

Business Trip

Alice woke early. Earlier than usual. Two in the morning kind of early.

Why did Vincent have to pick her? Of everyone, the dozens of people at the office, why did she have to be the one to go on this job training weekend?

She sighed, climbing out of bed.

As always, she'd slept naked. And, skin exposed to the cold air of her bedroom, she couldn't help but shiver. At least the chill would help wake her up.

Her business attire was set out neatly, waiting for her on a dresser. Black pencil skirt and matching top. Simple, refined.

She put it on, applied some light make-up.

And, a few minutes later, steeped out into the cold outdoor air.

Her boss, Vincent, had loaned her use of a company car. A modern, fancy thing that cost almost as much as she made in a year. Silver and elegant and more than she'd expected from Vincent.

It wasn't that she thought he was a bad person, or overly stingy. But there was definitely something odd about him.

Whenever he gave something, it felt like there was more to it than she could see. An implied debt to be owed or a gain to be had.

Still, she wasn't going to complain. It was a nice car, after all. And a long drive. Anything to make the trip easier and more pleasant and enjoyable was fine by her.

Alice opened the car door with the satisfying click of a button on the car's key. She climbed in and began her long journey to the large hotel she'd be staying at for the duration of her 'training' weekend.

Her drive, unsurprisingly, started off sour.

The car's radio didn't work. She couldn't even turn it on. And worse still, there was a strange buzzing and beeping sound coming from somewhere inside the vehicle.

Alice searched for the source, couldn't find it.

Annoyed, she did her best to ignore the sounds and let her mind empty. It was going to be a long ride.

And yet, as the minutes ticked by into hours, a serene calm came over her. There was a rhythm to the quiet noises, a pattern to them that, though Alice couldn't quite make it out, still had a calming effect on her.

She found her mind drifting, blanking as the miles flowed by.

Sooner than she believed possible, she was turning into the hotel's underground parking area. Hours seemed to have passed in just a few moments. She parked, slightly confused but glad to be done driving all the same.

Slightly dazed, she climbed out of the car and headed to the hotel's reception area.

"Are you here for the, uh, 'event'?" One of the reception clerics asked Alice, an awkward smile on his face.

"What event? I'm here for a business training course starting tomorrow, if that's what you mean."

The awkwardness lifted from the man's face in an instant, a moment later he was smiling professionally. "Ah, then could you give me your name and photo-identification please?"

By the time she was walking through the threshold into her hotel room, it was mid-to-late afternoon. Too early for her to call it a night. Besides, she was hungry. Very hungry. She hadn't eaten a thing since waking up, not even pulling over to grab a snack along the way.

After setting settling in, placing her bag and spare clothes on her bed, washing her

face, Alice left the room in search of the hotel's dining area.

What she found was beyond anything she could have imagined.

The dining hall was large, easily enough to seat a thousand people comfortably. Only there didn't seem to be anyone sitting right now. A large stage sat at one end of the colossal room, the focus point of every eye in the hall.

There were large windows all along one wall that, under normal circumstances, would have flooded the place with light. Only now those windows were covered. The room, dark, lit only by crimson lights, looked like something out of a horror movie. Or the wild dreams of a sexually depraved pervert.

Black latex costumes were everywhere.

There were men and women dressed head to toe in the reflective black material, even their faces covered and concealed. Others wore little more than thin straps, hiding nothing but nipples and crotch. Many more wore something in between. There were nurses in tight black uniforms, women dressed as cats and men dressed as dogs. There were many who weren't wearing latex at all, preferring ordinary clothes as they talked and mingled with the depraved.

Alice watch in muted horror.

This was the event the receptionist was talking about?

This was the type of place she'd be staying the next two nights thanks to her boss?

She turned on her heels, walked double-time back to her hotel room. Room service. She'd order room service.

As Alice was using a napkin, patting pasta sauce from the corner of her mouth, her phone began to ring.

She answered, suppressing her annoyance.

"Hello," her boss, Vincent, said. "Did you arrive safely?"

"Yes," she answered stiffly.

He asked her more questions; how she was doing, what room she was staying in, if she'd eaten. Eventually, he told her he was on the way up to her room now.

"We need to go over tonight's schedule," he said when she tried to stop him. "There are lots of things to discuss."

A moment later, she heard him knocking on her hotel room door.

Sighing, Alice stood and went to welcome him in.

Vincent was older than she was by just over a decade. Nearing his forties while she was in her mid twenties. He was clean shaven with short, dark hair and intelligent green eyes. Wearing a business suit in a style that was modern, no tie and with a button undone at the collar. He carried an expensive-looking briefcase.

He stared at her for a long moment, a strange look on his face, before stepping inside her hotel room.

"Any troubles on the drive here?" He asked, eyeing her.

Alice shrugged. "The car radio was broken. Other than that, everything was fine."

A tiny smile played at Vincent's lips.

"Why don't you sit down and we'll get right to business."

She did as she was told, seeing no reason to deny him, much as she wanted to. He was giving off an odd, uncomfortable vibe.

When she was comfortably seated, her boss pulled out black and green pen. Looking directly into her eyes, that smile spreading wider on his face, he clicked the pen.

And all at once, Alice was gone.

She heard a voice. A male voice. Vincent's. Talking, though the words were distorted, unintelligible through the haze. He was telling her something. Something important. But

she couldn't hear what it was.

Her mind, her body, felt like mist. Intangible. Not quite there. She couldn't think, couldn't move.

She wasn't worried. Wasn't concerned by the lack of control.

It was right, somehow. Correct.

And, as Vincent spoke, his words echoing through her mind, she was calm. Content.

After what seemed like both no time at all, a heartbeat, and a very long time, a lifetime, the voice stopped. No more words came.

There was a single loud click of a pen, cutting through the mist and haze. And, just like that, she was back.

"Huh?" Alice said, confused. What had just happened?

"Are you okay, Alice?" Vincent asked. "You zoned out a little there. I know this is all boring stuff, and you've had a long drive, but it's important we go over this now."

She shook her head, clearing it and trying to wake herself up a little. "Sorry," she said at last. "Go on."

Vincent nodded. "As I was saying, you're going to have to change into a more appropriate outfit before we head down. I have just the thing for you."

He set his briefcase down on her bed, flipped it open and revealed its contents.

With how it was positioned, neatly folded and compact, it was impossible to tell what the outfit would look like on her. All Alice could really tell was the material. Black latex. And a lot of it.

"I'll go ahead and get out of your hair so you can put it on," Vincent smiled.

It was a tight fit. Very tight. And unbearably warm.

There were two pieces of clothing. Trousers and top. The trousers clung tightly to her legs, squeezing snugly. They weren't easy to put on. There was a single zipper, though it began and ended at Alice's crotch. She'd be able to unzip herself to pee without removing the latex trousers, if she so desired.

The top wasn't as tight. Or it was, but only around her chest and back. Her midriff was visible, flat and as toned as a woman working six days a week could make it. The top was like a jacket, with a collar and a hem that reached down to her waist, but those were loose, flowing.

She looked at herself in the mirror.

In a thousand years, Alice would have never even imagined herself wearing something like this.

What she wore resembled a business suit, almost parodying the professionalism of one with sexual suggestion. It was lewd, it was revealing and raunchy. And it was sexy.

Alice turned right, left, getting a good look at her new outfit. Finally, satisfied everything was as it should be, she turned and headed out of her hotel room.

Vincent was outside waiting for her.

He looked her up and down, smirking. "Follow me," he ordered.

The next few hours passed in a flurry of activity. Vincent led her to the hotel's latex event, showed her off. There were fashion shows and competitions, panels of people discussing every latex-related topic Alice could imagine.

She spoke to countless people, ordinary and costumed alike. A sea of faces, none of which she could remember after.

All the while, Vincent was there with her, leading the way.

He looked back at her, eyes roaming her body, always smiling with that lustful gleam in his eyes. He still had his pen and, every now and then, he'd click it.

Alice could barely hear the sound of it clicking over the din and activity. And yet, even so, every time he clicked it, she felt more at ease, more happy and pleasant and right.

Midnight came and went, though no-one seemed to notice. The event continued for hours after, only slowing down and stopping in the hours of early morning. Vincent told her that it would pick up again tomorrow, that the event would last all weekend.

She was, surprisingly, glad and excited.

He led her back through the hotel, leading her to her room.

Once there, he opened the door, let himself inside. Looking over at her, he smiled that wicked smile of his, pointed at her, then to the large hotel bed.

Alice understood his meaning.

She sauntered over to the bed, climbed onto her hands and knees atop it.

Her boss came up behind her, his belt undone and trousers half-way down his legs. He reached out, hand pressing into her crotch, taking hold of the zipper there.

She heard more than felt the zipper come undone, heard the squeaky tightness of the latex.

And then he was on the bed too, positioning himself behind her. It was hot, the clothes she was wearing preventing her body heat from escaping, making it build and build. The heat was dizzying, intoxicating.

One of Vincent's hands found itself on Alice's hip, holding her firmly in place.

A moment later, she felt something hard pressing against her now exposed mound. Vincent pushed forward, spearing his cock deep inside her.

The sensation was instant. From empty, waiting, to full and shocked. He was larger than she'd been expecting. And she'd been expecting something quite big to begin with. She didn't have time to think on it before Vincent began thrusting, fucking her deep and hard. All she could do was brace herself and take it.

Her mind, already hazy from the heat and tiredness, faded completely, giving way fully to her new programming.

Alice began gyrating her hips, teasing the length of Vincent's shaft even as he pounded away at her insides like an animal. This was her place, her purpose. Suddenly, the latex suit she was wearing felt different. Less clothing and more a second skin. Her *real* skin.

Vincent hunched, half-collapsing on top of her.

She could feel it, that extra bit of warmth, a tiny glow filling her insides. A droplet of water in the ocean of the heat she could feel across her body.

A few minutes later, they were at it again. And the next morning, and that night too. When it was finally time to return to normalcy, to begin the drive home - where she'd pretend like none of this had ever happened - Alice couldn't help but feel disappointment.

But, as she packed her suitcase for the trip home, placing her used clothes neatly inside, she made sure to leave plenty of space for her new outfit.

"For when I visit your house in future," Vincent had said with a wink and smile.

Alice found herself looking forward to those visits.

And for the next latex fetish event.

Any excuse to don her secret second skin again.