proper position to me.

Still with the log attached to my arms, I was led over to the wall at the back of the house. A few comments were made as to my disgraceful appearance, before I felt spurts of cold water hit me full on. Simon was hosing me down, and even though I was covered in layers of latex, I could still feel the coldness of the water.

It did the trick though, as the mud washed off me quite easily.

Restored back to my gleaming black self, the water was shut off, and the log was released from my shoulders. As my arms fell down to my side, they ached more for returning back to their natural position than they had tied to the log. The rest bite did not last for long, as my arms were crossed in the usual straight jacket position and securely strapped together. With the aid of a few latex straps, I was then secured to a pole which I can only assume was part of a washing line. Straps around my ankles and thighs forced my legs together, and I felt as if I was going to topple forward. Further straps around my head, neck and upper torso firmly secured to the post and I guessed I wouldn't be going anywhere for a while. I was right. Andrew informed me that both he and Simon had to pop down to the shops for an hour or so, so I was to stay here until they returned. In my current situation, I was in no position to either argue or embark on a short sightseeing trip while they were away.

Being on holiday for only a short space of time worked against me. Normally I keep a fairly good grasp of the time. Even if I can't see a clock, I know roughly what time it is. But being bound as I was in a variety of positions, I was concentrating so much on the situation, the enjoyment and the best way to maintain my comfort, that I lost track of time completely. I didn't know if it was mid morning, midday or late afternoon. I didn't know whether to enjoy the moment, as time was running out, or enjoy the moment, as it would last for hours yet.

Strange sounds alerted my senses as I heard voices coming into the garden. My senses were right to be alerted as I heard voices which I couldn't identify as either Andrew's or Simon's. The voices grew louder and then laughter. I had been spotted, and obviously amused somebody in my predicament. I started to worry about the situation. Two strangers had discovered me bound to a post wearing rubber clothing and a rubber straight jacket. A strange hand started to explore my groin area, and despite the situation I felt my penis harden even further. One of my tormentors made a humorous comment about this to his mate.

With this I was unstrapped from the post, and the straight jacket was unfastened. The hood was pulled away from my head. It was nice to have the full function of my mouth back again. I then noticed my new admirers for the first time. Two men, in their early thirties were standing alongside me wearing some amazing black rubber outfits. One wore an amazing black overall arrangement which looked brilliant. Black rubber came up to just under his chin, where two straps fastened over his shoulders and connected to the back of the overalls. The other wore a hooded one piece suit. Quite loose fitting, the whole suit looked oversized for the man. It had mittens, and a hood which had a large piece of clear plastic at the front. Straps closed the suit close at various parts of the body, with straps around the ankles, wrists and the neck. The whole effect of the suit was superb. You could see the sweat of the man inside the suit on the clear plastic of the hood.

The man in the overalls spoke to me, asking me rather jokingly if I liked being bound up whilst wearing rubber. I just smiled back - I think he got the idea.

I gathered by the way the two men were dressed and by their mannerisms that the man in the overalls called the shots, and the man in the suit accepted the other mans instructions without

much arguing.

Even though these people were complete strangers to me, I didn't feel worried or threatened by them. Hard to imagine the same situation back in the UK. Two strange men finding me trussed to a post in a back garden wearing nothing but black rubber bondage items.

Then the man in the overalls told the other man to undress, then turned to me and told me to do the same. He wanted to see me in the hooded suit, and see his friend in the suit and straight jacket. I was game for a challenge. The thought of getting into the suit which was so obviously full of the other mans sweat was to be a new challenge. One worthy of a try I thought. Plus, although I didn't feel threatened by the men, I wouldn't want to provoke a situation where I would feel threatened by them.

Both of us got undressed fairly quickly. Then the stranger helped me get into his suit he'd just taken off. It was a great feeling suit. The looseness of the suit was a great new sensation, and with the straps fastened around the ankles, wrists and neck, the bondage element was reinforced. The hood was so full of sweat, the initial odour was unsettling. I didn't really have time to adjust to that when I realised why the suit was so sweaty. There were only two very small holes in the front of the hood to breathe through. This meant that every time I took a breathe, I sucked the clear plastic in to my face, and then blew the plastic away as I exhaled. It was quite a sensation, but provided comfortable breathing.

I then turned my attention to helping the stranger into the suit I had just taken off. After that, I helped him into the straight jacket. Now this was an experience and a half. Helping somebody else into a straight jacket whilst wearing a superb rubber suit. Fitting the gag inside the hood firmly into place. Tightening the straps all over the back of the jacket and finally securing the stranger into a position where he would hug himself tightly until one of us let him lose. The feeling of power at this situation was a first, and an enjoyable one at that.

When I had finished securing the stranger inside his rubber bondage, the other man started to remove the straps which were hanging around the post, which only minutes earlier had held me tightly to the pole. Instructing us both to lie down on the ground, the stranger then took the straps and proceeded to secure both the straight jacketed stranger and myself together. With our backs together, we were strapped around the neck, upper torso, ankles, thighs and waist, with extra straps fastening my hands to the side straps on the other guys straight jacket. We were bound together, unable to move much, with nowhere to go. The stranger looked happy with his work, and with that, left.

Back to being unable to move again, sealed inside one of the strangest sensation suits I had ever come across and strapped to a complete stranger who was wearing my suit and straight jacket which had held me only moments earlier.

Try as I did to remove my hands from the bonds, I was securely fastened. I was to be like this for the duration.

Some time past, lying there under the sun, sweating more and more with every breathe which bought the hood sucking into my face before the stranger returned. Only this time Simon and Andrew were with him. By the way they were all talking they were good friends. What a devious plan. They had organised all of this. It had been quite a thrill though. Having somebody you have never met before dictate the situation, with the end result being a completely new experience.

Before the three friends disappeared inside, we were told that we were going to stay like this until after they had eaten some tea. I found it hard to believe that so much time had past by. But what an afternoon it had been. Hours of bondage in various predicaments. Superb!

When Simon came out to release us both, I thought that the rubber bondage element would subside for me for a while so that I could take on some food and water. I assumed too much too soon.

Unstrapped from the straight jacketed stranger, I was led back into the house. I was told to undress and remove the suit. After doing so, Simon told me that I was going to enjoy some more bondage until it was time for bed. One long stint of rubber bondage without possibility of escape. Andrew appeared from the other room carrying various bits and pieces ready for my ordeal.

The first item was a butt plug. This was slightly different from the ones I had seen before. To start with it was an inflatable one. After lubricating it sufficiently I bent over and allowed it to be inserted. When I stood back up straight, I already felt full up, but I wasn't finished yet. Andrew inflated the plug a couple of times, and I felt a huge swelling in my anus. A few more inflates later and I felt that it couldn't go any further. Andrew stopped and then went behind me to remove the inflator valve. The butt plug did not move, did not deflate. Instead, it just stayed there, secure.

Next came a suit which looked slightly deformed in some way. It had long rubber legs, but no arms, and had a strange looking hood attached to it. With Simon and Andrew's help I was eased into the suit. First my legs were seated into their rubbery confines. Next Andrew held up the top part of the suit to me. I looked for the sleeves for my arms, and there were no holes or openings. He told me to cross my arms straight jacket style, and then started to pull up the rest of the suit. When he got most of the suit pulled up, he explained the hood to me. It had no eye holes, two small nose holes and a gag, but the gag was attached to a small tube and a funnel which sat on top of the hood. I was told that once secured inside and strapped tightly to the chair, I was to be fed via the tube. Seamed fair enough. I get to enjoy myself sealed inside rubber bondage while somebody else feeds me. What more could a man ask for.

With that he pulled the hood up, and I felt the gag slip into my mouth. It was like a practice golf ball, a round ball which the tube went through the middle of. The rest of the hood was pulled up and into place, and I was sealed into darkness. The long zip from the top of the hood to the base of the spine was then closed and I felt the restrictive properties of the suit as it sealed my arms against my body. I was again captive in rubber bondage bliss.

I was then led to a chair in the corner of the room and forced to sit. Straps were fixed about my body and fastened to the chair. It must have been a high backed chair, as one of the straps circled my neck and held my head rigid to the chair. My legs, thighs, ankles and upper body were strapped in a similar way until I was bound completely to the chair. I was going nowhere.

I was comfortable, in fact very comfortable. It was then the I felt a cold liquid trickle in from the gag. I tasted the liquid, and it tasted like strawberries. A voice in my ear explained that it was a high concentration strawberry drink. There were enough proteins and minerals inside to keep me going for hours. With that I started to enjoy the drink more and more. The only problem was that it was coming into my mouth in a steady flow. The only way I could stop

the flow and gulp down what I had in my mouth was to stick my tongue over the hole in the gag, thus stopping the flow temporarily. But as soon as I removed my tongue, the liquid came gushing back into my mouth.

I didn't expect that this would go on for long, but it did. It went on and on for ages. Eventually the liquid turned to water, as I must have had my fill of the strawberry drink. But the water flowed as constantly as the drink had. And it flowed and flowed. I got to the point very quickly where all I wanted to do was take a leak, but I couldn't. The pressure inside my penis and my anus started to make me feel slightly uncomfortable. But still the liquid flowed and flowed. I don't know how long this went on for. It wasn't as if there was a gushing flow of water which I found hard to cope with. It was more that there was this trickle of constant water which forced its way into my mouth and then my stomach.

This went on and on. Trapped inside my rubber confines, and strapped to a chair, I was in no position to do anything about it. All I could do was concentrate on the water and repeating the process of inserting my tongue into the gag when my mouth got full to help me swallow the liquid more easily.

Still the pressure built. My stomach now felt very full. My penis stopped being hard from the rubbery confines and wanted to relieve itself of some of the liquid which was in my bowels. My anus wanted to explode, although the fullness in there wasn't helped by the huge inflated butt plug.

I don't know how long this lasted for. But I reached a point where I was going to have to pee. Gagged, I couldn't communicate the fact with the others, although I'm sure that was what they were aiming for. Instead I just held off peeing until I really really had to. Then, with great relief I peed. I felt the liquid come shooting out of my penis, cover my waist and groin area and then start trickling down my legs. As the suit had attached feet, all I was doing was peeing inside my suit with the pee having nowhere to go but build up around my ankles. The suit was quite a tight fit, so there wasn't too much room for the pee to settle in, and after peeing again some time later, I felt the pee as high as my calf muscles. I was appalled at the situation. But what could I do, the water still flowed.

Laughter could be heard from my captors as they enjoyed the sight of a grown man having to pee inside his suit. Sadists!

When my head was released from the straps on the chair and the hood eased down, the pee was almost up to my knees. I was delighted that they were going to release me. God knows how many hours I'd been trussed, drinking and peeing. I was led into the bathroom, which wasn't easy as with every step I took you could hear the slight gushing of liquid trapped inside the suit and slipping around my feet. I was helped into the shower, and then the rest of the suit was eased down so that I had my arms back in use. I grabbed hold of the suit and the shower was turned on. I showered myself and removed my suit at the same time. Washing the pee away as I did so. I felt a lot cleaner now, though the butt plug in my anus reminded me of what had happened. I peed quite a few more times until I felt that I was in charge of my bodily functions again.

Emerging from the shower a new person, I realised it was that time of the night to get some sleep. Andrew had promised me a good night's rest before travelling back tomorrow, and with that I was led into the bedroom for one last time. Stretched out on the bed was a lifeless piece of black rubber. It was about six foot long, with a rounded mound at one end which I guessed

was the hood. Out of the hood protruded a short piece of tubing with an valve attached to it. I'd worked out that it was a sleep sack, but what a sight, what a joy to behold.

It had a long back zip, so I was helped into it. Still with the huge inflated butt plug inserted in my anus, I rested my feet into the foot sack at the bottom of the sack, and Andrew lifted the bulk of the sleep sack up until my legs were mostly covered. The coldness of the suit felt superb against my legs and groin. Inside the suit there were internal sleeves, and I inserted my arms into their waiting homes for the night as Andrew pulled the rest of the sack up. with a pull of the zip a new tightness surrounded my legs. Next my ass felt itself being encased and the pressure mounted on the plug which was now sealed inside once more. I was to be with this plug for some hours yet. Before easing the rest of the zip up my back, the hood was fitted. It had a small inflatable gag which was easily placed inside my mouth. Then the rest of the hood was pulled up over my head. There were no eye holes, and only two small holes for me to breathe through my nose.

With the hood in position, a zip was pulled down from the top of the hood, which met with the zip which had been zipped further up my back , both of them meeting by my neck. The tightness of the sleep sack was perfect. It was tight, yet not uncomfortably so.

With the zips locked in position with a small padlock, I was eased so that I was lying flat on the bed. Just as I was getting to know the confines of the sack further, the gag in my mouth was inflated. My cheeks were pushed out, increasing the tightness inside the hood. A couple of further inflates later, just when I thought I was going to explode, the stopper on the tube was tightened, and I was left, severely gagged and lying inside a completely inescapable rubber sleep sack. The feeling was superb. I wanted to enjoy this forever. I didn't want the morning to arrive, which would signal the start of my trip home.

I relaxed inside my bonds, and looked forward to some superb dreams as well as the thought of waking up trapped as I was. The nights sleep was the best I've had in years. Strange dreams entered my mind, and all the time I felt as if I was floating inside a warm sanctuary, looking down upon this lifeless form held prisoner inside a rubber bondage heaven - namely myself.

Waking, it took time to fully awake and realise where I was and how much I relied upon others for my freedom. I was completely unable to move, scratch myself, speak or even hear and see whether it was still night time or a new morning.

With a hissing sound, the air in the gag escaped, and I realised that it must be morning and time for freedom. The hood of the sack was removed and I was helped out of the sack by Simon. The cold air against my skin made me wish that I'd been left inside the sack, where it was warm and dark. I left the bedroom to shower, and prepare for the breakfast and the day ahead.

Whilst eating breakfast, it dawned on me that it was now over, and the time of the weekend which I hadn't want to arrive, had come around far too quickly. The time to get to the airport for the trip home. It had all happened so fast, I knew that I should have come across for at least one week. Too late now, I only had two hours before check in.

As I sat there finishing my food, I tried to imagine the coming weeks and months without bondage, back to normal. But before that was to happen, I hoped that maybe there was to be one last throw of the dice by my two new friends.

And what a last throw it was.

Andrew proceeded to explain the plan of action.

the long trip home and what awaited me at my arrival