

It was the train journey that would change the rest of my life

What had started off as any normal day, heading home after work, suddenly changed and I was awake. The mundane of everyday travel had become one of excitement and interest.

My usual 30 minute train trip home, with dozens and dozens of "suits" from the city was a boring affair, and one of routine. But today somebody new was on the train, and heading my way.

He had just got on at the first stop after my train had pulled away from the station.

It was cold outside, being middle of February, but this guy was certainly protected. That's what caught my eye.

As well as his waterproof pants, that had a wonderful shine to them, he had on a superb snorkel parka unlike any I had seen before. It was the shiniest black PVC. Not only that but his hood was zipped all the way to the end and you could not see his face through the small round hole that formed the tunnel at the end of the hood.

The jacket went right down to his knees, and was secured with a huge zipper, over which was a storm flap fastened with press studs. It was an amazing jacket. I immediately wanted it and wanted to try it on!

I was struggling to take my eyes away from the outfit, and worried that he may think I was being aggressive, but I could just not avert my gaze. I was fixed.

But he was heading straight for me, and I realised the only free seat was right in front of me. He headed straight for it. I would not be able to look elsewhere if he was right in front of me. This was great.

So he sat down. After a moment, when he had settled, I was waiting for him to take down his hood, but he didn't. Instead he was just sat there on the train, with his hood still zipped up. Some of the suits looked over almost in disgust. This was not their image of things, and anything that didn't fit their image or style – was not liked!

Idiots.

I was still transfixed.

It must have been about ten minutes later, after eyeing him up almost every second, then trying to look elsewhere as I felt self-conscious then back to looking at every detail of the jacket and the great PVC and the wonderful hood, that he finally made a move for the zip on the hood.

Again I was transfixed. The sight of the black PVC in the light, and the awe of such a hood was amazing. How I wanted that jacket.

He found the zip pull and pulled the zip down to release his head from its hooded prison. As the zip went down to the top of his chest it allowed him enough room to pull the hood from his head. That's when I gasped out loud. I didn't mean to do so, and felt embarrassed straight away, but I had not expected the sight that was now in front of me.

He was wearing a hooded top under his jacket, but a hoodie with a difference. This one had a full front zip that went all the way up to the top of the hood, embracing his head behind the fleece of the material. His eyes were just visible through two eyes which were made of thin mesh material, which allowed him to see out.

My mouth was open. He must have been laughing his socks off.

I loved gear like this; in fact I had a few bits and pieces at home which were similar. But to see somebody dressed in this kind of gear sat on a train opposite me was just the best visual sight in the world.

I could feel him looking at me. My face went bright red as I realised the errors of paying such attention to him. I felt embarrassed once more, and wished my stop would come quickly, but then wished this would last forever, as I could bask in the visual delights of what was before me for ever.

The top was amazing – made from a normal sweatshirt type material, but in black. You could see nothing of the guys face – well – I assumed it was a guy at least. All you could make out was the hint of an eye behind each of the eye hoes where the mesh was just about thin enough to see through.

Wow.

That was all I could think.

I have loved gear like this for quite a while – but never seen anybody else in as much as this, and in public too – well that just took the biscuit for me.

It was at that point I realised we were coming into my stop. I debated staying on the train and following this mystery man to wherever it was he was going. I don't know what I would do then but I just wanted to stay in sight of this gear.

But I bottled out.

I got up to leave. Picking my bag up I dropped it over a shoulder and turned away from the hooded man and towards the door. When I got there and took my position with all the suits getting ready to depart I looked back. He had gone! The seat he had been sat in was now empty. I quickly searched around the rest of the carriage, and stopped dead as I realised he was stood right behind me. Not only that but his parka hood had been returned to his head and zipped up ready for his departure.

I turned and faced the door again. God I wish I could have looked at the image for long periods without feeling conscious about it, or worried he would take offence and lamp me one!

Just then the train stopped, the doors opened and we all disembarked from the train and headed out of the station.

By the time I had been hoarded along like a sardine towards the ticket barrier and out of the station, I had lost all idea of where the hooded figure had gone. He was not anywhere to be seen.

Once outside and away from the crowds, I realised the figure and its wonderful hooded image had gone. With the depression of that thought I pulled my hood up and over my head from my jacket – and fastened the zip as much it would go and still give me some vision out, and headed home.

I felt nice and snug inside my hooded jacket- but the feeling was slightly empty as I had wished I had been inside the same gear I had just seen. I had the urge to spend some time and no doubt money on eBay finding those very same items, but my heart sunk a bit as I realised I would not have the guts to wear that gear all done up outside in public.

What a wimp.

Moments later I had the front door closed as I entered my house. I had only just closed it when somebody knocked on it from the outside. How the hell had somebody done that – I had only just walked in – I should have seen them!

I opened the door, still hooded and was met by a wonderful hooded image in front of me.

I had been followed home.

"Aren't you going to invite me in" came a voice from behind two hoods.

Chapter Two

We talked for about an hour. He was cute – his name was Luke and he was 28 years old, just a few years younger than me. He worked as a graphic designer, and did a lot of work from home, which was not far from where I was living.

There was definitely a bond quite quickly between us, as he confronted me very early on about why I had been staring at him. We chatted about his clothing and we shared an in depth discussion about all things fetish. Some things I had already tried and I shared these thoughts with him, and other things which I had only dreamed about.

We finished the chat with an offer.

His flat mate had just moved out, and he was looking for somebody to move in. He owned a rather large place, which should suit me, and he asked me if I was interested in moving in, sharing the bills etc – and I could rent out my place.

I was interested, especially as there was an added bonus.

The offer was that if I moved in, I could borrow any item of clothing, fetish or not from Luke provided he was not already wearing it, and we could share our passions for such things together and maybe enjoy some fun at the same time.

Well, to be honest it didn't take me long to think things through, and we agreed to try this for a while. God, you meet a complete stranger on a train, and an hour or so later your whole life has been changed, hopefully for the better.

I was warned that by accepting, then the full limits of the fetish lifestyle I had dabbled in would be explored. But that just made me more interested.

We agreed that I would move in this weekend, and use the next two weeks to rent my flat out. That would give me some time to re-adjust and enjoy the new flat for free until my new lodgers were in place. Then we would share not only our fetish but also the bills.

We shook on it, then he zipped himself back up into his hood, and pulled his black PVC parka back on, zipped the front up and lost his head inside the huge snorkel hood.

He left, and I hardly slept as I dreamt what things would be like in a week or so. I was going to enjoy this. More than I could have imagined.

Chapter Three

Moving in day had arrived. Part of me was full of excitement and part of me was worried. I had not shared with anybody for a while, and wondered how we would get on. But that was offset by the thought of sharing with somebody that had such a good sense of kinky dress.

My mind raced as to what other gear he had. I hoped he would like my collection. I had over the years gathered quite a few jackets, ranging from things like snorkel parkas, ski jackets, long down coats, strange jackets that had straps everywhere (Goths and punks have great clothing!) through to other things like the odd bit of rubber clothing, pvc clothing, leather, plastic, vinyl, lots of waterproof clothing and rain wear and even a few bits of bondage bits and pieces, including a great leather sleepsack that I had never had the chance to use properly. An impulse buy from eBay!

I loaded the kinky stuff in first, as Luke gave me a hand. The place he had was impressive. Lots of room, huge high ceilings and all decor was to a very high modern standard. I think it was perfect for me!

We had loaded in about half a dozen boxes when the pace we were working at fell off. I was busy collecting up another couple of boxes from the van, and realised Luke was not helping anymore. Upon my return to the house I found that he was already opening my boxes and going through my gear.

He had a big smile on his face as was unpacking various boxes. He seemed to like what he was finding. I must confess I blushed, as having somebody look through my gear was a first for me.

With a large smile on his face he told me to put down the boxes I was carrying. He then explained how we could improve the chores of dragging all the boxes in from the van. The job was going to be a long one and we would probably not get done inside a couple of hours. I was all ears.

So the plan was hatched; he would spend about ten minutes finding me some suitable clothing to wear for the unpacking, and I could go through his cupboards to find him something to wear. Fair enough I thought, and left him to rummage through my gear as I headed for his room. He definitely had a large smile on his face as I left, but I thought nothing of it.

His room was very neat and tidy, and he had 4 huge wardrobes inside. When I opened the first one I was met with a wondrous sight. There were jackets galore, so many to choose from, and rainwear, and ski bibs, waterproof dungarees. So much to choose from!

The second wardrobe was full of rubber clothing, and what a collection. There was every single thing you could imagine from basic clothing through to elaborate pieces of bondage gear. This must have cost a fortune I thought.

Wardrobe three was full of PVC, leather, vinyl gear. It was like an Aladdin's cave for me to find so much stuff. I was glad we were both similar in size, as I was hoping I would get to try most of his gear at some point in the future.

The last wardrobe had normal clothing inside. All the kinds of things a normal healthy young guy should have ready to wear.

I was not sure how far to push this, so opted for some basic things that I would like to see him wearing. I pulled out a pair of wonderful black nylon dungarees, which had a slick look to them. Most definitely waterproof and beautifully soft to touch. To go with this I choose him a hooded top to go under the dungarees. This top had a full face zipper that closed the head inside the hood but this one, unlike the one I had seen him wear on the train, was made from thick black nylon. He would still be able to work as there were two mesh coverings where the eyes would be, so he would be able to see out, albeit from behind a slight mesh, so his vision would be slightly impaired, but I guessed he would be used to this having worn the hoodie on the train that time.

He would look a little overdressed in both of these but I wanted to see them on. To cover all this I picked out a normal looking snorkel parka. This was your traditional looking parka of old days, being blue on the outside and orange on the inside. But the only difference was the buttons were replaced with snaps on the front. It made the jacket look much nicer. With an evil smile on my face I headed back to him in my room, thinking how hot he would look as well as how hot he would get inside this gear ! But it was his idea so I had no problem.

When I got back to my room his eyes saw what I had picked out and he just smiled. The smile was an evil one though.

"Ah – good – looks like you have an evil streak as well as me. Just as well I went for the ultimate for you then – seeing as I am going to be sweating in all that stuff" he said.

That's when I spotted some bits and pieces on the bed that he had picked out for me. This could backfire on me I thought.

On the bed were a couple of things I loved to wear, but had only ever done so in the privacy of my own room. But here I was facing the prospect of wearing them right now, and doing so outside.

First off was a full one piece clear plastic suit. This suit was a hooded affair, with the hood completely covering the face apart from a small cut out at the mouth area to enable you to chat, eat etc. The hands were covered with plastic gloves, and there were also feet attached. This was one hot suit.

Then he had picked out a couple of tops I had. The first was made of a sweatshirt type material and was basically a hoodie. The difference being the hood only had an oval opening for the eyes. The next hoodie alongside it was a leather version of the same thing. This had been made for me following the design of the other hoodie by a leather maker I found on the

net. It was a lovely top, and the front of it fastened with a zip all the way up to the nose area where there was a similar gap for the eyes.

To cover my legs he had found a great pair of chest waders. These were made from black PVC and were certainly hot to look at.

That's when I wished I had been more severe with the things I had picked out for Luke. I felt he had gotten off lightly.

So – we took the heap of clothes and started to get dressed into them.

I stripped and pulled the cold plastic suit up onto my legs, seated my feet in the attached socks, and pulled the suit up. It felt very cold next to my skin, but I guessed that it would soon warm up. The arms were next, seated into the sleeves, and my hands found their homes inside the gloves. A front zip fastened the suit, and as the hood was pulled up, my vision was slightly impaired as it rested behind a layer of clear plastic. The zip fastened up to the bottom of my mouth. Already the suit had lost its coldness, and I was beginning to warm.

Next up was a fleece hoodie. I pulled it over my head and settled the hood in place, then fastened the short zipper that ran from the top of the chest area up and over my nose. Only my eyes were visible, and trapped behind the plastic. Then the next layer, the leather hoodie. This was very similar to the last hoodie, but had a full length front zip that went to just above the nose as well. The tightness over the previous two layers was an added bonus, as it pushed the plastic to my skin more.

Then the waders. These were very hot looking and ultra slick and smooth. They were no effort to get on and soon I was wrapped up against the elements. Just wish it had been pouring down instead of slightly cold outside, but you can't wish for everything.

I looked good, as I caught my reflection in the mirror in the bedroom, but when I went into the lounge, Luke was already waiting, and looking mighty hot himself.

We were both starting to get very warm. But I definitely felt I was sweating more, as by the time the hoodies were on, the only thing visible on me was my hands and my eyes, both of which were sat behind a layer of quite thick plastic. There was also nowhere for the sweat to go but to collect inside the suit. This was going to be enjoyable – but also one hot experience.

So we both set back to work, collecting the boxes from outside in the van and bringing them back inside. It was tiring work, but so much fun. It certainly gave me a buzz, being in this gear but catching glimpses of Luke every now and again in his great gear and thinking how hot he looked in it.

Some two hours later we had collected all the boxes, the van was empty and the light was fading outside. We were both exhausted, but happy that a good job had been done. I could unpack over the next few days at my leisure.

We slumped onto the sofa together. Luke still with his hood fully zipped up, and me in layers of plastic and sweating loads.

As we sat in silence there was a great ease between us. Both us just enjoying the gear, the moment, the satisfaction of being somewhere where we could share of likes without feeling bad or pressured to do something else.

It was bliss, and it certainly was a great way to start your first day in a new house.

With that, Luke made a move to the kitchen and came back with two large glasses of water. "Right, get that down you" he said as he thrust the glass at me. Seconds later I felt mighty cooler, and returned the zips and the hoods back to their positions on my head.

"Follow me" Luke instructed, and I followed to my room. "Wait here – I'll be back in two ticks"

I sat on the bed waiting, and as he returned, my heart skipped a beat.

He was holding a great looking leather sleepsack in his arms. I was not dumb, I had fantasises about being all helpless inside one for ages, so knew all about them.

"Right, help me to get you into this and on the bed"

"OK – I'd love to – just let me get out of all this stuff first"

"Not all of it – just leave the plastic suit on – and get in the sack"

This was going to be another great experience.

I stripped off the two hoodies and the waders and was stood there exposed in just my plastic see-through suit as Luke placed the sleepsack on the bed. I jumped on top of it and eased my feet into the bottom of the sack, then held my arms out to the sides to ease them into the internal sleeves of the sack. Once Luke had guided them into place, I slumped back onto the bed and let him zip the sack up at the front, encasing me into my leather bondage.

The zip was long, and the sack quite nice and tight. Once the zip was up to the neck area, he snapped the collar shut and pulled the zip right up – and snapped it shut – locking it to the collar.

Then I noticed he was fumbling around at the sides of the sack. The added feature I had not spotted was the numerous straps all down the sack, that closed shut and could be locked with padlocks.

Luke took great pleasure in taking each strap, wrapping it around the sack at my knees, thighs, ankles etc and then taking a padlock and making a big deal of shutting the padlock shut, locking me in place with no possible way out. It would not have been easy, if at all possible without the straps and the padlocks, but they just seemed to finish me off and resigned me to being in the sack until Luke let me out.

When he had finished padlocking the last strap, which must have been some twenty or so straps later, he looked me in the eye and told me he would see me in the morning!! It was only eight o'clock – but he was tired and fancied an early night. I tried to protest, not only for being in the sack and the suit all night, but for the fact I had not gone to the toilet in about 4 hours, and was going to need to go.

My protests fell on deaf ears, and with that, he closed the curtains, turned the light out, and closed the door behind him as he left.

"If it's any consolation to you" he said as he left "I'll keep all my gear on too until morning!"

The door closed, and the darkness of the room and my plastic and leather prison became my world for the night.