

presents:

Vulcan down - An underwater fetish story

An adult underwater action story with a LOT of fetish elements ;-)
(incl. rubber wetsuits and hoses, scuba peril, scuba fights, gassing, bondage elements, breath control play and various “drowning peril” elements)

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[Version 1: Max (diver, male) VS Kate (co-pilot, female)]
(+ Ted, pilot, male)

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Notes: Please be aware that I only have VERY limited experience in writing stories

- English isn't my first language, but I try my best
- You will find the words “air” and “oxygen” quite often in the text.
I do know, it's not the same, but I use both words to bring a little variety into it.
Otherwise you would find the word oxygen 300 times in this story ;-)

Introduction: My story is based on the Vulcan bomber scenes from the epic James Bond movie “**Thunderball**” (1965), but adds (even) a LOT more naughty fetish elements to it. And of course I changed a lot of details.

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You can watch the original scenes with videos, pictures and my opinion, on my blog (www.frogwoman.org) [here](#) and [here](#)

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You will find certain “key words” like air, oxygen, mask, harness and air hose...quite often in the story. That has...nothing...to do with any fetish of mine ;-)

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Originally I expected that the story would have around 4-6 pages, but during the writing I realised that I don't wanted to let out important (for me) details. And I wanted to deliver some background and emotions to the figures of this story. If you would know nothing about the figures in this story, why would you really care what happens to them?

I know that it is a lot to read, but if you are interested in scuba action or any of the fetishes listed above...you might like it ;-)

Take your time, don't rush through it, you would miss a lot!

!!!And be warned, don't read this story in a public place!!!

That would end in ...embarrassment ;-)

Phase I

The Vulcan bomber ascended to its cruising altitude. Kate was the first female pilot who was allowed to fly this beauty, after the government and the RAF decided in a surprising step, to allow women to fly in the military. And now she was the co-pilot on this special NATO-mission.

The plane was carrying two atomic bombs, and she had a special plan for them. Only days after she finished her flight training, a man, who introduced himself as Max, knocked at the door of her apartment. He showed some alarming pictures to her. Pictures of her family, her beloved brother...and pictures of her parents. She noticed that this “Max”, or whatever his real name was, seemed to enjoy blackmailing her.

It was simple, she had to follow the instructions he gave her, or her family members would die in what would look like “tragic” accidents. Her career would be finished after what she had to do in this job, and the authorities would hunt her down.

He promised her a small fortune to start a new life in some exotic place... separated from her family, but at least they would be alive.

Kate looked around the cockpit. Next to her was the Ted, the pilot, and actually the only guy on the plane she somehow liked and respected. He was very helpful and fully accepted her as a member of the crew. The other three crew members in the back were just the opposite.

They saw her as an intruder in this “men’s club”, always questioning her skills and often bullying her, to let her feel that she wasn’t welcome. Especially after she rejected their awkward sexual advances towards her.

But however her feelings toward Ted were, she just HAD to do it. Now or never. Kate tried to swallow down the tension.

Ted was observing Kate from his pilot seat next to her, whenever she wasn’t looking. In her early 30’s, she was a very attractive woman, and even with that pretty bulky flight suit, he did enjoyed the view very much. She was strapped in tightly in her seat harness. His view went up to her corrugated rubber air hose that connected her oxygen mask to the internal air supply of the plane.

Her long black hair was tugged in the typical RAF soft helmet (out of fabric) which held her oxygen mask firmly in place over her mouth and nose. While Ted always respected Kate for her will to succeed in this male dominated area, he had started to develop feelings for her. But having a relationship with another officer, that would bring him in a lot of trouble. He decided to keep his affection towards her to himself.

Being strapped in that flight harness, breathing from his oxygen mask always aroused Ted slightly. And now, while observing Kate in her mask and that tight harness encasing her body...it was too much for him. He felt a growing erection building up against the crotch strap of his harness. Ted stopped looking at Kate

and turned his head to his left, watching the clouds passing by outside the cockpit window.

Kate calmed herself the best she could, breathing deeply in her oxygen mask. She noticed that Ted was watching her. Her right hand was clutching the small metallic cylinder she had placed in one of the pockets of her flight suit. She waited until Ted turned his head away from her. The plan had to be put into operation now.

Kate grabbed her air hose swiftly, pulling it out of the connector to the internal oxygen supply. Then she plugged it into the emergency oxygen supply. She grabbed the metallic cylinder from her pocket and inserted it into the cockpit console.

She took a quick look at Ted, just at this moment he turned his head in her direction! Quickly he noticed her hand on the panel of the oxygen supply. She saw how his eyes narrowing and quickly pushed the switch to the side. A red light flashed in the cockpit.

She felt remorse for Ted but Kate knew that there wasn't any other way. In the back all three crew members instantly inhaled the deadly gas from the metallic cylinder. They were clawing at their masks, pulling on their air hoses while twitching around in their harnesses. But taken by surprise, all their efforts were for nothing. Quickly they collapsed, only one guy was pushing on his quick release buckle with his last strength. The harness opened, but rolling his eyes, he stopped moving too.

Ted screamed in his mask as Kate pulled the switch. Instinctively he grabbed the metallic mechanism, which held his oxygen mask in place. He noticed how the other crew members in the back, surprised by the gas in their masks, were already lost. While holding his breath Ted opened the mechanism quickly, pulling the death-giving mask off his face.

But without oxygen in this altitude he had perhaps only 15 or 20 seconds before he would loss consciousness. And that would lead to his certain death....

Kate was watching Ted pulling off his oxygen mask. Her eyes widened in shock, this wasn't supposed to happen. She sucked deeply on her mask, figuring out how to stop Ted as he couldn't be allowed to screw up the plan.

Ted wouldn't loose precious time. He opened his seat harness very fast. Rapidly he checked on Kate, and saw her eyes widened, one hand on her oxygen mask, the other was holding onto her rubber air hose. That bitch had to pay for her betrayal. Already on very close distance... his hands were reaching for Kate's face.

She was surprised how quickly he attacked her. His hands grabbing for her oxygen mask. Her heart was racing as he forcibly pulled on her air source. She

knew, if he was able to pull it off her face and could use it for himself...it would be her end, and with the plan foiled...the end of her family as well. She grabbed both his wrists with all her might, trying to force them off her precious oxygen mask, while breathing heavily.

After being without oxygen for some seconds Ted felt slowly becoming weaker. Frantically he was pulling on the opening mechanism, but her surprisingly strong grip on his hands stopped him. Slowly panicking he managed to grab the metal on the right side next to her mask, where it was connected with snaps to her fabric helmet.

He yanked hard on the snaps, pulling them loose. He heard Kate letting out a muffled scream. Encouraged by this success he managed to unsnap the left side as well. Now her mask wasn't secured to her face anymore.

Ted noticed how all that yanking at Kate's mask and her reactions to it turned him on quite a lot. Even in his desperate situation he felt his erection returning big.

Frantically Kate pushed the oxygen mask hard onto her face. Breathing rapidly she realized that she was in deep trouble now. Ted was still strong and could pull it off any second, leaving her without air. She needed to stall him for some more seconds without allowing him to breathe from it.

She managed to move her knee just enough in the tight space to land a hard hit on his surprisingly erected cock. He screamed in pain and she noticed how his hands stopped yanking at her mask for a moment. After some seconds his hands started pulling again, but that grip got weaker and weaker.

Still shocked with the pain he felt in his lower region Ted needed some seconds to clear his head. Finally he tried to get her oxygen mask again, the mask that would save his life. But he noticed how weak he had become. His hands were pulling with less and less strength. Finally he paused watching her widened eyes.

Being that close to her he thought that he would hear her rapid breathing in the mask, even with all the noise in the plane. "Damn you, Kate! You of all people..." he thought as he started to faint while his hands lost their grip. One hand grabbed her rubber air hose but only for a swift moment without any force. All went black...

Finally the lack of oxygen had stopped Ted and Kate was relieved, that he finally resigned his efforts to yank off her mask. She noticed that he was about to fall onto the cockpit panel. Facing the possible danger, she quickly dropped her mask and pushed his falling body back into his seat.

Kate hold onto her oxygen mask and secured it to her face again. Relieved about the good outcome of this crisis she started to relax again. Her breathing returned to normal. Now it was time for the next phase of the plan.

Phase II

Kate started to realise how arousing the fight with Ted actually was for her. The danger of loosing her life giving oxygen mask, and his desperate attempts to pull it off her face while she was breathing rapidly, sucking in as much air in as she could get... a part of her enjoyed that very much, still feeling the tingling arousal.

Another part of her was still frightened about the unforeseen danger of her sneaky and deadly attack on her crew members.

Still there was much work to do, so she didn't have time to give in to her sexual excitement. She looked around, checking on the dead crew members in the back of the plane. She didn't felt much remorse, as she never had a good relation with any of them.

It was different with Ted, she liked him very much, but there wasn't any other choice, she just had to it. While watching his body she asked herself if he was dead by now.

The plane was still flying on it's normal flight level, but perhaps he was still alive. She leaned over to him as much she could with her restraining harness tightening on her. Kate reached for his throat to feel his pulse.

Nothing... he was already dead. For some seconds she lost control over her emotions, tears building up in her eyes.

She closed them, swallowed her feelings down and focused on the tasks ahead.

One hand was fondling over her air hose and she quickly checked how much air she had left in the emergency supply.

Enough to make it to a low flight level where she wasn't dependant on it.

Enough until she would switch to the oxygen container that Max had given her.

That would keep her alive underwater later.

Kate turned off the auto-pilot and started a fast descent. The plane needed to be under the radar before she would change the course to its final destination.

Minutes later the plane was flying very low, just one hundred metres above the ocean. She had changed the course and now she turned back on some automatic controls, so that the plane would hold its course and flight level.

She pulled her oxygen mask off her face and pushed hard on the quick release of her seat harness. It opened up and she left her seat. The water below was pretty cold and she would be in way too long. She grabbed a bag that was hidden in the back of the plane. After opening the zipper her hands grabbed into the bag and pulled out its content.

She sensed the pleasant smell of the black rubber wetsuit she had in her hands. As she didn't had much time left, she quickly undressed herself down to her underwear. She grabbed the wetsuit pants and pulled it over her long, athletic legs as quickly as she could. Then she took the beavertail jacket, inserting her arms into it. She reached for the beavertail pulled it to her front, stretching the rubber over her crotch.

Kate couldn't suppress a lustful smile as she pulled the zipper up. The zipper passed her well formed breasts and her black bra. She reached into the bag one

last time and grabbed the matching black rubber footlets. She pulled them over her feet and ankles and tugged them under the ending of her wetsuit pants. Covered now completely in black rubber except her hands and her head she could already feel sweat building up in her rubber confinement. Kate felt more and more aroused by the rubber suit and remembered this feeling from some weeks ago as she took scuba lessons.

As always she wanted to be prepared as good as possible. She enjoyed the diving lessons, especially the suiting up into her scuba gear, and the world below the surface while inhaling oxygen from her regulator. After she got her certificate she bought a nearly complete rubber wetsuit ensemble. She didn't get a hood, because she would wear the soft helmet which held her oxygen mask in place.

She grabbed another two rather small items from the bag and returned to her seat quickly.

The landing on the water surface would at least be pretty rough, if everything worked out like she hoped.

She started to strap herself into the seats harness, pulling hard on the straps to connect them to the quick release buckle. As she pulled the straps over her wetsuited breasts she felt her nipples harden. Her pulse increased as she was completely strapped into the tight harness. Wearing that rubber wetsuit was already very erotic to her. Being strapped into that tight harness intensified that feeling. Her fingers clawed into the rubber on her legs.

But there was no time to enjoy this moment, the landing site came closer and closer. And the lives of her loved ones and her where at stake.

She took her oxygen mask and attached it to her soft helmet. After it was back in place she connected her air hose to the oxygen container which she placed into her wetsuit. The emergency air supply was nearly empty, so she decided to use her nearly full oxygen container.

As her air hose was connected she felt the oxygen streaming into her mask and inhaled it. Now she was ready, for the most dangerous part of the operation. She disengaged the auto-pilot and took the controls in her hands. After slowing down to a speed that barely kept the Vulcan in the air, she started the final descent.

The underwater landing lights were already in sight and she noticed a yacht in some distance. The surface came closer and closer...

Finally the Vulcan hit the surface, a pretty rough impact, her body was shaking, moving rapidly back and forth. The straps of her harness groaned under the heavy impact, but it kept her wetsuited body safely in place. The plane jumped shortly into the air again, she pushed it cautiously down.

Another impact.

Kate inhaled deeply, trashing around in her harness. One harness strap grinded roughly into her crotch, her eyes were widening while she let out a muffled moan. Her head was falling back and forth. Finally the plane slowed down, sliding over the water. The noise and the shaking decreased more and more.

The plane came to a stop. Kate breathed rapidly, her body was still shaking and she couldn't see clearly for another moment.

She had trained for this moment, but only the theory as landing a plane on the water wasn't something you normally would do. Relieved about the happy ending she smiled behind her oxygen mask. She still felt the intense arousal as her body in the rubber wetsuit was slammed back and forth in her seat harness. For some seconds she closed her eyes, calmed down and resisted the strong urge to touch her crotch.

X-----X

Phase III

The plane seemed to be in pretty good shape, floating on the surface. It was time for the last part of the operation. She had managed to gas the crew and the complicated landing, and this last part shouldn't be so tough in comparison. Kate grabbed the small swimming goggles she had grabbed from her bag earlier and placed them over her eyes.

After a lot of testing last week, she had found a pair that was suitable for her. Like the wetsuit (and a third item) it was her idea to take them on the plane. She pulled down the lever for the landing gear and heard it coming down. Then she moved that hand on lever for the bomb bay doors. Opening them would flood the plane completely.

She hesitated for a second, her other hand fondling her corrugated air hose. That hose, the small container in her wetsuit and her breathing mask would be the things which would keep her alive underwater. She was completely dependant on them.

Kate took another deep breath and pulled the lever down.

The water was rising quickly over the black legs of her wetsuit and the well formed bulges on her upper body. It reached her oxygen mask and Kate was holding her breath for a moment.

But all was good for the moment, no water was invading her mask. As she exhaled... bubbles escaped the exhaust valve.

The goggles worked perfectly and Kate started to relax a little, while controlling her breathing to save her oxygen reserves. All the scuba lessons started to pay off. She started to think about her brother and her parents.

On the upper deck of the yacht Max witnessed how Kate managed to pull off a landing near perfection. He had chosen the right pilot for the job. Quickly he moved down to a big sealed off room.

Some crew members were already preparing the mini sub, that would pick up the two atomic bombs of the Vulcan while others were suiting up in scuba gear. Max grabbed his gear and was suiting up fast. After he had the black rubber wetsuit on, he felt the usual arousal but he managed to control himself as most of the times. He took the twin tanks and pulled their straps over the shoulders.

Then he pulled the rubber hood over his head and the regulator with the corrugated twin rubber hoses on his chest.

As he was ready to enter the water he pulled his mask and fins in place, inserted the mouth piece and jumped. The underwater hatch below was opened by the crew and he started his mission.

Sucking on the mouth piece he left a trail of bubbles that left the round regulator disc behind his head. With strong strokes of his fins the frogman moved towards his target.

His task was to get the detonators for the bombs that would be in the cockpit of the Vulcan bomber. And “number one” had another task for him. Slowly closing in on the plane his excitement about the things to come was starting to overwhelm him.

He thought about Kate. She was very attractive, he enjoyed being with her, instructing her on the plans. Her tall and well shaped body, the long legs, her long hair and a stunning cleavage were a perfect combination. Max had tried the best he could to get really close to her, but he felt a strong rejection from her. Well, blackmailing someone with killing their loved ones...had a negative effect on building a relationship.

He thought that she might let him fuck her to leave him in good mood, to improve the chances of survival for her loved ones. But she didn't. On the surface she had been nice to him, but he saw through that façade. She hated him for blackmailing her, for forcing her to help him with the operation.

But well, that was actually a good thing for his plans. Thinking about what would happen next made Max really horny.

A strong bulge was starting to form under the rubber of his wetsuit while he reached the plane, that was now on the bottom of the sea at around 35 metres.

As the Vulcan reached its final destination Kate started her last task. The plane was completely flooded by now, the bubbles from her mask left a small air pocket on the canopy above her. She reached out for the lever, pulling it to the side. With deafening noises the canopy was blown off the cockpit.

Kate locked up to the surface, some cockpit lights provided some brightness, but she couldn't see more than one or two metres around her.

Bubbles from her mask vanished into the darkness above.

Kate felt a little claustrophobic, alone, deep below the surface. It was time to return to the surface. She looked down to her harness, one hand was pushing on the quick release button that connected the straps of her harness.

Nothing happened. Again she pushed on the buckle. Nothing happened.

Kate's pulse was accelerating. She pushed harder on the buckle. Pulling on it with both hands, yanking hard on it. Still nothing happened. No, she couldn't let that happen to her, not after everything she did to get here.

She pulled on the straps of the harness. Pulling them away from her wetsuited chest. But the tight harness didn't allow much movement. She grabbed on the buckle, tugging it up and down, while her crotch strap grinded repeatedly into

the rubber over her crotch. The straps above her breasts tightened as she was pulling hard on them. She moaned into her mask, breathing rapidly. Even in this danger, a part of her enjoyed the danger, the entrapment.

Her hands moved to the sides of her seat as she was trying to pull herself up.

Again the straps of the harness pulled her back. Kate was on the brink to panic, slowly realising that she was trapped in her seat.

And her oxygen reserve would run out sooner or later. Finally she forced herself to get a clear head again, while her hands were still tugging on the harness straps.

Focusing on the darkness in front of her, she saw something. A black silhouette on top of the Vulcan's nose. She could barely see it, but between her own breathing she thought to hear bubbles emerging from that silhouette. It had to be a diver!

But why didn't he had a flash light? Why didn't he come closer to help?

He was just there and seemed to watch her closely. She signaled him to come to her. Her right hand was waving and pointing at the release buckle of her harness. Kate couldn't believe it, the diver didn't move and continued observing her.

Now she could see that the right hand of that diver was stroking over a pretty big bulge on his rubber wetsuit. That sick bastard seemed to enjoy that she was trapped in her harness.

Kate was shocked but finally found a way out of this situation. Slowly calming down she reached to the side of her seat where she had stashed the last item she got from her bag.

It was a rather simple scuba knife without sawing teeth. In all her planning she hadn't thought about the possibility of being trapped in her seat harness. She had taken it to have at least some weapon to defend herself. She took the knife and held it against one of her restraining harness straps. Quickly she started on cutting through the first thick strap. After what seemed like an eternity to her, she managed to cut only a finger-width into the fabric. It would take ages to cut through all the vital straps that hold her body in place.

And she didn't had much time.

As Max reached the Vulcan, the canopy was still on top of it. He decided to kill his light as he could see Kate through the windows of the brightened cockpit.

With quite some noise the canopy was blown off.

Surrounded by darkness he closed in very slowly. He observed Kate for some seconds and was deeply surprised. She had goggles over her eyes and a black rubber wetsuit instead of the flight suit. Perhaps he had underestimated her.

With that goggles she would see much more, even it was pretty dark around the cockpit. He approached her to a close distance that should be away far enough to be out of her sight. Max wouldn't want to ruin the surprise.

The view she offered him was overwhelming. Her stunning body in that tight rubber wetsuit, strapped into the harness, breathing from that oxygen mask. The

hose from the mask was leading inside her wetsuit where he suspected the oxygen container.

He noticed that she hadn't seen him and was now starting to grab into her harness. Pushing on the release buckle, tugging on the straps of the harness. Max started to smile behind his mouth piece, it couldn't get much better. Her harness didn't open up and she seemed to be trapped in it.

Perfect! Watching her movements closely, he enjoyed how she tried everything to get out of that jammed harness.

He noticed that more and more bubbles escaped her oxygen mask. It was even better than he expected. Her desperate actions turned him on more and more, he was enjoying every second. Finally his big erection started to hurt in the tight wetsuit. His right hand started to stroke on it, while he was moaning into his mouth piece.

All of a sudden Max shortly paused the stroking, that bitch had discovered him! She was waving to him and signaled for help, pointing at her harness. He didn't move, still enjoying the situation. But then everything changed. She drew out a knife from somewhere! Max cursed how well she had prepared herself.

As she was starting to cut into a harness strap, he spacioously circled the cockpit closing in on her from behind.

Kate concentrated on cutting that first harness strap. After some seconds she looked up again in the direction where she expected that diver. He was gone! She checked the sides but didn't found him. She tried to look behind her, but the big seat blocked that view partly and the harness didn't give her enough space to turn around. The fear of being attacked from behind by that diver while trapped in that harness, accelerated her pulse even more. Breathing heavily on her mask, she sucked in a much air she could get.

Suddenly she stopped cutting the harness strap. One hand reached from behind onto her mask! The fingers were placed on the opening mechanism. Time slowed down. Kate eyes widened in shock.

A second hand from the same side placed a scuba knife very close to her air hose.

The diver was right behind her seat, a little to the left maybe. She could hear his breathing, but didn't see more than the two arms on her side. That guy was totally in control now.

If he would pull the mask off her face ...she was pretty sure that she couldn't use it afterwards, after it was flooded once...if she would manage to retrieve it. After all that mask wasn't designed for scuba diving.

And if that knife would cut through her rubber air hose, her life line, she would drown also right here in that jammed harness.

She didn't move a muscle, even with that knife in one hand, she couldn't stop him in time, before he would strike.

His knife was pointing at her knife repeatedly and than it closed in on her air hose, slightly touching the corrugated rubber. She had no other choice and

dropped her knife to the side, where it was out of reach. Defenseless and trapped in her harness, and that bastard so close to her, ready to finish her off. Kate never thought she would end like this.

Max couldn't stop smiling behind his mouth piece. Now he had her. He was totally in control, and she was at his mercy. Her knife was out of the game, so he moved slowly around her, watching her hands closely.

He could just stab her or cut her air hose now, but he wanted to enjoy this unique situation as long as possible. Now he was in front of her, and noticed immediately the fear in her eyes. A big cloud of bubbles left her oxygen mask. He was so close to her... he could hear her breathing in that thing. Now it was time to play.

As the diver was moving around to her front, she finally recognised him. It was Max! She recognised his eyes and the small scar on his chin.

Kate placed one hand on the release buckle and the other on her air hose. She moved them very slowly so that he wouldn't feel surprised by it. Desperately she thought about a way to kill that bastard by total surprise. But what could she do with her bare hands that would finish him off immediately?

She had to play along, until an opportunity would present itself.

Kate noticed a smile on his face and he moved one hand quickly. His knife hand was still at her air hose, while the other one moved onto her air hose, fondling over the rubber. He started to stretch the air hose, squeezing the rubber more and more. The air flow to her mask was decreasing and as Kate inhaled in her mask, she only got little air.

Max heard some anxious sounds from her as she squeezed her air hose. This was developing like a dream scene for him. A dream scene with his deepest and darkest desires was brought to life.

He bit hard into his mouth piece and was trying to calm his already rock hard cock. It wasn't the time, not yet. He observed closely that it became difficult for her to breathe. After some time he relaxed his grip on her hose, letting all the oxygen through again.

Kate inhaled deeply as the air flow to her mask was fully restored for the moment. She felt so helpless as he stretched her rubber air hose again, playing with it. His knife still in place, keeping her from trying anything against him. That bastard repeated that procedure again and again, controlling Kates breathing.

She noticed how he squeezed the hose longer every time. Kate knew she would get into great trouble if he would continue this sadistic game.

A distraction was need to divert his attention from her air hose. She moved her upper body and pressed her breasts against the straps of her harness, trying to get his attention. Perhaps that rubber wetsuit would save her in another way.

Max was still playing with Kate's rubber air hose. He loved the fact that she didn't try to fight back, she knew he was in control and was his submissive plaything now.

His view wandered on her upper body. Her black rubber wetsuit was filled out perfectly and he saw her stiff nipples though the suit. Max left hand let go of her air hose and moved towards one of her legs.

Slowly his hand fondled the black rubber on it. It moved higher and reached a strap on her hip. She didn't resisted while his hand slid under a harness strap on her chest, starting to grope her firm breasts through the thick rubber. He let a light moan into his mouthpiece. He felt that his cock was leaking some semen into his rubber suit.

It seemed to work for the moment. His one hand left her air hose and was groping her breasts. That sick, rotten bastard had the time of his life while Kate was trapped, molested by him while her oxygen reserves were depleting more and more. Kate was disgusted by his actions, but perhaps this was her chance. She had to act quickly, but her only chance was to get her hands on his knife. And -in the best case- on his intact scuba gear. Perhaps even a vital to her when she would ran out of air.

She noticed that his concentration was completely on her wetsuited breasts. His knife hand was drifting a little bit off, building up at least a little distance to her precious air hose.

His hand was reaching for her wetsuit zipper!

Now or never. Both her hands were reaching quickly towards Max. One hand was grabbing his mouth piece, yanking it upwards. A massive stream of bubbles rushed out of it. The other hand pulled his scuba mask off his face. She saw the shock in his face and smiled under her mask. As he was nearly blind and without air, she grabbed his arm that held the knife.

Perhaps there was still a tiny chance to get out of this alive.

X-----X

The End
(of this preview-version)

The full story (with 5 more pages) can be found in the VIP-club 2.0 on my frogwoman-blog