

# Under the Master's Yoke

Trained to be a rubber slave / part 1

Story by Claude Lenoir  
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The invitation for our private meeting promised we would have some new visitors at the session. For years now, I had been participating in regular meetings of a small and very private circle of friends, all of us sharing a strong interest in S/M and other fetish subjects. Our group was rather exclusive, but not in terms of financial excess. Its exclusivity was in the like minded preferences of its members. In fact, most members of our circle belonged rather to a sort of bourgeois average. The only exception being our host who had inherited an impressive business from his parents, and who had thereby become financially well off.

The basement of his house, situated in the suburbs, had two rooms which had been specially modified for our regular meetings. Whereas one of the rooms served as a small bar, the other one was reserved for our games and exhibitions. In fact, it was a small studio cum theatre and quite some emphasis had been put on the plush and comfortable furnishing within. These rooms were used exclusively for the gatherings of our circle of friends, mostly couples with just a few individuals. Here we could talk over our fantasies in total privacy. Also, we were able to present tableaux on the stage, and we could be actors or audience. We were also able to provide a certain degree of interaction where it was considered to be important for the Master or Mistress of an obsequious partner.

An important event was always the introduction of new members to our circle, made special because these new friends had to display in great detail their particular inclinations and preferences. Principally, the dominant partner had to present

his or her slave, who had then to undergo a special punishment programme before all present.

A test was then usually carried out by members of our circle, during the course of which, the slaves had to undergo a training programme specially designed by ourselves. The execution of these actions, though open for all to see, was however carried out by the slave's Master or Mistress.

Well then, such was going to take place tonight. The special event had been announced and I had been looking forward to this evening for some time now. For the occasion, I donned my black rubber jeans and matching jacket, then threw my mackintosh over my shoulder and made my way to the meeting place. In just half an hour, I was once more amongst friends. As usual during occasions of this sort, male and female slaves were already put into their appropriate attire and treated by their dominant partners as if this were the most matter-of-fact situation in the world. The usual party business started to get underway...

I glanced into the neighbouring studio and noticed that a new device had been constructed there. A kind of a tripod of steel, built in the shape of pyramid, mounted onto a solid wooden plate. A number of buckles and straps which were attached to the tripod, hung loosely down. A strong, adjustable tube ran through the point of the pyramid. On the upper end of this tube, a crescent shaped, rubber covered steel plate was attached, and on this, two rubber stoppers, comparatively close to each other, were mounted.

One of them of a great diameter. I guessed that they were vibrators because underneath they showed two thin wires each, leading to a small switch box. Above the contraption, a block and tackle was mounted, from the end of which a bar of approximately one yard long hung down. The whole setting was illuminated by two strong spotlights. Beside the contraption stood a support upon which several cat-o'-nine-tails were hung. The whole set up was whetting my appetite for the events that must take place later on.

After about an hour, which gave us all enough time to chat about recent events and exchange hints and experiences, the host briefly clapped his hands and asked for silence.

“Dear friends, as you know, our circle is small and exclusive and we want it to remain so, because only this will ensure the necessary discretion we need. But, nevertheless, there are sometimes contacts, experiences, acquaintances, who can be considered worthy of admission into this circle of friends. It was only recently that I encountered such an experience and I have asked the couple in question to come here in order to introduce themselves to all of you. After initial hesitation, both of them have now shown their agreement. I have re-assured them that we guarantee them total anonymity for their attendance here. At the moment, I am only authorised to give you the name of the slave who is going to be presented to us today during the course of her strict punishment.

Her name is Christa. You will soon find out that Christa and her Master live their mutual roles: dominance, submission, humiliation in a most intensive way. A way which maybe none of us would believe to be practicable and possible. But, believe

me, here we shall be given proof that such a thing is possible. Therefore, I would like to ask you for your full attention for slave Christa and her Lord and Master.”

A small bell was rung, and the light in the bar was dimmed. Silence was total. By dimming the lights, the spectators who had gathered in a circle around the new contraption, retained their anonymity. The two spotlights, however, allowed these same spectators to fully observe the minutest details of the punishment contraption. The door from a further side room opened, and a couple entered the room and stepped into the spotlight.

The Master wore a tightly fitting black rubber overall and rubber riding boots to go with it. His head was covered by a black rubber mask which only had openings for eyes, nose, and mouth. He wore a wide hip belt which was adorned with handcuffs, a short and strong riding whip, and a rubber whip.

He was tall and slim and he looked very impressive. Behind him, on a chain, he led in a female form, covered in a wide, red, full length rubber cloak. Her face was also completely covered. Here, the rubber was perforated by numerous small holes at regular intervals. The whole arrangement looked like the veil of an Arab woman. This female shape obviously had problems moving, as it proceeded with strange little staccato steps. It took some time until they reached the centre of the brightly lit circle. There they stood for some time to give the spectators a chance to take in their appearance without unhurriedly.



“Slave, show your reverence”, sounded the command of the slave’s Master, in a sharp tone.

In obvious difficulty, the female turned into the supposed direction of the audience and - with the support of her Master - made a deep curtsey. Then she turned back, went down on her knees, and firmly pressed her rubber covered head against the rubber boots of her Master. Slowly, she rubbed her head along the boot legs. For about ten minutes, she had to remain in this pose. It had become so quiet in the room now, that only the rustling and crackling noise of the slave’s hood against her Master’s boots was discernible.

“Get up”, her Master commanded.

Almost tenderly, he supported her arms and aided her in getting up. When she had finally managed to do so and was back in the middle of the beam of light, he got hold of the hem of her red rubber cloak and pulled this item over her head. The audience almost stopped breathing when they saw the slave without this covering, for the first time.

Exposed in front of us, we saw an attractive woman whose I estimated to be in her mid forties. She was neither slim nor fat, but she possessed the most wonderful female proportions. In height, she reached to about her Master’s chin. She was, from head to toe, dressed into an absolutely skin tight suit of thick, transparent rubber, so tight that not a single crease was to be seen.

It fitted her like a thick, second rubber skin. I could see her hands with their neatly cut and varnished red fingernails, through the rubber, just as much covered with rubber as her

feet and her head. Each square millimetre of her face was covered with rubber. Her nostrils were slightly widened by two short rubber tubes, allowing softly hissing air to move in and out for her breathing. Despite the fact that they were discernible only through the layer of rubber, her eyes looked like two shining stars. This effect was additionally enhanced because her eyebrows had been completely plucked and her eyelashes, cut off. Her full lips were stretched over with rubber, reaching between her teeth into her mouth.

Her hair was cut down to stubble length and dyed peroxide blonde. At first I had thought her hair had been shorn off completely, for under the reflection of the rubber hood I was only able to see her white fluff at second glance. The hair at her temples and at her neck was extremely trimmed out, all this bestowing a fine, noble character, to her features.

Now it became clear why the slave was only able to move about with small steps. She was strapped into an extreme punishment harness, an item the we had never seen before. The main feature of this contraption was a black rubber corset, I later found out that it was built with steel stays. The upper part of the corset was straight; only two half round openings were there to accommodate her breasts, which were themselves separated by a plate of about a hands width, onto which a large ring was fastened. The waist of the woman was laced in such a way as to produce an extremely small circumference. The lower part of the corset formed a point in the front, ending directly above her mound of Venus. Here, another ring was attached. The well rounded, rubber sheathed buttocks of the slave were completely naked underneath. Along the outside of

her thighs, two broad metal bands ran down from the top. At about the level of the hip joints, two hinges were placed, which enabled a bending of these joints. At the lower end of this contraption, two broad metal rings gripped her thighs and kept them under control.

These metal bands also served as a kind of orthopaedic support into which the legs of the slave were harnessed from top to heel. Her feet were fitted into so called punishment shoes which forced the top of the feet to serve as a direct extension of the shin-bone. As an aid for getting up, they only had a small area around the large toe and the lower metal clip of the support. At first, careless sight, it might appear that the slave had no feet at all but was instead standing directly on the lower ends of her apparently extremely long shin bone.

Her naked cunt showed four greyish glistening steel rings which were attached to her labia. She wore a so called urine bag; a thin red rubber tube hung down from her slit, ending on the side in a rubber bag which was hung up on one of the supports. Her arms were strapped into angled metal supports which forced her to keep her lower arms horizontal. Here also, broad rubber bands with buckles provided correct posture.

With this went a special neck harness which forced her head into an upright position. On this part of her attire, two horizontal plates were attached, ending on the top of her shoulders. These in turn served for holding two metal bars, running vertically besides her head to the top and ending in a broad ring around her forehead. Because of this, the slave was unable to move her head without moving her shoulders too. In addition, the large breasts of the slave were adorned with thick

“D” rings. These had quite some diameter and therefore extended her erect nipples tremendously.

Her Master now took a crescent shaped metal clip from a table. This metal clip consisted of two parts.

“Tongue!”, his brief command sounded. And obediently the slave stuck her tongue out of her opened mouth as much as she possibly could. Now the spectators were able to see that a real rubber sheath to fit the tongue was worked into the mouth part of the mask. The Master now slid the clip over the rubber coated tongue and let it click into the side bars of the head-harness. After this had been effected, the slave was unable from then on to draw her tongue back into her mouth. He then guided her along the side edge of the beam of light so that everyone was able to admire his woman. He led her in front of the tripod.

“Slave Christa, you are now condemned to receive your punishment of 120 strokes with the rubber whip.

The punishment on you will be executed publicly whilst you are fixed over the top of the pyramid. Are you prepared, slave?”

The eyes of the woman started to shine while she nodded her consent, struggling to form words with her useless tongue. At a nod from her Master, our host stepped into the light and he and the Master lifted the slave onto the pyramid.

Carefully, they let her sink down on both rubber shafts. Watching this, I was fascinated to see the extremely thick bolt

sliding into the anus of the slave. What sort of feeling must it be to get the muscle of your anus dilated like this???

The slave, it appeared, seemed to be having no problems with this for nobody heard her utter a single sound. When her complete weight was resting on the crescent-shaped steel-clip which ran through her crotch, this was now screwed up until her feet lost contact with floor and her legs could be strapped to the tripod. A short steel bar went between her wrists. Then they let the block and tackle down, pushed the attached bar underneath her armpits and then pulled it up so much that the top of her body was stretched.

A chrome kilo-weight was next attached to the lower rings of her crotch, a kilo-weight on which was engraved "slave". The Master now turned both dildos on. and, for the first time, a gentle groan was to be heard from the rubber mouth of the slave. The Master turned to face the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, rubber slave Christa, due to various acts of disobedience, is condemned to receive a punishment of 120 strokes with the rubber whip. But our creed is to train, punish, humiliate. Not, however, to injure. For this reason, the slave will stay available in public view with all her attachments, and she will be punished at regular time intervals until the measure of her punishment is fulfilled. I invite the dominants amongst you to support me during the execution of this punishment!"

Then he turned round and administered to her the first twenty strokes on her posterior during which the vibrator movement was switched on to full power. And now I was able to see the

lust rising in the slave due to what was happening to, and around her.

She groaned and stammered with lust, and her breasts heaved vigorously. No, this woman suffered no pain, no punishment in the real sense. She was nothing less than the essence of lust and sexuality. This was especially so when the whip was being used on her and both vibrators were set to work inside her at full power, simultaneously, she seemed to be floating on waves. Though her hairless eyelids were closed, her face showed an incredible expression of satisfaction.

During the whole evening, this event lost none of its attraction. One was able to step quite close to the victim and see everything in great detail. One could see the spreading out of fine particles of sweat underneath her rubber skin. Also, it was plain to see that wet lust was oozing out from between her thighs, and running down her legs. The most fascinating thing, however, was her expression. An expression which showed lust, submission, devotion, giving herself away. This expression always got me under her spell again and let me drown into the sight of this rubber covered object with the strict tongue-gag. The Master must have noticed this because he addressed me just before the end of the punishment-session:

“You are fascinated, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I have never in my life seen a male or female slave expressing such deep, inner content and such satisfaction. It seems that she has already received much training at your hand. Such a waist can not be attained overnight!”

“You are completely right. Christa is sincere in body and soul, she loves being submissive, and she is prepared to be treated accordingly. She has a long history of this need. I shall ask her at a later date, perhaps she will tell you this story herself. Providing, of course, that you are interested enough in the tale!”

“But surely I am”, Otherwise I would not be here. And, as I have said before, I have my own experiences. But I have never seen anything like this!! Where did you get this harness from, by the way?

“It is not my only one. We possess quite a number of such devices. I work as an orthopaedic specialist and have my own business. In Christa’s own personal tale, this fact plays a great part. But you will excuse me now as I must go and look after my slave!”

Again, Christa was whipped, and this time she had an orgasm. Now she moaned and mumbled, and this got louder and clearer to hear. Her breathing started to hiss, her breasts were trembling, her whole impaled body was nothing but a bundle of jerking lust. For a moment, the vibrators were turned off, to give her a brief recovery period. But she had to endure yet another hour. Another twenty strokes....

Then, finally, she was released from the "stand" which was then immediately occupied by another slave. This slave was not in such a severe harness as Christa had borne. This one merely wanted to experience the feeling of going for a ride on this special, hot blooded little horse. Without comment, slave Christa was now put back into her red rubber cape again and

she spent the rest of the evening at her Master's feet Her Master stroked her covered body again and again, kissed her rubber covered head. Despite the somehow bizarre appearance of it all, incredible intimacy, warmth, and tenderness, emanated from them. Even to the most sceptical observer, it must be transparent that here was no one sided relationship, it was clear that these two people were giving each other fulfilment.

Seldom have I walked home so deep in thought as I did that evening. I was wondering if I would ever see anything of these two again. For the rest of the evening at the meeting, I had been talking with friends about what we had seen and experienced there. And while doing this, I had not realised that Christa and her Master had meanwhile quietly disappeared. There had been no word of goodbye, no comment. I re-lived this experience again and again, this occasion which had touched me deeply, that had gotten right under my skin. I kept on seeing all those incredible pictures in front of me.

I had already given it some thought whether I should talk to our mutual host or not. In fact, something like this was normally a "taboo" because we strictly respected the law of mutual anonymity if this was wished. But somehow, I was unable to get this couple out of my mind. I simply had to find out more of the story of this slave. On the same day on which I finally decided to risk asking for more information, I found a small mauve envelope in my letter-box. It bore my name and address in a feminine handwriting. There was no sender's details on the envelope. I rushed up the stairs leading to my apartment and hastily tore the small envelope open. In fact, the letter was

from Christa and her Master. I read it through several times; my heart skipped a beat each time:

*Dear Sir,*

*you must forgive the fact that we have sought to learn your name and address, we inquired after it from our mutual, so generous host. My Lord and Master noticed your extraordinary interest in my person when we last met, and you also showed an interest in the story of how I came so to be. As you can surely understand, we live out our passion, our life, behind a veil, in peace and tranquillity. Though however, in a fashion and with an intensity which is I think, not often to be found. I for my part cannot imagine any other sort of life. I would never wish for anything else than submitting myself, giving pleasure. All this has become my total role in life. Even in my early childhood. I had these yearnings inside of me. Although, at the time. I was unable to sort out what they meant. It has taken years and the help of those who know until I have finally managed to find my true self. And. therefore, if you wish to learn more about this, we are prepared to enlighten you.*

*Although we feel that we should warn that we may be unable to spare you from many shocks.*

Beneath these words, an address and a date were written. They stated where and when I might meet the pair. It was, an address in a very cultured suburb. I was also asked to attend wearing such clothes as were appropriate for the occasion. On the one hand, I was very happy to be in a position to find out more about slave Christa and her Master.



On the other hand, it was extremely difficult to endure the time until this next encounter, which was two long weeks away. Time literally dragged by. I tried to distract myself with work as much as I could, but the success was rather a meagre one. The pictures of that evening, that night, simply never lost their grip on me.

Finally, the day had come. Again, I dressed myself carefully. I donned my rubber jeans and this time selected black boots with long legs and a loose rubber shirt to go with them. On top of that I wore my English mackintosh. This would reliably protect me against cold and dampness. Apart from that, it looked less conspicuous.

Still, I had to cross the entire city. I started out early enough. I was so fast though, that I decided to wait for a moment in a side street because I did not want to give the appearance of being over eager and of being perhaps a little impolite. I drove my car onto the drive and then walked the few steps to the generously sized main door. I pressed the button of the bell and heard a gong sound somewhere inside the house. The Master himself opened the door to me. Today, as on our previous meeting, he was dressed in a rubber suit, which this time however, had a wide and comfortable cut.

“I welcome you cordially and I hope that you are not cross with us because of our indiscretion. But I had the feeling that you were really fascinated and I know this feeling: if your curiosity could not be satisfied, you might never rest calmly again!!!”

“You are so right. I don’t mind telling you, I have never seen a partner and slave like yours before. During this past fortnight, I have not been able to forget those hours for a moment.”

“Well, presumably, you must have had an unusual experience, too. Take your coat off and come with me into the living room!!!”

He took my coat from me and made a welcoming sign with his hand into the direction of the living room. I entered the room, which conveyed a discrete sort of elegance. Immediately I noted the heavy furniture whose style was not readily definable. But, what was clear, all the furniture was covered with heavy rubber and bore a number of strong ornamental rings, most likely serving other purposes as well. Also, the curtains aroused my curiosity as they were made of dark green, rubberised nylon material. The host caught sight of my observations.

“We have endeavoured to furnish the house in such a way that, on the one hand it serves our personal requirements best, on the other hand, we hope we have chosen a style which will not automatically send an unknowing visitor flying off scared. Of course there are rooms which are not accessible for normal visitors!” He smiled and offered me a seat.

We carried on with our conversation for quite some time, and I told him about my ideas with regard to our mutual interest. I also told him about the multitude of observations and experiences which I had made during the course of the years. He told me about his professional career, but most of the time, he listened to me full of attention. Much to my regret, the main

person, slave Christa, was nowhere to be seen. But he surely must have noticed that as well.

“Come on now”, he said, “we will now go and get Christa!”

He rose and I followed him down a long corridor. It was only now that I noticed how very spacious the building was. He finally stopped outside a small door.

“Here she is. She has been in the punishment cabinet for three hours now. This, by the way, was of her own accord!”

He opened the door. In front of me, a fairly narrow wall cabinet opened. Within the cupboard the rubber slave was strapped with widely spread legs. Her posterior and her crotch were floated in the air, while her thighs were strapped into two semi containers. Again, she was wearing an extremely tight corset, connected to the walls of the cabinet by means of four chains with eyes. This way, she was unable to move the top of her body. Her arms and hands were also fixed in steel half bowls which were mounted to the sides of the walls. A fold-away board held her neck in such a way that her head looked as if it were floating above it. The cabinet was practically divided into two halves by this contraption.

This time, her entire body was covered in a thick black rubber suit. Additionally, she wore heavy sailors boots on her feet. Her cunt was naked which gave me a chance to see how her ringed labia were pulled up by four further thick iron chains. Inside her vagina and her anus, two thick rubber bolts were stuck which, driven by a softly buzzing mechanism between her legs, moved up and down. This time, she was again wearing the urine bag which disappeared inside the leg of her left boot.

Again and again the rubber dildos moved, sinking deeper into the orifices of the slave.

Then once more still. In front of her face, a loose rubber hood was erected which blew up when she let out air and which pressed itself to her head when she drew in the air. On the side, a number of eyes were let into the material. These provided a sufficient supply of fresh air for breathing.

“The pulse of the slave is automatically observed. If, for example, a certain frequency is reached, as it does when an orgasm is about to happen, the bolts get stopped automatically. This goes on until the pulse becomes normalised and the level of lust sinks. Come and press this button!”

The Master pointed to a small button which was attached to the side of the wardrobe. Something started buzzing, the breathing of the slave became louder and I clearly heard strong smacking and sucking sounds come from the inside of the rubber hood. Several times I was under the impression that the slave was licking the inside of the material with her tongue. Her rubber head turning only slightly as permissible within the strict confinement of the restraints.

“What is the matter?”, Hooked at the host questioningly. He pressed the button a more few times and it always triggered off the same reaction.

“Christa wears a strong rubber dildo between her teeth. Not a very long one but very thick. This dildo is connected to a small pump which administers her ‘nature’s champagne’. This function is normally controlled by a small generator which operates various units at differing intervals. That means she

does not know when and how much she would have to take in when the pump starts. Sometimes, the intervals are longer, sometimes shorter. The function is also manually controllable. For example if she has deserved an extra punishment!”

He explained to me a few more of the automatic devices which were installed inside this punishment cabinet, but which were not being used at that moment. There was a system for breathing control and for the reduction of air, an automatic enema, and many more things.

Principally, the slave, strapped into the cabinet, could be subject to a fully automatic punishment and training programme which could last for hours, if this was required. Together, we carefully freed the rubber slave from the cabinet. It was only when she rose from the padded seat that I saw that her automatic rubber dildos possessed sturdy burls at the upper end. It must be maddening lustful being permanently kept at the brink of an orgasm for a long time, without the chance to find relief.

“Come on now, we will change Christa’s clothes and take her into the living room!”

He guided the still blindfolded slave through a door by the side of the cabinet into a fairly large room. I had the feeling that I had entered a factory for rubber outfits. The entire windowless room with fitted with shelves and bars for clothes. This area with practically filled with everything one could possibly think of. The Master pulled his slave’s rubber mask down from her face.

Christa wore a half-mask of very thick rubber which had no opening for the eyes. Only mouth and nose were accessible by a small orifice. An incredibly thick rubber cock was fixed inside her mouth with the aid of two buckles to the right and left of her head.

This rubber cock forced her mouth almost circular. Still now, damp traces were visible on the rubber of the mask. She had probably not managed to keep back her saliva.

Christa was now undressed; she smiled and did not utter a word when she saw me, but instead curtsied in front of me. Underneath her punishment uniform which she had worn inside the cabinet she wore again her skin-tight complete suit of see through rubber; this time, though, she wore it without the hood.

“I shall not make you put on punishment gloves inside your crawling about dress. I want our guest to appreciate when you are nice and submissive and crawl about on all fours in front of him!”

The so called crawling about dress was also made of black rubber. It had no proper sleeves but instead a kind of pocket on each shoulder into which the arms were strapped so that the palms of the slave were touching her shoulders. The pointed elbows which thus formed the tips of the arm, were supported on thick rubber pads.

The entire thing was closed by a strong zip in the back. The skirt part of the dress was worked like a narrow mini skirt. The punishment boots were exactly the same ones as Christa had worn during the evening performance and during the administering of the punishment. Only this time, the second

supports which allowed her to walk about were missing. Again, her feet were tremendously stretched. Because of this, walking, and even getting up would be completely impossible. Finally, she received a strict rubber snaffle between her teeth and then a tight belt around her waist.

“Right, off into the living-room, slave!”, the Master commanded. Carefully, in front of our eyes, the slave slid down from the stool on which she had been seated for the lacing of her punishment boots. Slowly, she let herself down on her knee, then she bent the top of her body forward and supported herself on her rubber upholstered elbows. She now turned to face us. Her rubber adorned forehead first touched my shoes, then those of her lord. Then she crawled in front of us on all fours into the living room. Beside the fireplace, directly in front of the seats, she stopped and straightened the top of her body. But the comparatively long distance which she had covered in this fairly unusual way did not seem to strain her at all.

“I shall go and get you the Spanish chair!!, the Master said. He left the room and came back after a few moments with a three legged stool. The seat area of this stool was worked out of two wooden pieces which looked like a capital “T”. On the longer bar, a thick stiff rubber bolt was attached, behind this, a ring. Two further rings were let into the side of the shorter bar. He positioned the stool in such a way that the slave was facing us when she was finally sitting upon it.

Carefully, he took hold of her underneath her arms and then lifted her up. Then he placed her lowered her slowly, and doing this, let the thick rubber bolt disappear inside her anus. A short

chain was attached to the stool between the tight punishment belt and the back ring.

Then she had to spread her legs widely and place them on the outside of the T where they were also strapped on. The naked ring-adorned vagina was now well accessible, also the four heavy iron rings. With the aid of elastic bands which were attached to the upper rings, he pulled her vagina really far apart. A sturdy weight was hung into each of the lower rings.

The carefully clip closed tube of the urine bag hung down from between her legs, completely without support. The slave's vagina glittered moistly, and without any doubt Christa was starting to feel her lust rising again due to the position she was in.

This must have given her Master the idea of introducing a slack rubber balloon into his maid's crotch and then pumped it up so much that the blown up rubber could be discerned inside her moist grotto. Only when all these preparations had been completed, did he take her gag off.

"You may speak now, slave!"

"Thank you, Master. Would you be so kind as to help me relieve myself? I am full up to the top and would greatly appreciate your aid!"

Without comment, the Master fetched a silver bowl and placed it under the widened crotch of the slave. When he opened the clip fastener of the tube of the urine bag, her 'natural champagne' streamed into the bowl, splashing. For Christa, this seemed to be the most natural thing in the world.



“Does she often wear a urine bag?”, I wanted to know. Christa smiled.

“I have to wear it all the time, whether I want to or not. I can’t stop myself any more. I mean, I cannot control the function of my bladder any more!”

“How come? Have you been ill? How has such a thing come about?”

“No, this state was brought about some time ago, deliberately. This happened in accordance with my own wishes. After I had begged my Master, he has made the decision of making me forever unable to hold my urine. Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t do anything at all to prevent it running out. This has resulted in my having to permanently wear a urine bag or rubber pants and nappies.”

"How did such a decision come about? I mean, this has far reaching consequences for the rest of your life!"

"Certainly. I was perfectly aware of what was involved when I expressed the wish which resulted in the carrying out of this operation. You know for me, that to live out my devout fantasies, which you are learning of, is by now a fact of my life which I wouldn’t do without. I didn’t want to and now I can’t have it any other way. Now this has happened, other activities, for example having rings put in my labia, have become almost normal. Normal at least in our scene. I wanted to give a very special, very unique sign to my Master whom I love more than anything else and whom I submit myself to completely. I wanted to make myself so helpless somehow that I would have to rely on him for his support and control. This was what

finally gave me the idea to let him make me really helpless. At first, he did not want this at all. But, as it really was a deep wish of mine, we agreed that I would be subjected to a thorough examination. After I had passed this examination, this thing was done. And I felt fine when it took place!”

“But how does one go about this, how is a thing like this done? I mean, can an operation of this kind to be undone? And what sort of an examination did you have to pass in connection with it?”

“OK, right. To answer your questions in order: firstly, I was appraised of the fact that an operation of this kind would in fact forever deprive me of control of my bladder. And it was really my own desire for this operation to be carried out. But this was too much for my husband. He didn’t want me to go through with the real and irreversible physical operation. But most of all, he wanted no operation which I might, some day in the distant future, regret. In the end, a different solution was found through a doctor friend. A special ring was inserted into me which keeps me open. I have been wearing this device in the neck of my bladder for some time now. If it were to be removed now, I would certainly have to wear nappies for a few months afterwards before my bladder functioned normally again. But it would be possible. Only, I don’t want it to be that way. I feel thoroughly happy with this state of helplessness. So why should I want to reverse this status?”

“And what sort of an examination did you have to pass?”

“Oh, well, yes. Until then we had only occasionally been experimenting with ‘natural champagne’. But for me, this

proved to be a tremendously stimulating subject which kept coming up again and again in my mind. Each time a component like this entered our mutual games, I became three times as excited and randy as I normally would have done. Because of my now inability to close my bladder, however, these things have now become a regular part of my daily life as maid and rubber slave.

My Master wanted to test me to see if I was really ready or not. Therefore, Previous to my having the ring inserted, I had to endure a four week training phase as a toilet slave in the households of specially selected people. Of course, I did this in permanent rubber clothing and in perfect submission. My Master brought me to see friends who have something like a private club. 'Club', in fact the wrong word, one should rather say that a group of people sharing the same kind of interests are living together in a sort of community. Certainly, strangers are not allowed to enter this community.

With regard to this subject, this is of extreme importance as one has to rely on it that one does not become infected by bad encounters and that one does not become ill. But then it was a circle of absolutely reliable people, Masters or Mistresses with their slaves.

And while I was there, I had to obey any sort of order immediately and without argument. When commanded, I had to kneel down and I had to allow others to relieve themselves into my mouth.

Or I had to kneel down as they peed down from above on me. This, of course, took place on a rubber sheet which afterwards I

had to clean with my tongue. Basically, anything, just anything which one can possibly imagine, was done to me. Of course, I had to feed from my own urine bag, oh well, I know you are no newcomer and you have read enough... Please, be assured, there was nothing I didn't try... And I learned all these things passionately and with great pleasure. Although even I, was occasionally confronted by a situation which meant I had to overcome my own resistance."

"And the operation itself, where was it finally done? I mean, does a regular doctor do this, or a clinic, or who would do a thing like this?"

"Well, of course, it wasn't easy as you can possibly imagine. But still up to today I get wet when I just think of that day. We found a private club and we also found a doctor who was familiar with these matters. For this event, a special room was prepared in the premises of the club, a rubber patient's room. With a rubber bed and a gynaecological chair, you know...

And before the operation took place, I had to work there for quite some time as a rubber maid. This was in reality the doctor's fee which I had to work off. Today, I can barely describe the waves of passion which swept over me when I had to serve there. And of course I had to hear all sorts of comments.

For example: "this is the randy rubber slave. Soon she won't be able to keep back her urine on her own." Or: This one will never leave her rubber clothes again." And so on. Merely the announcement of what was going to be done to me (I did not even know when it was finally going to take place) drove me

crazy. Night after night, I was strapped down on my rubber bed and I did not know whether the following day would bring about the change or not. I tell you, those were wonderful and excitement filled times. I know it sounds crazy but I wanted it that way and I would not want to have missed any of my past experiences!”

“And what happened then?”

“One morning, the straps on my rubber bed were opened and I had to go directly to the gynaecological chair. Before that, I had to receive a punishment enema and was then strapped into my strict slave’s uniform. During this, by the way, my hair was cut as short, as I am wearing it now. At first, I thought that I was to be shorn bald.

But at that moment, that did not matter at all. My head went into a blow up balloon-mask with tiny visors. Also, there was a real rubber throat tube which was used for leading food straight into my stomach. I had to swallow the tube fully. I was commanded to wear my punishment mask for a fortnight without a break. Then they strapped me onto the gynaecological chair, with widely spread legs of course, and they let me lie there all day long.

Finally, in the evening, the doctor appeared and put the special ring into my bladder while all the members of the club and some visitors watched the procedure. Still in my horizontal position on the gynaecological chair, a transparent pair of rubber pants was slid over me. And when my straps were loosened and I was allowed to raise myself for the first time, the contents of my bladder went straight into my rubber pants

without me having the slightest chance to do anything to prevent it. For another four weeks, I had to serve as a rubber maid. During this time, I had to wear see through trousers all the time so that everybody was able to catch a glimpse of what had had happened to me. As you can probably imagine, I was given a lot to drink during that time. Only after that, did my Master pick me up again and take me back home with him. And since that time I have had to rely for good reason on a urine bag and rubber pants.”

“You have really got courage. And I think you must be extremely sincere and have a really masochistic disposition. When did you discover this disposition inside of you and when were you trained to become such an intensively living, perfectly trained rubber slave?”

“Oh, that is a very long story. But learning about this, is probably the reason you have come here. I shall tell you about it. A lot of what you will hear may sound fantastic from today’s point of view. May seem incredible. Well, at the time when my story as a rubber maid started, things were completely different. In those days, respect for one’s grown ups was very much greater than today. Respect, sometimes even fear, was responsible for our behaviour. Also, I grew up in the area of the border. An area which was right in the middle of nowhere and where it took an extremely long time for progress to start knocking at our door. There were hardly any distractions; daily life was completely dominated by work, hard work even. I was in a special situation because my parents had lost their lives during the war. When I was sixteen, distant relatives sent me to

a woman who was living on her own in a comfortable financial situation.

This woman would be able to look after me. This woman, strict on the one hand, emanating a strange warmth and closeness on the other hand, held a great fascination for me. I felt myself living between fear and happiness. And I noticed that I was scared, of being punished, for example. But then, this being frightened also caused pleasant feelings. And already very very early in life, I had a lot of submissive fantasies. But, of course, there was no way yet for me to handle these feelings.

In any case, as far as becoming a female is concerned, I was a regular early starter. Already very early I experienced my first feelings, and at the age of twelve or thirteen, my body already had a fairly feminine appearance. But nothing much happened. My stepmother took little notice of my adolescence. Until I was eighteen my life ran along in a quiet and normal sort of way. But my sexual needs, I must admit, became stronger and stronger each day. In the meantime, my close girlfriends had already told me about the facts of life, although they had done it in a very secretive, mysterious way. In my fantasies, however, I was already eager for a lot more and I was experiencing an abundance of things. I had learned to satisfy myself in various different ways and I enjoyed those feelings which went with masturbation. In fact, I had the feeling that, as far as I was concerned, life could have gone on like this forever. But this was something which would change almost in the speed of lightning at the time of my eighteenth birthday!

Again, I lay on my bed one evening and practised masturbation. While doing this, I must have become rather loud

in the process. You know, as time went by, I had become more daring. And during the excitement of it all, I had forgotten that I could be overheard from outside my closed door. My stepmother must have been waiting for just such a moment. That is my belief today, now that I have a greater insight into the way things are inter-related. In any case, the door of my room burst open and my stepmother stood in the middle of the room.

“That is quite a mess!”, she said in an icy voice. “What a randy little bitch you are, I must say! But you wait, I shall soon cure you of your habits!”

Of course, at that moment, fright went through my limbs in a big jerk. Not only that because I was dripping wet with lust between my thighs. I had become so frightened that I was not being careful, and for an instant drops of my urine oozed out of my crotch. My stepmother must have already reckoned on this.

“Go on, pull back those bedclothes and then get up immediately!”

“OK, stepmother!”, I answered obediently. Hastily, I pulled back my bed covers and rose with shaky knees. The result of my nocturnal activity was surely clearly to be seen. A large moist patch marked my bed-sheet and the back of my nightdress showed the same traces. Now I felt the blood rising in my head.

“Now just look at this mess. Just you wait, Christa, now you will get to know the real me!”

Stepmother must have been on the alert for a moment like this for quite some time, for she had already made provisions for it.

“Take all your clothes off and stand beside the bed immediately. I shall be back in a moment. And you can also strip the sheet off the bed.

Hastily and my face red with shame. I tore the bed sheets from the mattress and bundled them together. Then obediently. I took my night-dress off, and naked as I was, stood to attention by the side of the bed. Just as I had been ordered to do. I heard stepmother rummaging about in her wardrobes in the adjoining room. From there, she returned with a bundle of strange things which I had never seen before.

“A pig like you must not be allowed to sleep in a normal bed. From now on I shall be really strict and control your behaviour! From now on, you will wear these rubber pants. This way, you won’t get the mattress wet!”

Exclaiming these words, she threw a rather strange looking item of clothing, in a russet colour, at my feet. I picked the item up and unfolded it. It was a pair of pants of thick, rubber. The material was cold and gave off a strong and malodorous rubber smell.

“Go on, you little bitch. You had better get that on quickly. Do you think I want to sacrifice all my sleep because of you and your piggy games?”

I knew that the best thing now would be to not argue with her. Apart from that, I had real guilt feelings at that moment. And then there was something else. I had been caught red handed. Caught by my own stepmother whom I loved despite her sternness and whom I honoured. I was caught and I was to receive some sort of strict punishment. A punishment which I

had deserved. A punishment which would force me to learn obedience. One which humiliated me. Whether you believe it or not: even at this moment I noticed familiar sensations inside of me again which were connected with lust. And I had to obey and I was put to shame, and that gave me lust. Because of this I acted out my resistance more so than if it had been real. I also unfolded the heavy rubber item and gave it a close inspection. The legs were so long that the tight knee cuffs with their elastic were positioned underneath the knee joints.

In the area of the thighs and the hip, the ugly thing was extremely wide, and there was broad elastic around the waist. A simple top was worked onto the pants. This only had elastic around the upper edge. This part reached up to underneath my armpits and covered my breasts. Rather unwillingly, I stepped into the rubberwear. I walked up and down a few steps. The rustling and squeaking noise put me off, also the rubber scent was something I really disliked.

“Do I really have to wear this, stepmother?”, I asked hesitatingly.

“This is just the right sort of attire for little girls who masturbate like you. Come on, help me now, to make your bed!”

Now I was able to discern other things. Stepmother had brought two large rubber sheets with her which were made of the same material as my rustling and crackling pants. Quite a number of straps went with them. She spread one of the two sheets over mattress and pillow on my bed. I again smelled the rubber scent which was now starting to pervade my room.



“This rubber has an awful smell!!”, Was all I could say.

“You’d better get used to the smell; you will need to!!”, was her reply. “Don’t forget, it was your own fault. You brought this upon yourself and you should feel properly ashamed of yourself!”

The thick brown sheet was now smoothed down over the bed, and then I was ordered to lie down on my back upon it. It gave me real goose pimples when I felt the cold rubber material beneath me.

“We have to stop your masturbation games now, and to ensure this I shall have to tie your hands and your legs!”, my stepmother explained. She tied two straps around my wrists and tied these onto the long side of the bed. Then I had to spread my legs very wide.

Two straps above the knee joints, also tied on to the long side of the bed, kept my crotch wide open. In the end, two more straps were put around my ankles. These were firmly tied to the iron-bars at the foot part of my bed. Demurely, I tried to pull at my bonds a few times. But this only brought a slight smile to the face of my stepmother.

“Don’t forget, Christa, I have learned how to tame disobedient patients in my time!”

Of course she had. Stepmother had been working in the hospital for a very long time, a fact I had completely forgotten. In reality, my attempts were useless. The bondage kept my legs spread wide apart, and I was unable to move. As far as my hands were concerned, I was able to open and close them, but I

was unable to move them otherwise. My crotch which was by this time really yearning was absolutely beyond my reach now.

Now stepmother spread the second rubber sheet over my bound body. The smell of rubber was now even more intense. Now I could feel how heavy the material was. Finally, she put my feather bedspread over the top so that it pressed the rubber sheet even tighter to my body. She even pulled the rubber sheet which she had spread out over me, further up until my face was framed completely by it.

“I shall fix you down even better. Otherwise you might kick yourself bare!”, she made sure and ran out of the room once more. A few minutes later she returned with a handful of clothes-pegs and used them for fixing the sheet in such a way that it could not slide down any more. Which ever way I turned my head, I had felt the touch of the stiff and cold rubber on my skin.

“OK, that should be enough for a start. Now you can even wet your pants if you must. In any case, you will not dirty the bed any more like that. For the time being, you will spend every night like this. I shall not take any risks and I shall not allow you to practice your little piggygames any more. And from tomorrow onwards, other things will be different too. Good night now, you have the whole night time to think about your behaviour!”

The lock of the door clicked behind her and I was lying there in the dark, for the first time in my life strapped to a rubber bed. I wanted to die with the shame of it all. She had dressed me up like a regular bed wetter and I was fixed to this rubber bed. It

had become warm inside my rubber pants, the material had now started to slide and practically sucked itself firmly into my crotch. A few more times I examined the bondage to find out how firmly it had been applied. But stepmother had done a proper job. And while I was lying here contemplating my fate, something very strange happened. Somewhere, deep down in my body, another wave of lust started to spread out again.

The dampness which spread out now had nothing, nothing at all to do with sweating. Very slowly but very certainly I became aware of the fact that one of my most secret fantasies had just become reality. Something which had shot through my mind time and again while I had been masturbating, something which had excited me and which had been dominating my dreams for a long time. I was helpless and at the mercy of others. I was humiliated and defeated. I had to do as I was told. How often when we played the old game of cowboys and Indians have I practically pushed myself into the role of the captured squaw. What pleasure it had been even then, standing as a helpless victim at the stake. It came to me like a flash of lightning how even then that game had been a grounding in submission. A game I had to create. Humiliation and submission, I remembered it well, caused extremely pleasant feelings inside of me. Again, blood shot into my cheeks. But this time for other reasons...

I tried to enjoy the state I was in for as long as I could. Only the penetrating smell of rubber was something I had difficulties in coping with. But my lusty feelings clearly gained the upper hand. Sometime in the night I must have then dropped off to sleep and I must have slept deeply.

At least I did not realize that my stepmother had entered my room and that she was drawing the curtains open. Then she stepped close to my bed.

“Good morning. Well then, did you have a nice sleep?”

“Yes, thank you, stepmother. I did sleep well!” Somehow she must have noticed that certain shine in my eyes and a certain excitement in my voice. For a moment I saw that knowing smile appear on her beautiful face. But then the other face she wore came through, the face which made me shudder and freeze on the one hand, but on the other fascinated and attracted me.

“Well, the rubber sheets have stayed in shape. I hope that you have kept your randiness under control through the night. OK, get up then! And then I want to check up on your rubber pants!”

She had untied me quickly and I stood beside my bed, looking rather embarrassed. The rubber pants had sucked themselves tightly to my entire body during the night. It was embarrassing for me that my nipples looked as if they wanted to drill themselves directly through the thick rubber of the top.

“Hands behind your head and your legs wide apart!”, she commanded. Quickly, she pulled the rubber pants down to my knees when I stood in front of her, in the position she had commanded me to assume. Her hands were examining the area of my crotch. And of course she found there what she had been looking for. She withdrew her moist hand and held it underneath my nostrils.

“You don’t want to tell me that this here is sweat, or do you?”

“No, stepmother. But I had strange sensations during the night. And they became much much stronger after you tied me to my bed!”

“I will give you something: strange sensations. You are a randy bitch and nothing else. One thing is certain: I will never allow you to get out of control. Go and wash yourself and then come and get dressed in my bedroom. But hurry up now!”

Again I had the usual blush on my face. And again I had to experience that beside the feelings of fear there was definitely a feeling of lust. What would stepmother be planning now? A short time afterwards I had finished my morning bathroom ritual and I had plaited my hair into a stiff pigtail, like I used to do every day. I ran back to the bedroom, naked. I was shocked to see stepmother, again holding rubber items in her hand.

“Regarding the state you are in at the moment, I find it absolutely necessary now to wrap you up properly during the day also. And most of all to keep you locked up properly. I would have never thought that you would need training like this one day. From now on, you will start wearing rubber underwear during the day, too. And a corset to go with it. This will force you to take up a proper posture and it will, most of all, keep you locked up!”

“But what happens if I have to go to the toilet? I can’t go and wet my pants. And I know I can’t last out for a whole morning!!”

“You just don’t worry about it. Last night, I had a talk to your schoolmistress and I told her of my discovery. She knows how I must deal with you from now on. And if it becomes necessary, she will help me in future!”

Again, it was my turn to blush. Things which until now had been amongst my most intimate secrets were now being openly talked about. My teacher knew that my stepmother had caught me in the act of masturbation. I did not know what would be the result of that. How lucky I was that my last year at school had started. Stepmother passed me a wide black pair of rubber pants. The legs of these pants reached down to the top of the knee- joints and ended in broad straps here and at the hips.

Crying. I stepped into this thing and watched stepmother fastening the buckles as tight as was possible. I had the feeling that this rubber was even thicker than that of last night. And the volume of noise was also stronger than last night.

One more time, stepmother checked up on her work, tested the straps with her index-finger. And she was pleased to be able to make sure that everything was nice and firm and so tight that not even her finger fitted in.

“Fits like a glove”, was he comment.” A little bitch like you should have been given this sort of thing much earlier! And now the corset!”

The so-called correction corset was made of thick rubberised material. Stepmother explained in detail to me that this was necessary because pure rubber would have stretched when being laced or would have got torn in the process. Into this corset, a number of pliable metal bars were fixed. In the area of

the breast, there were no cups at all but only a slight hint of a curve in the horizontal line. Stepmother used the knuckle of her index finger to knock against it and explained to me that a stiff metalplate was hidden underneath the rubber.

“This will ensure that your breasts are pressed flatly against your ribs and won’t show. I had this one made for you some time ago, because I was worried even then about you and knew that I would catch you doing your piggy things. OK, arms forward now!”

The broad straps were now put over my naked shoulders and then the rubber enclosure laid itself firmly around the top of my body. As my stepmother had already flamboyantly announced, my breasts were, step by step flattened. I had to gasp for breath. When she was finished, I looked like a boy in the front. Stepmother groped between my legs and pulled a broad leather-strap from the back to the front. With a strong jerk she pulled the strap so tight that it entered my groove and went in deeply, pressing the rubber of my underpants firmly against my crotch. A padlock clicked into two loops, I was locked into rubber pants and corset. The state I was in brought tears into my eyes again.

“OK. step into the blue dress with the long arms and you stop with your crying because don’t forget it is all your own fault. And today lunchtime you will get to know me even better! Your teacher got a key from me yesterday. And if you desperately have to go to the toilet you can turn to her and ask her!”

I slipped into a dark blue cotton-dress of which stepmother closed the buttons on my back. At least the hem of the dress reached down to my shin-bones. Which meant that it was not so easy to catch sight of my rubber underwear.

But, unfortunately, it was all the easier to hear me. When I took my first steps outside the bedroom, I had the feeling that the squeaking and crackling of my rubber pants numbed my ears. Also, I soon was aware that the stiff rubber corset forced the top of my body perfectly straight and upright. My well developed breasts were barely noticeable. The rubberised steel plate in the front part of the corset really did completely fulfil its purpose.

“Come on then!”, said stepmother. “Down to breakfast and then I shall give you a coat as well. It will teach you not to wear you nose too high if you will wear my old Klepper coat instead of your woollen one from now on!”

“Please, please”, I begged her, “not that old fashioned, ugly thing! It is so stiff and it stinks so much of rubber!”

Stepmother’s old Klepper coat dated from the time just after the war and really was without the slightest fashion or style. Instead though, it possessed a maddeningly strong smell of rubber which had put me off on several occasions when my stepmother had the habit of wearing this coat. Also this ugly garment made a tremendous crackling noise with every single movement of the wearer. A noise I felt that could be heard even blocks away. A noise that made m feel shame and humiliation at every single moment when I would have to wear this rubber

coat. She, on the other hand, was not in the least inclined to show any reaction to my pleading.

“You will very soon get used to it”, she commented quite soberly.

My breakfast appetite had disappeared. Without thinking of my special situation, I drank a few glasses of milk instead. I was dawdling along and trying to kill time. In the end, my stepmother arrived in the dining-room, carrying the grey, stiff rubber coat.

“Time now, Christa!! Put the rubber coat on. And don’t dare take it off or even unbutton it on the way to school. And after school you must come straight home, otherwise you will regret it!”

Stepmother held out the Klepper coat for me to take and put on.

“Didn’t the hood have a cloth lining once?”, I asked depressed, and I shuddered as I stepped into the rubber.

“Yes, that is true. But knowing you, I have taken out that cloth lining and I have replaced it with a lining of Klepper rubber material. It will be easier to keep the coat clean.”

Even as I put it on, the terrible crackling noise of the stiff thing annoyed me. And the rubber smell had not lessened in all those long years it had hung in my stepmother’s wardrobe. The hem of the coat reached down to my ankles and the sleeves were also a bit too long. But this did not worry my stepmother at all.

She simply turned the sleeves over and closed the buttons of my coat all the way up to my chin. Then she closed the band of



the hood so tight that it stood up like a round sack behind my head.

I made my way to school in a bad mood and soon had to suffer the ironic remarks of my class mates.

“Hey, look here, Christa is wearing a hot rubber coat!” The taunts resounded all around me. But it got even worse. Though I soon needed to go to the toilet because my bladder had started playing up, I did not have the courage. I was much too ashamed and did not dare to ask my teacher for the key for my corset.

The break went by and my urge became stronger and stronger. In the end, I could not bear it any longer. If I did not want to wet my rubber pants right now, I had to give a sign now, in the middle of the lesson. My head blushed with shame, I raised my hand.

“What is the matter, Christa?”, asked my school teacher.

“Sorry, I am very sorry to disturb you. But I need the key. I must go to the toilet!!”

“Which key?”

“The key. you know, the key fffffor mmmÿ, I got crimson with shame and would have loved to sink into the ground.

“Oh that key, the key for your rubber underwear! Yes, of course. Petra, you will go to the toilet with Christa and you will see to it that I get the key back immediately afterwards!”

That as well now! I wasn't even allowed to go to the toilet on my own. And the girl who was supposed to be going with me

was my worst enemy. We had never got on well with each other. Now, once she had seen what was I wore beneath my dress, all the others would get to know about it during the next break. Still dazed with fear and shock, I followed Petra to the toilet.

“Give me the key!”, I begged her softly in front of the cabin.

“No, I won’t. What do you think I am? I want to see why you need keys for rubber underwear when you have to go to the toilet!”, Petra was grinning all over her face like a Cheshire cat. But this did not help. With courage born from despair and with closed eyes I held the hem of my dress up so that Petra was able to see the rubber pants and the locked crotch-strap.

“I’ve never seen anything like it, you are locked into rubber underwear. Oh, the others WILL be interested in that”, Petra laughed out loud.

“Now, go on, unlock it, I really must go to the toilet!”

But Petra deliberately took her time. I nearly wet my rubber pants in the end. Close to tears, I squatted down on the toilet bowl and let go. Petra, mean as she was, hardly left me time enough to dry myself.

“Come on now, we must go back. Your lovely rubber underwear is nice and tight, and it won’t matter if you let a few drops ooze out.”

Suspiciously she checked that I had pulled my rubber underwear up tightly and it gave her perverted pleasure to tighten the crotch-strap with her own hands. Even quite a bit tighter than my stepmother had done that morning. Now the

damned thing was so tight that it pressed itself together with the rubber of my underpants right between my labia. With crimson face and fairly clumsy stiff steps I followed her back to the class-room. The tight strap in my crotch hindering my movements to a colossal extent.

I spent the remaining hour until the break almost in a trance I cannot say that I paid attention to the lesson. I tried to imagine what might happen to me at the next break. But to my surprise, nothing at all happened.

“Christa, put your coat on when you go down for the break”, said my teacher. “Your mother has asked me to see to it that you are properly dressed. Otherwise you might catch cold!”

Uttering a big sigh, I put my Klepper coat back on again and I went outside. To my great relief, my class-mates did not take any notice of me at all. They left me alone. But this was not to be the case after school lessons. When I took the abominable thing from its hook, when I put the coat on, none of my class-mates was to be seen. Relieved, I got on my way home, closing the buttons of the coat. But when I reached the small park, my peace was shattered. Petra stood in front of me and blocked my passage.

“Hey, rubber baby! The others want to see your fashionable rubber pants!! Go on, show us!!”

“Leave me alone”, I screamed in anger. But there was no getting away. Petra and her bosom pal got hold of me and held my arms together behind my back. A third one put the coat’s rubber hood over me and tied it firm and fast. As she did so, she stuffed a bit of the collar and a piece of rubber from the

hood inside my mouth and pulled up the tying cords to such an extent that I was unable to spit out this improvised gag. Now, I was not even able to scream. Suddenly, all the others jumped out from behind the bushes and they were howling and laughing loudly. They had never seen anything like it. Two of the girls held me tight and Petra raised up the Klepper coat and my dress. She held them up so much that everybody was able to admire the lower part of the corset and the knee long black rubber pants.

“Look at that, one can even see her cunt through the rubber!”, Petra went on.

“Come on, Rubber Christa is giving us all a randy fashion show now!”

They circled around me and forced me to lift up my coat and my dress, and they led me like this through the park. And while I was crying with anger because of the humiliation I had to suffer and although I tried with my tongue to push the rubber out of my mouth, that strange thing started to happen again. I became lustful once more, and very much so. Just as well that this feeling stayed locked up inside of me. All of a sudden, some pedestrians turned up at the other end of the path which led through the park and the episode came to a sudden end. In my panic I did not manage to open the cord of the hood, on the contrary: it got even further knotted and I had no other choice but to make my home, gagged as I was.

Stepmother looked reproachfully at her watch when I finally got home. Stammering, I tried to explain to her what had

happened to me on the way home. But she must have already calculated for such a possibility.

“You might as well learn to put up with the humiliations and taunts of others. In a few weeks they will not be interested in your rubber pants any more!”

“You mean, you want me to wear these permanently....?”

“Exactly that. And even more. I shall see to it that we put an end to all your randiness and all your vanity. And rubber clothes will be a good tool in assisting us with that. There will be a many other things which you must put up with. As you are late for dinner today, you will not be allowed to take your coat off but you will sit down to your meal just the way you are. After that I will dress you in clothes more suitable for the rest of your day!”

Resigned to my fate, I ate my lunch, wrapped up in the stiff rubber coat. Stepmother took her time, and I was not allowed to get up without her permission.

“Have you got homework to do?”

“No, not today, stepmother.”

“All the better then, you can start by washing the dishes and after that you will see to it that the laundry gets done. But first, you will put on your housedress, a dress you will always wear in future when you come home from school! And as you will have coarse house work to do, there are a number of other things which you will have to wear, like it or not. In other words, you must get used to the wearing of rubber clothing in its many shapes and forms. There may be time for wearing

your normal clothes, but only come when you have completely changed your ways. As I know you very well, I am sure that will be a long time coming, if you manage it at all!"

All of a sudden, stepmother smiled at me. She seemed to have noticed that I was really shocked when I listened to her make this pronouncement. On the other hand, she seemed to notice exactly what this triggered off inside me.

"You are responsible enough to admit to your ways, Christa, and you must agree that this will be for the best, don't you?"

"Yes, stepmother. I am sure you are right!"

"OK then, follow me upstairs. I have already laid out your things in your room!"

I followed stepmother up into my room and I was astonished at the changes which had taken place during the course of the afternoon. My bed was now completely covered with very thick rubber bedding. Instead of the provisional straps made from belts there were now purpose made sturdy rubber straps with metal buckles which stepmother had fastened to the metal frame of the bed. A long sleeved rubber nightdress was lying ready for me on the bed, and also a loose overall. Both were made of yellowish see through rubber. Then there was also a pair of rubber pants with attached boots which I had seen before in a shop selling fishing accessories.

Several Klepper rubber coats were hung up in my wardrobe, and capes too. Also, I was able to discern some strap harnesses. I did not know what use was to be made of them, and got no explanation at that time. The entire room was filled with an

intense smell of rubber. I was able to recognize some corsets, the sight which made me feel hot between my legs.

The table and chair in front of my window had disappeared and been replaced by an old fashioned kind of school desk. The bench was, of course, upholstered with rubber. The area of the seat was broader than usual and was obviously in two parts. The bench possessed a high back support and a row of further metal eyes. On the side of the desk, a tall metal bar was attached. It was draped with a long rubber tube ending in a pointed cannula and a slack little rubber sack. This was also something I had never seen before, nor understood.

“OK”, stepmother exclaimed and made an circling movement with her hand, “these things will from now be a part of your day and your night, and this for as long as is required. Remember this! I do not find all this a laughing matter. I advise you to follow my commands straightaway, right from the start, or I will have to introduce you to this friend over here!”

She pointed towards a sturdy cane which was lying on the window-sill.

“Where on earth did you got all the rubber stuff from??”, I exclaimed after I had recovered my speech.

“Part of it stems from my own adolescence. I have been keeping all those things in the loft. And luckily we are nowadays able to get hold of many more such items, not like those days during the war. We shall definitely stock up your rubber equipment with a number of other items. I am quite sure it will not take very long and you will gain pleasure from these things. It was the same with me at the time. OK, and now you

must get undressed. But not the corset and the rubber underpants, they are items you will keep on right now!”

Obediently. I peeled myself out of my coat and my dress.

“Mark well what I give you to put on now. This is something you will do for yourself from tomorrow onwards. I shall lay out the things for you. Only with your new rubber dress will you need help. But that is no problem, I shall be there. Now, stretch your hands out!”

Stepmother slid a pair of long, coarse, red rubber gloves over my hands. She pulled them up tightly and they reached to above my elbows. After that, I had to put on a simply cut red rubber undershirt. Then I had to don the trousers with the attached boots. She pulled the top up to underneath my armpits and slid the straps over my shoulders.

Carefully, she tightened the buckles on me in such a way that nothing was able to slide down any more. It was a strange feeling being wrapped up to one's head in rubber. My fingers in those thick gloves were strangely stiff and when I started to bend my arms I felt the thick rubber upon my elbow joints twist into pleats. Next it was the turn of the rubber dress. This had quite obviously been made of an old Klepper coat and one would need to put it on the wrong way round so that the typical back yoke was now lying underneath the front of the chin, like an ornament.

The buttons had been replaced by a long zip which ran from the bottom to the top. The old collar was replaced by a high stand up collar which was probably sewn onto stiff leather. It was so broad that it practically pressed my chin upwards. The

sleeves had also been altered and now had adjustable buckles and straps at the wrists. Stepmother closed my back zip right up to the top. Then she pulled the stiff rubber collar even tighter around my throat before showing me a padlock. I then heard a clicking sound at my neck. I knew I was now unable to take off the Klepper dress. After all this, I was given a dark blue rubber apron to wear onto which a huge front flap was attached.

“OK, that is it for now. How does it feel then?”

“All this rubber on my skin gives me such a strange sensation. And then the stench of rubber. It is so strange. All those noises when I move, and the rubber creases. I just don’t know....”

“You will see, soon it won’t feel so strange any more. OK, downstairs with you now, clear the table and wash up the dishes - and do it properly. After that, you can get on with the laundry!”

As stepmother had ordered, I first saw to it that the dishes disappeared from our dining table. After that, sweating under all those layers of rubber, I set to work in the laundry room in the basement. After two hours, my stepmother appeared with a Klepper coat over her arm and judged my work.

“Fine, you’ve done a good job. And now you may go and hang out all the washing to dry, and mind you do it properly!”

I did not feel at all ready to leave the house and promenade in the garden, where pedestrians would be easily able to see me in my ashaming rubber punishment outfit. I tried to argue.

“Dressed the way I am now?”

“Yes, and I have brought you a coat. It is windy, we shall have to protect you from the cold!”

I had to take off the rubber apron and then I put the Klepper coat on. Without much ado, the hood was pulled over my head and closed tightly. After this, I again had to don the apron on top of the coat. At exactly this moment, it occurred to me that our area for drying the washing was situated in the front part of the garden where people could easily look in from the street. Automatically, I recalled my experience at lunch time today. If anybody should see me now, my audience would again consist of those cracking terrible jokes. And I had two large laundry baskets to see to.

But fortune smiled upon me this time. Apart from an elderly woman neighbour making long and detailed statements about my practical working clothes, nobody went past. Even so, the whole thing was embarrassing enough and I was glad to be able to disappear once again downstairs to my washing. Just at that moment, again, the lustful sensation linked to my humiliation and submissive situation welled up inside of me. Nothing mattered to me anymore. I squatted down on the edge of an old table with legs spread wide and pressed both my hands into my rubber covered crotch until I saw fireworks behind my closed eyelids. Aaah! it was wonderful, and fully compensated for the humiliating experiences! When I had regained my composure, I ran upstairs again and reported to my stepmother.

“We should have our evening meal now. In the future, I shall administer you a strong enema to flush you out before you go to bed. That way you should be able to last out the night and

perhaps the following morning really well. I have prepared everything. Come on then, and take your coat off!”

She helped my out of my apron and out of the coat and a strange desire went through me.

“May I keep the rubber apron on during our eveningmeal?”

“That is a good idea. I like this thick blue rubber! And you can even make a mess of yourself without it causing to much trouble!”

Already, after just a few hours I had started to have these feelings. I must be going crazy. But stepmother did not seem to think so at all. For her, it seemed to be the most matter-of-fact thing in the world. Me sitting at the dinner table, swathed in rubber clothes, save for my hands, stepmother regaled me with some tales of her past.

As a young girl she lived on a large estate in East Prussia. She lived together with her two sisters, one of them younger, one older than her. For the bringing up of the three young ladies, a strict English governess had been given charge. This Governess dealt out really draconian punishments for even the slightest faults, even joking was not permitted.

When the young girls came of age and when they tried to widen the borders of their restrictions, this governess introduced a system of so-called rubber punishments. Stepmother told me about it, told me what it was like having to wear strict and ugly rubber clothes in the presence of the entire house staff (who were allowed to wear elegant clothes), and her



sisters. If the disobedience had reached an extremely high level, the cane came into action, too.

She told me that for this purpose a proper support would be erected in the hall onto which the delinquents (mostly wrapped up in rubber) would be tied for up to three hours before the appointed time of punishment. After such punishment had been executed, one was usually then brought into a punishment room in which one would often have to spend several days. Fascinated, I listened to her stories which again brought on the feeling of randiness inside of me. Stepmother meanwhile noticed my red cheeks. She finished with these words:

“I shall tell you more about this over the next few days, if you are so interested. I assure you that all those things which now seem so draconian and strict to your ears, will not seem so after a while. Quite the contrary, sometimes, I have when young I even provoked my governess into handing out these strict punishments. The nice thing about it is that I have learned to gain good feelings from humiliation and submission. It has not done me any harm!”

After we had tidied the kitchen together, stepmother took me back to my room. Now I was finally allowed to take off the thick layers of rubber for a moment and to take a bath. After that I had to put on the wide rubber suit and the nightdress. Meanwhile, stepmother had filled the rubber sack which was hung on the bar at the desk.

Now I understood what was to happen. This was a device for an enema. Also the seat of the bench had been opened up. One of the harnesses made from small rubber straps was put around

my waist, and a further strap was loosely pulled through my crotch. Stepmother now pulled the gloves on and suddenly held the rubber stopper situated at the end of the red pipe in her hand.

“Bend down over the support!”, she ordered me with a very firm voice. I immediately followed her command with strangely mixed feelings. Stepmother pulled the nightdress up over my back and opened a small zip in the crotch of my rubber suit.

“Relax, don’t be so tense!”, I heard her voice as though through a wall of fog and then I felt cold, stiff, smooth rubber sliding into the rose of my anus. For the first time, something slid into my inside. It was a feeling which caused great thunderstorms inside of me. This rubber item was fixed into my back passage with the aid of the crotch strap. Now I heard a faint hissing noise and felt something swell inside of me back passage. More new sensations.

“I have now pumped up the rubber pear which is attached to the tubing inside your back passage. It will seal you there so that none of the contents of your enema will leak out before I take you to the lavatory. OK, now you can sit down on the bench. Your legs go into the cut out parts!”

I carefully let myself down on my stuffed-up backside and felt the stiff rubber pipe sliding up even further inside of me. I had to spread my legs far, far apart now until my lower legs fitted into half round cut outs in the seat edge. Next the front part was closed and my legs were held spread wide apart, leaving me powerless to prevent it. Nothing I could do would change this

state I was in. Of course, stepmother could not refrain from letting a padlock click closed once again.

“I sometimes have spent whole days like this! And in a much stricter form of rubber wear”, she told me. “And now to your hands!”

I stretched my hands out. They were now wrapped into little rubber sacks each, locking with a broad strap around the wrist. They were both fastened to the sides of the seat back by means of snap links. Finally, a rubber belt, approximately a foot wide, was put around my chest and tightened as much as was possible.

“OK, this will be enough for today! I shall administer stricter discipline in the future!”

I watched out of the corner of my eye as she opened the little tap on the rubber sack. My goodness me, all this was supposed to be going inside of me? Stepmother once more guessed my thoughts.

“This is only a small enema. Just a starter. No more than just under three quarters of a litre. Later on, we shall increase the amount and you will see that it can bring on extremely pleasant feelings!”

At this particular moment, I felt rather strange. Automatically, I tried pressing the muscle of my anus together when I felt the first lot of liquid gurgling inside of me. I had the feeling of having to go to the toilet immediately. But all my endeavours of pressing were no good at all. In a dramatic way it became quite clear to me that I was practically impaled. Again and

again I tried to press myself up and away from the seat area in order to get away from my fate, but the broad rubber straps held me down like iron clamps and my belly got bigger and bigger beneath the two rubber skins which covered it.

“OK”, said my stepmother, who had been watching the procedure quite closely, “you must now remain seated for half an hour whilst the rinse out is taking effect. After that you will do ten sit-ups and then you will be allowed to go to the toilet. After that I shall fix you in your bed for the night. You may even choose whether you want to be strapped to your bed Face up or face down!”

That half an hour waiting time seemed like an eternity. An eternity which was not quite so bad, for my fantasies sent me absolutely berserk. All those adolescent experiences my stepmother had told me about rolled past my inner eye. I kept thinking how it must have been there, in that punishment room long ago. I thought of the kind of devices which must have existed there, and then and how she was locked up in them. Finally those ten sit-ups which brought the liquid inside my belly to an angry gurgle. Then I was squatting spread legged over the toilet and listening to my intestines as they started emptying their contents with a loud bubbling noise. I then decided to allow my stepmother to fix me to the bed lying face down. Quite often had I rubbed my greedy crotch on the mattress and had aroused myself this way.

But my stepmother had taken that into account, probably having learnt from her own experiences. She strapped a strange sort of a bowl into the bed, looking somehow like the negative imprint of the human abdominal area. There was a flat round

area and two bowls into which the thighs would have to rest. My randy cunt was supported in such a way that it floated in the air, four inches above the mattress and my abdomen and both thighs were strapped down so that they were absolutely immovable. That was it for me!

Being positioned on my belly, my face was directly touching the rubber pillow which was raising my feeling of helplessness to a great height. The second rubber night of my life was about to start. My dreams of this night were marked by wild fantasies. I found myself in the punishment room which my stepmother had told me of. My whole body was wrapped up in rubber. I was not able to speak.

Something paralysed my tongue. They collected me from this room, put me into heavy bondage and brought me to a public square. There I was strapped on a punishment stocks while people around me were laughing at me. I was helpless. They laughed at me and then they let me feel the whip on my rear end. After I had been whipped I was taken down from the stocks and delivered to a pillory. Two bailiffs appeared and announced publicly that I was condemned to be a rubber slave forever. Then I was masked and led away.

I must have been had a very deep sleep because again I did not notice the passing of the night. When my stepmother came to wake me up, I told her about my dreams and she smiled.

“You have started down the right path, Christa!”

The procedure for getting dressed was very much like the procedure of yesterday. Today, I did not worry about it as much as I had done then as stepmother again closed the buttons of

my rubber coat and said goodbye to me. At school there was only soft murmuring around me. I had no idea that Petra had been planning something with the others. Today, just like yesterday, I had to go through the same procedure of having to ask for the key when I needed the toilet. This time, I managed at least to do this during the break. But this still did not rid me of the undesirable presence of Petra. Again, she accompanied me to the lavatory. This time she let the key dangle in front of my nose.

“Hey, do you want to have this, rubber baby? Come and get it then, go on then!”

“Please, unlock it now, otherwise I shall tell teacher!”

“Why don’t you then. If you do, I’ll give you a good hiding, that’s for sure!”

“For Christ’s sake, I need a pee, urgently!! Please!”

“Why don’t you do it then?”, Petra’s eyes narrowed down to small slits. “Go on, you little rubber piggy. Wet your rubber knickers. They won’t leak anyway, will they?”

“Petra, please!!”

“Go on, Christa. I order you to wee into your rubber knickers. If you don’t, I will give you a thick ear - Now!”

She grinned at me in a saucy way and put the key into her trouser pocket. I tried to run from the cabin but she pushed me back into it..

“Go on, get it over with, rubber piglet. Spread your legs apart and tell me when it starts running out!”

I held my breath but then I simply could not hold it in any more. Again, I cried simply with anger and embarrassment while the contents of my bladder distributed themselves gurgling inside the folds of my rubber knickers. Petra laughed.

"Well, there then. And now you have wetted your rubber knickers. And don't you dare telling teacher one single word about this because I shall soon get the better of you!!!"

I never doubted that Petra, sooner or later, somewhere, someplace, would get the better of me. Therefore, I preferred to keep my mouth shut for the time being. At the same time, I only moved about very carefully as I did not know how leak-proof the elastic of my knickers really was. But I was very lucky because nothing escaped them. For the next two school lessons I was sitting there, locked up inside my wet rubber pants. At long last, the bell rang and it was time for home.

As it was raining quite a bit, I this time put up the hood of my Klepper rubber coat without needing to be told. I had hoped very much that I would be able to get home without being molested by the others, but this wish proved to be an illusion. Exactly at the same point as yesterday, they lay in wait to ambush me. And the whole of yesterday's trial took place all over again. Two of them got hold of me and again I was gagged.

"Hey you lot", shouted Petra, "look over here. Rubber Christa has pissed inside her nappy pants! Come over here! Here, feel that, feel how it gurgles and squeaks. Hey, what sort of feeling is that, having to wear hot old pissed-up rubber knickers?"



Now they were all cracking their jokes, grabbing hold of my crotch, causing the liquid inside my pants to gurgle. In the meantime those feelings I had experienced yesterday had returned again. Despite tremendous struggles against it, I felt lust and I felt the whole shouting scene around me stimulating. I was fairly sure that I was bound to be humiliated but I had the feeling that nobody would cause me physical pain. All of a sudden, Petra held a rope in her hands. They tied my wrists together tightly and then I had to kneel down in front of them.

“You’ve got your rubber coat on, haven’t you? Then it won’t matter if I piss all over you. OK, rubber baby? You will beg us now to peed on. But you will beg us loud and clear.”

How on earth was I supposed to speak with my mouth all stuffed up? Petra had pulled the damned hood cord so tight this time that the corners of my mouth had been pulled far back. Being very excited, saliva started running out of the corners of my mouth.

“Go on, rubber Christa. Open your mouth then and ask me for your punishment!!”

I had no choice and gave myself into the hands of my destiny.

“Chhh ittee...pieeee...ssst...olll!”, I asked, all helpless.

I had to repeat this humiliating plea three times. Then they pulled my tied hands backwards through my legs so that I had to sit squatted so that my face nearly touched the grass. Petra stood over me, legs spread, and cracked biting jokes about me. I could feel her fiddling about with her trousers. And after a short time, a strong jet of yellow liquid went over the back of



my head which was locked into the hood and over the back of my rubber coat.

Several times, I had to submit myself to this procedure. Not only the girls, but also the boys wanted to copy Petra's actions. And there I was, squatting, all huddled together, on the ground, enduring what they had given me to suffer (but never quite without that strange feeling inside my belly!).

This time, I got home even later than yesterday for the others were having their fun with me for quite some time. And again I had to report to my stepmother in great detail the entire story all over again. After having reported all that, I was put into my rubber house wear and I had to wash my heavily soiled Klepper coat by myself and then hang it up to dry. And during this action, my good leather shoes became dripping wet and completely dirty. Therefore, I had to go to school in rubber boots from then on. At least until the dry season started.

I suppose that stepmother must have spoken with my teacher because from that time onwards, no further molesting took place. I almost felt sorry about this because the excitement had always caused such a pleasant tingling sensation inside of me. As stepmother had already predicted, my class-mates were not interested in my clothes any more.

My life at home ran much like before in its routine. Each day I had to don my rubber wear. The collection was enlarged by the addition of several coats and other items of clothing. On top of this, there was a first item of rainwear made of plastic material as it had become fashionable just at that time. I liked this item less than rubber because it was so much stiffer and therefore

caused three times as much noise as my rubber wear, when I was moving about.

This, however, did not prevent my stepmother from buying two rainwear suits and suitable capes. Her argument for this was financial. She was right in that the plastic material was much cheaper than the clothes made of rubberised materials. Each evening. I was fixed to my special school bench and I received my washout. As the end of the school year was drawing nigh and the examinations drew closer I had to spend many hours locked into my bench, dressed in my rubber uniform of course.

Stepmother was of the opinion that I could concentrate much better like this. And most probably she was not far wrong in her belief. At certain hours, though, my ability to concentrate came to a standstill because my crotch was terribly itchy and I rubbed myself there until I received an orgasm. I suppose that my stepmother registered it but she did not take much notice.”

“And you were not punished for giving yourself satisfaction?”

“No, not at all. I even missed this a bit in the end. I hardly experienced anything new, something which would have given my submissive fantasies new food. Stepmother had a talent of avoiding any kind of touch which had the slightest connection with sex. Instead, our relationship developed in a more friendly sort of way. She was also wearing rubber raincoats for the most part and had also started sewing various house dresses for herself.

“They are so nice and practical!”, this is what she always gave as a reason for it.

Much to my surprise I received a beautiful new bicycle from her one day as a present. Of course, I received the bicycle together with the suitable weather wear. This weather wear consisted of a pair of dungarees made of a thick rubberised grey material and a suitable anorak with a hood.

The hood was cut in such a way that one was practically able to hide in it in bad weather, and only a small area was left open for the eyes, providing the hood was laced up properly. To go with that there were rubber overshoes for the feet and lower legs and a wide bicycle cape made of the same thick grey rubber, also with a hood. Stepmother had acquired the same sort of an outfit and from now on our most favourable pastimes were extensive bicycle trips, even in the worst sort of weather.

Sometimes even to distant towns. Very soon I began to thoroughly enjoy these bicycle trips for something had happened which allowed for the increase of my enjoyment. By some sort quirk of fate, the positioning screw of the saddle had become loose and the front pointed part of the saddle was directed upwards.

I quickly grasped that all I had to do was to press a certain part of my crotch against this hard little horn while pedalling along and then I was easily able to arouse myself as required. In this way my sexual fantasies and experiences became more and more closely connected with rubber and rubber wear as time went by. I quite often used my rubber clothes even when the weather did not look like rain. The wide rubber cape clothed me completely and in such a way that nobody was able to make out what was happening inside my crotch. And more than once

I deliberately chose bumpy country roads for my bicycle trips and I laced myself very tightly inside my rubber hoods.

“And how did it progress?”

“One day something happened which caused my stepmother to treat me in a considerably stricter manner. On the one hand, this brought about entirely new experiences for me, on the other hand, I had one of those experiences again which dealt with the subject of submission. I had borrowed lipstick and make up from a girlfriend and had used it rather generously. In the meantime, I was naturally concerned with putting emphasis on my female attractiveness.

But I had to do this secretly, of course, because the reactions of my stepmother were well known to me. Anyway, she caught me as I ran around our small town, adorned with rather severe make up on my face. Immediately, she made me wipe off my make up. then she sent me home. There I had to put on my rubber rainwear suit and wait for her. dressed like that A short time after that she appeared.

“You have acted like a cheap tart, you lusty bitch!”, she shouted. “For more than six months have I tried to teach you demureness and most of all submission. But it seems that nothing came of it. I shall teach you running around the streets like a harlot. Have you washed your face like I have ordered you? Are you wearing your rubber suit underneath the rainwear? OK, then up into your room, I shall lock you to your bench for punishment!”

Fully dressed in rubber, I was rendered immobile, locked to my punishment bench. My hands were tied to the back support.

Stepmother announced to me now that I was going to be in for a lesson with the cane tonight. Then she pulled the hood of my rubber anorak back over my head and suddenly, she had an old gas mask in her hand. You know, the greyish green thing with round visors and a pleated pipe for mouth and nose. It covered the entire face and was strapped around the head by means of strong straps. For the first time in my life, my whole face was now covered with rubber. My entire head was clothed with rubber. Stepmother placed a large mirror in front of me on the table top.

“Now you can look at yourself, you little tart. I will not allow you to draw attention towards yourself. And because I want you to learn this you will not leave home during the next four weeks save for attendance at school. Instead, you will wear the mask all the time. And don't you dare take the thing off!”

Sheer emotional battles were fought inside of me. I was wrapped up in rubber in a way and to an extent now which I had never considered possible. I got to know a new kind of humiliation because from being a comparatively good looking young girl I had been turned into a grotesquely faceless rubber being. Not just my reflection in the mirror told me that.

Also the combination of tight hood and mask made a very tight wrapping around my head and even the slightest move brought about a typical noise which drastically pointed out the state I was in.

The tight mask dampened my voice and sometimes acted like a gag. It was simply enough to make me crazy. In the evening before I received my enema, which I was obviously bound to

receive tonight. I had to bend over a stool and received twenty five strong strokes of the cane.

After every stroke, I had to say loudly and clearly: "I must not behave like a cheap prostitute!" And stepmother saw to it that I said those things nice and slowly and clearly (despite my tight rubber mask). I must have definitely repeated it a hundred times that evening. And all the time I was getting randier and randier.

Stepmother's behaviour stayed consistent. In actual fact, in the weeks to come I was condemned to take my meal after my return from school and was then immediately strapped into my gasmask. During the first fortnight I even had to keep the thing on overnight. Chance would have it that at this time a friend of my stepmother came visiting us.

But even this did not allow any exception to my regime. Even while she was there I had to continue wearing the gasmask. One day she watched stepmother trying to tame my long strong hair in order to put my hood and mask on for me. On the following day when she returned, she brought with her a different gasmask. One which needed no straps but which could be pulled over the entire head instead.

"Put this one on. And before that, cut your hair short. It is better for a young woman of your age, anyway, so she does not stand out so much in public. And if you pull the hood over the mask and then close the cords, you can even leave the house for a while, our little tart will remain a good girl even when not at home!"

Much to my misfortune (or my delight, if you like...) my stepmother quickly took on the ideas of her friend. The very next day, a hairdresser was ordered to come to our house. I was given my old Klepper rubber dress to put on, the thick rubber gloves, and also a pair of rubber boots. Then I had to kneel down on a low stool with my hands crossed over on my back. I was put into my rubberised bicycle cape and - to crown it all - a wide shoulder protection made of plastic which had been brought by the hairdresser, was swathed across my shoulders. My long pigtail was opened and the scissors came into action. I was given a short gar-onne cut, a kind of style fashionable before the war. On my stepmother's request, the area around my temples and my neck was shaved out carefully. The reason for this, so I was said, was that the hair would not need cutting so soon again.

After the hairdresser had received her payment and left the house, I made my first acquaintance with a real rubber full mask. Almost every square inch of my head was now tightly covered with rubber. Especially in the area of my bald neck, the cold material conveyed an incredibly intensive feeling.

When I stuck my tongue out of my mouth, it hit against rigid rubber skin immediately. My face seemed to adjust itself to the forceful contours of the rubber, my nose was slightly flattened, my breathing was audible, hissing through the large filter. Now, the hood of my rubber anorak was pulled over the gas-mask. This hood hid even the last bit of skin under the smooth material at the neck Tightly laced so that the seam ran directly over the visors and along underneath the filter of the mask, secured against unauthorized removal by means of a padlock,

my fantasies of being the slave of a Master or a cruel Sultan who would keep me strictly locked in rubber around the clock, increased to an almost incredible extent. What had in the beginning seemed to me to be ugly and uncomfortable had now become absolute matter-of-fact.

I had got used to my rubber clothes to such an extent that I started feeling quite strange when I wore normal clothing for certain occasions. Of course I wore my rubber underwear all the time. But totally dressed in rubber as I had to do now, had become the most important thing for me. In the end I practically begged my stepmother to keep me locked inside the mask for a whole weekend, from Friday lunchtime until Monday morning.

Of course it was not difficult for her at all to grant me this favour, as you can probably imagine. Until the time of my final exams, which were now only a few weeks away, I had to wear this outfit. Shortly after my nineteenth birthday these took place and by then I had almost a full year's experience in and with rubber. Experience which I did not want to miss any more. Experience which had given me the feeling of lust and which had marked my future development as you can easily imagine!"

Breathlessly I had been listening to the story told by this rubber slave. Her strict bondage, her arms pressed together in rubber encasements, did not seem to disturb her at all. Carefully she stretched herself a bit on her stool. But I had the feeling that she only did this to provide her anus with stimulation by way of the thick rubber bolt inside her. She asked her Master for something to drink. For this, she was not freed. She drank the

juice which he passed to her by means of a drinking straw. Again she smiled at me in her own mysterious way.

“You see, this is the way I have chosen to live. Of course, I am still a person of flesh and blood, I certainly do not feel like a poor submissive tool or even a toy of a lunatic. No, my husband, my Master and Lord, allows my personal fantasies to become reality. And in exchange I do everything to fulfil his wishes also.

I could never imagine being in a different sort of relationship with a different person! I always have to laugh when people say there are no submissive women. This is pure nonsense. Of course, every person has a different sort of idea about how he or she wants to live. But as long as both partners want the same sort of thing, then everything is in order.

How can a third party meddle with a relationship like this? And who knows then what is good for me and what is not? This, after all, is something only I can decide upon. Maybe you can understand now why the two of us have chosen to live such a secluded sort of life. We have no desire anymore to explain ourselves and our relationship. We do not wish to defend what we are doing. We never force anybody to try and search for happiness in a relationship resembling our own. But one thing is clear for us: we will not be forced to live in a relationship which is not for us. One which fits the ideas of other people and one that they consider to be correct!”

“I share your views completely, That is no problem at all for me. I wish for myself that we could all be shown more tolerance. But there you are, at least one can say that times

have changed a little bit! May I ask you how your development proceeded? Did you get to know your husband immediately after school?"

"I got to know him then, but this happened under extremely unusual conditions. Based on the fact that during the last weeks at school I had been locked at my punishment bench almost all day, of course, always wearing my mask, I had plenty of time to study and therefore passed my exams with quite good grades. But of course I had until then not had the slightest idea about the kind of employment I wanted to follow.

Therefore, my daily life in rubber carried on very much as usual. Principally, I looked after the household, dressed as a rubber maid. One day I was hanging out the washing, (clad in my rubber working-clothes), a man came past our fence, he looked me over intently and thoroughly. I have told you that the area where we hang out our washing is quite near the fence by the street. The man looked to be about ten years older than me. He was there again the next day, and the next. He started greeting me in a friendly way and quite often he was wearing a black raincoat which could only be made from rubberised material.

Occasionally, we chatted. This he discovered, made me blush a lot. But he was nice and quite appealing and I did not know any other men, anyway. One day he remarked in a casual sort of way that he had first noticed me due to my wearing these practical rubber working clothes a lot. I replied that I had by now got to quite like these clothes, although it had been my stepmother who had initially made me wear them.



After that I did not see him for several weeks and I had almost forgotten him. But one morning, my stepmother appeared in my room in order to release me from my rubber bed. She told me that she had started to think about my future life and that she wanted to talk to me about all this later on. It would now be time for me to start an apprenticeship.

“Of course”, she said, “I do worry a lot about you. After all, it has taken me a lot of time and trouble keeping you on the path of righteousness. And in the end, it is probably due to my strict rubber therapy that you have become a good girl. But how complete this is, I do not know. And both of us, I am sure you will agree, cannot be sure whether this is a permanent remedy for your randiness. If I permit you to start learning an apprenticeship now, you will be out of my control all day long. Therefore, I have decided to have a proper and strict chastity corset made especially for you. It will of course be made of rubber for hygienic purposes, for you will have to wear it all day long!”

The next morning I had to wash with special care and this time I received a morning enema which I had to keep in for a fairly long time. Later in the day, somebody was to come round who was to discuss details with my stepmother and measure me up.

Of course, I was excited all day long. Like almost every day I was wearing my strict corset with the breast plate, today over the top of this, I was wearing my Klepper rubber dress and a heavy, long apron. Whilst I was in the cellar, I heard voices. Stepmother called me upstairs and imagine my surprise.

There in front of me stood the very man who had spoken with me earlier at the garden fence. When stepmother informed me that he was the owner of an special orthopaedic shop, I nearly died with shame. Knowing that he would be taking the measurements for my chastity device. For the first time in months, I was ashamed of my total rubber wear, which looked anything but attractive. Now this man could plainly see that I was strictly secured in rubber underwear and that I had to wear this corset with its breast plate. I wished this was not happening!

“You really do not have to feel embarrassed, Christa!”, he said, smiling at me. “Because of my profession I see such sights every day and believe me, I have seen many stranger. Though we have met before, you and I have known each other for only a short time. It cannot be so bad, can it? And don’t forget, by coming here, I have saved you the further embarrassment of having to face the staff in my shop.”

Where did he know my name from??? Why him, why on earth him? Like lightning striking, a million thoughts and feelings went through my mind. Some pleasant ones, although you might not think so. But never in my life would I have thought that this might be a well prepared game of my stepmother. But one thing after another...

So, first of all, I had to take off my rubber apron and my Klepper rubber dress. And there I stood now, dressed in my punishment corset and in my thick, russet-coloured rubber underwear.

“You have to take all your clothes off now!”, he said, quite quietly, as he put on a pair of thin see through rubber gloves. “Otherwise I shall not be able to do my measuring precisely enough.” For the first time in my life I stood in front of a man, completely naked. Well, naked save for my rubber gloves which, according to my stepmother’s orders, I retained. But this man’s incredible calmness was in a way reassuring, he took all the measurements he needed, pulling the tape tight around my waist and through my crotch.

He even spread my labia with two fingers while I was standing in front of him with my legs spread and with my hands clasped behind my head. Of course, I promptly became wet between my thighs. How wet I can hardly tell... And I was so terribly embarrassed because of it. But there was nothing I could do to prevent it. It happened all of its own accord. In the end, I felt a wet, gleaming trace run down the inside of my thigh.

“There you are”, my stepmother said, when she noticed this. “She is really a proper little tart. Who knows what might have happened if I had not stuck her into rubber last year.. At least it has kerbed her silly ideas a little!”

The man took no notice of stepmother's remark. Instead, his hand went between my legs once again, his finger started to wander all the way back and he felt for my anus. Then suddenly he was finished.

“You can get dressed again now!”, he said and took his gloves off. I was happy that this procedure was over and I put my rubber clothes on as quickly as I could. I did not even take the time to dry my wetness so that the rubber of my underpants

moved deeper and deeper into my crotch and even started to get stuck in that area after my punishment corset had been locked. He took a folder out of his pocket and laid it on the table in front of my stepmother.

“In principle, there are two ways in which I can deal with the problem of looking after the young lady’s needs correctly and in an absolutely secure manner. I could produce a regular chastity corset for her.

A corset into which a special part can be built for the breasts, so that you may continue down the path to producing a remarkable figure which you have already begun. The disadvantage of this is that the young lady will have to be unlocked each time that she has to go to the toilet for a pee. As far as the other business is concerned, you have told me before, madam, that the young lady does receive a washout every night.

If you should start doing this now in the mornings as well as in the evenings, the day should be no problem for her. But, the problem of having to pass water is not thereby solved. This is something she might well have to do several times a day. Therefore, I have developed a special system which meets with all these requirements. But, I must warn that this device will take a lot more getting used to than the normal kind of chastity corset!”

“But how can you then ensure the chastity of the wearer?”, stepmother asked.

“Well, this is pretty simple, believe me!!” He opened his folder with the pictures inside and turned to a double page on which

the two types of chastity corset were depicted. "Here you can see the so-called plain corset without the special urinating device. As you can see, a dented plate, normally made of rubberised steel, is attached to the front of the corset. It is of a size large enough to cover the entire crotch of the bearer. The side edges are bevelled in such a way that they directly fit into the crotch fold between the delta and the thighs.

The whole thing then goes through the crotch to the back in the shape of a pointed triangle and ends just before the anus in a rubber covered steel clip which reaches through the furrow and is attached at the back, lower edge of the corset. The genital area of the wearer of the corset, however, will not make contact with anything as the rubberised plate is domed and the genitals will not touch it at all.

If the wearer of the corset, makes an attempt despite all this to stimulate herself by pressing against the plate, she only presses the side edges deeper into the crotch-fold at the thighs, apart from that, nothing happens. Because I take care with the measurings, it is absolutely impossible for anyone to get their fingers into the side behind the plate. As I said before, the disadvantage is that it has to be unlocked with every visit of the toilet."

"And what can be done about that now?", my stepmother asked, being deep in thought about all this.

"OK, I have developed a really effective additional device which you can see in this second picture. The plate for covering the crotch is the same as in the first case, but you can see that a rubber spout is attached to the inside of it, sort of like

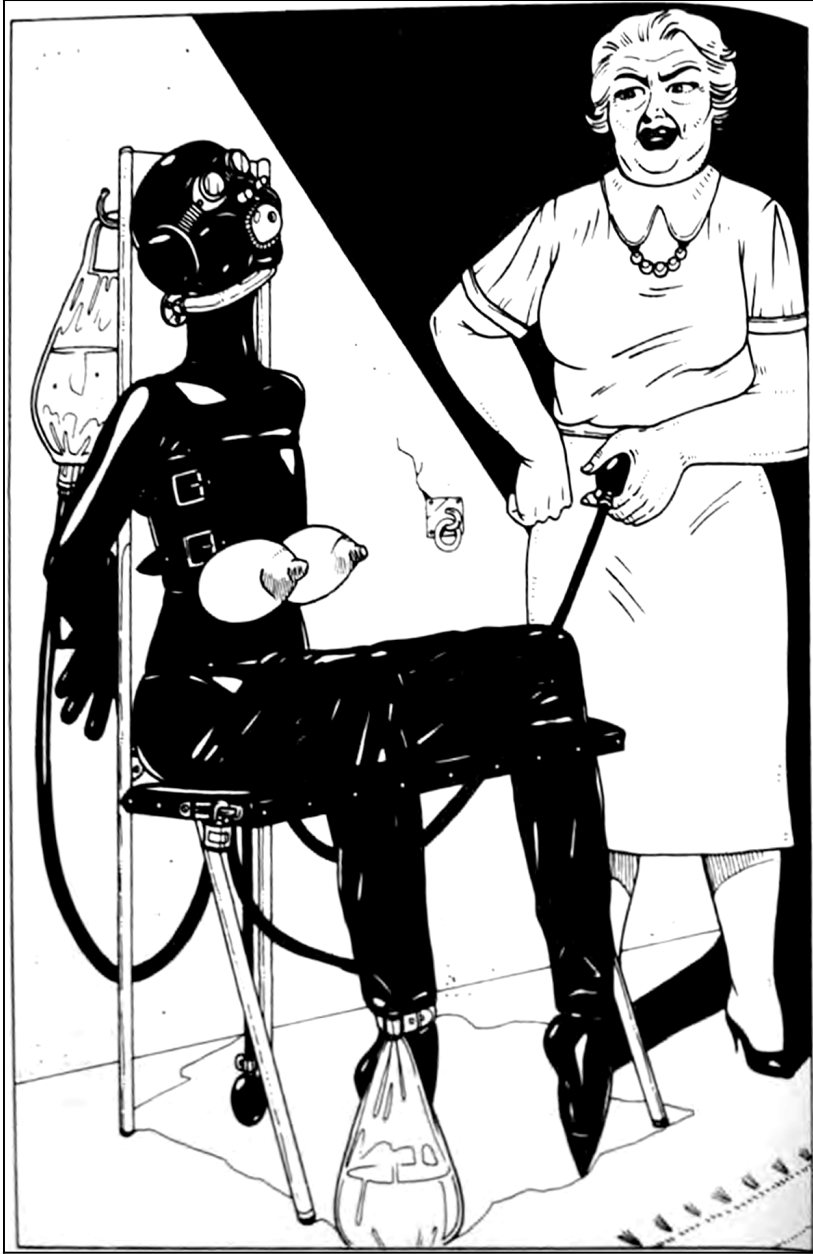
a soft funnel, only with a long and a short rim. The longer inner part is introduced into the front part of the vagina.

When closing and fastening the chastity flap, the outer rubber lip made of a slightly firmer material goes over the labia and closes them up from the outside. Thus, they are pressed together a little bit and then firmly sealed. This rubber spout proceeds to the outside in the form of a narrow, angled pipe. It is angled because we discovered that one young lady had the idea of introducing things through this thin pipe, for example a small stick which could be used for stimulating the genital area. This is now no longer possible.

Now if water is being passed, the wearer of the corset is in reality passing her water into the fitted rubber funnel and then the urine can flow to the outside. Of course, this artificial drain may additionally be blocked by means of a plug so that nothing whatsoever can drip out afterwards.”

You can well imagine that even just listening to these words, cold sweat began to break out underneath my rubber skin. And I had wonderful hot and cold shivers up and down my back. Especially when the man proceeded to explain the further restrictions of the system.

“I have already mentioned the fact that this device enforces certain conditions for the wearer of the corset. Firstly, because the inner labia are stretched over the rubber spout, a feeling is produced which needs some getting used to. But this is not all, in practice, we have already seen that it is absolutely imperative that the genitals of the wearer of the corset are shaved completely smooth.



Otherwise, hairs might become trapped and cause leakages. Normally, these may be prevented by additional rubber underwear. Of course we have two ladies who sometimes wear this system for two or three days in a row, after that time a thing like this can become rather unpleasant. In addition, I recommend for this system the addition of a small rubber thorn for the anus which can be attached to the back steel-clip. The rubber item is, as you can see, connected to a small, blow-up balloon of firm rubber at the base. This thorn with the rubber bladder is introduced into the anus of the wearer of the chastity corset. Then it is inflated up there. By using this, an absolutely perfect and secure positioning of the entire crotch clip is guaranteed.

It does not even move when long stretches have to be covered walking or even when the wearer of the corset is riding her bicycle. The pleasant side-effect is the absolutely reliable sealing of the wearer of the corset of this device at the back. And it is very effective, indeed. Now you will probably understand why I am saying that this system has high demands on the wearer of the corset!"

"Of course", my stepmother replied. "But I think that the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages of the full devise. And, in the end, we must not forget that it is for the most part, the fault of the wearer of the corset that she is forced into such a thing, to maintain her chastity.

I think Christa, that this is exactly the right thing for you. We have never been people who do things half heartedly!"

“Stepmother, I replied in a weak voice. “I don’t know whether I shall be able to cope with a thing like that all day long The rubber thing inside my crotch and then the rubber thorn in the back-passage, these are sure to be painful!”

“Oh, I can easily reassure in that respect young lady. After just a few days, you will not feel the frontal rubber device. The thorn in the back-passage, will however make you feel the need to go to the toilet for a few weeks. You will feel a rather strong pressure, maybe even a slight burning sensation. But even that will not be so difficult to bear, believe me. You have, after all, received such a pipe, an enema tube, inside your anus every day. And that is not exactly what I would call thin!”

“OK, let us agree on that!”, my stepmother ended the discussion. “You will receive the chastity corset of the stricter kind and that is all there is to be said on the matter!”

“May I make an additional suggestion in this case?”

“Of course you may; what else is it that you consider to be necessary for her?”

“I have noticed that the young lady has very large breasts indeed. You have tried to keep them under control with the correction-corset and the breast-plates. But using this kind of lacing, from days long ago, there is a danger that changes within the bone-structure of the chest area might occur. This is something which we do not want to happen, and especially when the woman gets older, this certainly does not look very nice at all!”

“And what is it that you would recommend?”

“In the last few years a breast corset has been developed which has the desired effect but which more sensibly fulfils the purpose. Just have a look here!”

Again, he opened a page with a special depiction in his catalogue. This time, it was the picture of a woman, harnessed from head to toe. Even after having looked at it for just a short time. I again felt the wetness running down between my legs. This woman really was strapped into all sorts of contraptions from her head to her feet. Even into her beautiful, widely opened mouth which possessed very full lips, some sort of contraption was fitted, forcing her to remain in this position. The man pointed to the breast area with a pencil he held in his hand. This woman also seemed to possess very large breasts which, however, seemed to have been forced into a strange hanging position by way of a certain device.

“The young lady on this picture also wears the strict chastity corset which you can easily tell by the connection and the rubber tube in her crotch. According to special wishes, a special bag was connected to her which meant she did not have to go to the toilet practically all day long!” He pointed to a fairly large black rubber sack which was strapped to one of her lower legs. “This is really very practical, but in the case of our young lady here, it is not necessary at the moment. We are able, however, to add to the system at any time. You see that this corset has been elongated into a broad half-cup, embracing the neck and the shoulders tightly.

Notice the upright posture of the woman wearing the corset; this is a very desirable side effect. You can see the breasts are covered from above by a second, anatomically correctly

shaped, stiff rubber plate. It is attached to the top of the shoulders by means of these little buckles and practically covers the section with the breasts. During this process, the tips of the breasts with the nipples remain naked, as you can see. This plate can now be pulled down by means of two further straps which are attached to the side of this plate and connect with the main corset.

With this, the breasts are now automatically forced into this very demonstrative, hanging position. They are in any case free which is the decisive factor about it. Under certain preconditions, such a contraption may be used for further corrections of the posture, but we should not discuss this now in detail as this would lead too far right now!"

Shuddering slightly, I regarded the picture of this woman once more from a close distance. Her large big globes were so strictly girded to point downwards that the nipples almost seemed to be at the same level as the navel. I did not have to wait and see what stepmother was going to decide. Immediately, it became clear to me that I would be in a similar situation within a few days. And this is exactly what happened, of course, the strict version of the breast harness was ordered."

"I was glad to be able to save you from having your measurements taken in public this first time, dear Miss Christa. But for the fitting of your chastity corset I shall have to ask you to come to me in my own workshop. It might be necessary to do one or two alterations, and this would only be possible in the workshop. But you will be able to manage that without any doubt. Do come and see me the day after tomorrow in my own

workshop. By that time, everything will be in good order for you!”

He then shook my hand and my stepmother went with him to the door and saw him out. I stayed behind, my face crimson red and the most confusing feelings inside of me. The whole day long I tried to imagine for myself what sort of a feeling it was going to be for me when he fitted these rubber devices inside of me. It worried me to think that from that day onwards, even the pleasure of giving myself sexual enjoyment would be denied me. What was going to happen to me now was in every way much stricter and of much more consequence than all the things which had happened to me so far. At the same time, the picture of the helplessly harnessed women kept sneaking into my head all the time. Of the woman who had been made so helpless, indeed, that she was even unable to speak. And I tried to imagine what other depiction's there might have been in the folder of our visitor.

Of course, I had started feeling hot between my thighs again. And being that there was nothing stopping me right at the moment, I made full use of my possibilities straightaway, as long as I had the chance for it. And when stepmother strapped me to my rubber bed in the evening, I imagined that I myself was the woman inside the strict harness.

At this moment I still did not have the faintest idea that very soon I was going to be in a much much stricter situation. In any case, my power of suggestion brought me to a point where I was practically in fever, thinking and awaiting my visit to his workshop and my being put into the harness of the chastity corset.

Then, finally, that morning arrived. I went and took a shower and much to my surprise I did not have to put on my punishment corset. Stepmother had laid out a chemise and knicker combination made of the russetcoloured rubber, a material which had been familiar to me for quite a long time now. This one here, however, possessed such long sleeves and trouser legs that I was finally dressed in rubber all the way down from my shoulders to my ankles. On top of all this went my rain dungarees and a suitable anorak. Furthermore, stepmother had prepared my wide bicycle-cape for me.

And, in fact, we really did cover the fairly long distance from our house to the workshop by bicycle. Even now, I asked myself how my return journey would be. And when I felt the little tip of the saddle in my crotch, I enjoyed those pleasant feelings generated by the sensation in my crotch, for the last time. When would I again have the chance to be able to experience the sensation of real lust?

From the outside, the workshop looked rather inconspicuous. There was a small show window, decorated with some medicinal items, on the side of that a small door. A clear tinkling noise sounded when we entered the shop. A young woman with long blond hair seemed to have been expecting us. I did not fail to notice that apart from a short, white nylon-coat, she was not wearing anything (except stockings and shoes, of course).

But, what really was an arresting sight, irresistible to look at, was her waist. I had never seen such an incredibly narrow waist in my life. As the belt of the nylon-coat was pulled really tight, it was easy to make out that the span of three strong men's hands would be enough to encircle her middle. She smiled at me:

“Ah, so you have arrived. I have already heard a lot about you. The manager is at the back in the dressing room and he is expecting you. We best join him straight away!”

She opened a flap to enable us to walk around the counter, and as I approached her, I noticed that her coat was made of rubberised nylon. I was wondering how far she was into all this.

Maybe she was the girlfriend or the wife of the man? I felt something like jealousy rising inside of me. But quickly, other things entered my head. After all, I knew only too well what was going to happen to me now.

“Good morning young woman, madam!!”, the Master greeted us elegantly. He also wore a coat of the same material, but his was considerable longer than that of the young woman.

“This is my assistant and the person who makes the corsets. She has also made your corset, Christa. I wonder how it will fit you?”

Ah, so she was his colleague, and a maker of corsets. This explained her so tightly laced waist. Most probably, she must try out her new creations on herself as well.

“Have you already prepared her?”, the Master wanted to know.  
The question was directed at my stepmother.

“No, I haven’t done anything. Didn’t you tell me that you  
would be taking care of the matter yourself?”



“But, of course, I would love to. Would you like to stay here and look on? It will be a while though, before we can get started!”

“Oh, I think Christa will be in very good hands with you. You know, I shall make the best of the time, I will do a few errands in the meantime. It is so rare that I have enough time to stroll along the streets and rummage around in the shops.”

“You are right there, of course. We shall certainly do our best and look after your young stepdaughter here, you can rely on it. Well, I think that we should be ready roughly at lunch time, so please, do take your time while you are out there!”

Oh, this might be quite something. This whole fitting procedure was supposed to be taking until lunch-time? Again, streams of sweat streamed along underneath my rubber things and down my body. He beamed at me with a winning smile.

“Don’t worry, Christa. A lot of this will be new and unusual for you. But even after a short time, you will get used to everything. Your stepmother was kind enough to tell me much about you, and therefore, I feel know you well already!”

After he had made this remark, I again went crimson in the face. How much did he already know about me?

“You just come and follow me then to the room next door. We shall now get you prepared in peace and quiet.” He pushed me through the door into a room without any windows, a room which was painted in a pale colour, lit up so it looked as bright as day. It contained a proper gynaecological examination chair and a couch covered with rubber and a few small devices.

Everywhere on the furniture, straps and belts were attached, being required for fixation, probably.

At the side of the wall, likewise, various devices were installed which were probably meant to serve a similar purpose. And then, there were also two long shelves and clothes racks with various harnesses on them. I was able to make out several masks or rubber hoods too. Of course, I was not completely sure because these items only bore a small resemblance to the rubber gas masks which were familiar to me. They were in fact, much heavier, possessed strange breathing tubes and rubber sacks whose purpose I did not know at that time. But, of course, the sight of this multitude of devices stimulated my fantasy to an incredible extent.

“Please, take all your clothes off! and after that put on these gloves and stockings!”

A few moments later I was lying in the gynaecological chair, my legs spread wide apart, and I was strapped to the chair. Before that I had put on the long rubber gloves and the matching stockings, which took some trouble. After that, my legs were strapped to the supports of the gynaecological chair with the aid of broad straps around thighs and lower legs. The same thing happened to my arms. Here, firm belts around upper arms and wrists served for absolute immobility.

“We should take care and give you a mask with breathing sack to control any over excitement!”, the Master suggested. He took a black full rubber hood from one of the shelves. “Please, open your mouth so that I can fit the mouth piece in!”

I was by now in such randy state of expectation that I opened my mouth without hesitation. Carefully, a tube shaped rubber item was pushed between my lips, and soon the black rubber stretched tightly over my entire head. My head was now strapped into a fork-shaped device. One strap went over my forehead, a second one went along underneath my chin. And now I was hardly able to move my head anymore.

“Everything in good order?”, asked the Master. Through my rubber mask, his voice sounded somehow blurred.

I was hardly able to discern his question due to the crackling noises the breathing-sack caused when I drew breath and exhaled. At first I wanted to nod but I could not because my head was strapped fast. So I tried to speak.

“Aaaa iiiii... Oooo...gnnnnngggg...”, I forced these noises out, dragged them out, fought with the rubber inside my mouth.

He pushed a bed pan underneath my crotch.

“We must now completely clean you of everything. Please, release your urine now, and after that, you will receive a rinse-out!”

I tried hard to oblige him but I was so excited that it was simply not possible. I just couldn't manage to do it. For a while he watched my fruitless attempts.

“What is the matter?”, she asked.

“iiiiii.....wooo..... nntt....wowowoooo.....rrk!”, I stammered time and again and tried like this to explain my problem to him.

“All right, in that case I shall have to give you a hand with all this!” All of a sudden he held a large gleaming chrome item in his hand, a speculum. I felt the cold metal enter into my inside. I then thought I could hear it click and at once, I was locked open down there.

My entire cunt was completely spread open. Now he got a thin piece of rubber tubing and I felt how he introduced it. I felt as if I was being widened as the smooth rubber went inside me. For a tiny fraction of a second, I felt a small pin prick of pain, almost like two or three gentle pin pricks, and all of a sudden, it was splashing into the bowl. There was nothing I could do, I just let it happen. What a feeling of helplessness! Excitedly, I smacked and slurped about on the rubber pipe in my mouth.

“Well, for the time being, I shall leave this device inside of you! And if we give you the rinse right now, you will definitely be clean! Please, bring the enema for Christa!” This order had been meant for his assistant who had in the meantime entered the examination-room.

She carried a large, see-through plastic-sack in which quite an amount of liquid was gurgling about. Meanwhile, she had also changed her outfit because she was now wearing a proper nurse’s uniform made of rubber, and of course she was wearing rubber gloves.

Quickly, she moved a wheeled support over and hung the heavy bag upon it. She then fixed a thick rubber tube with a blow up balloon on the tap. She stepped in front of the chair and carefully widened my anus with her index-finger.

All of a sudden, she pushed it inside of me with a jerk, an action which animated me into starting a violent, excited moaning. Again and again, the finger went through the anus, moved about, twisted around and about. And went on until I started to scream and moan with randiness underneath my rubber mask, and I started to tear at my merciless fetters.

“She is really randy by nature, this little one!”, I heard the dry comment of the strict rubber nurse. I think we should give her a real, proper enema from above. I shall now introduce the long rubber pipe into her bum!”

“Well, yes”, the Master replied, “that is why she has been kept in rubber wear for the best part of a year now. Of course, this was treated more like a game and it was not carried out strictly enough. But one day, this one here will be a perfect, submissive slave!”

For the first time in my life, I was given forceful sexual stimulation without being asked. Well, no, it was almost forceful because I was naturally in a state where a sudden end of this sort of treatment I received would have caused a feeling of deep frustration inside of me. At last, for the first time it was mentioned that I was a real rubber slave, that I was supposed to become trained and completely submit. I can only say that even this kind of verbal humiliation brought me close to a real orgasm.

Meanwhile, the rubber nurse had replaced the normal back-passage pipe by one which in fact seemed much more severe to look at. This one was even longer and thicker than the normal one. She held it up underneath my nose:

“Look, we shall garnish your little anus with this beautiful long pipe now!”

OK, OK, OK, now carry on with it, go and do it... went through my mind, being unable to speak as it was. Go on, make me your rubber slave, make me all helpless, be really strict with me, go on.... all my inner resistance and inhibitions were suddenly wiped away from the earth's surface, were swallowed up, blown away.

Again, the index finger went into action and made way for the tip of the pipe for the back passage. Slowly, unendingly slowly, the cold, smooth rubber item slipped inside of me, widened me, filled me up completely. Inside of me, it was hissing a few times, and directly behind my anus, strong rubber balloons filled up with air and hermetically sealed me completely.

Without speaking a single word, the tap of the enema was now opened. Liquid streamed into my belly until it was filled up to such an extent that I was not able to see my own thighs any more. And I had to last out in this state for almost an entire hour. Because of the procedure, of course the pressure onto my bladder became stronger and stronger so that still now urine was running out of my bladder-pipe. Those two watched me peacefully and only after quite a while, when nothing came out any more, they started with those further preparations.

I almost felt regrets when they took the speculum and bladder device out of my private parts. Suddenly, I felt incredibly empty inside. The rubber nurse now shaved my crotch absolutely naked. After she had done this, she rubbed a cream in which caused a slightly burning feeling.

“This is so that your hairs will not grow back so quickly down there now!”, she explained to me while I tried to get used to the feeling of cold air around my crotch. And while she was still working on my naked crotch, all the time opening my labia widely, the Master examined my breasts, put his hands around them, massaged them, and took some more measurements. His treatment made the nipples of my breasts grow tremendously. Then, finally, the preparations were completed to the satisfaction of the Master and his assistant, who grinned at me.

“We now take you down from the chair and strap you into the corseting-bars!”, he ordered. “Of course, you will keep on the rubber mask. The best thing would be if you kept it on until the end, until you are being met here again!”

I had to climb down from the examination chair, and they led me to two thick metal bars which ran vertically down to the ground from the ceiling. They could be adjusted sideways, so that the gap between them became larger or smaller. Of course, all sorts of straps and fastenings were installed upon them. I had to put my feet onto two supports, rubber upholstered, adjusted about twenty centimetres above the ground, then I had to crouch down a bit.

Crouch down so far, that my lower legs ran parallel to the bars. Then my knees were fixed into this position. I had to stretch my arms upwards and they, likewise, had to be positioned in such a way that elbows and wrists could be fixed onto the bars. After that, the Master brought the corset from the room next door and showed it to me.



Never in my life would I have believed that such strong rubber armour existed. Like lightning striking, I knew at once that from now on my life would flow a different course once they had finally locked me into my chastity corset.

“OK”, he said with his typical for him, friendly smile. “Only a good part of an hour now, and then you will be through the worst, dear Christa!!”

The main part of the corset was tied loosely around my body. While this was being done, he ensured that my breasts were well fitted into the half circular cut out sections especially designed for them. The back part was now flapped up and embraced throat and shoulders. And although I was not even firmly strapped into this thing, I was already forced to assume an almost perfect posture. It was entirely new for me, then suddenly, my neck was gripped from the back now.

“I have integrated an additional little neck-corset!”, the assistant grinned. “This was a little extra work but it will definitely have a positive effect on you. You will see how elegant you look in a few moments!”

And whilst she was still talking, she closed the front part of the corset. And now my neck was positioned inside a real corset. And it seemed that everything fitted perfectly and much to the delight of my Master because now the full corset was pressed to my body tightly by means of buckles and straps. Suddenly, I gained a really slim waist and my head was also forced into an aristocratic, upright posture and although I was able to turn my head around a little bit, I was not able to bend it to look down.

“Well, this is really looking very elegant now.” the Master said and stepped back three paces. “And now the most important item is what we are going to put on you now, your chastity belt. Take a good look at it. This here is the urinating lock which will now close your cunt hermetically. And this here is the anal thorn with the blow-up rubber pear which you will wear all day from now on, so that everything will fit you perfectly all the time. How are you now, are you all ready to be locked into it now?”

I gave a gentle moan of agreement. I somehow had the strange feeling that the rubber bolt inside my crotch-strap had turned out to be considerably thicker than the model I had seen only two days ago on the illustration. The crotch strap was fastened in front of my corset.

The assistant pulled my vagina wide open with her finger tips, and a few seconds later, the soft rubber filled out the front part of my grotto. The clip was moved through the crotch to the back. The Master had taken really perfect measurements, for the thick rubber stopper was positioned directly in front of the hole of my back passage. With a quick, strong pressure of the flat of his hand he forced the thing into my anus. I had the feeling it made a plopping sound. And already, the stretching-strap at the back edge of the corset was being pulled tight and fast. The whole device was pressing deeply into my crotch and the groove of my bum. It seemed as though my vagina was also gripped from the outside by a firm rubber hand, pressed together and locked up. It must be that these were the outer lips of the urinating device.

As the Master had already announced, the rubber thorn in my anus started showing its effects - automatically my anus pressed against this stubborn intruder. This caused a feeling similar to wanting to go to the toilet. And then another firm jerk, a loud clicking noise - from now on I was securely, reliably and firmly locked up.

“Please pump up the anal balloon now. In the meantime I will go and get the breast flap!”

The Master left the room again and the assistant screwed a small pumping ball onto the short stub, positioned on the outside in front of my anus. Eight times she pressed. And it felt as though my entire back passage was suddenly gorged with rubber.

“Now only the breast-harness, then we shall be ready. I have also made a little alteration here. When taking your measurements I noticed that your breasts are so wide apart that I was able to attach a buckle in the middle. With this, the pressure can be increased, which in your case is surely not a bad thing!”

The assistant passed him this item. It was fastened on the top of my shoulders by the aid of two small buckles and now hung above my firm breasts in such a way that only the front tips of the nipples were visible. The straps at the lower rim of the device were now hung into the buckles which were attached to the sides of the corset.

By pulling these straps as tightly as possible, my breasts were now pressed flat down against the corset and forced into a hanging position. By fastening the centre buckle, this effect

was reinforced by a few degrees. The ends of my breasts almost looked like perfectly round oranges, and my nipples had decided to remain stiff. The Master explained to me that this effect was caused by the harness.

“In future, when you are wearing rubber clothes and they come into contact with your nipples, you will soon notice how sensitive the reaction on them is. OK now, you may now move about freely!”

Once more, they examined all the buckles with regard to their firm positioning. Then the Master ordered the assistant to loosen my fetters. And at exactly this moment, my stepmother entered through the door.

She carried a large polyethylene bag in her hand. She approached me, came close and watched me stepping out of my fetters with curiously stiff movements.

Already when doing my first steps I noticed how effective the punishment corset with its chastity belt really was. And when I stood on my feet it felt as if the rubber inserts in vagina and anus were really impaling me. An absolutely strange and nevertheless not uninteresting feeling.

For the first time I was now able to regard myself in full rubber punishment attire in the mirror on the wall. And while I was still looking at myself, the Master once again checked up on the firm positioning of the complete device.

“Very, very beautiful,” he said, “everything really fits absolutely perfectly!”

He turned towards my stepmother: “Your trainee is perfectly locked up. And from now on there is nothing you will have to worry about!”

I had to stand up with my legs spread open in front of my stepmother and he demonstrated to me that it would be absolutely impossible for me henceforth to undertake my own manipulation of my crotch. Stepmother clapped her hands with glee:

“This is really perfect. I should have brought her over to you at a much much earlier stage in her training. It really is marvellous And how practical, now she can really wear the corset all day long without interruptions! And the lovely throat corset, now she has really got an almost perfect posture. Really beautiful, I must admit, really beautiful!”

“OK, where the throat-corset is concerned, this is the plain and comfortable kind. And you can easily attach other types to the device which Christa is wearing right now. Please, go and get the chin-support with the stopper-pear!”, he ordered his assistant.

“We must take her mask off!”, he said, and with stepmother’s help the rubber was pulled off my wet and sweaty head. By doing this, stepmother noticed that my mouth had also been filled with rubber while everything had been fitted on. With great interest she regarded the inside of the mask with the rubber bolt which was wet with my saliva.

“My god”, she exclaimed, “the things that exist now. In the old days, when we had to work off a rubber punishment, we were kept quiet with the aid of a rubber hood which was stuffed into

our mouths. We then had to open our mouths really wide and most of the time, an old hood from a Klepper coat was tied between our teeth with the help of a rubber belt off the coat. But this here is so much more elegant and probably even more effective!”

”Oh, yes, Nowadays there exist many such devices, some which can even be worn in public without anybody noticing them, or rather, with hardly anybody noticing them. This item here, however, is a little bit stricter and more effective. We shall let your pupil display it!”

He showed my stepmother an odd throat corset which was elongated towards the top in an anatomically perfectly formed chin-support and which went all the way around the mouth and the lower part of the nose. A rubber balloon - still slack - was let into the mouth plate. And on the inside of the nasal openings two soft, red rubber tubes were let in which he now covered with a creme.

“OK, and now open your mouth nice and wide!”

He attached the throat corset to the main corset and forced my head gently into the chin support. While he did that he made me take the slack, black rubber item into my mouth. With his index-finger he directed the rubber tubes into my nostrils. When everything fitted perfectly, he adjusted the buckles around my throat really firmly and screwed a tube with a small bellows onto the mouth plate.

The assistant pressed the bellows together a few times, and at once, the rubber balloon became larger and larger and filled out my mouth completely. My tongue was firmly pressed down.

Using a little strength, I was able to press against the rubber. But each time that I managed to do so, and moved my tongue only the slightest bit, from somewhere inside my mouth, more rubber appeared and filled everything out completely again. At the same time I had the feeling that my head was now properly harnessed -I could not even move it anymore.

"OK, and now, Christa should really not be able to speak anymore. Her mouth is now completely filled out with the rubber pear. You can give it a try now, Christa!"

I was helplessly rolling my eyeballs. I somehow had the feeling that everybody present here noticed absolutely clearly that I was feeling randy and filled with shame at the same time. I tried to obey the orders of the Master.

"Mmmmm...pf.....aahrrr...msch...." - I could not get anything else out. And all this was nothing but gentle smacking and snuffing. Nothing else was possible any more. This damned firm rubber pear inside my mouth had in fact robbed me completely of speech.

"As I told you, it really functions perfectly! It really couldn't be any better!", the Master remarked, not without pride. I think I do not have to make special mention of the fact that of course, stepmother did also purchase this item along with the other things. She beamed at me and only said.

"What a pity that you have to take it all off again now. But at home, you will see, it will all be put on again. And look what I have got for you here!"

She rummaged around in her plastic-bag and got out a dark blue, straight cut coat with a hood. It was a plain nylon raincoat, but on the inside it had an incredibly thick lining made of white rubber. Because of this, the material was very stiff and heavy, and it made tremendous crackling noises.

“Come and slip into it”, she said and held the sleeves over to me. Obediently, I stuck out my arms and pulled the coat on. And it was only now that I noticed how stiff this thing really was. Immediately I noticed that this coat gave off a strangely intensive, sweetish rubber smell. In less than no time, the entire examination room was filled with its heavy scent. She buttoned this item up all the way to underneath my chin. And as my nipples touched the rubber lining, I noticed what the Master had meant when he had announced the punishment corset would make me much more sensitive at this spot. My nipples stiffened to such an extent that it seemed they were going to poke through the rubber. Stepmother closed the buttons at the sleeve cuffs and pulled the hood over me.

“Go on, turn around a bit, pace up and down! and turn your head a little bit.”

I followed her orders and experienced a practically deafening sound. If I were to go out like this, the crackling sound would be heard as far as two streets away from me. Of this I was pretty sure.

“I have bought the same coat in red for you, too. That probably also looks fantastic on you. OK, and when we have finished now, you can go and get dressed again. About time now to set off for home!”

My new rubber clothes made such tremendous noise that I could hardly hear her voice. The Master gave my stepmother a few more hints with regard to the corset and recommended that she keep me locked without a break inside the narrow part for the next thirty six hours.

Apart from that, he handed her a red rubber pipe which one could screw onto the urine-exit between my legs. And he also gave me the long rubber gloves and rubber stockings which I had just been wearing, for a present. Of course, I was supposed to keep them on. Stepmother insisted, of course, in buying me still another pair of rubber working gloves with long arms, which she made me put on immediately. She was worried that the thin rubber of the elegant gloves would suffer on the bicycle on the way home. And therefore, my hands and arms disappeared in a second, under a much thicker layer of rubber. And I could not even make my own comments about this because I still had the pumped up rubber pear in my mouth. The assistant then helped me into my rubber dungarees and into my anorak. Then I climbed back into my grey rubber boots. Slowly but certainly it became clear to me into what severe rubber armour I was locked. The chastity corset fulfilled its purpose in a really absolutely perfect way, and the worst thing was that I was permanently made randy and excited because of the way in which I was locked in.

Especially, the thick fixation bolt with the rubber bladder inside my anus. Even after just a few minutes, I was so stimulated that I undertook the trial and pressed my flat hand against my rubber triangle in my crotch. But nothing apart from a feeling

of pressure in my groins reached me now. And, of course, stepmother caught me red-handed once again:

“There you see, you randy little tart. Didn’t I know it that a girl like you really has to be locked up properly! You simply can’t stop with your filthy stuff. OK, and now you put your new coat on!”

Submissive, I stepped back into the new, blue rubber coat which the assistant held out for me. Obviously, she seemed to enjoy dressing me in the thick rubber and closing all buttons and fastenings really nice and tightly. When I looked into the mirror, the crimson blush shot into my face again. The new coat was quite a bit shorter than the Klepper coat which I had worn on the way here. The hem only reached to just above the knees and my rubber pants and my rubber boots were clearly visible. The Master let the air out of my pear-gag and showed stepmother how the front part of the throatcorset could be removed, and now I was able to speak again.

“Please”, my voice was hoarse and I could only whisper, “now everybody can see that I am wearing real rubber underwear. I mean: under the coat? May I please put my old Klepper coat on again? I feel so terribly embarrassed.

“Ah, what rubbish. Everybody should see that you have to wear rubber clothing. Most people know about it, anyway. Get used to it. Don’t forget, you simply cannot spend the rest of your life locked up in your little room!”

Stepmother tied the rubber hood of the anorak tightly around my head, the hood of the blue rubber coat remained loose on

my back. I imagined the white rubber of the lining virtually drawing the looks of onlookers towards me.

And now I was, with the exception of the small, still open rest of my face, completely dressed in rubber and I had to think of starting my way back home. Without stepmother having said anything at all, it suddenly dawned on my that, once at home with her, I would again be equipped with the blow up pear gag and my rubber mask.

“Take your Klepper coat and your cape over your arm. We shall go for a little stroll to start off with. The fresh air will do you good now!”

Embarrassed, I regarded my hands clad in thick rubber, protruding from the strapped-up cuffs of the blue rain-coat. The trouble was that if I had to carry the remaining rainwear over my arm, I was unable to hide them in the pockets of my coat, as I had planned to do. Oh well, there was nothing that I could do about it anymore, anyway. Everybody giving me just a slight inspection would be able to make out that I was in fact dressed in several layers of rubber from head to toe. Once again, I had to resign myself to this situation.

My stepmother had meanwhile packed the remaining things into the bag. I followed her out into the street, accompanied by an absolutely deafening, crackling, rustling, and squeaking. Having arrived at the threshold, the assistant embraced me very cordially and while doing this, kissed me on my rubber hood, an event which immediately drove waves of heat between my legs. And the Master also took my rubber head between his hands, looked at me very lovingly and said:



“OK, look after yourself, Christa, we are going to meet again soon, aren't we?”

With my straight upper part of the body and with my head stretched high, I stepped out into the street, what else could I do, anyway? With each step I felt the stiff rubber stopper and the firmly blown up pear inside my posterior. The urinating device which filled up half of me in the front, played its part in giving me pleasant feelings. No, it was not bad, although it was really embarrassing in the beginning. But one thing must be said: it was definitely not unpleasant.

Especially the thick rubber lips of the urinating device which embraced my crotch in the front. They seemed to play a curious game with the outer labia. I had the feeling that they actually plucked at me, and then, after a while, pressed me tightly together again. Already after a few hundred yards I noticed that I had become wet with lust. Because of that, the rubber stuck even tighter on me. It seemed to have sucked itself even deeper into my crotch.

I was unbelievable randy, but it did not help in bringing me to a climax. I was so very much occupied with myself and my feelings that I didn't give a damn about all those many passers-by who were in the street. I did not notice at all that I was being given curious looks. I only came back to reality when my stepmother pushed me in the direction of a small cafe. Timidly I tried some gentle sort of protest, but without any chance of being heard. Just as I was, completely in rubber, I had to take a seat by the side of her and I had to drink coffee and eat cake with her. Of course, it was not at all easy using a cake fork in any sort of decent way while I was wearing those thick rubber

gloves. And because of this, I was dropping food on my new raincoat. Completely unmoved by all this, stepmother lifted the lower, stained part of the rubber coat to my mouth.

“Isn’t it good that this is washable? You just lick it clean now!”, she ordered.

“Please, but I can't, not here,...!” again the blood shot into my head.

“Go on now, lick your rubber coat clean, and immediately! Otherwise I shall make you lick your rubber underwear clean, and not only from the outside, but also on the inside!”, her voice became louder and harder. No, I didn’t want all those people, sitting there in the corners, to direct their attention to my thick and rustling rubber clothes. Therefore, I took the rubber coat, stuffed the dirtied, stained part into my mouth, submissively, and then sucked it clean. The remaining time in the cafe passed without any incident. Of course. I had to concentrate really ever so much because I did not want to become excited and stain my coat again, but I was lucky this time.

Stepmother paid and we walked back to our bicycles which we had left outside the shop of the Master. And now I had to put on the additional Klepper coat and my wide rubber bicycle cape although it was not raining at all. Three additional rubber hoods were drawn over my head, laced up as tightly as possible and then we rolled homewards. And now there was an end to the lovely old feeling the saddle defect had given me between my thighs on previous bicycle rides. But instead, I was supposed to be having an instant new experience.

Stepmother turned into a narrow lane, which was a short cut to our village. And I think she did this deliberately. This lane was, of course, covered with cobble-stones and furthermore showed a lot of holes on its surface. Already after three yards I had to hold in my breath while I was rattling along the defect pavement, sitting on a hard saddle with my anus stuffed.

“It must be like that when one is being fucked from the back!”, it went through my mind like a flash of lightning. I could feel that even the smallest uneven part of the street became transferred via the firm rubber thorn, via the firm balloon, via my anus, into my innermost body. I was practically breathless with all the lust I felt and I had to control myself ever so much to make sure that stepmother did not notice very much of it. For a moment I supported my feet on the pedals in order to cut down on the vibrations, but then I let them sink down again. I did not have the courage to raise myself up completely because this would again have brought about a strict reproach from my stepmother. The three quarter miles of the journey really got me going in a way which I had never experienced before. But at least I knew by now how to give myself some enjoyment even though my whole crotch was covered beneath the rubber device. Only a lot later was I to learn that this sort of thing would bring me to full orgasm if I went about it the right way.

Finally, we arrived home. Stepmother had ridden her bike at a terrific speed and because of this, I sweated terribly underneath my many layers of rubber. My rubber dungarees and my anorak were firmly glued to my skin. Stepmother realised that and allowed me to get undressed. With the exception of my stockings and gloves. And of course, taking off my chastity

corset was definitely out of the question. This I was only able to do with my stepmother's permission and with her assistance.

"I think that your breast plate is still too loose. I shall fasten the straps even tighter!", she stated matter-of-factly. I had to link my hands behind my head and then, with a firm jerk, she pulled the straps even tighter. And now my globes were really hanging, by force, and my nipples became even more pointed.

"OK, then I shall now strap on the other front part of the throat corset for you. I will so very much enjoy stuffing your mouth completely with rubber. It gave me such joy today, seeing you like that!" she stated and got the harness and gag out of her shopping bag.

"OK, now open your mouth nicely!" She was fingering about on my stiff collar and fitted the chin support straps back into the throat buckles. Obediently, I took the slack rubber pear between my lips, carefully going around it with my tongue. And in less than no time I had the rubber pear back inside my mouth and the stiff nasal pipes were back in place again. With a clicking sound, the buckles snapped.

And now I had to put on my old Klepper dress, and the long rubber apron to go with it and off I went, back into the cellar to the washing. This time, though, handling things was obviously more difficult. This was not surprising because it was tremendously difficult to bend down. The rubber suit of armour was very stiff and forced me to make quite a number of movements which looked like dislocations. But each time I moved, something was happening inside my crotch, it was really a crazy feeling and of course, I was really busy testing

whether there might be a still unknown method to achieve an orgasm. But in vain, the Master had really made a grand job!"

To be continued....