

Rubber In the Night

Category: Text Stories

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By Mahgirb

Chapter 1

Gina had come to Las Vegas with her family when she was young, say 8 or 10 years old. She remembered that there was very little to do, at least as a minor. Now at the age of 24, Gina came to Vegas on her week's vacation with an agenda. She was determined to seek out some fun and adventure. To look at Gina the casual observer would think she would have all kinds of friends and lovers, and no trouble pursuing any kind of fun she desired. She was 5'8", weighed an athletic 125, had luminous blue eyes, and long blonde hair that streamed down to the middle of her back. Her waist hadn't really changed since high school, still 25 inches, while her breasts had continue to fill out a little through her college days. Gina was really proud of her 36C size and matching 36 thighs. But in spite of her easy-on-the-eyes appearance, Gina worked long hours and found very little time in her busy Los Angeles schedule to work in any pleasure. Her contribution in the advertising office was making the company big bucks, but even Gina's boss could tell that she needed some R & R. Gina got dressed up to join the party at Studio 54 that first night of her arrival. Gina brought out her sexy black dress that barely covered her upper thighs. She was sure that if she ever started jumping on the dance floor, her black lingerie underneath would show for the whole world to see. She wore a cleavage-improving wonder-bra, although her breasts really didn't require the improvement. And she packed the

sexiest black, five-inch heels she could find in her closet. The buff bouncer at the entrance looked her up and down and, judging by the growing bulge in his pants was impressed with her appearance, but he didn't even look at her driver's license. "Sorry, ma'am. Private function tonight. Invitation only." Gina began to sulk. She had finally gotten herself in the mood to dance and drink and let her inhibitions go, and now this obstacle. "Excuse me, miss," a voice from behind started, "I couldn't help but notice your dilemma. Would you care to join my party?" Gina turned and sized up the man and the offer. He was a decked out in full tux with a pair of women behind him. The girls kept their heads down staring at the floor and did not look at Gina. They were dressed in identical rubber outfits. Rubber leg stockings that positively shined under the casino lights and stretched over their skin incredibly tight. Each had rubber opera gloves, latex bras, and micro-mini-dresses that hardly concealed their ass-cheeks. Their hair, one blond and the other brunette, was braided in tight locks all the way down their backs. They held their hands behind their backs and stood perfectly still. "Oh, I don't know, I mean, the bouncer said I needed an invitation, and I, uh," Gina stumbled for excuses. "I can take care of this misunderstanding. You see, it is my private function," he explained. "Jerome, this lady is with me tonight." The bouncer nodded and withdrew. "Whatever you say, T.S." "Should I call you T.S. too? I don't even know your name," she asked. "I'm Gina." "You may call me T.S. for now. Perhaps we can work out a different name in the near future." And with that strange sentiment, he extended his arm and Gina locked her arm in his and walked down the dark corridor, moving closer to the smoke and music. Just then, T.S. stopped dead in his tracks. "Oh, I almost forgot. I have invited you into my private party, but there is one requirement of all the females tonight. You must wear something of rubber material on your person. I can see already that you have nothing." Gina examined herself rather dopishly, looking for something rubber she knew she wouldn't find. "Fortunately for you, I always carry these with me." He reached into his coat-pocket and pulled out a thin black rubber collar with a locking metal clasp. He noticed Gina's quizzical look. "It is a requirement, to be fair. Here, I'll put it on." Gina leaned her neck and moved her long blonde hair out of the way, exposing her neckline. T.S. wrapped the rubber collar around her and then connected the metal lock. Gina's throat initially felt the tightness, and she swallowed instinctively. "There. A perfect snug fit," remarked T.S. "Now, dear, you are ready to join me."

Chapter 2

Gina entered the dance club Studio 54 and she had to blink several times to verify what her eyes were telling her head. Every kind of rubber outfit imaginable—and many that Gina would never have independently imagined—were on display under the haze of smoke and music. Dominants led submissives on leashes and chains, some rubber slaves were standing facing corners, having been instructed to “stay.” Only a few of the guests were actually using the dance floor for the purpose of dancing. Most of the guests were standing at the railing with their pets, or sitting back in the booths, feeding their submissives who mostly were on their knees waiting to be fed. The cocktail waitresses working the room were decked out in extremely revealing attire, even by Las Vegas standards. Waitresses wore all red, perhaps so that they could be spotted easier in the low-light room. Gina noticed how slowly and purposely the waitresses walked by her and the others. When one walked by close enough, Gina looked down and noted the unusually high heels, which were known in the fetish community as ballet shoes; the heels were 6 inches tall if they were an inch, and Gina marveled at their ability to walk in them, let alone walk, navigate through the crowds, and balance a tray full of drinks. In addition to the painful shoes, the waitress wore a dental floss-thin G-string. The waitress in front of Gina had an exquisite ass, and as she turned away, Gina could hardly keep from staring, as the G-string didn’t cover any part of her ass cheeks. All the servers were topless, unless you considered their tight rubber collars as clothing. “Please, Gina, have a seat in my personal booth,” T.S. instructed his guest. Gina shuffled in and T.S. followed next to her, but the two quiet women walking in unison behind him did not take their seats in the booth. Instead, T.S. commanded one of them to crawl beneath the table and then to get on all fours so that he could prop his feet up on her back. The woman did this without hesitation. The other one he directed to kneel at the end of the booth and, extending his right hand out, he ordered her to suck his fingers. She took the fingers into her mouth without question, hands behind her back. Gina tried not to stare at this, but her eyes drifted back to the kneeling woman making oral love to T.S.’s fingers. As Gina took a longer look, she saw that this woman had a thick metal ring through her nasal septum, extending nearly to her upper lip. A little glare of light could also be found in the woman’s mouth for she had a fairly wide gauge metal bar piercing through her tongue as well. Gina had known friends who showed off their belly button rings, but this was a little too much she

thought. Who is this guy, and who are these girls? A waitress rushed to the table. Gina's amazement continued. This girl of probably no more than 21 had a gorgeous face, but Gina was focused entirely on the elaborate dragon tattoo that began at her jawline and cascaded down to her nipples, wrapping around the areola. And within her nipples, two metal bars crisscrossed north-south, east-west in the tender flesh. After her host ordered the drinks, the waitress turned away and Gina saw what looked like a slightly raised tattoo on each of the girl's ass cheeks. On the left, the letter "T", and on the right, the letter "S." Now things were starting to get a little scary. For about an hour, Gina tried not to appear worried or fearful, and to be completely honest with herself, her host talked up a fairly intelligent and interesting conversation. IN the meantime, the two quiet girls had been rearranged. Now they were instructed to unzip his pants beneath the table and bring him to erection and keep him there with their tongues. Watching this activity made Gina incredibly nervous and a little more than uncomfortable. Suddenly, an announcer entered the center of the stage and asked for attention. After a few pleasantries, a round of applause went out to the host of the evening. But rather than call him T.S., this man announced him as "ThunderShark." Odd nickname, but then everything around Gina was odd tonight. The M.C. continued with what he called the Random Numbers Game. "I direct your attention to the glasses at your table. Please set your glasses, empty or full, to the edge of your table, and we're going to have someone go around and check the numbers that are embedded in the crystal on the bottom of each glass. I hold in my hand the number that we drew backstage, and I'm waiting to see which glass at which table has that number." After the inspections, and a few minutes of conferring, the number drawn was revealed to be 39. It was Gina's wine glass; she double checked to make sure. Uh, oh, what does this mean? ThunderShark turned to her and told Gina this was her opportunity to be the center of attention, to have the experience of a lifetime. Gina remained unconvinced. He saw the reluctance in her eyes. "Listen, Gina. You came to Las Vegas to get away from yourself. Is this something that the overworked, hard-nosed, no thrills Gina would recommend doing? I think not. You are young and beautiful, why not be the desired object on stage? Why not take the opportunity to enjoy men and women lusting after you?" "But I don't know. All this stuff, I mean, no offense, but the rubber clothes, the rings, the weird way that—" "Listen to me. If you don't like something, just state your objection and we will stop the experience. If you become

unhappy or uncomfortable, then say so. No one will think any less of you for trying. You might find yourself enjoying so much concentrated attention.” Finally, Gina acquiesced and approached the stage to the polite applause and a few whistles. As she made the walk to the stage, her feet began to feel heavy. She hadn’t drunk that much alcohol. But the room quickly became a dazzle of unfocused light and sound. The announcer had to help her negotiate the steps to the stage. His hands looked wobbly, and out of reach when in actuality he was holding her from falling. Her last conscious thoughts were of perplexion. She couldn’t understand how that glass of alcohol was hitting her so hard...Oh, my God, that glass! What was in that glass?! ThunderShark smiled to himself at his table, congratulating himself on his clever game and on the impeccable timing of this soluble drug. Time to play with a new toy, he thought silently.

Chapter 3

Gina found herself waking up on stage. She could look out on the audience which was in something of a drunken frenzy, but she discovered that her body was immobile. She was seated in a large metal chair at centerstage with her arms and legs strapped down at the armrests and chair legs, respectively. Gina strained to see her condition and became more panicked when she found her body covered in latex rubber. Gina had been fitted with a tight black rubber bodysuit from head to toe, except for strategic holes in the suit: eyeholes, nose hole, two areas cut out to squeeze her ample breasts through, and a slit that exposed her pussy and asshole. Her heels had been replaced with a black pair of extreme ballet high heels that tightly laced over the latex rubber around her feet and ankles. Her ballet shoes were even taller and narrower than those on the club’s waitresses. Gina felt her toes being crushed by the tips of those shoes. Her pain was caused by a unique metal nose that rounded out the very bottom of the shoe, constricting her toes to wedge tightly into that sharp metal mold. Gina spotted her captor, ThunderShark, preparing something next to her, clinking and clanking with metal objects that were out of her view. She started to scream out at him, but realized her mouth was stuffed with something round and rubbery, and that was held in place by the tight rubber stretched over her mouth and entire face. ThunderShark heard her muffled cries for help but ignored them. He snapped his fingers and the two quiet slaves who walked behind him suddenly appeared in front of Gina. He instructed them to lick Gina’s

nipples and make them fully erect. Without hesitation, the girls stationed themselves on either side of the chair and proceeded. Now Gina had experimented with lesbian love in college, but she had never carried it very far. She knew she preferred men and never took other girls seriously. In a different context, this attention might have been pleasurable, but Gina felt kidnapped and invaded. ThunderShark observed their work and waved them aside. Gina's nipples were standing large and tall on her generous tits, and ThunderShark wasted no more time. He brought a sharp needle to her left nipple and began to slowly run the needle through. Gina's head was thrown back in agony. She had never felt such sickening pain. She became nauseated instantly. ThunderShark watched the needle come out the other side then he looped a thick silver ring on the needle and ran the ring through her freshly pierced nipple. Despite Gina's garbled protestations, ThunderShark proceeded to match her right nipple with another shiny ring. To make the seals permanent, he brought out a lightweight welder and lit the flame to life. Gina struggled to free herself, but this only prompted the two quiet slaves to hold Gina down at the shoulders. ThunderShark turned the tiny flame onto her new rings only briefly, but the intense heat was conducted through the metal and through Gina's sore nipple flesh. If someone had removed the latex rubber around her neck at that moment, he would have seen the blood vessels in her neck bulging in torment and a volume of sweat poring from her abused body. ThunderShark did not give his new toy much respite. He set up his piercing tools again quickly, ordering the two slaves to hold Gina at the knees and spread her thighs wider apart. Gina renewed her panic, and her struggle to free herself from this madman. He continued. ThunderShark flicked Gina's clit from out of its sheath and watched with a smile as the little center of her pleasure stood out. Gina could not control herself at this stimulation. She knew what was next, but even so her body was betraying her mind and becoming undeniably sexually stimulated. He held the needle teasingly at her clit and applied just light pressure against it. The clit seemed to grow more erect with the needle begging to come inside. Then he jabbed quickly through her clit. He found a larger ring and looped it into place and finally secured the ring in her exposed clit. Gina felt faint again. She was almost hoping to pass out, but for some reason her body was too stimulated to go blank. In the back of her mind, she braced herself for the inevitable. ThunderShark again ignited the welder and heated the clit ring, sending intense, mind-numbing heat through her sensitive clit. After it cooled, ThunderShark tugged

on her thick ring to test the piercing, and to rattle his victim of course. With the violent tug on her clit, Gina finally passed out to the incredible cheers of the gathered partyers. ThunderShark stood up to take his theatrical bows and he promised that the show wasn't nearly over. He announced that for the next two hours, all drinks were "on him", and he encouraged everyone to have their fill. "I need many full bladders, my friends, for the next part of our show. And everyone gets to participate this time around."

Chapter 4

Another flush of piss was making its journey through Gina's feeding tube, and another wave of sickness passed through Gina's body. ThunderShark had honored his offer of free beer for three hours, and then extended the offer when he recognized how frequently the men were utilizing the facilities. Somewhere into the first hour and a half, Gina could no longer resist the compulsion to piss herself. She had already filled the bucket under her exposed pussy to a quarter full. Gina's tears were almost flowing as freely as the beer. She gave up on screaming because no one in Studio 54 could understand her and no one cared to. ThunderShark's two slave girls had been positioned at the edge of the stage with their heads down and their hands behind their backs. ThunderShark instructed the blond and the brunette to stand and approach Gina. Gina could barely notice what was going on around her, her only concern was maintaining a constant state of swallowing. As Gina was focused on not drowning, one slave girl unzipped her rubber micro-mini-dress and began pissing on Gina's rubber-encased face. The slave managed to stand her legs on the sturdy metal arm rests and aim her stream of piss right into Gina's eyes. Gina tried to shake her head away from the stream, but not only was her body wrapped in tight rubber, her head was strapped to the top of the evil chair and prevented from moving. The second slave took her counterpart's place, but rather than piss, she was instructed to unleash waste of considerably more solidity: shit. Gina was screaming with her eyes. They were as wide as saucers until the instant that the shit came landing on her face. The rubber was slick and the shit landed only momentarily then slid down to the side along Gina's cheek. Gina could feel more piss rushing through the tube connected to the Men's room. In the back of her mind, Gina just knew this had to end soon, for she couldn't take much more. Her dream of rest and relaxation in Las Vegas had been destroyed. Her body had been drugged, pierced, and abused.

This had to end. They had to let her go, right? “Oh, my dear, Gina,” ThunderShark looked down on his captive. “It has been a most entertaining evening. My party has been made complete by your attendance. But now, the party is near its end. I feel that I may have inconvenienced you too much already, so I will ask you if you want to stay or go at this point.” Gina could hardly believe her ears. Finally she would get a chance to tell this madman off and as soon as her bonds were off, she was going to find the nearest cop and shove ThunderShark’s ass in jail. Come on, you bastard, she thought, take this gag off and I’ll spit in your face. ThunderShark turned to his audience on the dance floor and in the VIP booths. “Yes, yes, I think she has been a good sport for all of us this evening hasn’t she?” With his prodding, the gathered party-goers clapped appropriately. “It is not so often we find someone so beautiful and full of life as this child, this Gina. But I absolutely believe she has earned a place among us, my friends. “And she has earned my gratitude.” ThunderShark motioned to his blonde and brunette slaves and they quickly made the way down and up the stage, each carrying a briefcase. Their master handled one of the cases and set it down on Gina’s rubber-wrapped stomach. He fiddled with the combination codes and popped it open. Gina’s eyes once again registered shock. “For you, Gina, one million dollars, American. That’s for putting up with the likes of me, dear, this evening.” Gina was overcome. She was delirious. Could all of this torture and humiliation really have been luckiest experience of her life? One million dollars?! She could quit her advertising job in L.A., take a trip around the world, buy a nice home out in the suburbs...all the possibilities! ThunderShark took a pair of scissors and carefully cut away the rubber that covered her mouth and held in the ball gag. Gina’s mouth still had the taste and smell of piss as she widened her jaws and licked her lips for the first time in hours. Her mouth was stiff and her lips were dry, but a million bucks could buy a lot of lip balm. “I hope that you will accept my gratitude, Gina.” She nodded her head forward furiously, wanting to take her arms out of their bonds and hug the man that only minutes ago she wanted arrested and hanged. “Yes, yes, thank you, oh, thank you! I’ve never seen that much money before. I can’t believe it, I mean, I just can’t believe it’s real.” “Oh, it’s real. And it’s yours. But, you know, it’s still early, and the party is still young, and well, I do have the other briefcase for you too...if you would wish to stick around. But if you only want one million dollars, well, I understand. You are of course free to leave with only that if you choose. What do you say, dear, the choice is yours.” Gina needed only about

thirty seconds to review the key points in her mind. All in all, she hadn't been tortured that much. She might even grow to like her piercings. And even with all the piss and shit that entered her mouth, she didn't die from it. She was still living, and one million dollars richer. And she could be TWO million dollars richer if she only agreed. Two million in the bank and she wouldn't have to lift a finger for the next sixty years unless she wanted to. The choice was made. "Yes, Mr. ThunderShark. I would like to stay." "Excellent, excellent," ThunderShark smiled that celebratory smile like he had just swallowed the canary and whispered something to his second slave holding the unopened briefcase. "Did you hear everyone? Gina has agreed to stay and play with us! And she certainly is not the first one, nor will she be the last one unable to refuse us." Gina sensed an odd calm in the room. There were brief whispers and a few people shaking their heads as if in disbelief, but sparingly little noise. It seemed that the bartenders and waitstaff even stopped to see her decision. Suddenly, Gina didn't feel right. Gina rolled her eyes up to the right. The blonde slave was pushing the air out of a hypodermic needle and bringing the needle down to Gina's arm. "Wait, wait! Please wait! What are you going to do to me for two million dollars?! ThunderShark looked puzzled with his plaything. He tilted his head much like a puppy. "Oh, you mean, you thought this second briefcase held another million dollars? Oh my, well, there's been a slight misunderstanding. Let me show you what you actually get. ThunderShark brought the briefcase over to her view and quickly popped the top open. Gina took one look at the contents inside and passed out screaming.

The End