

Josh and I had known each other for years now. We had grown up together and as we lived quite close, we had stayed close through our teenage years. To say we were close was an understatement. We were like brothers, well – like twins to be exact.

We were very similar to look at and over the years, as one of us got a great haircut, or some great clothes, the closeness, or jealousy between us meant the other copied what one had started. Haircuts that made us unique had resulted in a matching haircut by the other which made us near impossible to separate. A purchase of clothing which made the other jealous resulted in the other buying the exact same item some days later just to make the parents and friends confused as to who was who. Needless to say that over the years we played many a practical joke on friends and family by one of us switching with the other much to the annoyance of those close to us.

Now, aged 19, we were both enjoying our first year of college together. We had started to do our own things, finally. The courses we had picked were different – which surprised everybody we knew. Clothing items started to become unique, though that didn't stop the confusion as we spent a lot of time swapping our clothes as we were the same build and height.

We still enjoyed playing the practical jokes on others using our likeness to our advantage.

But one day, that landed me in a whole new world.

I headed over to see Josh around midday, and being that we spent so much time around at each others place, I let myself in and went looking for him. The place seemed empty. He must have popped out for something. I headed for his bedroom to see what I could borrow from his wardrobe, see if he had bought anything new lately.

I was rummaging through his wardrobe, wondering if he would mind me pinching his favourite leather jacket to wear for a few days when something caught my eye. At the very top of the wardrobe was a large bag. One of those that guys in the army use to stuff all their belongings inside of. It looked very large but what got my attention was the fact that I did not know of its existence. I knew most things Josh owned as we had spent so much time together, but this was new to me.

The bag was on the top shelf and it took an effort to get it down, but eventually it freed enough and then the weight of it fell down and I dropped it onto the floor. I worried that I may have damaged what was inside, so quickly set about unzipping the bag to find out its contents. What emerged was not what I had expected at all.

Folds of material fell out of the bag once it was unzipped, almost like molten lava. It was black, but a material I had not come across before. I lifted the base of the bag and spilled all the contents out onto the floor. There was now a huge mound of material, with a quite distinctive smell to it. I picked up the nearest piece of material and found that as I pulled the soft material up the feel was amazing in my fingers. It was like pvc, only smoother and had a coldness to it. I pulled it towards my nose to smell the strange odor and as I did the item revealed itself to be a full suit. The smell was intoxicating.

I did not know Josh had anything like this, and wondered why he had kept it all hidden. I jumped to the conclusion it was rubber, as the smell was quite distinctive now I had inhaled it's aroma. I separated out what lay on the floor. There were three suits all slightly different.

Some separate items, like hoods, collars etc and a stack of polaroid photos. I picked the photos up to have a look and what I saw made me so jealous. There was Josh wearing the different suits, looking amazing in them too. Various shots of him, mostly taken outside in the woods, some with hoods on, others just the suit. He looked amazing. At that point I knew I wanted to try the suits on to see if I looked that good.

I looked again at the suits on the floor and looked back at the pictures – seeing which looked best on. The best pictures showed Josh in two suits – one was a suit with no gloves hood etc – and then he had a series of pictures donning a second suit over that one – with hood and all – so that's what I decided to do.

The first suit was a suit with zips at the shoulders – and one zip at the front. No feet gloves or hood. I unzipped the shoulder zips and stretched the suit out so I COULD GET MY LEGS INSIDE. THE RUBBER WAS COLD AS MY LEG SLID IN. IT WAS LIKE THE RUBBER WAS LUBRICATED – AS MY LEG WENT IN AND MY FOOT APPEARED OUT OF THE END VERY EASILY. A couple of minutes later and I was pulling the zips closed and sealing myself into my rubber suit. This was a first for me as I had never experienced rubber of any kind and it was doing some strange things to me. As it started to warm up it almost molded to my skin and made me feel so good. My chest muscles seemed defined – I was almost naked – but hidden in clothing. I liked!

I checked myself out in Josh's mirror and I liked what I saw. I looked so powerful, so strong. I was going to have some serious words with Josh to see if I could borrow some of his gear. Maybe I should just take it – I do most other stuff anyhow!

The next suit was a bit heavier and looked more like a drysuit – but on closer feel it was the same rubber as the first suit – just thicker.

This had attached boots, gloves and a hood. I opened the zip which went across the back by the shoulders and slipped my legs inside. Again they went in very easily and before long I was easing my arms into the waiting gloves. I was just about to pull the hood over my head when I was grabbed from behind. A vice lock was placed around my neck stopping me from talking and cutting my air off. I was told to stay calm and do exactly as he said and everything would be just fine. Cross him and things would get messy.

Well I have never been one for confrontation or street fights and was scared to death. Was he a robber? What did he want? what would he do to me?

He told me to finish pulling the hood up over my head after he released me. Any funny business and I would be in deep trouble. He let go – so I ducked my head forward and pulled the rubber up and over my head. Just as I was seating the hood in the correct position, I felt a ball being placed in my mouth and straps tighten around the back of my head. I was being gagged.

I felt scared – really scared – but at the same time the rubber and the gag was giving me some strange sensations. I was ever so slightly aroused.

There I was standing in Josh's room, wearing two rubber suits for the first time in my life and having some stranger, some robber, gag me and wondering what would happen next.

The back zip to the suit was being closed and as it finished I heard a snap. The stranger came around in front of me and looked me straight in the eye.

"That's the padlock that means you you are sealed in these suits until first post tomorrow! Just like you did to me Josh!"

My eyes widened – I wanted to scream at him that I was not Josh, but I couldn't. All I could do was grunt into the ball gag in my mouth.

"You are now trapped – enclosed in those two suits – you horny shit – can't believe you are wearing two suits. When you did this to me I only had the one suit on, but if that;s the way you want it – so be it. You will certainly be sweating in there soon!"

I could not believe it – this guy knew Josh and by the sounds of it – they played in this rubber gear before.

He was quite a cute looking guy, only about a year or so older than me, with great blonde hair to top of his great looks. I somehow felt easier as I knew this guy knew Josh so what's the worst that could happen. I was actually wondering what was going to happen, and my penis was certainly showing signs it liked what was happening here.

"Ok – you know the drill – today and until first post tomorrow when the key gets delivered to let you out of those suits, you are going to experience what you put me through last time we played. It's a big ask for you – as I know you are not into this part as much as I am, but seeing as you showed me no mercy last time, I want you to experience it for real rather than imagine what it was like. But I tell you what, I will show mercy. If at any time you don't want to continue all you have to do is make our safety sign and I will stop. That sounds fair"

Shit! What was the safety word? What was he planning? I had no way of stopping this no matter where it went. These rubber suits were mine to wear for almost the next day with no way to escape. I was half looking forward to spending time in the suits and half scared to death wondering what was to come.

The stranger had gone back to the doorway where his bag was and was now returning with another rubber item – which had straps dangling down from it all over the place. Even I knew what this was. I had never seen one up close but I knew what a straightjacket looked like. He instructed me to place my arms down into the sleeves, which I did. The jacket was then pulled up and over me, and he disappeared around the back to secure the many many straps.

As he pulled the straps tighter, the jacket took on a whole new feel. Suddenly I was very aware that I was losing the ability to do much other than just be a rubber slave! Strap upon strap was fastened at the back. One extra wide straps secured around the neck. Two straps went from the front of the jacket and secured at the back of the jacket. I was starting to really enjoy this jacket! My arms were then placed across my chest and the ends straps of the sleeves threaded through side loops of the jacket and fastened at the back. A front straps held my arms tight across my chest. Two more longer straps were then fastened through strap holders around my strapped arms, holding everything securely in place.

This was quite a jacket. I loved it.

With the jacket on, and the two suits, the heat was building up and I could feel trickles of sweat down my chest and back. It all added to the overall enjoyment of the situation.

I was then marched out of the room and led to the front door. We were heading outside – I was not sure wearing this kit out in public was what I wanted to do but I guess I had no choice. As it was there was only about 12 steps to get to the guys van which was parked close to the house. I was moved inside and told to lie on the floor of the van. This was not easy as I did not have use of my arms, but the guy gave me a helping hand and eased me down to a resting position. The floor of the van had several chains all padlocked to various points of the van. There were a couple of chains waiting near the door to secure legs spread apart, two halfway up the floor for arms and one near the top for the neck. With me lying on my back, my legs were spread and my ankles locked into the chains. The guy then moved up to my head, but instead of padlocking my neck, he removed the gag. I was surprised, and even though this was my chance to come clean and tell him I was not Josh, I decided to keep quiet and see where this went.

he moved quick and produced an O ring gag, which he eased into my mouth behind my teeth and again pulled straps around my head and secured them. He then locked the waiting chain around my neck and I was done.

With me in this position I was powerless to stop what came next. The guy went down to my crotch area, and managed to get the zips to both suits undone to expose my penis, which sprang out from its rubbery prison much to his amusement. "Looks like you are enjoying this far too much!" he said as he pulled a condom out of his pocket and proceeded to place it over my rock hard penis. He then pulled out a small vibrator and placed it around the base of my penis. It must have been slightly curved as he was able to place it there, turn it on and leave it to do its worst on me.

The sensations were amazing. I had never had a vibrator used on me, and the effect was wonderful. It wasn't long before I was on the edge of an orgasm. The stranger just stood and watched as I exploded into the condom. My breath was fast as the gag muffled most of my cries. I lay back exhausted after the most explosive orgasm of my life. I was in heaven. The sensations were heightened by the feelings I was encountering.

As I was lying there relaxing and enjoying my situation and the waves of pleasure coming over me, the guy had taken off the condom from my penis and was now right by my face. "Ok – lets get you functioning properly – it is the age of recycling after all" and he held the condom upside down by my gagged mouth and poured its contents into my open mouth. I was helpless to do anything other than take the salty juice on my tongue and back and throat and do my best to swallow it all as easily as possible. Just as I was getting to the point where most of the sperm was handled and swallowed, I realised there was something new hitting my face. I looked up to find the guy was wanking himself off and all the juice was coming straight down at my face, some hitting my hood and some going straight down my mouth. I squirmed as much as I could, and tried to grunt, but was met with a load of sperm hit me straight at the back of my throat!

I could do only one thing, take it all and swallow it down. He seemed to have saved up all his sperm, as there was lots of it – I thought I had climaxed well, but the amount he produced put me to shame. To make things worse, his aim was good, as most of it was finding its way into my mouth.

"That's the first part of the revenge session over with – bet you wish you had never done all this to me now – don't you"

I lay there – my throat caked in sperm – from me and the stranger – and I tried to calm myself – and to clear my throat.

"Right – now if you remember rightly – you know what comes next. This is the bit I am sure you will use the safe word on – or the safe signal at least seeing as you can't talk too well. But as you did this to me, it's only fair I do it to you. It is my revenge after all. Maybe you knew I would be getting my revenge on you like this and you gave me exactly what you really wanted to happen to you? What do you say rubberboy?"

He moved himself to the back of the driver seat and I tried to twist my head to see what he was doing. I lost sight of him as he bent down and picked up three large bottles of liquid.

On the roof of the van lay waiting three holders – I had missed them earlier – but now they were plain to see. The bottles were lifted up and placed upside down in the holders. Each bottle was one of those 1.5 litre bottles you get coke or other drinks in from the corner shops.

The guy was busy connecting some tubes to the bases of the three bottles.

"I have been doing a little shopping – bought a few things to make this more fun – unlike your cheap attempts of just making a small hole in the bottom of the bottle. These tubes all connect to the bottles – which as you saw – were all full. Full of you know what"

I wish I did – but the colour of the liquid was slightly yellow – so unless he was giving me a nice drink of something really cool – I feared it may be piss.

I was right as he explained that he had collected his piss into bottles for the past three days – and had been adding other nice things as well – all in all he reckoned he had wanked about 10 times in the last three days and emptied all of that sperm into the bottles as well.

The tubes all connected to one main tube that hung down, down towards me and my face. He took some tape and taped the end of the tube to the inside of the ring gag. I could not shake it loose as there was quite a bit of slack in the tube. I could plug the end of it with my tongue – but I guessed that I would not be able to stop it completely.

He went back down to my crotch area and went about re zipping all the zips back up together – but he left the vibrator where it was and just before zipping the zips shot – turned it back on.

"I know – I am such a pushover – at least I give you some fun when faced with all this – you just let me drink and drink with no pleasure at all"

On that note – the stranger moved his hand to where the three individual tubes connected to the main tube and opened the flow valve slightly. There was not a sudden downpour of liquid – but instead – small amounts from all three bottles came down the tubes and emptied into my mouth.

The taste was vile.

"Just use the code – and I will let you free – you don't have to do this"

I tried to use my eyes to communicate my horror at the situation – and tried to grunt – but nothing seemed to be working. The stranger just stood there – and watched me drink down his piss and sperm. With the vibrator doing its worst on me, and the heat from the rubber – I was powerless as my penis started to respond the situation again and become hard.

About two hours later, when I had lost count of the number of times I had exploded into my rubber suits, not to mention pissed myself a couple of times, I was faced with the sight of empty bottles hanging over me. My mouth was soaked with piss and sperm. Some had spilled out around my mouth and over me, but most of it was now deep inside me.

I was exhausted. I was soaked from sweat, piss and sperm and still trapped on the floor of the van.

"you amaze me – I was sure you would stop this before tasting my piss – I can't believe you took it all. That makes me more nervous for next time – I am scared how far you may take things – how far you may push me – as I thought you would be the first of us both to back out of any of these challenges after we first agreed to do them"

With that – the stranger started to unstrap my bindings that kept me pinned to the floor – and started to clear up. The ordeal was over – I thought.

I was helped to my feet, and the straight jacket was eased from my body. The gag though stayed in place as did the rubber suits. I exited the van – steadying myself carefully as my balance was poor with the liquid around my feet inside the suit. The stranger helped me back into the house. I was worried about leaking but it turned out the main suit – the thicker of the two had reinforced seams and watertight zips – so nothing was going anywhere.

I was returned back to where this all started. When I arrived, I slumped back on the floor – exhausted from my time.

"Right – I am off – you know the drill. The keys to the suit and the gag will be here with the post in the morning – so you have more than sixteen hours to cope with everything – a little bit less than you left me for – so that seems just about fair. Enjoy your rubbery day and night – and I will catch you again same time next week when it's role reversal time again. Enjoy"

I was so exhausted the bits and pieces of what he was telling me were only sinking in slowly. My jaw was aching – and I needed another piss already. But I was so exhausted I just lay there – just for a few moments until I got some energy back.

It must have been about ten minutes later when Josh returned to his house to find his best mate on his bedroom floor – in two rubber suits, hooded and with a gag in his mouth and god knows how much piss in his stomach.

The following moments were strange as he tried to figure out where the keys were – tried to help me to my feet only to find me exhausted and that there was a strange sloshing sound inside the suits. It took a while – but suddenly his face went bright red as he realised his mate had already returned the scene that he had played on him last week. He kept apologizing to me. He frantically looked around for a spare key, only to remember his mate had them all. He wondered about getting a hack saw, but I calmed him down.

Eventually, as Josh was proving to be so apologetic and so frantic that our long lasting relationship was over and ruined forever, I decided there was only one thing I could do.

I eased myself up, reached down to the crotch zips of the outer suit and set about unzipping my penis. After opening both zips, my penis sprang out yet again from its rubbery confines and was met with a gasp from Josh. He could see I was clearly turned on by the whole experience. He calmed down and spent the rest of the evening in complete shock.

This day was going to be a landmark day in our friendship – as if the last four or so hours were anything to go on – the future in rubber was going to be great.

After a strange silence of about twenty minutes as Josh fully came to grips with what had happened, he sprang to life. "Well the post is a long way away, and this is going to be a tough night for you, what an introduction to rubber. I hope you can handle it all OK" There was not much I could do but nod and try and smile, but with the gag in place, the smile was only a token gesture.

"Right, well if you are all rubbered up, then I am going to get into some gear too" he explained and went off to the cupboard to get some things. Returning quite quickly, I was too tired and exhausted to realise that Josh was laying down on the floor some heavy looking chains. With great speed and skill, he added the ankle cuffs to my legs, the wrist cuffs to me and then the heavy collar around my neck. All were locked on with padlocks. A chain attached everything together, allowing me just enough room to move, but not much. There seemed to be a huge amount of padlocks available – but no keys. He explained that all the padlocks here were opened by one key – and the key was shared between Josh and Brian – depending on the scenario being played out. Well at least I knew his name now.

I tested the length of the chain, but as my exhaustion level was at anew heigh, I just relaxed and slumped onto the floor. I was sure not going to get very far in all this gear.

Josh then went back to one of his many bags of gear and took out a great rubber catsuit. Everything was attached, and the hood had great perspex eyes and an open mouth. He also took out a great looking rubber sleepsack and lay it on the bed.

A few minutes later and Josh was transforming into a full rubber boy.

Every inch of him was being consumed by beautiful shiny rubber. He looked good. The suit fit him perfectly.

He smiled at me as he caught my eye.

"Right – this is where you have to do some work." he said to me, explaining that he wanted to be zipped into his rubber hooded sleepsack. It had internal sleeves so he could not do it by himself. Once inside he would be trapped and forced to sleep in the rubber until I let him out in the morning. This seemed a fair exchange – as I was unable to get out of my rubber till then, so I went about trying to get myself upright and over to the bed to seal by best friend up in rubber heaven for the night.

He did as much as he could in readiness, placing his rubbered feet into the bottom of the sack as he then lay down on his stomach, inserted his hands as best he could into the start of the internal sleeves, then waited for me to seal him in.

As I headed over there I quickly (well – that's a relative phrase in the gear I was in) bent down and picked up a spare padlock. I figured he would prefer to be locked in that be close to freedom. I pulled the rubber into place, eased him into position, pulled the back zip up from his feet, pulled the zip down from the top of the hood and padlocked both zippers together behind his neck. He rolled over, mumbled something to me from behind the hoods which I think was something about the surprise of the padlock, and eased himself into position for a long night of rubber bondage.

I pulled myself up on the bed and lay besides him, my jaw aching and my head spinning from a day that would never be forgotten.

It was around 9 am that I heard the post arrive. I was not sleeping at that point, and to be honest had not slept that much through the night. But I still felt refreshed which was strange.

Only when I tried to get from the bed did I realise that all the gear combined with the chains were so restrictive and it took me an age to get myself to the front door where an envelope lay containing the key to my freedom.

I took the envelope and tore the end off, freeing the key. It was time for a shower and release.

Fifteen minutes later as I stood in the shower with torrents of water flowing over me, I looked back on the previous twenty four hours and smiled. Not only had I discovered that my best mate had some of the coolest gear I could imagine, I had had a great ride at the hands of a stranger who did things to me I would never have dreamed of.

All I knew was that I wanted more.

I wrapped a towel around myself and headed back to the bedroom to free Josh.

He looked at sound asleep still. I was amazed at how he had slept. All through the night I had heard his snores as he enjoyed whatever dreams he had dreamt up.

I sat on the bed for a while watching him in his rubber, thinking how warm and safe he must feel, as those were the feelings I had experienced the day before.

With that I decided that I wanted to be back in rubber. I longed for it. I felt very naked and cold without it. I had some chores to do today, some shopping and some things to sort out, but there was nothing to stop me wearing some gear under my normal clothes to continue the experience.

I left Josh in cloud cuckoo land and went to explore his many bags of gear. My suit from yesterday was hanging up and drying in the bathroom so that was out. Anyhow – time for some new experiences.

Bags upon bags were emptied. I had no idea how Josh had even managed to afford these things, let alone where they had all come from. I was like a kid in a sweetshop as I lifted everything I found up and examined it closely.

There were a few things that immediately sprang out as contenders. One was an amazing black shoulder zip suit with a codpiece. The rubber was thick and just felt lovely. Then there was a pair of rubber shorts with straps and buckles etc that all locked and meant you could not

take them off if they were locked on. That thrilled me. Then there was a strange metal buttplug that the packaging said was a vibrating plug. I was not sure how that worked and had never had anything up my arse before, but I wanted to try this out. A great rubber collar looked like it could go well with the suit and meant I could padlock the suit zips onto the collar meaning I would be trapped. Finally there was a penis sheath that went over the balls and the penis keeping it all trapped in wonderful rubber.

This was to be my outfit for the day. On top of that I would put my normal working clothes so not to frighten the other shoppers as I went about my business.

So I set about getting dressed – all the time Josh still encased in his rubber on the bed.

First off was the new experience of a butt plug. The butt plug came in some nice packaging that described what I would be feeling once the plug was inserted. It described such wonderful sensations that I just had to find out for real what it was like. The packaging advised on a good use of lube to help get the plug in, so finding a tube of lube, I lubed the plug and tried to insert it. After the strange sensation of something poking against my rear, it net it quite easily. The lube together with the metal of the plug meant the plug slid in and was seated perfectly. It felt weird, but felt good in a weird way.

Next up came the cock sheath. This took an age, but with the help of a small amount of lube again, it finally went over everything and sealed it all in behind the rubber.

The suit was next and I was starting to love the rubber suiting up process. The suit was a dream. Thick rubber eased it way all over my body. The attached socks sealed my feet and from then on the whole suit made me feel like I was being transformed into an alien. It took me a while to get my penis and balls, trapped in their rubber sheath, through the hole in the front of the suit, but I got there eventually. With no back of front zip, I had to ease the suit up into place. It was cold again to the touch as my chest and back met the cold feel of the material, but I knew from yesterday that it would warm up nicely.

Shoulder zips were quite a challenge, but a bit of care and time meant that before long the suit was zipped up and I was a step closer to the wonderful feeling I was after. I picked the front cod piece up and snapped it into place, my penis disappearing behind another layer of rubber. Then the final touch. The collar. I felt like I had surrendered control when I tightened the strap and picked up one of the padlocks and padlocked the collar on. Then I picked up two more padlocks and padlocked the zip pulls to the d rings on the collar at each side. This way I would have to get the key to get out of the gear. I was planning on leaving the key here with Josh so that meant bin in the gear for the most of the day until I returned later.

I set about getting my normal gear on over the top of my new found rubber passion. Every moment was a sensation. The thrill of what was to come, venturing out in rubber but hidden away, the fact that it was all locked on till later, the moving sensations of the butt plug that was inserted. All magical. All wonderful.

It was now gone 10 am so I got my thoughts back onto the jobs I had to do. I went back to the bed where Josh lay and wondered what to do.

My mind hatched its evil plot, but I figured what I classed as revenge Josh would actually enjoy.

So I leant over him and explained to him that he was locked inside his rubber suit and sack, with no chance of escape until I came back. I told him what I was wearing and that I would not be getting freedom until later when I returned. He would remain all bound up until then. I was off.

He grunted a few things but as the rubber hood muffled most of it I left him no alternative but to lie back and enjoy what was to come.

I left the key on the bed, just by Josh, almost comically leaving it just within reach, if only he had a free hand to get to it. I then left.

The following hours were magical. I was loving every moment. With each movement I felt a movement in my arse, which sent waves of pleasure through my body. The rubber was nice and warm and I had no way out. Just how I was learning to of it. I was stuck. No way out, but that suited me. I went about my chores and jobs with great pleasure. That was a first.

The morning flew by. I had some lunch and had wanted to take a quick leak, but that was out of the question. I had to take the bad with the good. I concentrated and held it all in.

It was whilst I was finishing off my lunch that, unknown to me at the time, Brian had decided to check up on me, I mean Josh, no, I mean me – if you follow. He went to the house to check that the key had turned up and that I had been able to get out of all the gear. Imagine his surprise when he turned up to find Josh in a rubber sleepsack lying on the bed. Not only that but he was completely confused as to how he managed to get into all the gear he was in and get a padlock on the zips. When I returned home mid afternoon, I discovered what he had done though. I was getting to the point where I really needed to take a leak, and I guessed Josh would want out by now.

When I got home I discovered Josh in the same position I had left him in, but with a new addition. He had had a rubber sheath like mine placed on his penis, but there was a tube that ran from his penis up to his mouth, where a gag we snow buckled through the mouth hole in the hood and padlocked around his head. He was being kept hydrated by the fact he could now pee, recycling what he peed back into his own mouth. He could not talk. He sensed I was there and we chatted. A few grunts later and I was none the wiser. What made matters worse was the fact the key was no longer on the bed. Instead was a note.

It read

"I don't know who you are, but you seem to share my passion for all things rubbery! You are also one mean guy, as this poor guy is now in his second day or rubber bondage thanks to you. For that I have taken control away from you and have taken the key. I will return at 6 pm with it – so see you then. Judging also by the number of padlocks left in the box, I suspect you may have used one or more on yourself. Kinky! "

"Shit"

There was nothing or it, but another session of endurance waiting for the key.