

presents:

Vulcan down – An underwater fetish story
Part II
Scuba Battle

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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Notes: Please be aware that I only have limited experience in writing stories
- English isn't my first language, but I try my best

Introduction: My story is based on the certain aspects from the epic James Bond movie “Thunderball” (1965), but adds (even) a LOT more naughty fetish elements to it.

- You can watch the original scenes with videos, pictures and my opinion, on my blog

<http://frogwoman.org/thunderball>

This story is a follow up to “Vulcan down”, which you can find here:
<http://frogwoman.org/vulcan-down-an-underwater-fetish-story-written-by-myself>

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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 ;-)

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PHASE I – Introduction

Jessie had explained everything in detail to Kate. How she accidently found one of the flight maps that SPECTRE had given her and the pictures of her

enchained brother and parents. Jessie had thought about talking to the authorities, but that would have endangered Kate's loved ones. And it had been too late to talk to Kate as she already had left for the air base hours earlier. The flight was scheduled for the next night, so Jessie had been departed immediately and got on an flight for the Bahamas the same day.

As the Vulcan had reached the target area she carefully got closer, without risking that the white Yacht would spot her black boat in the dark. Jessie descended down to the Vulcan but had a hard time to stay out of sight of the black frogmen, even in the darkness. She had been sneaking around the plane, but the frogmen in the bomb bay were awfully close. And she wouldn't had a chance against 10 or 11 of these guys in their black rubber suits.

She had noticed that Kate was in deep trouble as that bastard was playing with her air hose, but she couldn't expose herself and attack him, without him or the other divers would see her coming.

Finally as the divers had left the plane with the bombs, she swam over to the cockpit, where Kate had already nearly drowned.

After her rescue, Kate and Jessie moved the boat to a safe distance from the yacht and speeded back to Jessie's hotel after a short break.

Later that night Kate had explained everything to Jessie, and told her about the terrors that Max and her jammed harness had brought over her, and the deadly fate of her brother and parents.

The information about SPECTRE's plans, that Max had given her already had proven very useful. He had told her a lot, maybe because she wasn't suppose to make it out of the Vulcan, or maybe because he wanted to impress her, as he had been pretty drunk one day.

But now Kate was alive and that bastard was dead.

For the last two days Kate and Jessie had been spying on SPECTRE. It wasn't easy to follow their underwater activities, but they managed to find the hidden underwater cave where the bombs were stored, after they had been following a group of divers and a submarine, that carried the bombs.

Kate had to do a lot of persuading with Jessie, who thought it was a crazy plan going after such an organization with just the two of them. After a long discussion Kate had persuaded Jessie to help her to get revenge on SPECTRE. Kate had blood on her hands, sooner or later the dead crew of the Vulcan bomber would be discovered, and the fact that there wouldn't be a dead Kate in the cockpit, would make her the prime suspect.

Contacting the authorities was not an option.

Yes, she was had been forced to kill them, but she thought that the authorities would make her responsible for their deaths anyhow.

The death of Max must have been a big blow to SPECTRE, but the number 2 of this operation had already been taken over the job.

Now a redhead named Fiona Volpe was in charge. Kate had meet here once as Max introduced her to Fiona, who made quite an impression on her. The fiery,

long red hair, a pretty large bust size and a stone cold personality were the most obvious characteristics after they had talked for some minutes.

The goal was to ambush Fiona and her frogmen just outside the underwater cave before they could pick up the bombs again. The surprise factor was of utmost importance. Both used the last two days to prepare themselves as good as possible. They bought a lot of scuba gear, practised underwater fights against each other, spied on SPECTRE and planned the revenge. This was personal, Kate wanted to cripple the whole operation, in which she had been forced to play her part in.

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PHASE II – Preparation

The small, black motor boat was gently moving on the flat waves in a small cove next the underwater cave.

Jessie and Kate were tensed, it was time to get ready. Time to get revenge on these bastards.

Only in their red bikinis they sat down to put on the black rubber wetsuits.

Jessie started to pull the wetsuit pants on and noticed how Kate was observing her as she was dressing herself into the rubber material.

Both loved the feeling of these suits on their own bodies and enjoyed it even more on each other. But there was no time to give in to their sexual desires for now. Kate pulled the wetsuit jacket over her trained body. This time she wouldn't be trapped in a harness, besieged from a crazy frogman that enjoyed her entrapment, her desperate situation, as he played with her life giving air hose that was connected to her oxygen mask.

This time she would be much more able to fight, and the thought about being entangled with another diver, while trying to get the upper hand over him or her, fuelled her arousal even more. She swallowed hard to suppress it.

As both women had their wetsuits on, they reached for the scuba knives. Both had two knives each, on the upper left arm, and one on the lower right leg. A second knife would come in handy, as soon the first one would be lost in the struggle against all these SPECTRE divers.

As the surely were outnumbered underwater, they had bought additional weaponry to improve their chances. Carefully they strapped very short spear guns to their right thighs, spear guns which were barely longer than a standard pistol.

Slowly the long hair was disappearing under the rubber hoods. Now both beauties were nearly fully encased in their black rubber suits. The black fins and weight belts were also in place now and finally they grabbed the twin tanks and lifted them on their shoulders. Jessie reached behind Kate and took her double hose regulator, placing it near her mouth.

J.: “Take good care of this, and watch yourself! This will be one tough battle, I still can’t believe you convinced me of that crazy plan...”

Kate placed her hands on Jessie’s breasts, squeezing them gently through the rubber, kissing her shortly after.

K.: “I do have my ways to motivate you. And no, it’s not crazy....let’s say it is a ...daring... plan”

Jessie smiled lustfully and reached out for Kate’s hips, pulling her closer until she could feel Kate’s body pressing against her own. The rubber made some squeaky sounds as they slowly rubbed against each other.

J.: “Yes, you do. But we have to focus now, it’s time to hit the water”

K.: “I know, damn....let’s continue this....later on”.

Kate took the two long spear guns and handed one over to Jessie.

K.: “Remember, we finish off that evil redheaded-bitch and disable the small submarine they need to carry the bombs. Then SPECTRE’s timetable is crushed, and they are without a leader. And don’t play with the frogmen, just finish them off or force them to the surface.”

J.: “Well, I just hope that Fiona doesn’t bring more divers than we can handle!”

Kate smiled at her and jumped into the water.

With the whole gear in place, Kate and Jessie started the underwater scooters and started their way to the underwater cave. Bubbles escaped the round regulators behind their heads.

Kate enjoyed the dive as they approached their target. She observed Jessie from time to time, how she slid elegantly through the water, with the spear gun attached to her scooter. She controlled her breath and focused to stay calm while she was sucking on her mouth piece. As usual the air had a slight rubber taste as it reached her mouth.

She thought about Fiona Volpe, and how she wanted to finish her. Kate smiled behind her regulator.

Finally they reached their little hideout close to the entrance of the cave. The rocks and the corals provided a good cover and the air bubbles wouldn’t alert the other divers since they would be compiled inside the tiny cave.

They carefully placed the underwater scooters to the sandy bottom and grabbed the spear guns. Kate checked her clock, the divers should arrive in a matter of minutes, if they would stick to the plan. She looked in Jessie’s direction and gave her the OK-signal which she returned as she placed one hand on Kate’s arm.

SPECTRE was right on schedule. From their side position they saw the group of divers approaching the cave entrance. The orange submarine (with one driver) in the middle and a group of 8 divers in black rubber wetsuits around them. All equipped with a spear gun and a scuba knife. It was easy to spot Fiona Volpe in that group, her large breasts were clearly visible even from this distance. The group came closer, diving on a slightly higher level than their hideout was.

Jessie noticed that Kate and herself weren't the only ones who were aroused from diving in these wetsuits. Most of the frogmen observed their curvy, well-equipped leader more or less obvious. And some of them seemed to have problems in hiding their arousal, as they had pretty big bulges over their crotch. The frogman at the end was even groping his dick through the rubber carefully. Jessie looked at Kate and how she observed the divers with widened eyes. Jessie, a lesbian herself, knew that her bisexual partner would be much more aroused from the view. Slightly jealous she pulled on Kate's arm, pointing with both forefingers towards her own head, signalling her to focus. Kate gave the OK sign and pointed her spear gun in direction of the enemy.

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PHASE III – Foreplay

The divers reached the hidden entry of the cave and Fiona just started to handle the opening mechanism, as Kate and Jessie fired their spear guns. The spears were speeding to their targets who were around 10 meters away. The first frogman was hit right in the chest. Blood escaped his black rubber body as the regulator left his lips. Massive bubbles were streaming from it. The second frogman screamed into his mouth piece as the spear thrust into his belly. His body wreathing around in a cloud of blood. Their current position would be a deathtrap as soon the divers would close onto it, so Katie and Jessie stuck to the plan and quickly left the cave, moving to the next covered position. The SPECTRE divers now discovered their attackers and recovered quickly from the surprise attack. Two frogmen took a quick shot at them, but missed their moving targets.

Fiona signalled two frogmen to attack them from both sides. "Whoever they are...these bitches will pay for what they did" she thought while she pointed her spear gun at the point where bubbles were ascending from the rocks. "They can't hide behind there forever, and my frogmen should kill them easily, as they still have their loaded spear guns". Fiona smiled as she sucked hard on her mouthpiece.

Kate saw Fiona ordering two of the frogmen to attack, each one of them was closing in from one side. Quickly she signalled Jessie to take care of the frogman who was coming closer on her side. Until now everything worked out as planned, and now only two of them were attacking while the other four were just waiting for them to leave their cover. Safe behind the rock she let him come closer, his spear gun was pointed in her direction, ready to fire. Her hand grabbed the short spear gun that was strapped to her right upper leg.

She pulled herself up a little to give him a small target to fire upon. It worked as he shot his spear immediately at her and missed. He grabbed his knife and was closing in fast on her. His eyes widened in shock as he saw the short spear gun. “Got you!” she thought as she fired the spear from only 2 meters distance at him, hitting him right in the chest. He was dead instantly.

Jessie was now focused on her attacker, who was coming closer slowly. He took advantage of the cover on the way and was only 3 meters away now, observing her closely, waiting for a chance to finish her off with his spear gun.

The adrenaline was pumping inside Jessie, one false move could mean her end. Her breathing increased more and more, sending formations of bubbles to the surface. It was like a stand-off as both were waiting for the other one to make a move. Suddenly a spear hit the rock, only centimeters away from her face. One of the frogmen near Fiona must have fired it.

Jessie turned her head towards them, unaware that she was moving her upper body slightly out of the cover. Another spear was fired on her, slicing through the rubber on her right upper arm. She screamed into her mouthpiece, as the pain hit her hard. Quickly she checked the wound.

“Lucky me” she thought, it was only a graze wound, two or three centimeters to the left and the spear would stick in her arm now. With her left hand she covered the wound, a small cloud of blood was building up around it.

Finally she saw the diver who was only half a meter away from her, with his knife swinging at her.

She pulled her arms up, grabbing his wrists. He was strong, the knife came closer and closer to her air hose. She was breathing rapidly, as she realised that this guy could finish her off in a matter of seconds. The knife reached her air hose, slightly touching the rubber material.

Desperately she pushed hard against his arms while she swung her right lower leg into his crotch, hitting him hard. The frogman moaned in pain as his head pulled back.

Jessie pushed his arm aside, grabbing onto his scuba mask, yanking it off quickly while enjoying the shocked expression as the water flooded down on his face. That bastard knew he was in deep trouble now.

She felt the rising arousal that added to the thrill of the fight. The frogman pushed his knife hand hard, trying to stab her. She needed both arms to stop his knife arm. His free hand struggled in her direction, reaching for her air hose, yanking hard on it!

Jessie clawed her teeth into the rubber, trying to hold onto her life giving mouthpiece, sucking in as much air she could get.

Suddenly he stopped fighting, no more yanking on her air hose, no more attempts at stabbing her. He was a lifeless puppet now. Finally Jessie saw the knife in his chest and Kate, who was beside her.

Kate gave Jessie the OK sign, who ignored it. It was obvious that Jessie had much more trouble in fighting off her scuba attacker than she did. Her partner was breathing rapidly, and her eyes were widened in the scuba mask. Slowly she grabbed her shoulders and rubbed over her black wetsuit and winked with one eye. It seemed to work as Jessie calmed down and produced less bubbles with her regulator.

Fiona witnessed how her two frogmen failed and were now dead too. Besides her, only 3 frogmen and the driver of the mini submarine were left. These two women were capable fighters, but still she and her frogmen had 3 loaded spear guns left. With these they would be in a good position since the two women would be exposed when they would have leave the rock formation to attack. The problem was, that Fiona and her frogmen were on a tight schedule to get the bombs, she couldn't just wait for an attack, so she decided to end this quickly by attacking together with all her frogmen. She wouldn't underestimate them again. And this time she would join the fight, a thought that aroused her as she was smiling behind her mouthpiece.

Kate focused on Fiona and the remaining SPECTRE divers. She ordered them close, building up a small circle, giving hand signals to them.

Kate was getting nervous since she couldn't see these signals clearly, what was she up to? Until now, all was running pretty much like they had planed it.

Her scuba knife was back in her hand after she had retrieved it from the dead frogman.

Swiftly the enemy divers assembled behind the submarine, which started its propulsion and turned towards Kate and Jessie. It took up speed and was pulling the frogmen and Fiona who all held onto it.

“Damn, what are they up to?” thought Kate as she intensified her grip on the knife.

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PHASE IV – Climax

Jessie saw from her cover that the submarine and the divers were advancing pretty fast. With the approaching danger her muscles tensed and she felt the sexual excitement returning. It seemed to her like her rubber wetsuit got tighter by the second as she sucked more intensely on the mouthpiece. She looked at Kate who starred at the submarine and grabbed her arm. Kate returned her look and signalled the maneuver they had discussed earlier.

Jessie pulled her own mouthpiece out and smiled at Kate while she let a few bubbles escape her mouth.

It was time to finish the two intruders and Fiona and the frogmen quickly were some meters above them as the submarine passed the rocks where they were hiding. The plan was to get behind the cover in a optimal distance to use the spear guns while sticking together near the sub.

Kate and Jessie waited until the submarine stopped and quickly swam to the other side of the rocks. Now covered they watched the 3 frogmen with spear guns swimming towards them, with Fiona closely behind them. Kate was speeding in the direction of their first hideout, from which they ambushed the SPECTRE divers. Jessie swam in the opposite direction, and like Kate she was only offering her side as a target. The frogmen were splitting up, two were pursuing Jessie, the other one followed Fiona after Kate. And he aimed at the fast moving frogwoman, shooting his spear towards her, missing her as the spear passed her curvy body. Fiona cursed in her mouth piece, it seemed that Max didn't choose the best men for the job.

Jessie swam around some corals and held her breath to avoid bubbles that would give away her position. She grabbed the short spear gun from her upper leg, and was waiting for the pursuing frogmen. Their bubbles came closer quickly as she felt the urge to exhale getting stronger and stronger. She moved slightly out of cover and fired the spear at second frogman. His body writhed around as he was moaning into his mouthpiece before spilling it out. Bubbles and blood were surrounding him.

The other guy accelerated and moved around the corals with strong and fast strokes of his legs. He dropped the still loaded spear gun and pulled the scuba knife out of the holster.

Jessie turned around just in time to stop the knife hand of her attacker. With both hands she held onto his wrists. He was strong and the knife came closer. With some strokes of her fins she started to spin him around. Her breathing increased as massive formations of bubbles escaped their regulators, while their entangled rubber bodies seemed to dance in the water. For a second she saw his spear gun at the sandy bottom.

“Why had he dropped it?” she thought while they continued spinning around, both trying to get the upper hand.

Suddenly her scuba tanks smashed against the rocks, the straps of her tank harness grinded into the rubber on her shoulders and Jessie grunted into her mouthpiece. The frogman pushed her hard, pinning her body against the rocks as his crotch rubbed over hers.

She felt his rock hard erection and saw the big bulge under his wetsuit. That bastard seemed to enjoy this fight much more than she did.

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Kate reached their former hideout and grabbed one of the underwater scooters. Quickly she started it and began speeding towards her pursuer. She left the cave, moved around a corner and managed to surprise them.

The frogman was slightly ahead Fiona, so she attacked him first. Before he could react Kate ripped his scuba mask off as she was passing by. He tried to grab her leg but she was already gone.

“This scooter really pays off” she thought as she turned after some meters, she dropped the captured scuba mask and turned around to attack again with speed. The frogman was nearly blind and would be an easy victim. Kate watched the surroundings and realised that she couldn’t spot Fiona.

“Where the hell is that bitch?”

As she nearly reached the frogman, she let go off her scooter and pulled her knife out. The frogman was searching for his mask on the ground as she stretched his intake hose and sliced through the rubber with her knife. Big formations of bubbles ascended from the cut hose as he started his desperate attempt to reach the surface nearly 30 meters above.

Kate felt her now hardened nipples under the rubber as she was watching the frogman and his cut air hose. Greedily she sucked on the mouth piece to satisfy her hunger for air.

She turned around and saw Fiona closing in rapidly, she was only one meter away, the blade of the scuba knife ready to strike. Kate moved her arms in a defensive position and grabbed the wrist of her knife hand while attacking with her own knife. But Fiona anticipated the move and held onto her wrist as well. Both pushed hard trying to free a hand to attack the other one with it. They started twisting around each other, both breathing rapidly while their air hoses were wobbling around from the movement and the air flow within.

Fiona enjoyed the struggle with her opponent. It seemed like an equal match for her and the thrill of the fight in these rubber wetsuits was a great experience so far. She pulled herself very close to her, and stared in the eyes enemy while their scuba masks were only centimeters away from each other.

“Who is she, why is she attacking us?” she thought. It was time to find out who was behind that mask. She tried to free her knife hand, pulled hard to get away from her grasp, but the grip of that woman was too strong.

They continued to roll over each other, twisting around and she felt how her rubberised breasts rubbed over the well filled wetsuit of her enemy.

Then she intensified the grip on the wrist of her opponent, shaking her wrist with force, clawing into it with her short but sharp fingernails. She heard a mourning as the other woman finally lost her knife, which was quickly descending to the bottom.

Now it was time to overpower her opponent.

As much Kate wanted to kill the evil Fiona, the red headed SPECTRE murderer, she couldn’t suppress her more and more overwhelming arousal. Diving in this wetsuit, these fights with the frogmen and now the close and intense struggle with her sexy opponent, was just too much.

It felt like a secret, deeply buried fantasy was coming to life.

Every muscle in her body seemed to be tensed, and she needed more and more air from her mouth piece to fill her increasing demand. Desperately she tried to keep a clear head, every second that redhead could stab her or cut her life giving air hose, if she couldn't overpower her first.

Suddenly she felt how her knife hand was violently shaken. Kate held onto the knife, but she felt the pain as Fiona's fingernails clawed into her wrist, she screamed into her mouthpiece and lost her knife. That bitch pushed her arm away and was reaching for her scuba mask with the free hand.

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Jessie realised that the frogman had his very own plan for her. He could have shot her with the spear gun. But he had thrown it away and was now pinning her against the rocks behind her. Forcibly he moved his legs around her hips in a leglock, the big bulge over his crotch was now right on her crotch. She tried hard to get away, but the leglock was strong. Slowly Jessie felt the panic growing inside her. That bastard wanted to rape her!

For now she was well protected by two layers of rubber and her bikini slip, and he had no free hand to attack her. The frogman pushed his arms forward and Jessie's head hit the rocks. The hood cushioned the impact slightly, but she felt the pain and a little dizziness.

He pulled one hand from her grasp and ripped her mask off immediately, blinding her completely for the moment.

"NOOOOO! This can't be happening to me!!" she thought as she desperately tried to adjust her eyes. But it was all blurry, she could see only very little. She pulled her free arm to protect her mouth piece, but it was too late. His hand grabbed her air hose close to the mouthpiece and pulled hard on it. She clawed her teeth into the rubber and sucked in as much air as she could get, but she couldn't hold onto it.

Forcibly he ripped the mouthpiece away, letting it freeflow. Massive formations of bubbles erupted from it. He held it just above her head, as she tried to pull it back in place. Jessie thought she saw a smile behind the mouth piece of that bastard. Pinned between the rocks and that bastard she couldn't get the mouthpiece back down and more seconds passed by.

More seconds without life giving air while her scuba tank was emptying more and more. She felt weaker and weaker as her lungs burned for air.

The frogman observed her closely while he was controlling one arm and keeping the mouthpiece at distance. Jessie screamed for air and some bubbles escaped her open mouth, she felt that she couldn't go on any longer.

Suddenly the frogman let go of her air hose and her other hand, instantly she was reaching for her air hose with both hands.

-THE END of this PREVIEW version-

Full version with 5 more pages can be found in the VIP club on
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