

HEAVY RUBBER

FETISH FASHION ARTSIES

RUBBER ARTISTS

KoppermannArtWork

Matthias Koyro

Rubber Bandit

RUBBER BEAUTIES

Emma - The Rubberwhore

Vicky Devika

Ms Pervology

+ SPECIAL

Muddy Girls

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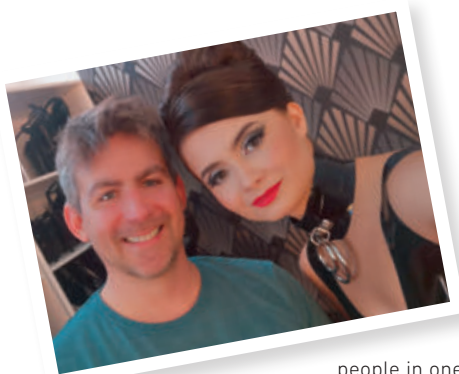


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DEAR FRIENDS,

this issue brings together so many fantastic people in one issue, all sharing a

love for latex, gummi, rubber, that this issue is unlikely to be topped anytime soon. But we will try anyway.

Emma Lee, better known as PervyDoll: The living rubber doll shows us a hot selection from her life. We are talking tubes, pissbags and multi-layered rubber ... The juices are running.

Soul Focus Studio also presents us with rubber in its most beautiful form, as skin-tight material covering women's bodies.

LXXT proves in our special that muddy girls can be incredibly sexy, it just depends on the quantity of mud! Rarely have you seen such hot girls covered in so much mud. I hope you enjoy this special as much as I did.

Our story is hot: **Constanze O. Wild** has learned as an author from the greats of the scene and lives out her own fantasies through her stories - without regard for morals or convention.

The illustrations leave no doubt that we are celebrating hot rubber fantasies here.

The story was illustrated by **Matthias Koyro**, whom I actually came across on Twitter and whose drawings I really, really like! Best of all, Matthias also paints to order. So if you want to see a great picture of yourself or a mental scene finally drawn - Matthias is your man!

And that's not all by a long shot!

Have fun with the new issue and don't forget: The best way to support **MARQUIS** and **HEAVY RUBBER** is to subscribe!

Euer Andreas





COVER: Soul Focus Studio

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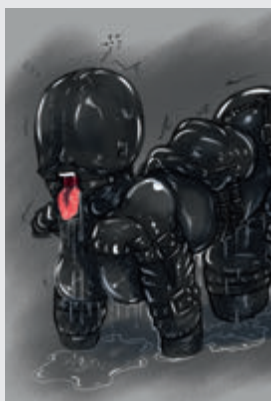
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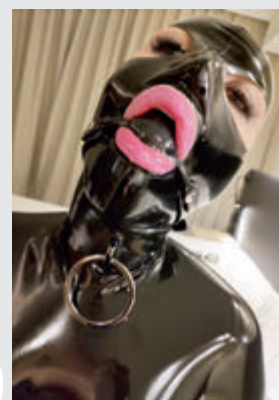
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THE RUBBERWHORE

- From Being a Rubber Doll to a Linky Rubber Whore -

I am Emma Lee, and I have been fascinated by rubber as a material since I was 16 years old. Not in the form of car tires or the like, but to completely wrap myself in it. To transform a human being into an unreal rubber doll, on which absolutely everything is wrapped in rubber. Today, I have been at home in the rubber fetish scene for about 25 years and run two websites and since the beginning of the pandemic in March 2020 also an OnlyFans page, where you can see and admire me in rubber every day.

Old website:
pervydoll.com

New website:
therubberwhore.com
(starting summer 2021)

Community:
onlyfans.com/rubberdollema



By now, I'm no longer just a harmless rubber doll, but a bizarre rubber whore. I love to wear rubber prisons for several days and also glue myself in my chastity belt with super glue every now and then, so that I have to spend hours and days completely locked up and helpless in my rubber whore body. My fans can see and watch this on OnlyFans live and also make suggestions themselves what perverted stuff the rubber whore should do next. But let's go back a few months to how it got to the point where some consider me a perfect rubber whore and book me for extremely kinky rubber games.

When I was young, I enjoyed the fetish model Natalia Mühlhausen. At that time, she published several fetish books with her husband and photographer Jo Hammar and was thus represented in the media. These included "Fetish Rubber", which included a bit more heavy rubber, and "Female Rubber", which was more latex fashion.

The sight of this woman in her full body rubber suit, with the extremely large breasts, the narrow waist and her round and shapely butt was the trigger for

my rubber fetishism. Natalia was the epitome of a living rubber doll at the time. To me, it seemed as if this woman would spend her whole life in rubber. In me, the desire to lead a life like Natalia grew, and so my path led me through numerous dominatrix studios, acquaintances and friendships deeper and deeper into the rubber scene. For over eight years, I was also responsible for models and shows at the Fetish Evolution Weekend, among other things, and so I lived out my rubber fetish more and more.

At some point, the rubber suit and corset were no longer enough. I wanted more extreme things, and the fetish scene has satisfied these needs by creating rubber pussies with inner condoms, anal rubbers, rubber teeth, all the way to long rubber nose tubes that go all the way into the gullet for perverted rubber creatures like me.

After I could then line all my body openings, in addition to the complete rubber packing, with rubber, even that was not enough anymore. I discovered the world of inflatable rubber. Bondage suits without sleeves, in which you are helplessly

locked up and suffer total loss of control, fascinate me. When the suit is filled with air and you can no longer touch and certainly not free yourself, my crotch becomes really horny and wet. Being taken as a helpless sex object then simply gave and gives me a fulfillment in my sexuality that many people call perverted. For me, it is normal and I love to be used and forced to have sex.

And just as something always gave me a kick in the last few years and certain key experiences shaped me and led me more and more in the direction of the perfect rubber doll, I was booked by a guest about two years ago. He planned the session very meticulously. I had to send him my measurements, weight, cup size et cetera.

When I arrived at his estate in Austria on a Saturday morning a few weeks later, he showed me the rubber suit he had had made for me. It was a Fantastic Rubber suit. I had never actually dealt with these suits, but this was really incredible. The black rubber suit was a millimeter thick, had no zipper to get in, just a crotch zipper.









Toe socks on the feet and inflatable rubber mittens instead of gloves. With an extreme amount of lube and patience, I got into this suit that morning with the help of my guest and did not yet suspect that the rubber whore in me would be born here.

After a solid 20 minutes, I got into the suit, the mittens alone made it really difficult to position the breasts in these firm cups. My host had to do all that. When I was finally in the suit, I got sinfully expensive Louboutin high heels put on. Really high. I hate these high heels because they are basically not made for walking, but for the bed...

He put a cuff around my ankles, and then a stirrup was fixed under the heel around to the cuffs. So I couldn't just shake the high heels off. I was placed on a metal plate and a telescopic rod was fixed between my legs. At the end of the telescopic rod, he screwed a metal dildo with two tongues. Basically limits for how deep the dildo could go into me. My crotch zipper was undone and the dildo plug was inserted into me as far as it would go. The telescopic rod

was locked, and that was it. I was still smiling and thought that I could climb down after all.

But there were the high heels. Because of them, it was impossible for me to lift myself over the dildo, and so I stood there. Impaled in my rubber suit and hands wrapped in mittens, totally useless. I certainly stood there for over an hour while he wrapped himself in rubber. Of course, I was still standing there like that when he came back down to the basement, fully rubberized. He was wearing a black rubber suit, with completely rubberized cock. He had put a thick ring around the balls, and so his cock stood pumped up all the time. I knew that if he put this on, he would want to use his cock. It took a while before he was ready and put my ballhood on and a steel head ball over it.

Anyway, at some point the head ball was screwed down and hung on the chain on the cable pull. My hands, which were stuck in the mittens, were bent into steel mittens and also fixed upwards. What came next was really

extreme, and just remembering it as I write it down makes me wet and moist again right now... The ballhood was inflated until I suddenly realized that I could no longer breathe. I turned my head, of course, and tried to sound out what was possible, but I couldn't do anything about my situation. I could not breathe. I screamed into the head sphere, which seemed crazy loud to me, but probably sounded like nothing from outside. I also heard him very muffled and poorly. "The rubber whore is gasping for air," he laughed, tapping the steel ball. Afterwards, he hit my breasts and ass. I felt really helpless, like dirt or scum, and was also a little scared – but it made me horny as hell. Crazy, right?

He kept hitting my tits from below, which was really humiliating and degrading. At the same time, he was shouting that I was his rubber whore and that I was going to rot down here. That I will never see the light of the sun again and he will keep me down here as his rubber whore. He walked around me while doing this, slapping my ass and rubbing his hard cock

