

My fascination with straight jackets stemmed right back to my childhood. Ever since I had stood, at the age of eleven, watching an escape artist in my local town square being strapped into one, I had found it impossible not to get excited when the word 'straight jacket' was mentioned.

The way the jacket trapped the artist, and all those buckles up the back. I was transfixed. Every now and again, the excitement would return as I caught glimpses of escape artists on TV, and reached a high when the film of Houdini was screened on TV. I researched as much as I could, reading about the use of straight jackets to secure 'mentally disturbed' and the life of Houdini himself. I longed to have the life of an escape artist, being strapped into the jacket day in day out. I even considered trying to convince my family that I was mad, so that I could be locked up in a padded room wearing my very own jacket twenty-four hours a day.

It was a dream, but nothing more than that. I never told anybody about my fascination. I didn't think that anybody would understand. I just passed it off as one of those things in life that I would grow out of. I just got on with my life. I still collected as much information as I could, and even found myself collecting pictures of my other fascination, namely motorcycle clothing. This also gave me a great deal of satisfaction. Pictures of leather clad people, shiny wet weather wear all went in my scrapbook. I never tired of looking at them, and they always gave me a hard on every time I looked at them. Can't explain why, but they just did.

I was twenty-five when I took up a job offer in London and moved down to the big city. I'd always waited for the chance to move down, and now I was in my element. Taking a one bedroom apartment in the West of London, I used my spare days to search the many side streets of London, discovering so much of the capitals riches. With all of my friends still up North, I had yet to attract many new friends, although at work, I was getting on well with a group of people. New friendships take time. I new that.

Three months after the move down I was walking the streets of East London when I discovered something that would change my life forever.

Walking down what seemed to be a quite deserted street, my attention was caught by a flyer which had blown against a nearby wall. With disbelief I knelt down and picked the flyer up. What greeted me nearly sent me into an instant orgasm right there in the street. The flyer was advertising a local fetish night entitled "Encased in Rubber Bondage". I was taken aback. I quickly looked around to make sure nobody had witnessed me picking up the flyer and that I was about to be arrested for reading such "perversion" in broad daylight. Nobody was around. I read on.

On the front of the flyer was the picture which had attracted my attention. It was a shot of a man being strapped into a straight jacket. But this was nothing like the canvas types I'd seen before. This was black rubber, with a hood which covered the man's head. The other man who was securing the straps was also wearing black rubber, but this time he had on a skin tight black one piece cat suit. I was amazed at the picture. It was stunning.

On the back of the flyer were details of the special event. It was a special one night only thing, but the date quickly dampened the passion within me. The event had been on last night. I sighed with disbelief that I had missed such a thing, but I was also delighted to find that something like this could actual happen.

As I read on, my heart started to beat faster again as there was a credit for the picture. It

simple said "rubber bondage items courtesy of RUBBER HEAVEN", and then listed their address. I recognized the address - it was only round the corner. My heart raced to think that there was a shop selling this kind of gear. Without hesitation, I stuffed the flyer into my pocket and headed around the corner to find the shop.

There were no signs on the outside of the building informing the public of the shop inside. In fact I'd walked past this very spot many times before without realizing what was behind the doors. The only indication of what lay beyond was an electric buzzer with the name "Rubber Heaven" alongside it. I buzzed. No answer. I buzzed again, and this time, a noise to signify the door opening greeted me. I pushed the door open and walked into the shop.

Walls and walls of rubber gear greeted me, and in the middle of the shop a sales assistant was working behind the counter. I couldn't believe my eyes. Not only was there more rubber clothing in the shop than I could imagine, but the sales assistant was wearing quite a lot of it. Black rubber jeans, a rubber tee shirt, and a sleeveless rubber shirt. Incredible.

"If you want a hand with anything, or want to try anything on, just give me a shout" was the greeting from the assistant. I was amazed at the friendliness. I half expected the door to burst open and the police to raid the shop, arresting me and branding me a pervert in the process.

I nervously went over to one of the walls and started to look at the items on display. There were clothes of all types, jeans, shirts, underwear, hats, but it wasn't quite what I was hoping for. I'd hoped to see cat suits, straightjackets and who knows what else.

I'd reached the end of the racks on the walls and was about to head to the door and leave when the shop assistant spoke again, "There's more in the back if you can't find what you're looking for out here" and pointed to a door which I had assumed was private. Immediately I headed for the back of the shop. This time, my wildest dreams started to burst into life.

There were cat suits of every kind: with attached hoods, simple surf suits, complex looking bondage suits! Sleep sacks, butt plugs, handcuffs, leg irons, straps, sheeting and the best of them all, there were many types of straightjackets.

I took my time, and started to go through the selection of incredible straightjackets. From the simple sort through to an outrageous one which had a hood with built in gag, straps hanging from every part and best of all, the jacket was part of a suit. It was incredible. I was studying the various straps when the shop assistant touched my shoulder. I hadn't heard him come through from the front of the shop, and immediately jumped. "Take it easy" he said. "I see you've found something that interests you - want to try it on?"

I almost died - here I was having found this shop in the middle of nowhere, looking at something I'd researched and looked at countless times throughout my life, being offered the chance to get into this variation of the straightjacket I knew and loved. The shop assistant gauged my reaction, and before I could say yes, the suit with attached jacket was being taken down and the assistant was heading for the changing rooms. "Follow me."

Inside the dressing room, the shop assistant started to sprinkle talcum powder on the inside of the suit. "Get undressed, stick your legs into the bottom half of the suit and then give me a shout. I'll be outside, and I'll help you with the rest of it". With that, he pulled the curtain behind him as he left the changing room. I got undressed, and started to ease my feet into their position in the suit. The coldness of the rubber shocked me. I eased my feet into their homes,

and started to pull the rubber up the lower half of my legs. The feeling was sensational. My penis was responding and I was now sporting an enormous hard on.

I pulled the curtain slightly to see if the shop assistant was still there, and he immediately saw me wanting his attention and came in. Straight away he looked straight at my penis and commented on the effect of the suit on me. I'm sure I blushed, but I wanted to try this suit on at any cost. The shop assistant leaned forward and grabbed the bulk of the suit. Moving behind me, he seemed to take forever before he said "Right then, are you ready for the plug?" I quickly turned around wondering what the hell he was talking about. In my haste to try the suit on I'd not noticed that there was a huge butt plug fixed to the inside of the suit. The cost of trying the suit on just shot up. It was bigger than anything I'd taken before, but I'd come this far. To turn away now would mean I'd never be able to show my face in the shop again. I reluctantly nodded at the assistant and leaned forward. He eased the plug, which he had already greased into position.

Fullness invaded me, as I felt the greased plug ease in between my ass cheeks and into its position. I stood up again and realized the size of my invader. No time to think about it, as my arms were helped into the sleeves. As they found their home, my attention moved from my ass to the rest of the suit. With my arms in place in the sleeves, the rest of the suit was eased up and zipped tightly with the back zip. The butt plug quickly came back to my attention as the pressure around my ass increased with the closing of the suit.

My hands were useless to me now as the assistant moved around to the front of me and asked me if I was ready to be sealed into the suit. I once again nodded, and he eased the hood up over my face. The eye holes were covered with clear plastic and there was an internal gag. Only nose holes would be my link with the outside world. The gag was inserted and the hood zipped down to meet the other zip at the base of the neck. The assistant moved right into my line of vision and looked me straight in the eye "Are you OK?". Once more I nodded.

Then he was gone, as he moved behind me to seal the straps closed. One at the neck and six down the back took the suit into a new tight state. I was aware of every part of my body as the suit clung tightly to every muscle. The butt plug and the gag filling every open orifice of my body. I could feel the sweat build inside the suit, as the initial coldness of the rubber was gone.

Then my arms were taken and crossed in front of me, and the straps taken around the back of me and fixed tightly together. I was hugging myself tightly, unable to talk, or do much else to be honest. It was heaven. It was better than I could have ever imagined.

Remembering back to all those escape artists I'd seen wearing straightjackets, I ran through the process of getting myself out of such a jacket. Almost reading my mind, the assistant finished me off. He secured a strap which ran from the front of the jacket and went around my crossed arms at the front. This meant that I couldn't pull my arms over my head - the normal way for an escape artist to free himself from such a jacket. I was now trapped.

With that, the assistant turned me around, indicating that I could watch my reflection in a full length mirror on the other wall. He then told me that he was going to go back to the front of the shop to finish up some paperwork and would be back in thirty minutes to see how I was doing. Before he left, he told me that because I was wearing the suit, and with the butt plug etc., that he now considered the suit to be used, and therefore couldn't put it back on the peg to sell. He told me that he'd be able to sell it slightly cheaper as a used item provided that I

didn't mess in the front of the suit. If I did, then I'd be forced to buy it and take it home.

My immediate reaction was lost as I hung on the words "Take it home". Before even thinking of the consequences, I shot my load in one of the most powerful orgasms I've ever encountered. In the half hour before the shop assistant came back, I must have had another half a dozen orgasms. I guess the suit was to be mine - like it or not.

The assistant helped me out of the suit, making special mention of all the cum in the front of the suit. He indicated that there was a shower at the back of the room, and that I'd better use it. He took the suit away, and wiped the inside clean with some towels.

When I returned from the shower, the shop assistant was waiting for me at the till. A promise is a promise I suppose, and the suit was handed to me in a bag. I was impressed with the cost. I had expected it to cost a lot more. Still, I wasn't sure if I'd ever be able to wear the suit again, it's not as if I've got lots of rubber friends who'd help out by sealing me into my suit for a few hours. Anyway, as promised, I bought the suit and left the shop.

I was very self conscious going back home on the tube. I felt that everybody knew what I had inside the bag. I was just waiting for the bag to burst and the suit to spill out on the floor for all to see.

My mind couldn't focus. All I could see were images of me trussed up straightjacket style in the suit. The image was spectacular. I still wasn't sure why I was taking the suit home. I know I promised that if I messed the suit up I'd buy it - but what hope did I have of not messing it up. What was I possibly going to do with it now? One thing for sure, I'd better find a good safe place to store it, just in case guests started snooping around

It seemed to take an age before I was home. I must have been looking at the suit sprawled out over my bed for an age. It was such an object that I was transfixed by it. It certainly kept me in its spell. Trying to return back to normality, I made some food and settled down to watch the news. It was no good though. No matter what outrageous stories were being reported on the news, I just couldn't stop thinking about the suit. I desperately wanted to be sealed inside it once more. Impossible dreams, as I had nobody to turn to had would encourage these rubber bondage thoughts.

I tried to block it out of my mind, trying to focus on the story being reported on. It was no good. I soon found myself back in the bedroom with the suit in my arms. How I longed for it again.

What if I could manipulate myself into it, a sort of self bondage? Would I be able to get into the suit? Well that seemed pretty easy. The zip at the back would be a problem, but with a shoelace tied to the zip pull I'd be able to ease the zip up. The straps at the back were more problematic, no impossible. Or were they? With a bit of reaching, I'd be able to thread the straps through their respective ends. I wouldn't be able to pull them really tight, but at least they'd be shut. OK - what else? The main part, how would I be able to close the straps which would seal the straightjacket and leave me hugging myself. That one required some thought.

My heart was racing with the idea that if I solved this then I would be able to enjoy the suit many times in my own comfort. But how to strap those sleeve ends together?

The only way I could think of was if I tried to link the sleeve ends in front of me, and then

reverse the straightjacket escape, pulling my arms over my head so the strap settled at my back. I wouldn't be able to secure the arms at the front, but it was the next best thing.

To enjoy the event further, I set up my video camera on a tripod to capture the event. At least then I could enjoy the event twice as much, with an instant replay available as soon as I got out of the suit.

With a great deal of excitement, I once again got ready to step into this superb suit for the second time in the same day. I sprinkled some talc over the inside of the suit, and stepped in. The coldness once again gripped me. All the sensations of earlier in the day came flooding back. I was going to enjoy this. Next I took some grease I'd picked up from the shop and greased the butt plug. Although the initial shock of its size had taken my breath away, I now saw it as part of the suit, with the suit being incomplete without it.

With my ass securely plugged, I completed the rest of the process. Fitting the hood with my arms still out of their sleeves was fairly easy. I pulled the zip down on the back of the hood, eased my arms into place, and then carefully manipulated the zip with the shoelace. All was going to plan.

I was almost complete. It took quite a while to complete the next stage, but it was worth it. With the sweat building up in the suit, I manipulated the straps into place at the back. Now for the final one. The strap at the sleeve ends. I managed to manipulate this one quite easily, trying to guess at which hole to fasten the strap to give me enough leverage to get my arms over my head but to give me enough tension when done so to make it feel as if it were fastened properly.

The guess was spot on, as when I'd managed to stretch my arms over my head, they fell behind my back just right, tight enough to enjoy the benefits of the suit once more. It was at this point that I wished the shop assistant was still here so that he could 'finish me off'. But alas, it wasn't to be. I'd have to settle for some self bondage for a while. at least until I met the right person.

I must have been sealed inside the suit for a good hour, lying back on my bed. I'd already had two explosive orgasms. They just seemed to get better and better, the suit was a great find.

As I'd decided to keep the suit on until it was time to sleep, I thought I'd go for a walk around the flat. It was safe as I'd drawn all the curtains. It must have been the plastic eye pieces that caused me to fall, but fall I did. I went head over ass out of the bedroom as I tripped on some of my hastily discarded clothes.

It took me a few moments to get myself back together again. The fall had been quite a big one, made worse by the fact that I couldn't thrust my arms out to break my fall. I sat up to check that I was OK. As I pulled myself up I realized that I had a potential problem. When I fell forward I'd snagged myself on quite a few coat hangers. As I tried to sit up, I felt some tension, and looking down noticed that the strap which fixes my arms to my chest of the suit was snagged. I pulled to try and free myself, and success.

The coat hanger dropped away from me, and I sat up. It was only then that I noticed that when the coat hanger had dropped off, the straps which were fixed to them had snapped back together, locking themselves in the process. My arms were strapped to my chest. They weren't strapped to me tightly, but it was enough to mean that I wouldn't be able to lift my

arms over my head to free myself. In the space of a couple of seconds, a completely fluke accident had imprisoned me in my suit. I started to panic.

And panic I did. I tried to free myself, but couldn't raise my arms above my head. What was I going to do? The butt plug and gag started to feel unwelcome now, but they weren't going anywhere. I couldn't muster enough leverage to free myself or even get close. Was I destined to die wearing this suit? Was it God punishing me for my fetish?

It was now some two hours since I sealed myself into the suit, and the sweat was certainly building up. I decided that if I was going to get out of this, then I was going to have to bite the bullet. I was going to try and phone a work colleague. I knew that he lived just around the corner, and we'd built up a fairly good relationship since I started the new job.

I was gagged, so my only hope was that he had caller ID on his telephone and recognized it as mine. We'd spoken a few times on the phone to organize lifts into work, so I hoped that he'd recognize the number. It was a long shot, but I just hoped. If that didn't work, then I'd have to phone the police and let them track the phone number.

It took a bit of maneuvering to move the handset off the phone. Turning my back to the phone I then felt my way through the dialing process. That part wasn't too bad. Within seconds, I'd dialed the number. Good job I remember peoples phone numbers easily enough. My luck was in. My colleague was in. After a few "Hello's", I responded with a few grunts. Immediately my colleague asked if there was a problem. I felt success nearby.

After that, it only took two minutes for the caller to be worked out, and a knock on the door greeted his arrival. I went down to the front door, and manipulated the door handle with my elbow. The door flew open. A sigh greeted my appearance. The look on his face was incredible. His jaw almost hit the floor.

Surprised at what came next, he asked if I'd been enjoying myself too much and gotten myself into trouble. Enough I thought just release me so that I can start facing my humiliation. Instead of that, I saw my colleague walk around me. I then felt the strap at the back of the suit being undone. Soon my arms would be free. Instead, they were strapped back together, only tighter. Then the strap at the front of the suit was tightened.

I was shocked.

Before I could even grunt, my colleague walked right up me, looked me in the eyes and said "Must be your lucky day - I've been looking for a rubber slave for some time now - guess that you've just hit jackpot"

With that I was led back upstairs to the bedroom. My heart was racing faster and faster..