

## Quickie #30

### Latex Paradise

The elegant notes of Vivaldi's '*Allegro pastorale*' flowed through the house as Jason and Julie enjoyed a sumptuous Saturday night dinner. It was a planned date night for the engaged couple. Twin candles flickered from the center of the table, casting faint light on a lush, full meal. Shadows danced as their eyes glimmered in the romantic setting.

Jason wasn't a professional cook by any stretch of the imagination, but he'd gone out of his way to impress his partner. He'd cut a hearty ribeye steak into tender morsels and seared them slowly in garlic butter. The accompanying asparagus was sauteed, with just a bit of lemon juice and parmesan to enhance its flavor. A fresh loaf of Italian bread and a bottle of fine red Syrah rounded things out nicely.

The amateur chef and his beautiful fiance smiled as they sipped their wine and ate. They said little, enjoying the food and classical music as they made eyes at each other. The typical chitchat and recounting of busy work weeks had been disposed of the night before. The grocery shopping and chores were done. Their focus was where it should be, in the moment. Yet, even as they savored the delectable dish, neither could deny how much they were looking forward to the rest of the evening.

"How is it?" Jason asked, leaning forward slightly.

"Wonderful" Julie answered with a grin. "I couldn't have done better."

"You flatter me."

"Mmmhmm" she replied before taking another sip of her bubbly. "I always will."

Julie set down her drink and ran a hand across her brow, brushing her shoulder length hair to the side. She'd recently dyed her abundant locks a bold purple. It drew even more attention to her light brown eyes, brimming with warm affection. Jason stared into them longingly. He became lost for a spell before chuckling and returning to his meal.

The candles burned low as their plates slowly cleared and their glasses emptied. The temptation to have more than one drink of the fine Syrah was there, but both of them resisted it. When you engaged in the sort of intimacy Jason and Julie did, and particularly the kind of attire they enjoyed wearing, it was important not to drink too much before play time.

Having finished his meal, Jason set his utensils to the side and folded his hands together. "So, are we on?"

The moment of truth. It was a question that had to be asked, no matter how much planning had gone into the date and how much they were both looking forward to it. Why? Because the conditions had to be right. Especially for Julie. It didn't happen too often, but issues could arise. A migraine headache or menstrual cramps, for instance.

When your girlfriend is the dominant and in total control of the kinky play that's about to proceed, her health and comfort are paramount. They have to be, so she can remain focused on your safety and guiding both of you to the best possible experience. Less than ideal conditions often means a less than ideal scene. And when so much planning and preparation goes into loving BDSM, it's best to wait for the optimal time. This is doubly true when the participants find the highest pleasure being sealed in the warm grip of latex and leather.

“We are” Julie answered with poise. She drained the last of her wine and set the glass down. Her haughty stare across the table, combined with the sudden shift in the tone of her voice, revealed an instant transition to Domme space. “Clear the table, shower up and meet me downstairs. Don't dawdle. I'm gonna get dressed.”

Julie stood, an eyebrow raised as she gazed down at her bottom slut of a boyfriend. He was like an excited puppy, anticipating a new bone. She paused, waiting for his reply.

“Yes, Mistress” he said with quiet glee. He bowed his head slightly, holding the position until she turned and sauntered off.

Jason knew the next time he saw her, she wouldn't be wearing a turtle neck, blue jeans and loafers. Just thinking about the glossy fetishwear they'd soon be wearing sent blood rushing to his cock. It tented in his dockers as he rose and gathered up the dirty dishes.

Mistress hadn't said anything about washing them, so the platters, silverware and glasses were abandoned in the sink. Jason tore off his dress shirt as he moved to the bathroom. It was tossed aside, along with the rest of his ordinary wardrobe. Jason relieved himself before stepping into the shower.

He scrubbed himself down with a rich lather. The suds dissipated as the hot water sloshed over his body. When most people would've be done, Jason had one final step to perform. He lathered up his fingers before reaching behind and inserting one, then two digits, into his ass. He pushed them in and out, performing the final and most essential cleaning ritual.

He didn't know if Julie was in the mood for anal play, but it was his job to prepare. It was a submissive's duty to be clean inside and out. Besides, he was glad to do anything he could to encourage that kind of attention. His sensitive pucker and eager prostate hummed lightly from his own stimulation. The sensations Mistress could inflict were ten times as powerful.

Mistress hadn't told him to dress in anything, so after he dried off, Jason headed down to the basement. The wooden stairs creaked as he descended to their lair of bondage furniture, fetish clothing and naughty toys. His boner preceded him, jutting into the cool air. The heavy scent of rubber assailed his nostrils. It caused his penis to stiffen further while making the rest of his body go weak. That's how it worked for male latex fetishists.

Julie was snapping on the last piece of her outfit as Jason reached the bottom of the stairs. She pulled the latex glove over her right hand and her body was completely ensconced in luscious rubber below the neckline. She turned and gave her fiance a full view of her latex-hugged curves.

It wasn't so different for female fetishists. Her nipples were diamond hard in the full-body second skin of clingy, black rubber. Her bust, calves and thighs glistened with recently applied polish. Her

statuesque legs were sheathed in equally shiny thigh-high boots. Looking at her, Jason knew that below that glossy sheen, Julie was already wet.

They converged on the center of their decadent play space until the naked man with the raging erection and the grinning rubber vixen were mere inches from one another. Jason placed his arms behind his back, standing at attention. Julie reached down and took his warm cock in her gloved hand. She ran her latex palm up and down the shaft, masturbating him slowly with an overhand grip.

Jason inhaled deeply and closed his eyes. He focused on maintaining his composure and not letting her increasingly smooth strokes send him over the edge too quickly. Not that he could stop her, if that's what Julie truly wanted. It wouldn't be the first time she made him come quickly, then tied him up and edged him to a second or even third climax. She could make it heaven, hell or a nonstop trip between those realms in any given session.

Just when her increased pace suggested Mistress might push him to the point of no return, she released his cock and left it hanging in the cool dungeon air. She stepped closer and Jason opened his eyes. Julie seized the back of his hair as she pressed her latex curves against his naked form.

“Until I say otherwise, you may touch me as you please. Use this limited time wisely, **slut.**”

'Yes, Mist--”

Before he could finish the reply, Julie brought her full, inviting lips to his and they entered a deep tongue kiss. Her arms threaded around Jason's back as she pulled him close. His turgid length of hot flesh slid up against her rubberized body. He reciprocated her grasp with hungry hands, tracing her latex curves downward before sinking his palms into her fleshy bottom.

Warm saliva and hot breath passed between them as tongues slid back and forth. Their faces blushed wildly as they lost themselves in hungry kissing and explored each others bodies. Jason's cock pulsed with lust, expanding to its thickest until it felt like it would burst. After long minutes of sealed lips and impassioned petting, Julie broke the kiss and stepped back; her warm, rubbery body peeling from his reluctantly.

“That's enough. No more *free reign*. It's time to get you dressed, slave.”

The next ten minutes were a flurry of preparation. Jason was moved to the suspension rack, where he would remain for much of the night. Latex stretched, leather cinched and chains rattled as Mistress Julie prepared her paramour for an evening of Femdom delight. First, Jason was holstered in two garments of thick latex. The top and bottom sheathed his arms and legs in heavy rubber, but each turned into webs of O-rings and connecting straps as they met at his torso.

The heavy duty top left his pecs and abs open for her visual pleasure and the ability to easily torment them if she chose. The glossy pants cradled his balls in a shiny pocket of black latex, but featured a hole from which his jutting cock sprouted. Halfway through the dressing, Jason's erection started to flag, but the more she bound him, the more his cock quivered and grew back to full, fleshy steel.

Next came the arm and leg binders; thick leather toys designed to immobilize the slave for the duration of play. Once Jason stepped into the thick leather sleeve, his fate was sealed. Julie pulled its straps ever tighter until his calves and thighs were forced together in the firmest leathery grip. The arm binder she

chose wasn't the traditional kind that narrowed back into a triangular shape. This one more closely resembled a rectangular box tie.

Mistress pulled his arms behind his back and applied the web of leather straps that would keep his forearms locked; one just above the other. It was an even more brutal stress position that would make his arms sore very quickly, but one that wouldn't cut off his circulation. With training, it could be endured for long periods, and Jason had been subject to many such extended sessions of bondage.

Jason breathed deeply as she slipped the tall, thick, leather padded posture collar around his neck and sealed it snugly. It allowed for much less freedom of movement than a normal collar, sheathing his neck in another leathery layer. The D-ring that hung from its front was put to immediate use.

Two short lengths of chain jangled as Mistress clipped them to his neck and brought the sharp clamps on the other ends down to sink into his sensitive nipples. Jason drew ragged breaths as Julie chuckled and the metal bits clinched his flesh. She pulled on the chains, eliciting groans from the lack of slack. Now, any time Jason nudged his head in the slightest, his nipples would feel the tug of harsh steel.

Julie's excitement peaked as her work neared its end. A tight rubber hood was pulled over Jason's face, followed by a leather blindfold for his eyes. The final step was reaching up to the suspension rack and gathering its thick leather straps. She looped them under Jason's armpits carefully and made sure they were locked securely at the top of the device.

With the press of a button, her fiance was lifted into the air and Julie's mouth widened into a wicked grin. She stopped it almost immediately, keeping Jason only a few inches above the floor. It didn't matter if it was three inches or three feet. He was completely helpless now. A latex slave, shrouded in leather bondage; suspended and at her total mercy.

Julie set the lift remote aside and rubbed herself below. Her latex fingers pressed the rubber suit against her sopping wet cunt. She watched as Jason muttered into the web of latex covering his mouth. Only his nose was free, sticking out in the cool air. His sight was lost to leather and his hearing and speech were hampered by the tight cling of rubber. He was like a latex worm, wriggling on a hook.

No doubt he was growing warm and clammy in all that gripping fetish attire. His arms and legs were already getting sore, even though they were just getting started. He muttered muffled moans as his face turned back and forth the scant few inches it could in the tight hold of the posture collar. The chains jingled and pulled at his nipples, eliciting more grunts. Julie could lounge and watch this show all night if she wished, granting herself countless orgasms with her latex digits stroking below.

But that wasn't what the eager Domme wanted. Not right now, anyway. Jason's plump, pulsating cock called out to her. She yearned to inflict pleasure even more than to take it. Julie stepped forward, admiring his dangling form until Jason's drooling tip pressed against her rubberized thighs. She smiled anew and grabbed his chin, tugging it down sternly.

“You belong to me, Jason. **All of you.**” Mistress reached down and took a firm hold of his taut erection with her free hand. “But **especially** this bothersome bit of flesh, down here! Look at all the trouble it's gotten you into! And you love it, don't you?”

“**Yeth Mithreth!**” came the muffled response through the wall of rubber covering his mouth.

She released his chin and fisted his hot staff lewdly. His pre-cum seeped onto her latex gloves, lubing them up as she tormented him exquisitely.

“I'm going to enjoy myself now. Don't you **dare** come until I give you permission.”

“Yeth, my Goddeth!”

Julie lowered herself down to her knees gently and inched closer to the drooling tip of his hot, rigid shaft. She reached out and stroked it a few more times, enjoying a bit more teasing before she indulged herself to the fullest. When he least suspected it, Mistress seized the sides of his leg binder and plunged her mouth over his thick, steaming erection.

Jason moaned loudly and his head shot back. The chains clinked loudly and his cry of pleasure was interrupted by a grunt of pain. As his nipples seared, Julie sank her lips all the way to the base of his cock and entered a rhythm of steady, loving fellatio.

Many female dominants would consider this taboo or beneath them. An act of giving up one's power. Not Julie. She absolutely loved sucking cock and eating ass, but only when the subject was her *one and only*. And preferably when he was bound to the point of complete immobilization. To her, inflicting pleasure on her imprisoned paramour was the zenith of domination. Especially when her own body was locked in the sensual cling of tight latex.

She sucked loudly on her boyfriend's bulging length. Her face glided back and forth as her full lips slobbered away on his hot, turgid member. Wet slurps echoed through their basement dungeon as she delivered maximum pleasure to her latex entombed slave. The creak of leather, the clink of chains and his frustrated groans were music to Julie's ears as his suspended body wiggled gently in her grasp.

It was a win / win situation for the decadent Domina. She could enjoy her slave's cock to her heart's content and the result was wonderful, regardless. If he managed to stave off his building orgasm, she drank his frustration and fed her own perverse pleasure. If he failed and unloaded in her mouth, he would be punished, which meant a longer, more harsh session and a more intense climax for herself.

Julie impaled herself on his smooth, hairless rod. His warm tip slid past her uvula, entering the back of her throat as she glugged on his flesh with maximum enthusiasm. She'd meant to fill Jason's ass with a buttplug before enjoying herself in this manner, but when the moment arrived, she couldn't wait another second. She pulled aggressively on the leather holster in which his legs were sealed, slurping away loudly in between pleasurable mutters and haughty chuckles.

In time, Jason's moans grew louder and his spastic jerks became more frenzied. He was getting close. Mistress Julie would have to decide if she was in the mood to taste her slave's nectar or if she'd enjoy feeding him his own savory batter even more.

“Mithreth! **I CANP--**”

She slid her wet lips off his swollen rod one last time and abandoned it to the cool air. It jutted from his latex strapped torso, twitching and radiating musky heat. Julie grinned. She'd stopped just in time.

The lustful Domina rose back to her feet and stalked around her hanging submissive. She pressed her weighty rubber-hugged breasts into his sore, locked arms. Her warm crotch met his well sculpted

bottom as she reached around and seized his cock yet again.

As she stroked him vigorously, her head ducked in and spoke directly into his latex covered ear. “Come for me, you **filthy bondage bitch!**”

Her hand, now glazed with his slick pre and her own abundant saliva, flew up and down his rigid cum cannon. Her latex digits glided smoothly, forming a tight, rubbery hole through which she pistoned his meaty schlong. Jason's moans came loud and frequent, overshadowing the pain as his head wavered and his tortured nipples turned bright red from the frequent strain.

“MMMMPPPHHHM!!! NNRRGGHH!!”

“COME FOR ME, **NOW!**”

“NNNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

The first two thick ropes of cum came fast and in succession, firing out of his swollen glans and flying an impressive distance. They slapped against Mistress' throne and another piece of bondage furniture, a mess the slave would have to clean up later with his tongue.

As his body bucked in bondage and Jason ejaculated, Julie pulled herself closer and moved her hand up his sputtering shaft. She fixed her palm over his erupting tip and subsequent shots of thick, buttery semen splattered all over her latex digits. She jerked him back and forth several times, spreading his own filth along his succulent flesh and milking more sticky nut from his reddened glans to gather in her rubber palm. She milked him expertly, drawing every strand of seed that her imprisoned slut boy could offer.

When Jason's moans started to ebb and his emissions tapered, Julie retracted her hand. She raised both her arms behind him and reached over his shoulders. With her left hand, she pulled down the rubber flap that covered his mouth. The fingers of her right rushed into his waiting lips, spearing his mouth open with her lubricated digits. Jason was assaulted by the tastes of latex and his own semen.

Julie's pussy gushed as she pressed herself into his ass and thrust her sloppy, cum caked fingers into his waiting mouth.

“Eat it, you slut! **EVERY DROP!** Clean my fingers of your **FILTH!**”

In truth, it wasn't filth to Mistress Julie. It was the most wonderful substance in existence. Her lover's nectar, coaxed from her aggressive attentions and the firm grip of strict bondage. She wanted to bathe in the stuff. To extract ever more from her slutty submissive and keep him in a state of bound ecstasy. But she knew how much he loved her ruthless dirty talk and that only made her want to do it more.

Her rubbery digits slopped in and out of Jason's mouth until only a few gluey remnants of his seed existed alongside trails of his dripping saliva. Julie held her hand outstretched and examined her glove. Satisfied, she ran her newly cleaned hand over his strapped torso and caressed him gently.

“**Good boy...** You did so well. Did you enjoy that, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! That was amazing... Thank you.”

“My pleasure, dear.”

She held him close, leaning on his suspended body for a while as they both caught their breath. It wasn't long, however, before Julie was ready for her second course. She reached up again and stroked his chin as she spoke.

“Do you want to continue, my love? I'd love to keep going, but not if you're getting too sore.”

“I'm fine, Mistress. I'll go as long as you like.”

“Very good, but do use your safe word if it becomes too much.”

“Yes-- Mpphhphhhh.” Jason's words were cut off as she slid the rubber mask back over his mouth.

“Don't worry. I'll hear you, even through that.”

More preparation was needed for the next stage of play. Julie guided a bondage bench over to just in front of the suspension rack. She lowered Jason back onto his locked legs before bending him over the bench and securing his body with another series of short chains and leather straps.

Mistress Julie lit up a joint and inhaled deeply of pungent ganja as she stalked along the dungeon wall and examined her racks of toys. The THC flowed through her nervous system, relaxing her and bringing her body into even closer connection with the deliciously tight second skin around her. It eased her muscles and joints, preparing her for another round as she slid on her strapon harness and fixed a weighty, fourteen inch cock into its firm grip.

Soon, Julie was standing where Jason had previously hung, just below the suspension rack. Her bondage slut moaned like the total whore he was as Mistress fed him the well-lubed mega dong through the unzipped gap in his latex pants. Julie took a firm hold of Jason's leather-locked arms and began sawing the dripping length in and out of his well-trained man cunt.

Mistress pressed him into the bench, beaming as she fed him inch after inch of the thick, black behemoth. His muttered gibberish mingled with Julie's growing moans as the nubs in the strapon harness pressed against her rubber clad pussy. Her hot juices ran freely as the thick latex gripped her pumping body perfectly. She bathed in clingy latex nirvana as the rubber tightened around her breasts and stretched around her hips and thighs.

The symphony of creaking leather, rippling latex, guttural grunts and ecstatic moans continued into the night. Bondage and pegging were, without a doubt, the kinky couple's favorite combination. It could go on for a half hour or longer, and often did. Sometimes much longer as Julie gaped her beloved's boy pussy with ever larger and more pleasurable toys. The number of climaxes that could be achieved, for both Julie and Jason, was limited only by their endurance.

By the time they finished, Jason had sprayed the area below the bench with his sticky cream twice more. Julie launched into the stratosphere four times, tainting her bodysuit with ample quantities of her own silky squirt. It was the best kind of lovemaking. Hot, wild, passionate and deliciously messy. The sensual sounds of their fetish gear and the steady slurp of rubber cock in and out of Jason's ass were as integral to the experience as their own frenzied cries.

After a hasty cleanup, they collapsed into bed together. Even there, the pungent scent of rubber washed over Jason and Julie. Their sheets were made of the thick material. It was always cold at first, but grew warmer with each passing minute their naked bodies molded into it. The blanket above them was glossy black latex settling over them and fitting to the curves and angles of their youthful bodies.

Julie's breasts pushed into Jason's back as they drifted off together, the scent of their common fetish lingering all around them. Any shift of their bodies resulted in the creak and ripple of luscious latex. Their dreams would be as depraved as their reality, mired in the debauchery of blissful fetish play.

Heaven wasn't a foreign concept for Mistress Julie and her slaveboy fiance. Just a redundant one. They'd found their Garden of Eden in each other. They were two libidinous souls with the same naughty kinks, deeply in love. There was no need to look forward to some imagined, better future. They thrived together, day by day, in latex paradise.

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