

## Flight of Fantasy

A once in a lifetime holiday adventure in rubber!

The warmth of the water was almost too good, as I lay there relaxing. Time was ticking by though, and I had to start making a move if I was going to get to the airport with time to spare. I didn't like rushing, especially at airports, and anyway, I had to be checked in two hours prior to take off. If I was going to go, I was going to have to make a move. It was now or never.

You see, this holiday was to be one with a difference. A weekend break in San Francisco was on the cards, but a break with a difference. I had decided that this was to be a fetish weekend. I planned to go out of my way to explore the fetish scene in another city, as exploring the scene on my own doorstep had always worried me. You never know who you might meet, and an confrontation with work colleagues would prove uneasy. In a new city would be completely different. I could do as I pleased, go where I wanted and dress how I liked without the fear of bumping into somebody I know. I know it would be a long way to go for one weekend, but figured it would be worth it. To ensure that I couldn't back out of the fetish weekend once I had started, I was going to pack and dress accordingly. Therefore, only fetish and bondage items would be worn and packed, meaning that the only way I could change my mind once out in San Francisco would be to go and buy a completely new wardrobe. Plucking up the courage to go through with this, I decided to get ready. I got out of the bath and dried myself off. Walking out of the bathroom and into my bedroom, I was met with the beautiful sight of various items of black rubber and PVC stretched out over the bed. The light shimmered off various parts of the clothing as I moved towards it. To start with, I had decided to subject myself to some rubber bondage for the duration of the flight, but in a mild sort of way. I pulled on some black rubber shorts with a sheath at the front. Greasing it slightly, I guided my cock into its position; a position it would have to remain in for the next eleven hours or so. Realising that all was not right, I picked up the butt plug from the bed, greased that, and inserted it into place beneath the shorts, finding its home inside my ass.

The shorts were then pulled back into position before I pulled on my tee-shirt. This was a long sleeve affair which closed with a small zip at the back of the neck. The coldness of the rubber sent a shiver down my spine as I smoothed out the wrinkles in the rubber over my chest. I knew that the coldness would be short-lived, and that sooner, rather than later, the heat would be the main problem. Next I pulled on some black rubber leggings which would encase my legs. I stood back for a moment to admire myself in the mirror, feeling a sense of apprehension as well as unease as the realisation that I was going to go through with this started to sink home.

Next came the bondage item, if you can call it that. It was a full catsuit, made from the finest rubber. It fitted from the ankles up to the neck, with full length sleeves. It closed via two zips on the shoulders. This meant that as there were no zips around the crotch area, that I would have to remove the suit if I wanted to use the bathroom. If I didn't remove the suit, then from this point on, I would be subjecting myself to the next eleven hours sealed into layers of black rubber.

I eased my already rubber clad legs into the legs of the suit, and then eased up the bulk of the suit around my body. Pulling the zips closed, I once again stood back to admire my new rubber clad figure in the mirror. It would have been very easy to shoot my load at this sight, but I held back, knowing that what lay ahead would be worth waiting for.

My penis was already rock hard, and I started to doubt even at this point whether I could stand

the next eleven hours sealed into this rubber prison. Could I really stand to go that long without the toilet?

To lessen the shock of my appearance for the general public, I then dressed in my club gear. This consisted of black PVC jeans and jacket. These items were my pride and joy, as more and more PVC clothes had become street wear with the introduction of club wear and fetish icons into everyday human life. The PVC jeans were first, sealing my legs behind their third layer. The jacket hid the rest of my rubber appearance, and I checked my appearance again in the mirror.

I looked very presentable, and felt a great deal hotter. The suit was warming up, and my mind started to question whether I would stand the heat build-up for the next eleven hours.

I then packed a small PVC bag with my other essentials for the trip. The usual toiletries, some extra rubber clothing, more catsuits, some bondage items and some reading material. Even though I was setting out on a fetish break, my serious side told me that I would probably chicken out of finding any real action and have to be content with some magazines, some rubber clothing and my own company in my hotel room. With everything packed, and my tickets and passport in my hand, I set off for the front door. No turning back no I thought! This was it!

As I moved towards the front door, I once again caught my reflection in one of the mirrors on the wall. I started to have severe doubts about setting foot outside my flat in broad daylight dressed as I was. I almost turned back. But it was too late, I was opening the door, stepping outside and closing the door shut behind me. A few people stared, a few made comments, but rather than run back to the safety of the flat, I walked on, towards the road where I could hail a cab. This proved to be slightly more problematic than I thought. Perhaps it was my appearance which frightened off some of the drivers. I was just about to turn back to the flat to phone for a taxi when a black cab pulled up alongside me.

A young man, aged around twenty-eight years old pulled the window down to ask me where I was off to. Straight away I felt easier as I spotted the driver was wearing a stunning black leather shirt which must have cost a fortune. I told him I was heading for the airport, and boarded the taxi.

It didn't take long before the usual taxi driver conversation started up. But this conversation was slightly different. He asked me where I was going. I told him my destination to which he added that I was dressed perfectly for the city. I played ignorance and asked him what he meant. "Sorry, I just thought that dressed as you were that you were going across for the fetish scene" he replied.

I was completely shocked. Could my cover be blown within the first two minutes of my trip. To try and diffuse the situation, I added that the clothes I was wearing were merely comfortable clothes for such a long trip. "What about the rubber top?" came the answer from the driver I wasn't prepared for.

I was stunned to silence. How could he possibly have known. As I glanced to catch my reflection in the drivers mirror, I spotted to my horror that you could just make out my rubber catsuit underneath the collar of the jacket. I sat back in my seat, waiting for the ridicule and comments from the driver. What I heard instead changed the course of my weekend.

The taxi driver saw my unease, and tried to relax me by telling me his name was Paul, and that he had been across in San Francisco only three weeks ago. He went on to explain that he really enjoyed the fetish scene over there, and that was where he had bought his leather jeans and shirt from. At this I jumped up to take a look. I had noticed the shirt, but not the jeans as well. They looked stunning also.

With this, I relaxed, realising that here was somebody who I could rely upon not to ridicule me. We talked at some length about San Francisco, where to go, what to see, what to be seen in! Before long, Paul knew everything about my likes and dislikes, and my plans for the fetish holiday.

The conversation was going so well that I didn't notice we had deviated from the normal route to the airport. As we pulled around a bend in the road and into a small housing estate, I finally twigged, and asked what was going on. Paul pulled the taxi to a standstill and turned the engine off. Turning around he told me that he had plenty of friends in San Francisco and that if I wanted he could make some phone calls from his house. These phone calls would set up meetings with people who would look after me and show me the sights. The real sights! But to do this, it would be total indulgence or none at all. The weekend would have to start here with complete trust in the plan, otherwise it wouldn't work.

As good as the offer was, I felt I had to explain to Paul that I was not gay and looking for male sex. I was merely looking for a good fetish break. Paul again put me at ease and explained that this would not be a problem. With this reassurance, I accepted the offer and asked what would happen now. Paul told me that he was going to pop inside to make a few phone calls and also to make some adjustments to my outfit, which he would explain later. With that, I followed him into his house to make the necessary calls and changes.

Paul's house was a very nice semi-detached, perfectly looking from the outside, but inside was a completely different matter. The hallway was lined with photographs of men in all sorts of rubber bondage. Quite breathtaking!

As I walked up the stairs, following Paul, the light started to dim. at first I was puzzled, then became highly aroused, as I realised that all the walls and the ceiling was covered with black rubber sheeting. The small amount of light in the hallway was almost all absorbed by the matt finish of the rubber.

Paul opened the door on a massive room. One wall was completely covered in floor to ceiling mirrors which hid lots of cupboards. The rest of the room was empty, allowing plenty of space to play. As one of the mirrors slid open, I gasped with amazement. Racks and racks of hangers were revealed each containing a piece of rubber clothing. One of the hangers was picked out from the cupboard and held out by Paul. At first all I could see was a mass of straps, but on closer inspection I realised it was one of the best looking straight jackets I had ever seen in my life. Made up of soft, but thick black rubber, the jacket had a variety of straps hanging from it. There was also an attached hood, which gave the jacket an incredibly powerful image.

Paul explained that once I was sealed into the jacket, he would go off and make the necessary phone calls for the trip. Once that was done, we'd carry on to the airport. I didn't even give the thought of travelling to the airport wearing such a jacket, but instead stepped forward as Paul held the jacket invitingly towards me. My arms disappeared down into the sleeves and found there resting place at the sealed ends. It was strange not to see my hands pop out from the

sleeves as they would do with normal jackets. The body of the jacket was then pulled around me, and Paul stepped behind me to pull the hood up over my head. Darkness followed as the hood was placed into position, and before I could do anything about it, the fitted gag was placed into my mouth.

When the hood was seated into position, and the long back zip pulled down, the whole hood and jacket took on a tightness which ensured my muffled cries could not be heard. I felt the straps being pulled tight across the back of the jacket. One around the neck and five down the back which gave the jacket even more restrictive powers. The crotch straps were pulled between my legs and fastened into position. To finish things off, my arms were crossed in front of my chest and secured behind my back - tightly.

Various other straps were then secured; one at the front of the jacket to hold my crossed arms in position, and another which threaded around my biceps and across my back. There was no way that with these straps fastened that I would be able to escape from the jacket. If I had wanted to - which I didn't. The jacket was a stunning fit, and felt extremely good on. I was so busy enjoying the feel of it that I completely forgot the position I had been placed in.

Suddenly I stopped enjoying the jacket. My heart almost missed a few beats as my mind caught up with the situation. Here I was, standing in somebody's home, somebody I didn't know just one hour ago, gagged, plugged, wearing multiple layers of black rubber and PVC clothing and sealed into a thick black rubber straight jacket which was strapped completely, holding its rubber prisoner inside. The thought sent shivers down my spine for a moment as I thought of the possible danger I had placed myself in.

The kind of bondage I had experienced so far had always been self applied, so there had to be a way out. Sure I'd ventured to the usual shops in London and even tried on a straight jacket. But it wasn't a straight jacket then. It was only a terrific looking rubber jacket with straps and a few modifications. It would only become a straight jacket if I had wanted to get out. After all bondage is only bondage if you can't control your way out or what's done to you - and when.

Almost perfectly on cue, Paul returned to talk into my ear. He told me that I was a very lucky person, and that all the arrangements had been made for the trip. I was to be well looked after. With that, I started to relax again, though I still felt a great deal of trepidation. At the end of the day though, there wasn't a damn thing I could do about the situation now - I had gone past the point of return.

I was then guided down the stairs, through the front door and eased onto the back seat of the taxi. It was one of the strangest experiences I had been in. I was completely blinded to the outside world. Who knows, there could be a big group of people stood watching. Who knows what they would think. Probably brand me as a complete pervert. Perhaps they were right! The engine started up, and we continued our trip to the airport. Hang on - the airport! How the hell was I going to get through an airport dressed like this? I'd surely be arrested. Either that or we had no intention of going to the airport? But then where were we going? No, we must be going to the airport, Paul said we were. Paul! I'd only known him for an hour or so. There was no way I could trust him - could I?

My train of thought was shattered by the sound of a plane just overhead. We must be arriving at the airport. Perhaps I could trust Paul after all. But what about all the people at the airport. . . With the tightness of the latex hood on the straight jacket all I could hear was my heart beat racing faster and faster.

My mind was already racing through the countless problems and comments my appearance would cause when we came to a stop. Could people see me? Were we at the front of the building - by departures? Suddenly Paul spoke. He explained that we were parked at the back of the airport, outside a deserted building. We would be entering the airport through a deserted section of the airport. I felt slightly easier about my predicament, though I wasn't sure why. I was still strapped into layers of latex bondage. I was eased out of the back of the taxi and into the building, where I was met by a snigger from someone I didn't know. Paul continued to chat to this stranger. By the way the conversation was going, I don't think the stranger had believed Paul when he had phoned through earlier to make arrangements.

The stranger continued to laugh, almost in disbelief for what seemed to be an eternity. Then he ushered Paul and myself into another room. Paul started to laugh in disbelief now. Even though the stranger had doubted Paul when he phoned through earlier, explaining that he needed a rubber bondage victim transporting to San Francisco, he had made the necessary arrangements, just in case.

I was addressed by the stranger, who explained that I was going to be placed into "storage" ready for the flight. Once at the other end, I would be met by another stranger, who would 'entertain' me for the duration of the weekend. The word "storage" stuck in my mind, but being gagged I couldn't ask what was meant by the term. I couldn't even see my fate as the hood blinded me completely. As it turned out, the stranger did a pretty good job of explaining it in graphic detail to me.

I was talked through each stage of my storage in great detail. How I wished I could have seen myself. The image would have been worth savouring. The storage device was a large box, inside of which were various attachments. The box was stood upright, and I was guided inside with my back up against the back wall of the box. I felt a tightness around my feet and ankles, and I found out that I had stepped into a black rubber sack which was fixed to the inside of the box. As the zip was pulled up over my legs, a new tightness kicked in, as my legs were forced together. The zip continued up over my chest, and before I knew it, the zip stopped under my chin. My body was sealed into a new tightness, which pressed into my body with extreme pressure. On top of that, I felt straps being fastened at various points from my ankles, thighs, waist, chest and neck which further pressed and constricted me.

Escape from this prison would be impossible. Even if I hadn't been straight jacketed, plugged and gagged, I was now held immobile by this body hugging bondage rubber sack. The sensations pressing into different parts of my body only heightened the feeling swelling inside my cock, and exploded inside my rubber bondage, a fact which was recognised by Paul and the stranger, who seemed delighted that I had taken to my surroundings so well.

The lid to the box was then sealed into place, trapping my inside it. There were holes for breathing at various points on the box. I was to be stored with some animals that were being transported to San Francisco. The final insult! Not only sealed into layers of my own doing, I was sealed into rubber bondage at the hands of two strangers, and now sealed into a box for transportation with animals.

A variety of noises became evident to me, albeit very faintly through the box. I guessed that I was being transported through to the plane. After about ten minutes of movement, I came to a rest and heard a large door slam shut. I guessed that this was it. This was to be my new resting home until I got to my destination. A sudden worry haunted me. What if I was not met at the other end. I would be found dead inside this prison! That would be one for the papers. After

the roar of the plane which indicated take off, I was met with a stabilising noise which would be my only accompaniment for the next eleven hours. With that thought, I surprised myself by drifting asleep. The dreams experienced during my rubber bondage sleep were some of the most vivid I had experienced for some time.

I awoke when I heard the lid being prised off from the box. I was amazed that I had slept for so long. When the lid finally came off, I found that the air temperature rose. I must have arrived in San Francisco.

Paul's friend, Andrew identified himself to me, though as I was still sealed into various layers of rubber bondage I only heard his voice. After checking that I was still alive, he said that in about ten minutes, when we get to his house, I would be released and be able to use the toilet, shower and take on some food and liquids before continuing my holiday. The thought of the toilet and shower were most welcome. I was by now bursting for the toilet, and was also slightly concerned that I wasn't dehydrating from my bondage ordeal.

Upon arrival, Andrew and his two helpers wasted no time in releasing me from my bonds. I was able to stand and use mussels I'd almost forgotten I'd got. With the straight jacket removed, my lips almost had to force themselves back together, as my jaws had locked into position around the gag. Light hit my eyes, and I found myself squinting for some time. When my eyes finally adjusted to the surroundings, they were amazed to discover that I was standing in the middle of a room, lit by strip lights all over the ceiling. The walls were covered with black liquid latex. With this black rubber covering, the look and feel for the room was magnificent.

**Andrew stood before me. Approximately mid thirties, over six foot tall and reasonably good** looks. He greeted me, eyeing me up and down in my rubber clothing, which by now had been pressed to my skin, and was almost unnoticed to me. Andrew wore a very simple outfit of PVC jeans and shirt. As the transition from arrival from the airport to being realised had been a smooth one, I assumed that he had been to the airport dressed like that. In broad daylight, in the middle of a busy airport, wearing PVC clothing. What a city. He reassured me after my flight, told me to have a shower, get dressed using the clothing prepared and laid out in the bathroom for me, after which time there would be a light snack and then we would continue to explore my fantasies and make this a weekend to remember.

The shower was incredible, and much needed. I started by just stepping right into the shower, and simply washing off the various layers of rubber and PVC clothing I had on. I was near to finishing drying myself off before I noticed the clothing laid out over the rail for me to dress in. It appeared to be a black rubber catsuit, but closer inspection revealed more to it than I had first thought.

It was made of a fairly heavy black rubber, had attached feet, mitts, hood with plastic eye coverings and a zip mouth opening. The crotch area was quite complex. There was a black sheath ready for my penis, and a variety of straps fixed to the body of the suit which would secure the penis once inside the sheath. Inside the suit there was something that made me swallow hard with fright. It was a butt plug, but of enormous proportions.

The talk and gel on the side helped greatly with me getting into the suit. The lower half of the body was straightforward. Easing my feet into their socks and smoothing the black rubber over my legs was easy. Impaling myself on the butt plug took my breath a few times, but was none the less seated into position. Inserting my penis into position felt good, and with the

straps securing it against my body, it felt like my penis was going to explode. I did my best however to resist, knowing that there was probably even more exciting things to come.

The upper part of the suit was slightly more tricky. Getting my arms down into the sleeves was OK, but my hands suddenly became almost useless to me as they found their homes in the mitts. I managed to fumble the hood up and over my head eventually, but the zip which sealed up the back seemed to take forever. After much sweating, the zip was finally pulled up and I was finally sealed in.

The suit fitted like a glove, and boy it felt good. It was almost as if it had been designed to fit me. A perfect suit!

I emerged from the bathroom to find Andrew standing, waiting for me. After checking that I was suitably sealed in, he handed me a drink. It contained a very high protein drink, which would replenish all those lost minerals I had sweated off in the last ten hours or so. Andrew told me that it would also allow me to go up to twenty hours without the need for refreshments! That thought sent shivers down my spine. Surely Andrew wouldn't subject me to twenty hours of rubber bondage, nobody could be that cruel. Could they?

Taking back the glass from me, Andrew took a large rubber gag from his pocket and placed it into my mouth. Securing the zip, he then locked it to a small locking post which was on the side of the mouth. He then added another padlock to the back zip of the suit, thus ensuring I couldn't remove the suit - even if I had wanted to - which I certainly didn't. I was once again sealed into my rubber bondage I had asked for - and completely at the mercy of another.

The heat in the suit was already building, and the more excited I got from my situation, the tighter I felt my bonds around my penis, fighting as it was to expand out fully.

Andrew locked a strap around my neck, attached to which was a lead, and he led me like a dog out of the main room. He stopped suddenly, looked me up and down, and decided that I looked incomplete. A nearby leather suitcase provided the finishing touches, as he removed a single arm binder from it.

Moving behind me, he eased both of my arms together and into the binder, located the shoulder straps into their position and finished me off by securing the strap from the bottom of the binder to a strap which went around my waist. The other straps were then tightened off, and my arms started to feel the pressure as they were pulled tightly together.

Feeling much more in control of the situation, we resumed where we had left off, with Andrew leading me forward. To my horror - we headed straight for the front door! What was he doing? It was broad daylight! People would see! My heart raced faster and faster at the thought of being seen in public, dressed in 'unsuitable attire'

As my heart beat faster, I started to sweat more, and soon the plastic eye coverings started to mist up, meaning I could barely see through them.

Andrew led me straight down the main street. There were people walking their dogs, couples out walking. I was shocked! - to be out on the street in broad daylight! It was brilliant. Nobody even batted an eyelid - they just went along with their normal business - as if what was happening was an everyday occurrence!

After walking a couple of hundred yards and waiting to be arrested, finding that prospect was

the last thing that was going to happen eased me completely and I started to enjoy every step. Being walked down the street dressed in full rubber bondage without a chance of escape is something to be savoured.

We walked about three quarters of a mile, under mid afternoon heat. The sweat built up and up inside the suit until the line between where my skin finished and where the rubber suit started began to vanish. Had it not been for the hood, which gagged me and obscured my vision then the suit would have been almost undetectable. And if it hadn't been for the fullness in my butt and the bondage around my penis and the tightness around my arms . . .

After walking in rubber bondage heaven for around twenty minutes, we arrived at a mate of Andrew's. Simon met us at the front door, wearing a stunning rubber outfit. He led us into the garage where the next stage of my adventure was explained to me. I was to be made into a local attraction. The local business centre needed a new statue outside its main building, and to test peoples reaction, I was to be made into the statue where I would stay until midnight tonight. This would be part of a poll to gauge the reaction of local businessmen.

To enable this plan to work, I was to be sprayed with a new version of liquid latex. To get me ready, Simon inserted two small rubber tubes into the nose openings on the hood. These would help me breathe as the liquid was to be sprayed over me. The spray was then turned on - and I was led to the middle of the back room. The floor and walls had been covered in clear plastic, to make the cleanup process easier.

I was told to stand perfectly still, but before starting with the spray, Simon fetched another item from the other room. It was a rubber straight jacket. He removed the single arm glove and pulled my arms down into the waiting sleeves on the jacket. For a fleeting moment, my arms filled with blood again, and started to feel like useful limbs. The jacket was then pulled up but not fastened. Instead the jacket was left loose on me. The back straps weren't even fastened - they didn't even meet! I wasn't quite sure why it was left this way - but it would become obvious later.

The spray started - and Simon moved around me, spraying me from every possible angle, until the warmth of the spray could be felt through the suit and hood. I was really starting to sweat now, but I remained static. After around ten minutes of building heat, the spray stopped. Still I stood static. I caught my reflection in the mirror at the end of the room, and with the jacket hanging loosely around me, it certainly provided an erotic image. The next sound to emerge was that of hairdryers! Hairdryers?

Simon explained that the spray was now being cooled by the hairdryers. When the liquid latex is in spray form, it is heated to ten degrees above body temperature, but when it cools it sets solid. As those words finally sank into my brain, I tried to move, but found that all my bodily movements were not responding. I was indeed a statue. Completely unable to move and encased in black liquid latex. Simon smiled, and then removed the two tubes from my nose. I could still easily breathe through the small openings in the hood.

I relaxed, standing up! But still I couldn't move. I couldn't even topple forward, as I found it impossible to throw my weight forward. I realised that I was now ready to be put on display, and I wouldn't be able to do a damn thing about it. With this, Andrew and Simon picked me up and carried me through to the car where I was eased onto the back seat. We then drove to the office centre of San Francisco. Streets of built up offices lined each side of the road. The streets seemed to be fairly deserted, and as it was mid afternoon, this didn't seem unusual as

everybody would be at work.

We stopped by a large opening which was the square surrounded by some of the tallest of the office blocks. There was a huge fountain and a variety of carefully planted trees to brighten up the area. To my horror I was led up the steps to the centre of this square where a concrete block was positioned. With the help of my two friends, I was eased into position on top of this block which would be my resting place for the next ten hours. Simon and Andrew would return at midnight to pick me up again. What horror - ten hours as a statue, enduring a mixture of mid afternoon heat and no doubt countless stairs and taunts from a mass of office workers.

With a wave, my friends were gone, and I was left to bake. And boy did I bake. Under the afternoon heat, the sweat started to find a way of trickling down my body, forcing its way between my skin and the latex of the suit. I couldn't move! The sweat started to tickle over my body but even though I wanted to scratch the area in question, I couldn't move. All I could do is stand, stand and watch through by now very misty clear plastic eyes in the hood. My mouth was stuffed full, and my ass knew it was still heavily invaded. But I couldn't move.

I just wished I could see myself at that moment, for if I had seen somebody in my situation, I would have been just as hot as I was now.

I was just starting to cross the line from enjoyment to discomfort when the emptiness of the square was shattered. People started to appear out of almost every door in every building all around me. Soon the whole square was full of people leaving work. Some people didn't even notice that I was there - but there were plenty of people who did. Of those, the general opinion seemed to be puzzlement, as to my 'deeper meaning'. There was however, a more than healthy percentage of people who were almost delighted to see me there. I wonder if they knew that I wasn't a statue, but a grown male underneath layers of inescapable bondage. There for their amusement. I must admit that I did get a more than healthy kick from the situation. My only wish was that my bonds hadn't been as severe so that I could have exploded with delight inside my latex wrappings.

Once the main hub of people had left, everything started to go very quiet, and before I knew what was going on darkness started to descend over the office blocks. It wouldn't be long before my creative captors would be returning to take me home and release me from my predicament. It was impossible to imagine that the latest episode had lasted for anything longer than a couple of hours. Time flies when you're on show as a rubber bondage statue. I can strongly advise it.

It was dark when my captors returned to pick me up - literally! As I still couldn't move, it was left to the others to lift me and guide me into the back of the car. It felt like an eternity travelling back, probably because I was starting to ache from being in one position for so long. I was beginning to think that I was never going to get out of my permanent statue pose.

My fears were not realised though, as upon our arrival back home, another spray soon washed over me. By reacting with the hardened casing which engulfed me, a chemical reaction ate away at my rigid outer casing. At last, bodily movements returned to me. The straight jacket fell away from me, and I was left standing there, just encased from head to toe in my suit.

The return of most of my senses felt great. Its amazing how much enjoyment you can get from feeling normal again. If that's how you can describe standing wearing a full rubber suit,

hooded, gagged, plugged, your penis strapped into rubber bondage, looking through clear plastic eye holes, sweating like a pig and having been dressed up like that for some twelve hours.

Easing open the zip at the back of the suit just enough, Andrew squirted some cold lubricant inside the suit. Plenty was inserted, around my neck, down my back and enough to seep down my chest. The coldness of the liquid sent shivers throughout my body. As the liquid followed the laws of gravity and slid downwards, it found its way between the suit and my skin. The sensation was superb. Closing the zip back up I was told it was bedtime.

I was led into my bedroom for the night, if that was the right description for it. It was a small room, with a chair in the middle and a horizontal bar about shoulder height. I was told to sit on the chair whilst my captors set about strapping my ankles to the legs of the chair. When this was done, the horizontal bar was lowered to be level with my shoulders, and holding my arms out horizontally, they were strapped tightly to bar. Straps around my wrists, biceps and shoulders secured me tight, with a final strap around my neck fixing me to the bar. Andrew then undid the straps around my penis. The relief was incredible. Through all the highs of the day whilst being enclosed in this suit, my penis had nowhere to go. It stopped short of climaxing every time by its tight bondage, but now it was free again., and sprung to attention at its relief and my situation.

In this position, the liquid started to flow down my chest and settle around my ass and crotch area. Knowing this, Andrew rubbed my crotch. The rubber of the suit moved across my crotch as the liquid provided a perfect lubricant. Trickle of the cold liquid eased its way into the rubber sheath which engulfed my penis. Before being left for the night, I was relieved with a strong hand caressing the lubricated rubber around my penis until I finally added to the lubrication myself. It was time to sleep.

The night wasn't too bad. I thought that in that position, I would have a real problem dropping off, but no such worry. All in all it was quite relaxing.

Saturday bought a new day, and I wondered what Simon and Andrew had in store for me. Could it possible better the events of yesterday. In the space of one day, having met a stranger in a taxi, I had been taken from a rubber fetishist who had always stood on the outside looking in to somebody who had already experienced so much.

After being released from my attire, I showered and met the others for breakfast. This was probably the first and only time of the weekend when we were all together not wearing rubber. Only because we were all sat around the breakfast table naked.

As I ate, the next instalment was explained to me. It seemed quite simple. I was to be dressed in rubber, placed in a straight jacket, strapped to a log and told to walk from one end of the garden to another. Depending on how long that took dictated the next part of the fun weekend. Did I say sounded simple.

After finishing eating I was led into the lounge to dress and get ready. The rubber suit looked straightforward enough. It was a full length catsuit attached feet, gloves and open face hood. As I eased my legs down into position, I realised that a cold gel had been coated inside the legs and feet of the suit. I just assumed that it would assist in me getting the suit on, as it did. It didn't take long to get the rest of the suit pulled up and closed into position. It was a good fit. I was surprised that there were no hidden surprises - such as a butt plug, or full hood with

gag, or even some sort of genital bondage.

Next came the straight jacket. It doesn't matter how many times I see a straight jacket, it always fills me with a great sense of awe. To have such a lifeless object with its array of straps and zips looking so limp and useless transform itself into an object of sheer frustration, containing its victim in rubber bondage heaven - or hell for as long as is decided by others.

This straight jacket had an attached hood, which I found out did have a gag already fitted. The jacket fitted well, and really tightened well when the straps were pulled tight. With the crotch straps fastened, the whole suit was pulled down and felt even tighter. With the hood in place and the gag fitted I was then told to stand like a scarecrow, arms out to my sides horizontally. Through the plastic eye holes of the hood, I saw Andrew step forward carrying a log. A log of all things! It didn't look too heavy, around six inches in diameter, but I guessed that it wouldn't feel as light as it looked. With Simian's help it was fastened along the length of my arms and across my shoulders. Various straps were attached along my arms to keep the log firmly in place.

As they stood away I was left to feel the weight of the log for the first time. It didn't feel too bad, but I didn't fancy lugging it around for long. I imagined that it would be ten times as heavy in a couple of hours. But I had no intention of being strapped to it for that long.

I was then led out into the back garden. That was difficult enough, as I had to walk through the door side on so the log would fit through. Added to that I now felt a bigger problem coming on. The gel around the feet of the suit made it very difficult to get a solid grip as I walked.

Andrew explained that all I had to do was to walk to the end of the garden, which was around thirty feet away, and then walk back to the house. It sounded far too easy. It sounded too good to be true. It was. As I set off it didn't seem too much of a problem, but I was walking on the concrete at the start of the garden. Two feet later, when the concrete disappeared and the grass started, I felt less sure on my feet, and I struggled to get a grip on the grass through the gelled feet of the suit. If I was going to do this, I'd have to be slow and careful, but even with that it shouldn't take that long to complete the task.