

Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

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Amelia Stark



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Tess's Fetish Training – A Latex Christmas

The Latex Point 5 Club

Part One

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

On the way home from work, Tess passes 'Fetish Where?' every night. Even though the shop is closed, the young secretary stops to fantasize about wearing the latex clothing on display. She has a passion and a latex nighty at home, so her curiosity is spiked by the dresses in the window.

With 3 shopping days left before Christmas, all the stores in the city are open late. When Tess passes 'Fetish Where?', she cannot resist entering to take a closer look and breath in the heady scent of latex.

Simon, the owner of the store, is only too happy to help her choose and try on one of the outfits. Tess is resistant at first, but her defences are broken down, first by Simon, then by Zoe who persuades her to try a dress on, including stockings and a dildo.

Once she is wearing the latex outfit, Tess is emboldened and decides to wear it home. She meets Doctor Peter Finch on the train who knows just what a young lady with a latex fetish needs... This story contains descriptions of sexual situations, fetish practices and punishments, so is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

One ~ Aladdin's Cave.

It was a typical mid-December evening. It was bitterly cold and it felt as though it could start snowing at any moment. The moisture on the path wasn't frozen, but it would be later, as the temperature was predicted to drop well below zero. The forecast was for minus five and snow showers, so I was keen to get home into the warmth.

I was wearing long holdups and a full pair of panties under my pleated miniskirt, but the bitter wind was more than a match for the thin nylon fabric covering my legs. The brown thigh-length blazer coat was a godsend as was the tartan beige woollen scarf I had wrapped around my neck. My long dark hair was a mess the moment I stepped out of the building into a buffeting north wind.

The street was busy, despite the weather. The Christmas shoppers were taking advantage of a special Tuesday late night shopping initiative in the town. Most of the shops normally closed at five-thirty, which suited me, but meant the train would be packed with office workers and shoppers going home.

I usually left my office at five-thirty and walked to the station to catch the 18:05 train to Luton. If I didn't stop for a pack of sweets or a paper at the newsagents, the walk normally took me about 20 minutes,.

I turned the corner and quickened my pace as I neared one particular shop that always distracted me with its window displays. Situated between a Polish delicatessen and a laundromat was a shop called 'Fetish Where?' The name was blazoned across the board above two large windows, in bold white letters, on a black background. In fact, the front of the shop and the centre door were all painted black.

I had never ventured inside, because it was closed when I passed it on my way to and from work. I had often stopped and studied the items displayed in the windows, while trying to look as inconspicuous as possible.

I had a mild rubber fetish and had bought one set of latexwear on the internet for experimental purposes. My friend, Kelly, who rented a house with me in Luton, was disgusted when she opened the package by mistake. She soon got over the idea of me wearing a latex nighty around the house, even if it wasn't her taste.

I was a private person and usually kept myself to myself, but her discovering my secret desires had a huge effect on me. Once Kelly knew that I wasn't the prude she thought I was, we became closer. As I slowly came out of my shell, we did more things together, like visiting clubs in Luton and making trips up to London, on the train, at the weekend.

I was approaching the shop and was surprised to see that the window display lights were still on. I stopped outside the Polish delicatessen and gazed at a sign in the window of 'Fetish Where?' The poster read – 'Christmas Bargains. Open until 8PM'.

I felt excitement welling up in my chest, for I was finally getting an opportunity to have a nose around the shadowy, smutty store. Did I have the gumption to walk up to the black door and push it open? What harm could it do? I could have a quick look and be on my way.

Still thinking about my options, I walked to the first window and gazed at the displays of latex and leather dresses covered in fake snow. The owner of the store had hung a string of Christmas lights around the window, but in truth, it was a half-hearted effort.

The mannequins were remarkably realistic which made it easier for me to imagine wearing the items on display. The window to the right of the door was filled with male dummies, wearing mainly leather clothing. The displays were tastefully done, probably to avoid a backlash from the town council who frowned on retailers selling anything that would tarnish the City's image.

I should know, because I worked in a solicitor's office and we were always getting inquiries from retailers asking about their rights. Being a secretary, I didn't actually speak to the clients, but I spent a lot of time taking notes and going out and photographing shops that broke the council's rules.

I couldn't see into the store through the window, but I doubted if there were many customers inside. It was a case of now or never, a concept I understood from other events in my life. I drew my breath in and took the plunge.

The door was heavy but swung open easily. A bell sounded in the far corners of the shop, giving me an idea of the depth of the showroom. The walls were painted black and the only source of lighting were small spotlights shining down on the racks of clothes and display dolls. The lighting was clever because it added a sense of mystery and furtiveness. Shoppers could browse in the shadows and hide their embarrassment.

Two mannequins, dressed in distinctive latexwear, stood like two Guardian Superheroes protecting the racks of clothes behind them. The female doll was wearing a red latex skater style minidress, latex stockings, black platform boots and a severe short black wig.

The long sleeve dress had a full bodice which covered the doll's perky breasts

which were on a par with my own. Finally, the dress had a high choker collar, over which a red leather dog collar had been buckled. The addition of the restraint added another dimension to the display.

The male doll was wearing black latex shorts and a latex singlet which were of no interest to me. I was struck by the dress on the slim doll and imagined myself wearing it around the house. Kelly would probably have a fit, but I would love every second of the experience.

I went closer and drank in the heady aroma of latex rubber seemingly drifting down from the dress. When I wore my pink latex nighty, which was most nights, it aroused me so much I had to take it off to get to sleep; after masturbating of course! It was an absurd reaction, but undeniable. Maybe having a dress to wear before I went to bed would be a better idea. The more I thought about owning the dress, the more I fantasized about it.

I lifted the hem to examine the thickness and the feel of the latex, then let it go when a figure stepped out of the shadows. The young man was dressed in a purple dressing gown that had the signs of the zodiac embroidered on it in gold yarn. He stepped forward and smiled.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t see you standing there,” I said hastily.

He put his hand on the latex skirts of the dress and moved nearer. “Welcome to ‘Fetish Where?’” He then lifted the hem of the skirt as I had done, only higher, revealing a matching pair of latex panties.

“The price of this dress, Miss, including the panties and stockings, is one

hundred pounds. We've reduced it by fifty pound in the pre-Christmas sale. May I be so bold as to say that you would look fantastic in this dress."

His sudden appearance had knocked me out of my stride. "Oh, er, sorry. I was just looking around. I was thinking of buying a Christmas Present for a friend."

Another huge smile. "Does your friend have an identical body shape to yours?"

He wasn't buying it, but his manner was disarming. The sandy haired young man was in his late 20s. He was tall and broad shouldered. I wondered why he was wearing a gown and what he was wearing beneath it.

I returned his smile. "As a matter of fact, she does..."

"Then it would make sense for you to try it on before you buy it."

I shrugged. "Good try. Can I look around, please?"

"Be my guest, but first, feel the latex again." He handed the hem to me. "This dress is made from point five-millimetre latex, while the panties and stockings are point three millimetres. The entire set is only ninety-nine pounds and we have a size six in stock."

"I'll bear that in mind. Thank you, er..."

“Simon. I like to be on first name terms with my customers. May I ask you yours?”

“Um, it’s Beth.”

His blue eyes sparkled. “It’s not really Beth, is it?”

Strangely, he didn’t make me feel uncomfortable. “Er, no, it’s Tess. I’ve always wanted to be called Beth though.” I replied limply, then took a step back.

He gestured to the space between the mannequins. “Tess, please, browse to your heart’s content. When you’ve finished, come over to the counter. Either I or Zoe will give you a free gift.”

“Oh, all right, thank you.”

It was only when I set off down the centre aisle, I realized that there were several more customers in the large store. The narrow frontage was deceptive, for the showroom was at least 80 feet long. The left-hand side wall was dedicated to sex aids while the right was devoted to leather and restraints. Everything was tastefully displayed and packaged nicely.

The longer I stayed, the bolder I became. Most of circular racks contained latexwear in a range of colours, but the majority were black. I passed the cash

desk and was interested to see at least a dozen monitors in a bank above where the customers stood when paying. The staff obviously kept a close eye on their merchandize, which was vulnerable in the gloomy half-light.

Beside the desk was an arched opening onto a flight of stairs that turned and disappeared out of sight. A maroon rope was hanging across the opening. Presumably, it was there to stop customers from climbing the stairs which were lit by a dim red light. Above the opening was the sign – ‘Latex Point 5 Club’.

A young woman, with purple hair and wearing a purple minidress, was serving a couple who had bought several items. She looked very young, maybe in her teens. The girl looked up and gave me a smile which I returned. I carried on to the back of the store and browsed through a comprehensive selection of kinky underwear. I was surrounded by the heady scent of latex and I loved it.

I spotted several latex dresses that interested me, but the showstopper was the red outfit at the front of the store. However, it was pricey and I thought I could get it cheaper on the internet. Some of the dresses were more than two hundred pounds, way out of my league. I started to wander back and as there was no sign of Simon, I was just going to thank the girl and leave the store.

The visit had been useful though for I had decided to one day buy a similar latex outfit. The customer had left with their purchases, so the desk was clear. One young man was browsing along the shelves filled with sex toys, on the other side of the shop, but we were the only customers in the store.

I approached Zoe who had spotted me. “Would you like me to call Simon?” she asked in a posh accent.

“Um, I don’t want to bother him. I think I’ll come back another time.”

She moved a rack of necklaces along the counter. “You mustn’t go without your free gift.”

“Oh, I didn’t realize...”

“Choose one. They’ve all got the same fragrant stone.”

The necklaces were simple, reminiscent of ones I had seen hippies wear at festivals. A rough, maroon stone about the size of a hazelnut had been drilled and threaded with cord and then fitted with a clasp. The cords were different colours. I picked up the stone connected to a red cord and lifted it off the stand.

“A good choice, I think. It will go with the dress you’re interested in.”

I sniffed the stone and was surprised by the distinctive scent. “Oh, it smells like latex,” I said.

“So, I’m told. I can’t smell anything. Put it on and tell me if you can still smell the fragrance.”

I was going to put it in my pocket but changed my mind. I unravelled my scarf, then after I had opened the clasp, I fastened it around my neck. I lifted the stone

and sniffed it again. “Mmm. Maybe not latex, but I like the fragrance...”

Just then, Simon came down the stairs and approached me. “Tess, is Zoe looking after you? Is the red dress at the front still your favourite?”

“Well, yes, I think it is, but...”

“Do you want me to fetch you a size six in red? It won’t take you more than ten minutes to try it on.”

“Um, I’ll be honest with you, Simon, I think I can get a similar dress cheaper on the...” I stopped and reeled the thought in. I hadn’t meant to say what was on my mind.

“Then, we’ll negotiate once you’ve tried it on. Zoe will show you to the changing room and I’ll fetch the outfit.”

Zoe came out from behind the desk and gestured toward the back of the store. Somehow, I had given them the impression that I wanted to try the dress on. Unbelievably, considering my normal behaviour, I was on the way to the dressing room without registering any dissent whatsoever.

Entering the store and browsing through the merchandize was a huge step for me. Trying on latex fetish wear, in a strange place, was a leap into the unknown ...

Two ~ The red dress.

The changing room was compact, about six feet square. Zoe pointed at the narrow countertop. “You can place your bag and clothes on there. I’ll wait outside.” She pulled the curtain across, leaving me staring at myself in the mirror.

I placed my shoulder bag down first, then the scarf, before I hung my coat on a peg. After kicking my shoes off, I frowned at myself in the mirror. Was I annoyed at being hustled into trying on the dress, or was I excited at the prospect of wearing it? I couldn’t make up my mind as I started to undo the buttons on my blouse. I had just slipped it off my shoulders when the curtain parted and Zoe entered carrying the dress and a tube of talcum powder.

“I’ll help you with the dress, when you’re ready.”

“I think I can manage, thanks. I have latex clothes at home.”

When I paused with the catch on my skirt, she hung the dress on the wall peg and took a step back, still holding the accessories. She stood behind the curtain, closed it, most of the way, but watched me through a 12” gap.

“I have to watch for security reasons.”

“Oh, that’s unusual.”

“Do you think I enjoy staring at odd shape women trying on our clothes?” she asked in a jokey tone. “You though, are different from most...”

Her compliment eased my embarrassment. I stepped out of the skirt, then turned side on to her, to face the hanging dress. I normally wear a fancy bra and pantie set but I had chosen a pair of pink cotton full panties and a plain bra, because of the weather. I slipped my bra off, then reached out and drew down the heavy-duty zip on the dress. When I slipped it off the hanger, I was surprised by its weight. It was quite heavy.

The nighty I owned was flimsy compared to the dress and hardly weighed anything.

Zoe held up the talcum powder. “Let me sprinkle some of this on your lower body, Tess.”

I stood there, confused. “Um, is that necessary? I... I thought it might just slip on...”

“No, it won’t. It’s designed to be tight around your waist, so the skirts flare out.”

I could feel my hands trembling, so I gripped the shoulders of the dress more tightly. “Um, okay...”

“Turn to face the wall, Tess...”

I hesitatingly did as I was told, then looked sideways to watch Zoe in the mirror. The girl with the mauve hair, hunkered down and placed the talcum powder on the floor. Then, without warning, she reached up and tugged my panties down, off my hips.

I bent my knees in a reflex reaction and clamped them together. “Zoe, what are you doing?”

“I can’t put the powder on while you’re wearing them. Just relax, Tess. This will only take a minute.”

She had drawn them down to my knees and then let go, so my cheeks were already bare before I complained. I stood up straight and took a deep breath. I was anxious because things were getting out of hand; and yet the dress I was holding remained the focus of my thoughts. The embarrassment was worthwhile, I kept telling myself. After all, I had undressed in front of my flatmate, Kelly, many times.

“Oh,” I gasped when Zoe started rubbing talcum powder over my butt cheeks.

“Tess, your shapely peach definitely needs powdering. And, your hips.”

Did the girl realize the effect she was having on me? No one had ever performed such an intimate act on my body since I was a baby so I was having difficulty dealing with it.

“That’s enough, Tess. Step out of your panties and into the dress. Then, I’ll help you pull it up.”

The instruction was easy enough, but I kept wondering how I got into such a pickle. After stepping into the dress, I drew it up my stockings and then it became stuck on my cheeks.

“Is it supposed to be this tight?” I asked as I wiggled my ass.

“Sure, let me help...” Zoe knew where to pull and where to be cautious. “The dress is made of sturdy latex, but you still have to be careful.” She muttered. “There...”

The tight part of the dress cleared my cheeks and settled in my waist, squeezing it tightly. Zoe then pulled the front up and held it away from my body so that I could put my hands in the arm holes. Because the zip was open, it was easy to manoeuvre my arms and have Zoe pull the latex sleeves up, then draw the bodice over my tits and shoulders.

“Oh,” it’s got holes for my nipples!” I exclaimed. “That’s not the same as the one on show.”

“I know. There are a couple of minor differences with the new stock. Let me get the holes lined up...”

She pulled the thick latex from the sides. Then, she tugged from the top to ensure my tits were snug in the shaped bodice and my nipples lined up perfectly with the reinforced holes in the latex. I could feel my face burning with embarrassment when she went behind me to pull the zip up. My nipples looked darker than usual and pointier than I had ever seen them before.

The visual effect took me by surprise. The plain bodice section with its twin peaks now featured my precious nipples, seemingly straining to escape through the small holes. I had forgotten about the neckless, but Zoe hadn't. She fished it out and let it hang on top of the smooth latex. The mixture of fragrances and being encased in Latex was making me feel dizzy.

"That's better. Now take a deep breath, Tess, while I draw the zip up."

"Ahhhhhhh," I exhaled while the strong, semi stretchable material squeezed my upper body like I had never felt before.

"It's... it's very tight, Zoe," I said as I drew some fresh air into my lungs.

"I'm not quite finished..."

"Oh, that's even tighter," I gasped as the collar tightened on my neck.

When the zip reached the top, Zoe removed her hand and stood beside me as I stared in the mirror. "My nipples look obscene."

“They do, don’t they?” She chuckled. “How does the dress feel?”

I ran my hands down the front onto the flared skirts that barely covered half of my thighs. “Um, the skirts are short...” I stopped when Simon stuck his head in the gap. My hands shot up to hide my nipples. “Oh, I’m not dressed yet.”

“You look great, Tess.” He smiled and then handed over a cardboard box to Zoe. “This is the rest of the outfit. As a bonus they are included in the price. I’ll leave you girls to finish. I’m going upstairs. Jenny is looking after the till...”

I waited for him to go. “Does he always barge in when female customers are changing?” I asked.

“He often helps some of the ladies. They insist.”

“Well, I don’t know him,” I said rather lamely. “I might have been naked.”

She shrugged, then turned me and guided me back. “Lean your butt against the countertop so I can help you with the stockings and panties.”

I did as I was asked but wanted a response from the assistant. “You didn’t reply to my point about me being naked.”

She placed her hands on my shoulders, then ran them down the smooth latex, past my elbows to my hands, which she held tightly. “Tess, I can tell you’re enjoying yourself, aren’t you?”

“Um, yes, but I don’t like surprises.”

She smiled. “When we get a special customer like yourself, we like to make a fuss of that customer. Having a latex fetish is a lifetime attribute, not a skittish whim that is here one day and gone tomorrow. Our aim is to bring your deep desire to wear latex rubber to the fore so you can truly enjoy the experience on a regular basis.”

I stared at the girl and was taken aback by her statement. “Um, Zoe, I don’t think I’m as hooked on latex as you think I am.”

“I think you’re in denial, but we’ll see.”

We were the same height, but she was wearing boots with three-inch heels. We were both slim, but she appeared to have smaller tits than me beneath her purple dress. The girl was very pretty, despite the heavy makeup, and had a lot going for her. She was intelligent and as sharp as a pin.

“That’s a very profound observation for one so young. How old are you?”

“Nineteen, nearly twenty. Not much younger than you, I’m guessing.”

“Well, I’m twenty-one, nearly twenty-two.” My head was clearing and I was beginning to feel a little less anxious. “Unfortunately, I’ve got a train to catch.”

She squeezed my hands. “I can feel you trembling with excitement, Tess. Let me finish dressing you so you can have the full experience. It’s early and there are plenty of trains. I’m dying to see you in the complete outfit.”

She was leaning close and spoke in a soft lyrical voice, like a lover would. Her manner was very persuasive and oddly, I didn’t want to disappoint her. “Okay, there are plenty of trains to Luton so I can stay a while longer.”

“Good,” she said, then picked up a small plastic bag containing the rest of the outfit. “You’re not wearing a ring. Do you have a boyfriend or a girlfriend?”

“No, not at the moment.”

“Good, so no one is waiting for you.” She knelt in front of me and looked up my sloping body. “Lift your skirts, Tess.”

“I can take my own stockings off.”

“Of course, but I would like to do it for you.”

When I reached down and pulled the latex skirts up, I could scarcely believe that the young woman had persuaded me so easily. I pushed the latex against my pussy so that I didn't expose my sex, then waited while she drew the stockings down my legs and prepared the latex replacements.

I watched carefully as she started at my toes and carefully unrolled the latex stockings over my foot and up my leg. They were as long as my black nylons and had a band of thicker latex at the top which gripped my thighs about three inches below my sex. The next item was the panties which were as full as the pink cotton pair I had been wearing.

"Oh, Zoe!" I gasped when she held them open. "There's a hole in the gusset!"

"Yes. Haven't you ever worn gusset-less panties?"

"Um, well, er, no..."

"Come on, lift your other foot, Tess." Once I had given in, she pulled them up my legs and slowly stood up. "Higher," she said, meaning the skirts.

I couldn't avoid her seeing my baby smooth mons as she drew the tight panties up, past it and over my cheeks. When the gusset pulled up against my lips, I immediately felt the missing material.

"That feels odd, Zoe. Uncomfortable."

“You will get used to them and they will enable you to get the full enjoyment out of the outfit.”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

She winked at me. “Yes, you do, Tess.” She turned and opened the box that Simon gave to her.

“Oh, I wasn’t expecting those items,” I said after glancing at the contents.

The box contained a red leather collar, a coiled chain, a red, nine inch, realistically shaped dildo, and a small red controller. “You’re not going to tell me you haven’t got one of these, are you?” She picked up the dildo and held it up. “We girls, all need one as a back-up.”

“Sure, I have one at home.” I peered at it. “Does it do stuff?”

“Of course.” She turned and looked me in the eye. “I think you need to try it out before I take you upstairs.”

“You... you want me to put it in?”

“You’re excited, aren’t you?” she asked. “I can help you.”

What she was suggesting was outrageous and yet because I was in a state of high arousal, it made perfect sense. Being surrounded by the heady scent of latex and gripped by the thick material was sending my arousal dial off the scale. I could feel my clit aching to be rubbed and the heat sweltering deep in my quim.

“Um, in here?”

She lowered her voice, conspiratorial-like. “Sure. No one will know. Turn around and bend over.”

I had never done anything like what she was suggesting in my life. My limited sex experience consisted of a lame shagging in the back of a car when I was 18 and a brief romance with a guy, who only knew one position.

That of course meant that I was out of my depth, so I should have decided on the purchase, changed back into my clothes and hurried down to the station. But that’s not what I did...

Three ~ The second floor.

I knew I should have been on my way home and I didn't discount that option altogether, but Zoe's suggestion was beyond tempting. The idea had become fixed in my mind. "You... you'll do it for me?"

She nodded. "Yes, it won't take long. I can tell you're on the edge."

I nodded. "Do it quickly, then I must get changed." I turned, backed up a little and leant forward so I could lay my head on my folded arms, while resting them on the countertop.

Moments later, I felt the blunt tip of the dildo nudge my entrance, which was obviously visible to Zoe through the slot in the latex panties.

"Ohhhhh," I sighed softly when the shop assistant applied enough pressure to penetrate me by a couple of inches. "That feels..."

"Tess, your sex is softer than hot butter and just as slippery," she said while driving the dildo in as far as it would go.

"Zoeeeeeee, my god..." I thought she was going to switch it on but instead she partially withdrew it, then plunged it back in. I was so juicy, the squishy sounds could have been mistaken for a kid stamping in a puddle. "That feels so good, Zoeeeeeee..."

When she started rubbing my clit with the thumb of her free hand, I almost exploded. The climax was so intense, I lost it completely. The thrills raced around my nervous system from the tips of my fingers to the ends of my toes. She pumped the dildo while I wiggled my ass. It was a rollercoaster ride of powerful emotions. I loved every second of it.

The dildo stilled, deeply embedded in my quim. “Tess, stay still, I’m just going to get some tissues,” Zoe said.

There was something deeply satisfying about having a dildo buried deep and being able to flex my muscles on the intruder, thus extending the pleasure for a longer period of time. I had on several occasions fallen asleep with my quim fully stuffed.

Zoe returned and dabbed my pussy dry, then touched me on the shoulder. “Tess stand up and let me fit the final piece of the costume.”

I gingerly straightened. “Aren’t you going to take it out before I change?”

She shook her head while holding eye contact. Zoe had amazing hazel orange eyes that appeared to turn green when the light shone on them. I didn’t say anything as she fastened the studded red collar around my neck over the tight latex band. She buckled it at the back then picked up the chain leash from the box. After unravelling it, she clipped it to a ‘D’ ring on the front of the collar. Finally, she slipped the controller in my bag and closed the box.

I watched her actions in the mirror. “Bondage isn’t my thing, Zoe.”

She turned and caught my eye again, then lifted the leather handle of the leash. “This is for show. Some of the members like to play games. Step into your shoes and grab your bag, then I’ll take you upstairs.”

“Upstairs? Zoe, I’m not walking through the showroom with my nipples hanging out.”

“I don’t expect you to. We have a back stairs up to the second floor. The club members use it. It’s very discreet.”

“I... I don’t know if I want to go up there...”

She came closer. “You’ll get a chance to walk around in the dress. The club is deserted so there’ll be no one to bother you.”

“What about Simon? He said he would be up there.”

“Oh, he’ll be sorting the bar out. Come on. Shoes and bag.”

I felt compelled to do as she asked – well, more like instructed me. I wasn’t totally convinced, however, even though the thought of walking around in the latex dress, in a private area, appealed to me.

“Are you sure it will be deserted?”

“Absolutely. The club doesn’t open ‘till nine.”

I stepped into my shoes, picked up my bag and followed her out of the changing room. We walked past the door into the showroom and continued down a short corridor, then pushed through a fire exit. We emerged in a lobby which was tastefully decorated in maroon wallpaper and black carpeting.

There was a small reception desk by a door and a wide staircase on our right, leading upward to the next floor. The sign above it read, ‘Latex Point 5 Club’. Beyond that was another staircase leading down. The sign above that staircase read – ‘The Dungeon’. There was a maroon rope strung across the opening to deter anyone wandering down there.

Zoe steered me to the first staircase and set off climbing them with me in tow. With my eyes below the hem of her minidress, I was able to see her shapely thighs all the way up to her pert ass which was bare, bar a thin strip of satin separating her cheeks. She was wearing a black thong which just about covered her secret spots.

Meanwhile, I was being distracted by the fake cock buried deep inside my quim. With each step I ascended, the dildo moved slightly and made its presence felt. I glanced over my shoulder to check that no one was following me up the stairs. If there was, I would die of shame knowing that the slot in my latex panties was revealing my most intimate place.

We emerged in a large, deserted room about the size of the showroom below;

and just like the lower room, there were at least a dozen pillars holding the ceiling up. The room was decorated in shades of red and maroon. In the centre, there was a small circular platform which I imagined was there for people to perform on.

At the end, between the platform and the windows was a small dancefloor with a glitterball hanging in the centre and banks of lights pointing at the wooden floor. The tables and chairs were at the end we were entering while the bar was situated on the far side. There was a lot crammed into a moderately sized room.

The carpet beneath the tables was black with red stripes and the eight tables were covered with similar patterned tablecloths. The only bright light was behind the bar, illuminating the lines of bottles and glasses behind it. Simon looked up and gestured to us.

“Come on, let’s go and see the boss,” Zoe said.

I turned to face Zoe. “Let me off the leash first.”

She reached up and unclipped the catch on my collar, then looked down at my nipples. “Just a minute, we don’t want these going to sleep.” She dropped the catch, then gave my nubs a twist.

“Ow! I think that’s unnecessary,” I responded.

“I want you looking your best.”

I stepped back, pulling my nipples from her fingers. Her attentions had hardened them considerably and made them tingle. “I think, I’ll have a wander around first...”

“Okay, I’ve got to go back to the showroom. I’ll see you later.”

“Oh, I won’t be long. Can’t you wait for me?”

“Tess, you’re a big girl. Revel in your new dress for a while. The club doesn’t open till nine, so no one is going to bother you. Tell Simon when you’re ready to go home.”

“I haven’t bought the outfit yet, Zoe” I pointed out.

“But, you will, won’t you?”

“Um, I’ll talk to Simon about the price.”

“Okay...” She turned and skipped down the stairs.

Movement to my right caught my attention. It was Simon putting a new candle in the holder, standing in the centre of one of the tables. The side of the room

where I was standing was gloomy which saved my blushes, enabling me to resist putting my hands over my aching nipples.

Standing about twelve feet away, Simon gave me a smile. He was still wearing the wizard's robe, but he had tied a black apron around his midriff. "Tess, come over to the bar."

I did a circular motion with my hand. "Can I wander around?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

He went back to fiddling with his candles while I set off along the left-hand wall which was covered with glossy colour photographs of young women wearing latex outfits. Most were decent, some weren't. There were no total nudes or sex scenes but there were pictures of girls partially dressed, with their tits out, and others where girls were bending forward flashing their fig-like labia.

I had almost reached the end when I spotted a picture of a girl dressed in a similar dress to mine. She was wearing a full hood and her arms were stretched out above her head. I couldn't see if her hands were tied because the picture wasn't long enough, but I could see that her feet were held apart by a long, steel spreader bar. The gloomy background, showing a bare brick wall and a fake wall lantern, suggested that the photo was taken in a medieval setting.

As I strolled across the dancefloor toward the bar, the latex clothing felt as though it was consuming me – in a nice way. The heady scent, the feel of the latex skirts, the dildo buried in my quim, the tightness of the bodice and the grip of the collar on my neck, were all adding their own contribution to my

exhilarated state.

My senses were so heightened, I was aware of every miniscule movement of my body, every flutter of my heart and every short, excited breath I made. My body flowed and sashayed while my nerves tingled and vibrated during the short journey to the bar.

Simon, who was standing behind the bar, polishing a glass with a white cloth, never took his eyes off me. I slowly raised my hands to cover my nipples and stopped behind one of the fixed barstools.

“Tess, you look sensational. Please take a seat. I can’t sell you a drink before nine, but I can give you one. What’s your poison?”

I had to reveal my right nipple when I took my bag off my shoulder and placed it on a barstool. I dropped the other hand, but his gaze remained steady on my face. I knew I owed the guy a few minutes, but I wasn’t ready to sit down. I took out my mobile ready to send a message.

The truth was, I wanted to make the most of the moment. “Um, can I have a Bacardi and coke please.”

“Sure. Are you going to sit down?”

“I will in a minute. First, I want to enjoy the feel of the latex for a couple of more minutes.”

“That’s why Zoe bought you up here. I’ll pour your drink.”

I had let Zoe talk me into trying the dress on and do stuff I had never done before. However, as I walked back to the wall of photos, I didn’t feel as if I had been unreasonably pressured. The only regrets I had was that my nipples and pussy were open to the elements. Thankfully, it wouldn’t be for much longer.

I returned to the wall for another look at the pictures. The picture depicting bondage intrigued me, so I wanted to see if there were any more in a similar vein. I told Zoe that I wasn’t into bondage but wearing the leather collar and leash, along with being encased in tight latex had awakened an interest that I never knew existed.

Four ~ To be a member.

I didn't find any similar photos with bondage as their theme, but I took a quick look at the picture again. Why? I wasn't sure, until my thoughts turned to the dildo in my quim. I thought that looking at lewd pictures, to get sexually excited, was a man thing, but I was definitely getting a kick out of imagining it was me in the picture with my hands shackled above my head.

I tapped out a message on my phone to inform Kelly that I was doing some last-minute Christmas shopping, which was kind of true. My housemate worked in Luton and drove herself to work. She usually dropped me off at the station and collected me, especially with the days being so short.

I strolled back to the bar and as I sat down on the cool leather stool, I was instantly reminded of the slot in the panties. My lips, projecting beyond the slot, must have been blazing hot to detect such a difference in temperature! Simon was placing clean glasses on a shelf further down the bar, but he left that task and approached me. I took a sip of my Bacardi and coke after glancing at my phone.

He placed his hands on the bar and smiled at me. "Tess, did you see anything in the pictures that you liked?"

I placed my phone beside the glass and noted that I had just missed the 19:05 to Luton. "Yes. There's a good selection of outfits. Were all the pictures taken here?"

"They were and all the participants are members of the 'Latex Point 5 Club'. Would you like your picture on the wall?"

“Mmmm, I’m not sure. How do I become a member?”

He turned, picked up a glass from the back counter and took a swig. “Well, this is a private club and I’m very choosy about who I allow to join. Having said that, I’ve already decided to offer you a membership deal.”

“So, the store and club belong to you?” I sipped my drink again.

“Yes, they do.”

“How many members do you have?”

“Just over a hundred, equally split between women and men. Everybody enjoys themselves or I cancel their membership.”

“Enjoy themselves, heh? Wearing latex?”

“Or, leather, but the majority are into rubber, maybe eighty percent. The patrons drink, maybe dance to music. Occasionally, we have a display...” He nodded toward the circular plinth. “...of our merchandize, like the early January sale we’re having this winter.”

“Oh, I thought the platform might be for a singer...”

“I’m not licenced for acts or bands, so the displays have to be static. We haven’t got room anyway.” We both sipped our drinks. “So, are you happy with the dress?” he asked. “The collar and dildo are sweeteners to close the deal.”

I wondered if he guessed that the nine-inch, silicone cock was buried in my quim. “Um, I only came in to look around.”

Simon leant over the countertop. “Tess, you need to wear that dress to blossom. To enjoy the exquisite sensations that outfits like the one you’re wearing will provide you for many years to come. The complete outfit is only a hundred pounds and because you’ve tried it on, you know it fits you.”

“True. I think it’s a fair price for the outfit, so I’ve decided to buy it.”

“Good. I can do the transaction up here on this till.”

I lifted my bag onto the countertop and when I opened it, the red controller fell out. “Oh!” I picked it up and was going to put it back.

Simon held his hand out. “Let me hold that for you, Tess, while you find your wallet.”

I looked up into his eyes and was surprised to see that they were identical in colour to Zoe's. The orange fleck appeared to burn bright. Why I handed him the controller, I wasn't sure, but as soon as I had, I regretted it. However, I delved into my bag to get my purse. I found it, pulled out my card and waited while he walked down to the till. He came straight back with a card reader, then placed the controller on the back counter and tapped in the purchase amount on the keypad.

As soon as the purchase was complete and I had put my purse away, I pointed at the controller. "I'll put that back in my bag."

He picked it up and turned to face me. "Did Zoe show you how it worked?"

"Um, sort of..."

He shook his finger at me. "Tess, you're fibbing again." He held it up and pointed at the buttons. "There are two functions and a third if you use both at the same time. This one switches the vibrator on."

When he pushed the top button on the left, the dildo began gently vibrating within my hot, succulent tunnel.

"Hold this one down and the vibrations become stronger."

I clutched my bag more tightly as the intruder's full massage capabilities ramped up.

He moved his finger across. “This button switches the thrust function on.”

“Oh...” I whispered just after the knob end of the dildo began to gently prod my extremity.

I could feel the end of the fake cock withdraw an inch and then return. I was trembling like a leaf and sweating in the tightly fitting latex dress. I closed my eyes when I saw him push the speed button.

“When you increase the speed, be careful unless you’re into serious, rough sex. By the way, these buttons stop the functions. Tess? Do you want me to turn it off?”

I looked up and nodded, then gasped with relief when the insistent, thrusting motion stopped. I took a deep breath. “You knew all along, didn’t you?”

“Well, yes. Zoe came to me for tissues. Cool bit of kit, heh?”

“You’ve had your fun...”

Simon smiled ruefully. “I think you’re the one enjoying yourself. Drink up and I’ll pour you another.”

I popped the controller in my bag so that he wasn't tempted to send my sensibilities spiralling out of control again. The even-tempered young man hadn't brought up the club membership after mentioning it earlier. I waited for Simon to return with my second drink.

"The club. What does it cost to join?"

"It costs a forfeit. Each female member has to get up on the platform..." He indicated the circular podium. "...and display my merchandize for an evening. I will photograph you and put your picture on the wall up here or in the dungeon."

"Oh, yes, the dungeon. I think I saw a picture up here that was taken down there."

He glanced over at the wall. "Oh, yes, that was Sally's idea." It wasn't too risqué, so I agreed. She's one of our regular members."

"So, it won't cost me anything to be a member?"

"No. In fact, you'll save money. If you join the club, you'll get fifteen percent off your future purchases."

"Oh, that's good. Tell me more about the forfeit."

“There’s not much to tell. We would dress you in one of the sale outfits and you would spend some time on the podium. I’ll arrange you in a nice pose. You’ll wear a hood, so you’ll remain anonymous during the evening. Thursday would be perfect because we’re having our Christmas bash on that evening.”

Thursday was the day before Christmas Eve and I was only working a half day, till one o’clock. “So, will I be able to pick from a selection of outfits?”

He shook his head. “No, I’ll dictate that. You will have to do as you’re told for one night, then you’ll be able to attend out thrice weekly club nights and revel in your fetish until your heart’s content.”

I downed the rest of the Bacardi and coke in one gulp. It was seven o’clock and I had to get moving. “Mmmm, I’m going to consider your offer. I’ll walk down from my office tomorrow lunchtime and tell you what my decision is.” I had 20 minutes to catch the 19:35 train. I put my phone in my bag and slipped off the stool.

“Fair enough, Tess. I think, when you’re a member, that you’ll really enjoy spending time among like-minded people.

I had literally slipped off the stool because copious amounts of my juices had leaked. I glanced down at the sticky deposit and felt my face flush with embarrassment.

Simon leant over the counter and studied the circular leather seat. “Don’t worry, Tess, I’ll give it a wipe over. Are you going to wear the dress home?”

I put my hands on the skirts. “Are you kidding? I would get arrested by the Transport Police.”

“Nah. Your coat will cover the dress and your scarf will hide the collar. Do something daring for once in your life. People, my customers, wear latex outfits out all the time.”

“How will I explain the red latex stockings?”

“Say you’ve been working in Santa’s grotto. Tess, no one is going to question you so near to Christmas. Keep a smile on your face and soak up the thrills during the journey.”

Holding my bag to my stomach, I backed away behind the barstool. “I don’t know...”

“You’ll be a lot warmer wearing Latex, than the outfit you came in. Besides, the station is only a little way down the road.”

“I can’t believe I’m even considering it...”

“Tess, let me walk you down to the changing room.”

Having had nothing to eat, the two Bacardi and cokes were making their presence felt. I was thankful that I was wearing shoes with just an inch heel as I descended the carpeted stairs. Simon escorted me back to the small changing room. When we arrived, I discovered that Zoe or someone else had put all my work clothes in a fancy black carrier bag.

Simon saw my surprised reaction. “Tess, this is your chance to discover yourself.” He took my coat off the peg and held it open. “Put it on and see for yourself what you look like.”

I reluctantly pushed my arms into the sleeves and waited until he had buttoned it. The coat had wide lapels that he turned up to cover the collar, but the front was visible. However, once he had wrapped the thick woollen scarf around my neck, the dress and collar were no longer visible. However, the red latex stockings were, from my knees downward.

Simon placed his finger under my chin and turned my head so he could make eye contact. “Tess, you’re a big girl now...” Then, he shocked me when he gently kissed me on the lips. “Go and catch your train.”

I thought I still had time to catch the 19:35 but I was still hesitant. His finger remained under my chin while his hazel orange eyes bore into mine, challenging me to take the plunge. “My panties are draughty,” I whispered.

“Keep your thighs together. You’ll be home before you know it.”

An image of me standing on the train while clinging onto a hanging hand-clasp sprang into my head. My skirts were raised high enough for the seated

passengers opposite to see to the top of my thighs; and maybe my sex, peeping from the slot in the latex panties.

Then I remembered that the later trains weren't so packed. I was almost certainly guaranteed a seat. Could I get away with such a foolhardy, bold challenge? There was only one way to find out...

Five ~ The journey home.

The booze, the heady latex aroma and Simon's persuasive manner threw the switch. Without any of those influential elements, I would never in a million years have stepped out of the store, into the cold December night, wearing a latex dress under my coat. As it was, I found myself leading the way into the showroom with Simon shepherding me toward the till.

Zoe was standing with another assistant and gave me a wave. "See you soon, Tess. Take care."

Simon came all the way to the door and held it open for me. "Tess, what time is your lunch break tomorrow?"

"Twelve-thirty."

"Okay. See you soon after that. We can sit upstairs and have a chat. I'll make you a coffee."

"Okay, but I'm not promising anything."

He nodded with a confident expression on his face. I set off down the road, striding purposefully toward the station. The ground had frozen in the hour and a half I had been in the store, so I had to be extra careful not to embarrass myself by slipping over. As soon as I had been in the bitterly cold fresh air for a couple of minutes, my head cleared and I began to regret not changing back into my work clothes.

I was warmer but I was uncomfortable. It wasn't the feel of the latex or its grip that was bothering me, it was the fear of being waylaid and someone discovering what I was wearing beneath the coat. I became ultra-careful and my strides became shorter. Thankfully, I had enough time to catch the 19:35 train to Luton.

The booze had given me Dutch courage, but by the time I reached the station, I was a bag of nerves. The well-lit station buildings seemed to highlight my predicament. The booking hall was a respite from the treacherous conditions outside, but people were noticing me because of my red latex stockings.

I didn't have the safety of the usual crowd at the station, which I was hoping for. An hour and a half earlier, I would have merged in and no one would have noticed me. Instead of the regular business travellers, there were a lot of shoppers waiting on the platform. It was dark between the station lights, so I chose one of those spots to wait.

The train was five minutes late, compounding my discomfort, so I was massively relieved when it finally slid into the station. My relief was short lived when I saw that there were no vacant seats, despite dozens of people getting off the train.

I welcomed the respite from the whistling wind when I stepped into the warm carriage, but I was immediately faced with an unenviable situation. The seats were arranged, two facing two on one side of the aisle and three facing three on the other. Shoppers and businesspeople were crammed into them like sardines. Then, there were sections near the doors where seats faced each other. The space left between them was for standing passengers.

As soon as the doors closed, those around me reached up for a ceiling handle. After placing my shopping bag between my feet, I tried to follow suit, but the train jerked forward and sent me backward into the solid body of a tall man standing behind me.

“Wohhhh,” I gasped as I dragged a foot back to steady myself, then turned, “I’m so Sorry.”

“You’re okay,” he said softly, after placing a hand on my shoulder to steady me.

“Thank you.” I reached up for the handle. “Sorry about that...”

“No problem,” he replied examining my face with his intelligent brown eyes.

I was sure that I had seen the man before. Then it came to me. I recalled seeing him standing on Leagrave station, the stop where I get on and off. His expression signalled that he was in a good mood and wanted to say something to me.

He was about six feet tall and looked immaculately dressed in a long black, double breasted Chesterfield coat. He was wearing a black scarf, black leather gloves and was holding a brown attaché case. Possibly in his mid-thirties, his short brown hair and close beard were immaculately trimmed.

Dressed like a professional businessman, he looked out of place among the shoppers and not so well-dressed office workers. My examination of his person was a mere fleeting glance, but his gaze was steady.

Then, as I expected, he came closer to speak to me. “I’ve seen you on Leagrave station,” he said in a low conspiratorial tone. “I think we both catch the seven fifty-five. Of course, it’s always late.”

I had recovered from the initial shock of bumping into a stranger. The consequences were always an awkward conversation; however, I did have something in common with him.

“I catch it if I manage to get up on time,” was my response.

He chuckled. “I recognized you because you stand out from the crowd.”

“How do you mean?” He couldn’t be talking about my red latex stockings, surely?

An embarrassed look came across his face.

“Your amazing hair. Is it naturally wavy?”

“Curling tongs are a girl’s best friend.”

“Oh, er, my name is Peter.” He held out his hand.

When I reached out, an inch of red latex came into view when the cuff of the coat didn't move with my wrist. "Mine's Tess." I made it a quick handshake, before hastily withdrawing my hand. I felt my face flush because it was obvious that he knew I was wearing a latex outfit.

"Let me guess. You stayed on for an office Christmas party?"

There it was, the perfect excuse. "Yes, you're right and then I did some late Christmas shopping."

"It must have been a wild party."

"Why do you say that?"

He touched his scarf. "The collar. Classic bondage gear."

I reached up to my neck to discover that my scarf must have gone askew when I bumped into him. My embarrassment deepened as I hurriedly adjusted my scarf. "It was a mistake to wear the dress," I said lamely, then reached in my shoulder bag for my cell phone. "Excuse me. I must make a phone call."

I don't know how I did it, but in my haste to get the cell phone out of my bag, I must have nudged the switch on the dildo controller and switched on the vibrating feature. I had my phone in my hand by the time I felt the first

pulsations from the infernal, internal device. I ignored it and tapped in the passcode to open my phone.

“Excuse me, um, Tess.” I looked up to find the stranger looking at me a bit sheepish. “I wondered if you were calling a taxi...”

“Um, no, I’m texting a friend who I live with. She’ll pick me up from the station.”

“Oh, sorry. I was going to offer you a lift...”

“That’s kind of you, but, er, you know...”

“I know. Never accept a lift from a stranger. You’re very sensible.”

He backed off to give me space. I had to disagree with him about me being sensible. I was stupid not to change back into my work clothes before I left the store. The train was pulling into Harpenden station just as I sent the message to Kelly with my estimated ETA at Legrave.

Five minutes later, when people stood, ready to leave the train at the Luton stop, a seat became available close to where we were standing. I carried my shopping bag over and plonked my butt down.

The reply from Kelly finally came through. She sent a thumbs up emoji, so I returned my phone to the bag and manoeuvred the controller to where I could turn it off. However, the low setting was providing the calming influence that I needed after such a stressful sequence of events. Also, I could still smell the slight aroma of Latex and feel the effect of the alcohol. Together, they lowered my stress level and enabled me to get my thoughts in order.

Peter was still close and taking the odd fervent glance at me, as were several other men sitting in the opposite seats. I noticed he took his wallet out and removed something from it. He moved and turned his back to me so I couldn't see what he was doing. The next stop was Luton, where literally half the passengers left the train.

Peter took his opportunity to sit down beside me, even though we were less than ten minutes away from our stop. "Tess, I apologize for being so bold earlier, but I couldn't help myself. Perhaps you might consider having dinner with me one evening, or lunch during the day, between Christmas and the new year?"

The vibrator was humming a merry tune in my quim, putting me in a good mood. I liked the look of Peter. I actually felt more comfortable in the company of men in their mid-twenties to mid-thirties, than I did with lads of my own age. I was flattered by the offer of dinner.

"Yes, Peter. I'm off between Christmas and the new year so I'm happy to arrange something in a few days' time. Shall I phone you after Christmas?"

He handed me a business card. He had written a mobile phone number on the back. "That's my private number, Tess. If I don't answer, then I'm with a patient."

“Oh, are you a doctor?”

“Yes, I’m a consultant. I mainly practice at the Luton and Dunstable hospital, but two days a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, I work at Imperial College hospital London.”

I flipped the card over and there were his details.

Doctor Peter Finch

Anaesthetist Consultant

“Oh, you put people to sleep.”

“Well. Yes. I supervise and train doctors and nurses in anaesthesia. I’m also a specialist in pain management. I teach in London, so I have fixed hours on Tuesdays and Thursdays.”

“You seem too young to be a consultant.”

He gave me a broad smile. “I’m thirty-nine. How old are you?”

“I’m twenty-one, nearly twenty-two. If I had known you were a doctor, I would have accepted the lift.”

“Never mind. We can have a chuckle over a meal about our meeting and you can tell me all about your office bondage party.”

The train was slowing, so I switched the vibrator off and joined Peter by the doors. “It wasn’t really a bondage party. It was very boring,” I said softly.

The train stopped, the doors opened, then we stepped out onto the platform into the bitterly cold conditions. We had to cross the railway tracks via a footbridge to get to the exit for the car park. As I climbed the concrete steps beside Peter, I held my shopping bag against the back of my coat so that the people coming up behind me didn’t see under my skirts.

While we walked along the high open walkway, I began to think about what I would say to my housemate, Kelly, in the car. I wasn’t a very good liar so I either had to tell her the truth or make up a brilliant story. I was just mulling that problem over when we reached the end of the walkway.

I looked down into the carpark, as I turned, and spotted Kelly’s car. I caught my breath because she wasn’t driving. Kelly had sent her brother, Daniel, who I disliked with a vengeance. He was a misogynistic prick and the last thing I wanted to do was get in a car with him while wearing a kinky latex outfit. He would taunt me mercilessly until I moved away from the house his sister and I rented. I had to avoid getting in the car with him at all costs...

Six ~ The consultant.

I hurried down the stairs and caught up with Peter. I tugged on the arm of his coat. "Excuse me..." He stopped and came over to the handrail so others could pass.

"Are you okay?"

"Um, yes, but I've changed my mind."

He looked surprised. "Oh. Do you mean you want a lift?"

"Yes. I need to change before I go home."

"Ahhh, the embarrassment factor. No problem. I'll take you back to my crib and you can change there."

"Ummm, I don't know how to put this..."

He leant forward. "You want to know if I'm married or have a partner?" We were standing alone on the steps. I nodded. "I was married for ten years but I've lived alone for the past five. For a while my consultancy work devoured my time. I'm over that now."

“Oh, okay. Do you mind walking with me to a parked car? I need to tell the driver that I’m going on a date.”

He laughed. “No problem. I’m guessing your flatmate sent someone else.”

“Peter, you’re far too wise for me to try and fool.”

He wagged a finger at me while broadly smiling. “Don’t you dare try. Come on. Let’s send this guy home alone.”

My god, I thought, Peter is as sharp as a Stanley blade. He didn’t miss a thing. We walked through the booking hall together and onto the forecourt. There was a line of parking spaces for vehicles picking up passengers. I headed toward Kelly’s red Peugeot which had its engine running. I could hear the deep thrum of the music from 20 yards and thanked my lucky stars my eardrums wouldn’t have to suffer during the ten minutes journey home.

I knocked on the window, surprising Daniel. He lowered it and looked surprised. “Jump in, Tess. It’s fucking freezing out there.”

“Daniel, turn the music down.” He reached over and lowered the volume.

“Get in, Tess. The food’s getting cold.”

I glanced in the back seat to see he had been to a drive through and probably bought some fried chicken and fries. “Thanks for coming to collect me, but I’ve met an old friend on the train and we’re going for a drink. I’ll microwave mine when I get home. Tell Kelly I’ll message her later.”

“Tess...” He reached for the handle thinking he would get out, but I put my hands on the door ledge.

“Don’t get out, Daniel. I’m not coming home with you.”

He frowned and looked past me. “Who’s that toff?”

“Daniel, his name is Peter. I’ll see you later if you’re still at home. Bye...”

I turned and joined Peter. Thankfully the car park was in the opposite direction to the way the Peugeot was pointing. When we arrived at the sparsely populated lot, I wasn’t surprised to find that he owned a silver Mercedes. He was a real gentleman and opened the door for me, then I sighed with relief when I sank into the supple leather seats.

After Peter had settled in the driver’s seat, he started the engine and switched the interior light on. “Tess, I have music but nothing as cacophonous as your friend’s choice.”

“Peter, something soft and gentle would be delightful.”

“Soft and gentle coming up.” He chose an instrumental album from a long list on the centre console video screen and lowered the volume.

I listened for a minute while he manoeuvred the car. “That’s just what I need after the day I’ve had.”

“Relax and enjoy. I live in Houghton Regis. It’ll only take fifteen minutes to get there.”

It was 8:15, so not late. Because the car was electric, there was hardly any background noise. “Have you always lived in Bedfordshire?” I asked.

“No, just the last five years after my divorce. I wanted to get away from London. Tell me how you came to live in Luton.”

“Kelly and I rent a house on the Bramingham Farm estate. We were best mates at school in Harpenden. We went to college together and got decent jobs in Luton. It made sense to rent a house together.”

“Now, you travel to St. Albans.”

“Yes, I work as a secretary in a firm of solicitors. I’m good at my job and it pays well.”

We arrived at the gates to his drive at 8:30. They opened smoothly when he pushed a button on a handset and closed behind us. The house was modern and huge, especially for a man who lived on his own.

“Wow,” I said. “Nice house. Do you look after it all on your own?”

“No, I have a cleaner come in and do it for me.”

The garage door opened at the touch of another button, enabling Peter to steer his car inside. The door lowered and the light came on. After getting out of the car, he disarmed the house alarm, then unlocked an internal door and ushered me into the warm hallway. After putting his keys on a small table, he smiled at me.

“Tess, are you going to let me help you with your coat?”

“Um, I would rather do it in private.”

He was disappointed. I could tell. “Tess, I’ve been looking forward to seeing your bondage party dress.”

“Er, well, it’s a bit lewd and I’ll be embarrassed.”

He took his coat and scarf off and hung them on a peg. I was surprised to see that he was wearing a corduroy jacket over a white shirt and tie. He hung the jacket up, then turned his attention to me.

“Tess, the sight of a beautiful young woman wearing a latex dress isn’t going to shock me. In fact, it will greatly please me.”

He was talking like a doctor would when he had an awkward patient. He was also a man who worked in operating theatres where the patients were often naked. He was 39 years old – just old enough to be my father, but that didn’t bother me. In fact, his age, experience, and profession were all things that attracted me to him.

“If the dress doesn’t shock you, it’s going to surprise you.” Of course, he was a man and was going to enjoy the spectacle of my thrusting nipples. I was worried about his reaction though. “All right. Don’t be surprised if I turn as red as the dress.”

He took my shoulder bag, then I unravelled the scarf and handed that to him as well. He then stepped back, as I started to unbutton the coat, so that he could see what I was hiding. I pulled the sides apart and revealed all – my curvaceous shape and my pointy nipples. They were on top form and looked grossly obscene.

He rubbed the short hairs on his chin and maintained a stern expression. I waited pensively for a crude or a wise remark. It never came, so I took the coat off and handed it to him. He hung it up and pointed at a door on the opposite side of the hall.

“Tess, go into the lounge and sit on the sofa. I’ll go and put the kettle on.”

“Um, shouldn’t I get changed?”

“I want to talk to you first...” He focused on the necklace hanging around my neck. “That’s unusual.” He took hold of it and turned it over in his fingers.

“It has a pleasant aroma,” I said.

He leant forward and sniffed it. “Mmmm, I’m usually good at identifying fragrances but this one... Tess, go and sit in the lounge and wait for me.”

He handed my shoulder bag to me. “Yes, Peter.”

I picked up the shopping bag then went to the lounge as instructed. It was tastefully furnished with modern furniture. The dark blue leather four-seater sofa and four matching chairs had been arranged in front of a massive TV screen with the sofa in the centre. I settled down at one end, having placed the shopping bag to the side.

A minute later, Peter entered and stood in front of the TV. “Tess, you don’t have to tell me, but I would like to know the truth. Young women do not normally attend their firm’s Christmas party wearing a latex outfit like the one you’re wearing. Do they?”

I shook my head. “It was a small fib. I’m sorry.” His demeanour was stern, like a headmaster who was giving a pupil a dressing down. I felt like a naughty student about to be chastised. “I can explain...”

He held his hand up. “Tess, you obviously have a lot of explaining to do, but first, I’ve got to chastise you for fibbing to me. Isn’t that only fair?”

I looked around nervously because his stern expression was unsettling me. I didn’t want to tell him exactly what happened, but it looked as if I was going to have to, to get my credibility back.

Seven ~ The punishment.

Time seemed to stand still as I considered his question. “I... I think you’ve got the wrong end of the stick... um, I didn’t mean, um...”

“A good metaphor. Tess, for a first offence, I advocate the use of the hand, not the stick. That is, if the girl in question has never been spanked before. Your attire though, suggests that you may have been.”

“Peter, I can assure you that no one has ever spanked me.”

“Now we’re getting somewhere. You’re obviously new to the BDSM scene so I’ll make allowances. Just sit still and wait. I’ll be back in a minute.”

“Peter wait...” He didn’t wait and left the room.

While sitting in the large room on my own, I found myself trembling with apprehension. I fiddled with the necklace and held it to my nose. I found the fragrance calming and it seemed to help me focus. I had lied to Peter and then taken advantage of his good nature. I felt guilty and came to the conclusion that explaining what really happened wasn’t going to get me off the hook.

Then, on another level, I thought about the dildo and wished it was still humming. I missed the way it focused my mind on pleasure rather than the stress around me.

When Peter returned, he was carrying a short-legged, small square wooden occasional table. “I call this the naughty stool, Tess. I want you to get on it, on your hands and knees.”

I stared at the solid-looking small table. There was barely room on it for me to kneel and place my hands on the surface. “That’s awful, Peter...”

“Are you refusing?”

“Um, er, well, there’s a reason I don’t want to expose my panties to you.” There, I had tried to explain. “Can I do it after I get changed.”

He came closer. “Are you wearing any panties, Tess?”

I nodded and swallowed hard. “Yes, I am.”

“Is that a fib, Tess?”

“No, um, it’s just that they are latex and have a hole in the gusset.”

“Ahhhhhh, that explains the evidence.” He straightened and put his hands on his hips.

“Evidence? What do you mean?”

“Before you sat down just before the train stopped at Luton station, you left behind a small pool of exudation on the floor. Your juices were dripping and landing between your feet. I don’t think I was the only one who noticed. I’m also going to have to clean your deposit from the passenger seat in the Mercedes.”

I wanted to curl up into a ball and disappear in a puff of smoke, I was that ashamed of my body’s reaction. “It was the dildo... um, I can explain...”

His eyebrows shot up. “No need to, Tess. Get on the naughty stool. Take your punishment, then after you’ve changed, you can tell me all about it over a cup of coffee.”

Part of me wanted to do what Peter was telling me to do and the other part was casting doubt on his motives. He was a man and as soon as he saw my sex, he was going to want to fuck me.

“Do you promise you won’t do anything else to me.”

“Tess, do I look like a man who would take advantage of a girl in your position?” I slowly shook my head. “I am an expert in pain management so the lesson you need to learn will be more about contriteness and that it is wrong to tell fibs to your Master.”

“Oh, are you my Master?”

“For this evening...” He patted the surface of the table. “Hurry, then we can move on.”

I don't know why I didn't retreat to the hallway, open the front door and run for help. Peter was pushing the boundary of decency and I wasn't fighting back, even though I hardly knew him. I wanted to change my clothes and I wanted Peter to be kind to me. Maybe teaching me a lesson was a good thing. I had been stupid to wear the latex dress home so I kind of deserved a punishment.

I pushed myself up and walked to the small table on wobbly legs. As it turned out, there was room for my hands and knees, but half my calves and feet stuck out beyond the edge of the table. Peter stood behind me, but he wasn't ready to comment on the lewd display before him.

“Very good, Tess, but your position isn't right. Put your hands and knees on the four corners and dip your shoulders so your thighs are more vertical.”

It was tricky but I managed it. With my head sticking over the edge. I noticed the stone of the necklace was hanging directly below my nose. enabling me to breathe in its calming aroma.

“Tess, do I have your permission to withdraw the dildo?”

“W... why do you want to do that?”

“It’s distorting your labia lips which have squeezed out of the slot in the latex panties. It needs to come out before I can pull your panties down.

“Oh, please don’t pull them down, Peter.”

“Tess, who am I?”

“Um, oh, sorry, Master.”

“Rephrase your request, Tess.”

“Please Master. Don’t pull my panties down.”

“Tess, they have to come off when you change.”

That was true so I capitulated. “Okay, Master...”

Peter had to push his fingers between my lips, and the dildo, to get a grip of the slick object. Even then, they slipped off twice before he finally managed to pull the obstinate intruder out. My muscles didn’t want to let it go, but I wasn’t able to grip it tight enough to foil its withdrawal.

“Tess, this is a good choice for a travelling companion. Not too small and not too

large. Were you conscious of that when you inserted it?”

“Master, I didn’t choose it or insert it.”

He laid the glistening torpedo-like phallus on the table beneath me. “Oh, did the person who chose it, insert it?”

“Um, maybe. Er, no. It was a sweetener to make the price seem more reasonable.”

“And, what is a reasonable price these days?”

“One hundred pounds, Master. I’m not a very good negotiator. It was the first time I had ever done something like that.”

“I understand, Tess. We all have to start somewhere.”

He easily grasped the waistband of the panties because the skirts had fallen down my back. He drew the taut latex off my raised ass as though he was peeling a real peach. A quiver ran through my body because of the symbolism of such an act. He could already see my sex, but having a stranger unveil the whole of my buttocks and sex took the developing situation to a new level.

As he drew the tight panties down my thighs, they got stuck because the

reinforced slot had a grip of my plump labia lips. “This won’t take a moment, Tess...”

By pulling the gusset apart and using the fingers of both hands, Peter was able to loosen the latex’s grip and then finally draw the panties down my thighs and bunch them just above my knees.

“Tess, remain still. I don’t want you to fall off the naughty stool.” He placed his left hand on the upper slopes of my ass and rubbed my cheeks with his right.

“Oooo,” I said softly as he massaged the taut skin, both high and low, including the top of my thighs and momentary contacts with my lips.

“You have been a very naughty girl, haven’t you Tess?”

“Um, yes, I spose so...”

“How many strikes do you deserve, Tess?” he asked. I thought for a moment while I enjoyed his warm hand fondling my ass. SLAP! “How many, Tess?”

“Ow, that hurt, er, six I spose...”

“Mmmm, I was going to say twelve, so I’ll split the difference and make it nine. That means there are eight left.” Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Whaaaaaaa!” I cried after the third or fourth powerful blow.

I had been expecting playful slaps, not real, full hand, stinging blows, concentrated on the high point of my elevated ass. Tears rolled down my face as the pain gradually subsided.

“Tess, stay still while I get some cream to ease the stinging sensation.”

Huh! How ironic, I thought as soon as he left the room. He wanted to ease the pain that he had caused! And, show off his doctoring skills after chastising me. I wasn't sure if I liked being left posing in such a lewd position. I looked around just as he entered, holding a tub of cream. He came over as calm as you like and opened the tub.

“This will work wonders, Tess.” He smeared a dollop of the cold cream on both of my butt cheeks and on my perinium, then began to massage it in.

He moved behind me and positioned his hands so that his thumbs were rubbing up and down my ass crack while the rest of his hands, massaged my cheeks.

“Is that better, Tess?”

“Yes, Master.” He had doctor's hands, supple and delightfully insistent.

His hands moved down, off the smarting area, while his thumbs slid past my anus, then onto my labia lips, having picked up more cream. A tremor of anticipation flowed through my body when he slowly parted my lips and began to gently rub my secret inner clitoral flesh. His thumbs were firm and their purpose insistent, but he resisted penetrating me.

“Is that making you forget about the pain, Tess?”

“Yes, Master, it is...” I didn’t want him to stop. In fact, I wanted him to go further.

“Tess, your bodily juices are overflowing. I can stem the flow with the fake cock or use the real thing. Tell me Tess, the choice is yours. The former or the latter?”

My quim had been hot, wet and aching ever since he withdrew the dildo. The spanking and embrocation had driven me to the edge of an orgasm. “The latter,” I whispered.

“I didn’t hear you, Tess. Spell it out for me.”

“Master, I need your cock in me, not the dildo.”

“Of course you do, Tess.”

He must have been readying it as he spoke because within seconds, I felt the blunt tip of his penis nudge my succulent entrance. I knew instantly that Peter's shaft was stouter than the dildo, which meant larger than anything I had experienced before.

"Oh, Master, your cock is huge..." I said when it stretched my quim as it burrowed deeper and deeper. "And, long!" I added when his crown nudged my extremity.

I wasn't very experienced, but I knew that men liked to have their egos boosted and why not if a few bold comments made the fuck more enjoyable.

Eight ~ The misunderstanding.

Peter's body was hard up against my posterior and his hands gripped my waist to steady me while he paused. "Tess, you're a rare find. I haven't had an escort around for a while, but I can tell you that one hundred pounds is nowhere near enough for an evening with someone as attractive as you. And, your storytelling is first class."

I turned to look over my shoulder. "Escort? A hundred pounds?" I gasped. "I think you misunderstood what I was saying." Slap! "Ow!" I yelped when he slapped my bare hip.

"Enough! Let me concentrate," he said as he started to withdraw before thrusting his cock into me with more force.

My mind was spinning from his last comment, but I was so far down the thrill road, my senses were beginning to capitulate in readiness to enjoy a spectacular ride. "Oh, oh, oh, that feels so deep, Master."

He may have been mistaken about my profession, but I was reaping the reward of his vivid imagination. The mind-blowing orgasm that I was shuddering through put every other sexual experience I had ever had, in the shade.

His powerful grip on my hips was all that was keeping me from falling forward onto the floor. While I trembled and moaned, his rock-hard cock powered into me time and time again until he finally reached his big moment.

“Tesssss...” he sighed as he slowed and softened within me.

After withdrawing, he moved around to face me. “Head up, Tess. Put your gorgeous lips to good use.”

I licked my lips while I considered the situation. It was something I had never done before but had seen performed in many movies (Without actually showing the act). Maybe if I just cleaned my juices off his dick, he would then let me get changed. He held his cock while I licked his shaft from top to bottom. Then, as it stiffened, I became bolder and wrapped my lips around his knob so that I could suck it clean.

“That’s good, Tess.” He put a hand on my head. “Suck every last drop of jiz out, then go a bit deeper...”

After having a good suck, I lifted my head and shook it. “Master, I need to go to the toilet, badly.”

He stepped back and looked disappointed, but he tucked his erect dick away. “Okay, I’ll show you the room you can change in. It has an en-suite bathroom so you can take a shower. While you’re doing that, I’ll book a table at a restaurant I know for ten o’clock. They do a superb fillet stake.”

I eased the panties off. “That sounds nice, Master.” Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was nearly nine.

I followed Peter up the stairs to the bedroom, removing the collar as we walked. When we arrived, I asked him to help me with the zip, then he left me to get on with it. I didn't say any more about not being an escort because I wanted to be in a much better place. My story was going to be more convincing once I had changed into my work clothes. The sex games were over and he would have to listen to me.

It was such a relief to take the dress and stockings off. I folded them carefully and placed the necklace on top of the pile. I toileted first, then showered. While the hot spray eased the tensions from my body, I worked out a strategy. The first thing I had to do was to explain to Peter what happened in 'Fetish Where?'. I was stupid to let Simon and Zoe persuade me to wear the dress home, especially on such a cold night. I was asking for trouble.

Something weird happened to me in the store which made me behave out of character. My mild flirtation with latex had developed into a full-blown obsession. Maybe, because I was surrounded by so much fragrant rubber, it clouded my judgement. Then, when I was wearing the dress, the aroma was even more powerful.

Having decided that my submissiveness/fetish was responsible for my rash actions, I ought to be able to counteract their effect. Apparently, being forewarned is being forearmed. I had to get a grip and take back control.

I left the bathroom, wrapped in a towel and crossed to the bed. The plain black carrier bag was lying on its side. I righted it and unwound the string holding the top of the bag together. When I pulled the bag open, my heart missed a beat.

“What, the fuck?” I muttered, then tipped the contents of the bag on the bedcovers.

The bag contained white cellophane packets and a white cloth bag. I gawped at the items. My brain froze for a few seconds, then I slowly began to recover and put the pieces of the jigsaw together. Peter had obviously given me the wrong bag, but, as far as I remembered, it was the only bag in the changing room. That meant that another customer was going to get the shock of her life when she opened the bag she took.

She would have phoned the store, but Simon wouldn't have been able to phone me because he didn't have my number. I picked up the larger packet and read the label.

Pink/White 0.5mm Latex Wednesday Dress

Size 6/8 Price £169.99

The smaller bag's label read.

Accessories for: -

Pink/White 0.5mm Latex Wednesday Dress

Size 6/8 Price £69.99

I opened the small cloth bag and let a pair of platform shoes fall onto the bed. They were glossy pink with a four-inch heel. A label stuck on the sole gave the size – 5, and the price, £79.99. The total for the three items came to just under £320. More than I had in my bank account!

I turned to the mirror robes and wondered if Peter had any female clothes in the house. I went along and tried all six doors, but they were locked. Until I tried the robe doors, I hadn't noticed anything strange about Peter.

He seemed like a normal red blooded bachelor type. Yes, he was bossy, but that was because he was a top doctor and was used to ordering nurses around all the time. He was also a man who had lived alone for 5 years and had gotten used to having things the way he liked them.

There was one chest of drawers and that contained bedding. Giving up searching for clothes, I took a deep breath, hugged the towel to my body and left the room. I found Peter sitting in the lounge watching Sky News. His eyebrows shot up, but his expression softened when he sensed something was wrong.

“Why haven't you dressed, Tess?”

“Um, it turns out that I picked up the wrong bag from the changing room where I bought the red dress. It means that I haven't got anything decent to wear to the restaurant.”

He stood up. “What was in the bag?”

“Another latex outfit. That’s what the shop, in St Albans sells mainly. I was wondering if you had any women’s clothes that might fit me?”

He held his arms out. “Tess, I live on my own. I have no use for ladies’ clothes.” He headed toward me. “Show me the outfit in the bag.”

My mind was whirling as I followed my host up the stairs again. He walked into the room and picked up the larger cellophane bag. “Wednesday dress? What does that mean?”

“I think it is styled on the dress a character wore in a horror film. I haven’t seen it.”

“Well, let’s take a look.” He ripped the bag open before I could stop him.

“Peter, that’s an expensive item,” I said. “The owner of the store is not going to be happy.”

He held the cute, baby pink dress up. “Don’t worry about the money,” Peter muttered. “This dress is beautiful and perfect for our trip to the restaurant. Is it the right size?”

“Yes, it is, but everyone will stare at me. It’s... well, it’s...”

“Kinky?”

“Well, yes. People don’t often wear latex clothes to restaurants.”

He smiled. “They do at some of the establishments I’ve been to in the past. Tess, I want you to wear it.”

“Peter, you got the wrong impression of me earlier. I really am just a boring secretary in a solicitor’s office, who made a mistake wearing a latex dress home.”

He nodded. “I know.”

“You do?”

He stepped forward and pulled the towel apart, then let it drop behind me. “I’ve entertained a few escorts in my time and you’re nothing like them. You’re sweet and beautiful and I have to confess that I’m attracted to you.”

“Oh...” He closed the distance between us, bent his knees and as he kissed me, he cupped my pert butt cheeks and lifted me.

I returned his passion with a vengeance after wrapping my legs around his body. He stood still while our heads twisted one way then another. Peter was the one to break the snog. Slap!

“Ow!” I exclaimed when he gave my left buttock a slap. “What was that for?”

“Tess, the dynamic hasn’t changed. You may be a cute legal secretary, but when we are alone, I am still your Master. Do you understand?”

I nodded. “Yes, Master.”

“When you are in my house you will do exactly what I tell you to do.” He squeezed my sore butt cheeks.

“I understand, Master.”

“Good. We’ll work out how I’m going to pay for this outfit later. Put it on and we’ll go to dinner.” When I unwrapped my legs from his body, he eased me down. “Tess, until now, latex hasn’t been one of my fetishes, but you’ve changed that.”

“What are your fetishes, Master?” I asked.

He touched me on the nose. “You’ll find out soon enough, now put the dress on.”

He left me standing naked at the bottom of the bed. I had no right to judge a man’s sexual tastes when I was clearly hooked on wearing Latex. However, his kinks involved spanking which worried me deeply. Was I getting out of my depth allowing Peter to dominate me? I had enjoyed the experience thus far, but would I continue to do so?

Nine ~ Dining out.

I was puzzled as to how the fit doctor could so quickly establish such a dominant hold over me. I had never considered myself submissive, but with the help of the fragrant latex, that's what I was becoming. In fact, my difficulties started in the store when I allowed Simon and Zoe to influence me so heavily.

I opened the pack of accessories before I put the dress on. It contained white hold-up stockings, a latex thong and pink latex fingerless gloves. The long sleeve, Wednesday dress, was baby pink. It had a high neck with a white collar, as well as white cuffs and pretty latex detail around the hem. The thickness of the latex was the same as the red dress, but thankfully there were no holes for my nipples.

I rolled the white latex stockings up my legs and found they were a couple of inches shorter than the red ones. I disliked thongs because I found them uncomfortable. The one from the accessory pack was no exception. The tiny 'V' that formed the cover for my sex was inadequate, for when I pulled it on, the back strap pulled into my cleft, leaving my plump lips bare.

Then, when I stepped into the delightful pink dress, I forgot about the thong. It was easier than the red dress to put on because it gathered under my tits. The skirts flared out, skater-style and the narrow bodice lifted my tits and made them look more impressive.

The drawback with the long sleeve dress, was the length. The hem only just reached the top of the stockings, so I was going to have to be careful as I moved around. I could only get the zip halfway up, but before I went for help, I did a spin in front of the mirror. The skirts flared out and revealed everything. Also, when I raised my arms, the hem rose dangerously close to the front of the thong.

The headiness of the latex scent and the delicious sensations generated when the material, swished against my thighs, made me feel lightheaded and sexually aroused. I was even imagining having sex with Peter before we left for the restaurant. I pulled myself together and slowly walked down the stairs barefoot, then presented myself in front of Peter, my Master.

He was sitting on the sofa and watched me enter. “My god, Tess, you look sensational.”

“Thank you, Master, could you do my zip...” I turned, hunkered down and offered my back to him.

He then pulled my dark hair behind my back. “I think bunches will suit you tonight. Do you have ties?”

“Yes, in my bag...”

His hands slipped under my armpits and settled on my tightly encased tits. “It’s just as well that this dress is lacking holes for your nipples.” He squeezed my tits. “However, I can feel them trying to force their way through the material. How does it feel having them imprisoned?”

“Delightful.”

“Show me your underwear.”

Once his hands had dropped away from my tits, I stood up and did a couple of twirls. If his eyes had been connected to the electricity, they would have blazed bright.

“I’m thirty-nine and I have never seen a more arousing sight, Tess; and I have seen a few. I want to pull you onto my lap and let you ride my cock, but I’m hungry and we have a table booked. Go and finish your outfit, Tess. Don’t forget, I want your hair in bunches and put some bold makeup on. Pink cheeks would look good.”

“Um, I don’t have any pink blusher with me and my lipstick is red.”

“Open the dressing table drawer, Tess. I’ve collected all the bits and bobs that girls have left over the years. Use what you want.

I hurried upstairs to the bedroom and sat down at the dressing table. Sure enough, there was a plethora of various types of cosmetics. However, the thing that caught my eye was a photograph of a girl’s face, maybe about my age. Her cheeks and lips were pink, while her eyes were heavily made up with black mascara and eyeliner.

I did my best to copy the girl’s makeup, then put my hair in bunches. After I stepped into the pink platform shoes and pulled the fingerless gloves on, I walked to the mirror. It was hard to believe that I was staring at myself, but I was. I looked like a character from the Wizard of Oz or a cute version of the super villain, Harley Quinn. The image inexplicably thrilled me to the core and like Peter, my thoughts turned to sex.

I was trembling with excitement as I trotted down the stairs. Peter was in the hall standing by the coats, about to put his on.

“Wow, he exclaimed, you are hot. Let’s go and eat.”

I walked up to him and discovered that, with the four-inch platforms, I was only three inches shorter than he was. He lifted my chin and kissed me on the end of my nose.

“I haven’t got any clothes to go home in,” I pointed out.

“I’ll drop you off at your house in the morning at seven-thirty. Then, after you’ve changed, I’ll drive you to St Albans.”

“What about your work?”

“I’m due to start at lunchtime and finish around seven in the evening.”

Peter helped me with my coat and then led the way to the garage. It was snowing as the car emerged into the wintery night, not heavily, but enough to settle on the freezing ground. Peter had to concentrate on his driving because most of the journey was through narrow lanes. I listened to instrumental tracks and dreamt about living in Houghton Regis with the rich doctor.

The modest sized restaurant was situated in the countryside, in the centre of a small village. A Christmas tree stood outside and was decorated with coloured lights and golden tinsel. The old mock Tudor building with its black beams and white render had a thatched roof that finished just above the ground floor doors and windows.

I waited until Peter had found a space and parked the car before I commented. “This looks very expensive, Master.”

“It is, Tess, but that’s not something you need to worry about.”

“Are you sure we won’t get chucked out because of my latex outfit?”

He laughed, then looked at me with a serious expression on his face. “Tess, you’re not going to look out of place in there tonight.”

“Why not?”

“You’ll see. One or two of my colleagues may be here tonight so don’t be surprised if we get accosted.”

He came around to my side and opened the door for me. Then, after he had locked the car, he put an arm around my shoulders. A bitterly cold wind whistled and blew up my skirt, but it wasn’t loud enough to drown out John Lennon’s

Christmas song being carried on the wind to us.

“Are they having a Christmas Party here, Peter?”

“Sort of. Tom, the restaurant owner, is celebrating Christmas every day this week. The party atmosphere draws the customers in.”

I was glad to step inside the entrance lobby where I was instantly warmed by a roaring log fire. A young lady dressed in an elf costume looked up from the booking ledger. “Doctor Finch, it’s great to see you again. Merry Christmas to you both.”

“Merry Christmas, Molly. This is Tess, my assistant.”

“Merry Christmas, Molly,” I said.

“Can I take your coats?” she asked.

I peered through the old style square internal windows and saw that many of the diners were wearing fancy costumes. Not outrageous, but traditional English characters, like Dickens and Scrooge for the men and suffragette outfits for the older women. I spotted a couple who were dressed like glam rock singers which made me feel better when I removed my scarf and coat.

The receptionist looked me up and down. “That’s a great costume, Tess.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re supposed to be that super villain, Harley Quin, aren’t you?”

“Well spotted,” Peter said.

After hanging our coats up, she checked the booking. “Doctor, we found you a secluded table in the forge. Number twenty-six. Your waitress will be Bella.”

Peter knew the way to the forge, a section of the restaurant that looked as though it had indeed been a forge in the dim and distant past. A log fire roared in the centre of the room while the tables were situated around it. There were low wooden partitions, like the spokes of a wheel, to provide the diners with some privacy.

There were Christmas decorations hanging from every wooden beam and there was even another Christmas tree in the corner of the forge. The restaurant was packed, the music was seasonal and the food – fillet steak – was delicious. Peter bought me a Bacardi at the start and a bottle of expensive wine to see us through the meal.

Peter listened to my story with interest while we ate the main course. He hardly commented while I recounted what had happened in ‘Fetish Where?’. Finally, when my story arrived at the point where I bumped into him on the train, he

asked me a question.

“You say the store is in London Road?”

“Yes, halfway between the station and the town centre.”

“I’ll pop in there, after I’ve dropped you off at work in the morning. I need to pay for your Wednesday outfit and have a chat with Simon.”

“Oh, what about?”

“Business, of course. I want to know more about the ‘Latex Point Five club’.”

“Oh, do you think I should join it?”

“When you go to see Simon tomorrow lunchtime, tell him you will. We can have a chat when I pick you up tomorrow evening and decide what you’re doing on Thursday evening.”

I was excited to hear that he wanted to see me again, after costing him a small fortune for the latex outfit. “Um, what time do you want to pick me up?”

“I will ring you at about seven. You have my personal mobile. Get your phone

out and send me a message with your details on. I need your address and I would also like to know when your birthday is. Put your date of birth on the message.”

I picked up my bag and got my phone out. Asking for my date of birth was odd, but asking when my birthday was, seemed perfectly normal. That was the thing about Doctor Peter Finch. Ninety-nine percent of the time his behaviour pleased me and made me feel great. Then, he would do or say something strange. He was a complicated man and far from perfect, but to that point in time, I had never met a man who excited me more than the doctor did.

Ten ~ Authority figure.

I copied his number from the back of the card then tapped in a message to him. When his phone pinged, he read my message and seemed satisfied.

“I’m just going to send Kelly a message, Master,” I said softly.

He frowned at me. “Do that later, Tess. Desert is on the way.”

Sure enough, the waitress, dressed in a saucy red outfit, arrived and placed our deserts in front of us. The slice of Christmas pudding, in a sea of custard looked delicious.

I was halfway through mine, when a man about Peter’s age stopped at the end of table.

“Peter, I thought I saw you and your companion come in here...” He turned to me. “Only the elite get to eat in the forge.”

“Tom, this is Tess. Tess, Tom is a fellow clinician and works at the L & D with me.”

“Nice to meet you, Tom.” He held his hand out, so I shook it with my latex gloved hand.

“Peter, can I ask a favour?”

“Sure. What do you want?”

“Liz has been in the toilet for a while and I’m worried. Could Tess go and see if she’s okay.”

I immediately stood up. “Of course...”

Peter held his hand up. “Wait! Tess doesn’t know what she looks like. Give her a description of Liz.”

“Liz is about your age, Tess, and she’s wearing a black gothic outfit.”

I found myself turning to Peter for permission to look for the girl. “All right, Tess. Go and see if you can find her. We passed the toilets on the way to our table. They’re near the entrance.”

“Yes, I saw them.”

“We’ve finished our meal, Tess. Could you bring her back here?” Tom asked.

“Yes, Sir.” I set off in an unsettled frame of mind. I sensed some tension between

the men, but I might have been wrong.

The bathroom was modest with four basins and four stalls. Liz was standing at the far basin dabbing her face with a tissue. She had been crying. I wasn't into goth, but I loved the black lace minidress she was wearing. It was tight, sexy and showed off her shapely figure.

"Are you Liz?" I asked.

She turned with a frightened expression on her face. "Oh, um, have I been too long?"

"Liz my name is Tess. Tom asked me to come and see if you are okay."

"Oh, I'll hurry..." She returned to wiping the streaks of wet mascara away from under her eyes.

I approached her and stood beside her. Her hand was trembling. Close up, I adjusted my guestimate of her age down to 19. "Take your time, Liz. Tom can wait."

"No... No, I've got to hurry. If he sent you, I'm in big trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

I looked at her eyes in the mirror and saw fear. “I... I can’t say... er, who are you with?”

“I came with Doctor Finch.”

Her eyes widened. “Oh, he’s here?” she whispered. “That explains it.”

“What do you mean?”

She studied me in the mirror. “Well, you’re beautiful and your clothes are so... sexy. He always picks the best.”

The girl obviously had low self-esteem. “Liz, you are gorgeous and I love your dress. Cheer up. I’m sure if anything is broken, a smile and a kiss will repair the damage.” It was my mum’s motto, but it didn’t repair her marriage.

“I wish it would...”

It was an unsettling conversation, but my presence appeared to lift the girl’s spirits. Once she had finished repairing her makeup, we returned to the forge and Doctor Finch’s table. The men were deep in conversation when we arrived back, but they fell silent and welcomed us back.

Tom was sitting in my seat and the deserts had been taken away. In their place stood small cups of coffee and a tray of festive chocolates. I sat down beside Peter and Liz sat beside Tom. I reached for a chocolate, but Liz didn't. I offered the one I had chosen to her, whereupon she turned to her companion. After a nod, she took it from me, so I took another from the plate.

“So, Friday, Christmas Eve, Peter, will you be bringing Tess with you to the party?” Tom asked.

“Tom, my plans have changed. I haven't worked out what I'm doing tomorrow evening, so the answer to your question is, I don't know.”

I assumed that he was referring to meeting me, which I found flattering. He obviously wanted to discuss the party with me.

“It's your year, Peter, so you can't ignore your obligations to 'The Council'.

“Drop it, Tom. I will be there, that's all you need to worry about.”

Tom glanced at me. “Has she been vetted?”

“That's no concern of yours. Let's discuss your candidacy for the council, Tom. Without my vote, you won't make it.”

I glanced at Liz and gave her a smile. As I did, I dropped my eyes to the chocolates. She slowly shook her head. I made a glum face which made her mouth twitch, almost into a smile.

“Are you on a diet?” I asked. She nodded. “Do you mind if I take one.” She shook her head. The men continued discussing a council election coming up. I was surprised that doctors had time to do council work. “Are you looking forward to Christmas, Liz?” I asked.

She nodded and her eyes sparkled, but she didn’t reply. I glanced at Tom, another well-built doctor. He and Peter were acting as if we didn’t exist which irked me somewhat. I got the uneasy feeling that Liz wasn’t allowed to talk. Tom brought the men’s conversation to an abrupt halt.

“Well, we had better be making tracks before the heavy snow arrives,” was his statement, then he got to his feet and Liz followed.

“Nice to meet you,” I said to both of them, then finished my coffee.

The moment I put my cup down, Peter got to his feet. I had enjoyed the meal and the festive spirit in the restaurant, but my brush with Liz had taken the gloss off the occasion. But not for long.

The snow was heavier when we emerged from the restaurant, but I didn’t care because I had caught the Christmas spirit. Bacardi, Wine, latex, decorations, and Christmas songs were my idea of festive fun. Peter drove even more carefully on the journey home but he was more talkative.

“How did you get on with Liz in the bathroom, Tess?” Peter suddenly asked me after a five-minute period of concentrating on the treacherous roads.

“She was upset. I think they had some angry words and Liz was afraid of being punished.”

“Tom can be very unreasonable, but Liz is a good kid. I’m not a fan of his, but I have to work with him.”

“Where do you find time to be on the council and be a top doctor?”

“Tess, because I’m a consultant, I dictate my own hours. My council position has nothing to do with government, local or otherwise. I’m a member of a fellowship. We are a likeminded group of individuals who believe people should respect authority.”

“Is it secretive like the Masons?”

“I wouldn’t say that, Tess, but we run our fellowship along the same lines.”

“And, you’re on the council?”

“Yes, I am on this district council. One of five people.”

“Is it an all-male fellowship?”

“Tess, the answer is no. There are plenty of women in it. That’s as much as I can tell you for now. I think this would be a good time to message your housemate.”

“Oh, yes, thanks.” I had forgotten to ring, Still, I was sure that Kelly would be awake, in bed, probably on social media or watching a movie.

My message was short and sweet. ‘Decided to stayover at Peter’s. Will pop home at 7:30 to change. I don’t need a lift to the station. See you in the morning.’

Kelly normally dropped me at the station so she should be pleased to get a few more minutes in bed. I would be wearing the Latex Wednesday dress when I arrived home, so if I could avoid her, all the better.

I wasn’t sure how she would react if she was up and around. I would probably get an earful of wise advice about not trusting Peter until I had dated him for a few weeks. Hah! I thought. If she only knew what had happened at Peter’s house...

By the time I had finished sending the message, we were close to Peter’s house, so he was concentrating on negotiating his drive and operating his garage doors. Thankfully, we avoided the blizzard-like conditions and arrived in the hall, dry

and in good spirits. I had drunk too much but I was in a good place and happy that Peter had taken me under his protective wing.

That's how I felt, despite one or two question marks along the way. He was a respected professional and had a dominant personality. He was in the age bracket that appealed to me and he was a very attractive man. I had a submissive personality, but I wasn't weak like Liz who seemed terrified of her companion, Tom.

Peter took my scarf and coat, then removed his own. "Come, we're going up to my bedroom, where we'll get undressed. Then I've got a surprise for you. You go up first."

"Oh, I didn't expect any more surprises tonight, Master. It's nearly midnight." Sex wouldn't have been a surprise, so I didn't include that.

My mind was hazy and my body tired, so my resistance was low and I didn't argue. I led Peter down the hall and up the stairs, wondering what exactly he was going to surprise me with...

Eleven ~ The pursuit.

As Peter followed me up the stairs, I knew he was studying my naked ass cheeks. He couldn't resist confirming my suspicions. "Tess, did I tell you that you have the cutest ass I have ever seen."

"Maybe. Master, I can't remember."

I stopped on the top step and turned. With my feet 18" apart, Peter was able to study my legs to the top of my thighs.

"What about my legs, Master?"

Standing two steps down, he placed his hands on my knees and slid them all the way up until his thumbs were pressing against the small triangle of latex covering my mons and not much else. He then twisted his wrists and slid his hands down the backs of my thighs, feeling the muscles as he went.

"Tess, seeing as you asked, they need some work. It's lucky that I have an exercise room where you can tone up your muscles."

I thought I had shapely legs. "Oh, all right..."

He pointed across the landing. "Open the door on the right."

His bedroom was huge and decorated in shades of blue. The navy-blue curtains were closed and matched the bed covers. The shagpile carpet was sky blue and the paintwork white. There were oil paintings of nude women hanging on the wall and 18" tall white porcelain figurines of women in all sorts of lewd poses.

"Cool boy's bedroom," I commented as I dropped my bag on the bedcovers.

Peter came up behind me and patted my ass. "Put your bag on the chair over there, with your clothes. I like to keep my house tidy."

His instruction was, I guessed, a sample of what to expect in the future. I had no problem with that because I could be tidy if I wanted to be. "Could you unzip me please, Master."

With the zip lowered, I carried my bag over to the chair and began to undress. I turned side on to him as I wriggled out of the latex dress.

He was removing his pants. "Tess, when you undress in my company, face me and don't be coy."

"Oh, okay," I replied, then turned 90 degrees.

"You've got to be proud of your body. You've been blessed, I'm sure you know that."

“Um, well, I suppose so...”

As soon as he was bare-chested, I was surprised to see that he had a bodybuilders physique. He was broad shouldered, had a muscular chest and a slim waist. I was embarrassed when he finally pushed down his boxer shorts and revealed his impressive tackle. His cock was standing bolt upright, evidence, if I needed it, that he wanted to fuck me again.

With my limited experience of sleeping with men, I hoped I didn't show how embarrassed I was at being so close to a naked man. He stood and waited while I peeled the stockings off and slipped the thong down while sitting on the end of the bed.

Then, surprising me, he spoke out loud. “Roxanna, open the curtains and dim the lights.”

“Oh, that's clever,” I said as the digital assistant carried out its orders.

“Mmmm. Roxanna is an advanced AI system that controls everything in the house.”

“Oh, is that why the wardrobes are locked?”

He frowned at me. “Tess, have you been nosing around the bedroom?”

“Not really,” I said defensively. “I wondered if you had any clothes that might fit me.”

“I see. The answer to your question is yes. Roxanne controls the wardrobes. Now come to the window with me.”

The lights were very low, so I was able to see the huge garden which was covered with a blanket of pure white snow. It would get thicker because the swirling snow was heavier and the flakes larger than before. The white garden was beautiful, but my eyes were drawn to a large steaming hot tub which was standing beneath us and to the right.

“You have a hot tub!” I exclaimed. “Is that your surprise?”

He came closer behind me, deliberately so his massive cock pressed into my ass crack. He slid his hands under my armpits, reached around and clasped my tits, “Yes, it is, Tess, but you’re going to have to earn your dip.”

I turned my head and tried to kiss his chin. “You want sex first?”

“Tess...” He released my right tit and pressed his forefinger against the glass. “See that huge oak tree at the end of the lawn...?”

I nodded, not quite sure what was coming.

“Well, you are going to have to run from the patio doors, around the tree and back to the tub., before you get a dip.”

“In the snow? You must be kidding.” His hand returned to my right tit, then he pinched both nipples. “Ow, please, er, Master. That hurts.”

“Tess, I never joke about challenges. This is your first. If I catch you before you get to the tub, I will shaft you on your hands and knees like a bitch puppy dog.”

The man gripping my nipples was the dominant version of the pleasant and considerate doctor I was with earlier. We were standing in front of a warm radiator so the thought of running naked through the snow horrified me. Peter was up for it. He looked like one of those hardy fools who broke the ice on the Serpent and took a dip in the freezing waters. I, on the other hand, was a wimp.

“The neighbours will see us,” I tried.

“They won’t, but I’m prepared to give them a ring, so they don’t miss the action.”

“Master, it’s not a fair contest. You’re faster than me. I don’t stand a chance.”

“You will because I will give you a five second head start.”

“Give me ten seconds and I’ll do it.”

He slipped his right hand down my belly, then pushed it between my thighs, while wrapping his left arm around my chest. “It looks as if you need a reminder of who your Master is.”

Cupping my sex, he lifted me off my feet and turned. “No, please, Master, I’ll do it,” I cried.

He sat down on the side of the bed and manoeuvred me over his lap. With my head and arms on one side of his naked thighs and my legs dangling over the other side, he easily pinned me to his lap with his left arm. It was my first experience of his immense strength and I found it scary. I was seven inches less than his six feet and probably six stone lighter, which enabled him to treat me like a rag doll.

“Master, I said I would do it!” I cried out.

His hand settled on my pert ass, but he didn’t slap it. Instead, he moved his fingers to my exposed thrusting labia. “Alright, in that case, I think you need a different kind of warming up, Tess. They say a bitch on heat will run her socks off to escape being speared.” With that, he thrust two fingers into my gaping entrance.

“Oh, Master...” My body went limp while he jagged his digits back and forth.

He frigged me long enough to drive my libido up a few notches and trigger my juices. “Good, you’re ripe for the fucking, Now warm my cock up...” He pushed my hips off his legs. I landed on the shagpile carpet, on my knees, facing his cock. It was at the perfect height to perform oral. “Get on with it, Tess.”

“I’m not very good at this.”

“Okay, this is another thing you’ll have to work on. Do your best.”

After I grasped his shaft with both hands, there was still a couple of inches showing. His knob was an awesome sight and frightening to think that he expected to spear my throat with it. I licked it and sucked his one-eyed snake’s head, then tried to swallow it and an inch or two of his shaft. I coughed and spluttered while he held my bunched to steady my head.

“Not bad for a first effort,” Peter said as he guided my head up and down. “Breathe between each thrust and relax. “Good girl. We’ll take it slow at first. Your virgin throat is nice and tight.”

“Ugggggggggh,” I groaned during those first few minutes of my oral education.

He finally withdrew and helped me to my feet. “I’m on the large size. You need to practice on something more modest.”

I wiped the saliva away from my lips with the back of my hand. I moved closer, put my hands on his hairy chest and rubbed my belly against his wet cock.

“Can’t we just have sex in the hot tub, Master, and then go to bed?” I put on a pathetic, little girl’s voice, which didn’t have the desired effect.

“I’m glad to see you have that in your repertoire, Tess, but there’s no escaping the challenge.” He grabbed my shoulders, turned me, then frogmarched me to the door. “Roxanne, close the curtains.”

It was only a short pause, for moments later, he scooped me into his arms and carried me down the stairs. Never have I experienced such mixed feeling as I did as we descended the stairs. Peter had his left arm under my legs and his right beneath my back, while I hugged his neck with my left arm. To be whisked off my feet by such a powerful man, thrilled me to bits, but knowing he was taking me out into a blizzard, naked, terrified me.

He carried me through to the lounge, which was only lit by the light from the hall, over to the patio doors and set me down on my feet. I peered out into the darkness which was broken up by a million snowflakes falling and swirling around. Then, I focused on my reflexion and was shocked at how frail my slim body was dwarfed by the bronzed, statuesque body beside me.

“It looks scary out there, Master.”

“Roxanna, turn on the garden tree lights.”

“Wow!” I gasped when the tree I was about to run to was lit up with multicolour fairy lights.

It didn't make any difference to the dread I felt for the game of cat and mouse I was about to play. The well-lit hot tub was about 50 feet to the right of the patio doors and the tree was about 150 feet away. My job at 'Thomas, Smith & Baker Solicitors' involved dealing with residential property disputes. I often went out to properties and reviewed their boundaries. Now, I was going to have to run 100 yards while naked, at midnight in a freezing blizzard. Who would have thought?

Peter's challenge was crazy and bizarre, but I felt compelled to give it my best shot.

"Roxanna, open the patio doors."

As the large sheets of glass parted, the north wind hit us right in the face. Slap! "Run, Tess!" Peter shouted.

His slap was brutal and propelled me out into the bleak, midwinter conditions. I almost slipped over on the patio, but I was light of foot and managed to save myself. There was one step and then I was running on snow covered grass. The snow was the dry kind – good for making snowballs. It was also good for running on.

"I'm coming!" I heard Peter yell.

His cry was scary and injected a little more panic into my thoughts. The ground was hard, which was good while the falling and swirling snow didn't bother me. However, the bitter wind in my face was biting through my girly skin with an intensity that frightened the life out of me. It was relentless, as was the freezing snow, gnawing away at my feet.

I was closing on the tree and I was pleased to see that the white lawn continued on by at least 30 feet. I was running so fast, I had to grab the trunk of the tree to slow me and help me turn. It worked, but I was too confident. As I pushed away in a new direction, to set off on the final leg to the hot tub, I lost my footing and tumbled to the ground.

“Fuckkkkkk!” I wailed as I went sprawling in the snow, headfirst.

I felt so stupid as I scrambled to my feet. Some snow stuck to me, some instantly melted, either way, I was miserable, freezing and wet.

“Ha! I’m going to catch you, little mouse!” Peter cried as he approached the tree.

I was back on my feet and racing back toward the left-hand side of the huge house and the well-lit hot tub.

“Ahhhhhh!” I heard Peter cry behind me.

I looked over my shoulder to see that the cocky doctor had also slipped over as he tried to turn. I didn’t care. I put my head down and ran as fast as I could. I was halfway back when I heard another shout. I had a wry smile on my face when I looked over my shoulder a second time.

Peter was sitting in the snow holding his ankle having only run about fifty feet. I

stopped and turned. The lights from the tree gave his agonized face a strange green tint. The man was clearly in pain and needed help. I made up my mind quickly because I didn't want to freeze to death, so I raced back to where he was trying to get to his feet.

“Master, let me give you a ha...” His hand shot out, grabbed my wrist and pulled me to the ground. “Wooooo,” I gasped. “What about your ankle?”

He rolled me onto my belly. “Tess, get on your hands and knees. I’ve caught you and I’m claiming the prize.”

“That’s not fair!” I cried. “You’re cheating!”

He slid his hand under my belly and lifted, forcing me onto my hands and knees. This time the snow stuck to me, so Peter was having a problem clinging onto my slippery body.

“I’m freezing,” I cried. “I’m going to die!” I wailed. He manoeuvred himself around behind me while on his knees, then crouched over me. “Peter, I’m fucking freezing!”

“This’ll warm you up.”

“Oh, fuck,” I cried when he steered his cock into my succulent entrance. “Ohhhhhhhhh... Ohhhhhh.”

Once he had found my hot nest, he drove his dick in mercilessly, stretching my young quim for the second time that night. All my focus had been on the cold, wet snow, and the biting wind, but that changed the moment, he struck up a ferocious piston stroke.

“Oh, oh, oh ,oh oh... Master, your cock feels unbelievably hard.”

“Tess, you’re hot, tight and rut like a bitch on heat.”

“Oh, I don’t know what’s happening to me,” I cried as my whole body felt as though it was throbbing with energy.

“Give me a howl, bitch,” he said, then slapped the side of my thigh.

I felt like howling to express the rawness of the animalistic sex I was experiencing. “Ruuuuuuuuuuu!” I cried repeatedly. I could feel Peter building to a crescendo, so I gave one extra loud cry. “RUUUUUUUU!”

“Oh, yessssss, bitch, that triggered me...”

Grunting and slamming his body against my pert posterior, his thrusts became frantic while he emptied his balls deep inside me. Normally, there would be a moment where lovers, sex partners, took a moment to enjoy the after tremors, but Peter quickly withdrew.

Peter plucked me up from the blanket of white snow, then jogged all the way to the hot tub. His body heat helped me to recover, but the awful conditions and the pursuit in the snow weren't forgotten until he dropped me into the hot water. It was a shock being suddenly plunged into water that was much hotter than the outside temperature.

“Ahhhhhhh!” I gasped when I came to the surface.

I was 5'5” and because the water lapped above my tits I guessed the water in the circular, plastic hot tub was nearly five feet deep. After shaking the water from my hair, I witnessed Peter climbing the steps, then easing himself into the water. Submerged up to his neck, he waded over to where I was floating against the side of the pool.

I waited until his body was pressed against mine. “Master, do you always cheat to get what you want?”

“You're damn right I do, especially when you're what I want.”

“Do you really mean that or is it sex that you're really after?”

“Tess, I want you and I want sex. Tell your housemate, tomorrow morning, that you're moving in with me. Tell her that you'll pack your things when you get back from work tomorrow. Tell her I'll pick you up at eight o'clock.”

I was gobsmacked. The scary thing was that Peter was deadly serious...

The End of Part One

Sample of Part Two

Introduction to Tess's Fetish Training Part Two.

Tess has fallen under the spell of Doctor Peter Finch, a consultant anaesthesiologist working in Luton. He lives in the Bedfordshire countryside where he and his friends are assured of complete privacy to practice their various perverted fetishes.

Tess lives not far away in Luton and was immediately captivated by the 39-year-old consultant when they met on the train. In Part One, Tess made the mistake of wearing a red latex dress home, but when Peter arrives on the scene, she decides to go home with him and change there. When she opens her carrier bag, she discovers she has the wrong bag. It contains a Pink latex Wednesday dress and accessories.

Peter persuades her to wear the latex dress out to a meal. While at the restaurant, the doctor asks her to live with him. Then, in the morning, she has to wear it when she goes home to change into her normal clothes. Tess's housemate and her brother are there and make it so uncomfortable for her, she decides then and there to move in with Peter.

Tess's journey into the world of latex and bondage has only just begun. What will she wear to two Christmas parties and what role will she play?

This story contains descriptions of sexual situations, practicing fetishes and punishments so is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18

One ~ The offer.

I was gobsmacked. The scary thing was that Peter was deadly serious. I put my hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the nose like he did to me earlier. "I'm

flattered, Master, but I need more time to think about it. Today has definitely changed my life in an interesting and nice way. We've had fun and I want to be your girlfriend. Maybe if you feel the same way after Christmas, we can do it in the new year."

Under water, I could feel his rock-solid cock pressing against my belly. I excited him and the feeling was mutual. What was not to like about the extremely fit consultant? He was a youngish, handsome guy who appeared to have everything – a top job in the medical world and extreme wealth. I wouldn't have been surprised to find out that he was a millionaire.

He was 39, eighteen years older than me, six foot tall and extremely bossy. I had always been more comfortable in the company of older men, because they were normally more considerate and easy-going. That wasn't quite the case with my host, but I thought he would soften as we got to know each other.

Peter, asking me to come and live with him seemed unusually impulsive but nevertheless I was flattered. He dropped his hands into the water and gripped my hips, then pulled me hard against his body and erect cock.

"Tess, I'm a man who makes his mind up quickly. Anaesthesiology teaches a person to make rapid decisions because we're usually dealing with life and death situations. I'm not saying that it's a matter of life and death that you move in with me, I'm saying that I've made up my mind and I won't change it."

His reasoning was very persuasive, but I didn't want to make a mistake, like I had with wearing the latex dress home. "Master, I've made too many hasty decisions lately. You know about my latex fetish, but nothing else about me. I might be a criminal for all you know. On the other side of the coin, I know a little about you, but not enough."

“Okay, then we have to change that...”

He tightened his grip on my hips and lifted me, so that my belly, then my mons, slid up his shaft. I instinctively lifted my legs and wrapped them around his body, thus enabling his knob to locate my gaping entrance. I relaxed my leg muscles and allowed him to push me down onto his stalagmite-like cock.

It was the third time he had penetrated me since he brought me to his home – a huge house in Houghton Regis. Bizarrely, the snow continued to fall, disintegrating when it landed on our heads and hit the water.

“I know one thing,” I said.

I twisted my hips a few times until I had sunk as far as I could go. The sensation of being speared and stretched internally by my dominant host’s cock was an immensely satisfying sensation.

“What’s that?”

“You’ve got a massive cock and you know how to use it.”

“Well, I’m tempted to say that you’ve got a tight minge and you don’t know how to use it,” he said with a twinkle in his eye. “But I won’t.”

He gripped my pert cheeks and lifted me, then with my help, he struck up a smooth, thrusting motion, spearing my quim upwards time and time again.

“Master, I’m learning and enjoying the sensations more than I’ve ever done.” In fact, I was close to another orgasm.

“If you come and live with me, I’ll teach you how to really enjoy sex. I’ll teach you how to have the time of your life.”

I didn’t want to hear any more about moving in, so I kissed him passionately on the lips and he responded. Until I met Peter, I hadn’t experienced an orgasm during sex. It was like waiting years for a bus and then three came along all at once. Peter was giving me a crash course in meaningful sex and I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

All good things come to an end and that was the moment Peter ejaculated, for his dick finally lost its rigidity. Snogging during an orgasm was another new experience and I was disappointed when he broke the kiss, withdrawing both his dominant tongue and flaccid cock.

“Time to get you to bed,” he said. “We’ve both got work to do tomorrow. I’ll go and get you a bathrobe.”

“Thank you, Master.” I was enjoying the dom/sub roleplaying game we had played but I doubted if it would continue for long. As he climbed out of the Tub, I got to watch his impressive physique in motion.

I wanted time to think. It was awkward with Christmas approaching. Kelly, my housemate had invited her parents over on Christmas Eve for an overnight stay. I knew them well and they were expecting me to be there some of the time. My own close family members were Jehovah Witnesses so didn't celebrate Christmas. In fact, I hadn't contacted them for over a year, after being fed up with their constant preaching.

After about ten minutes, Peter returned with a bath robe and gestured to me. "Tess, get your ass out of there quick."

Still naked, he stood waiting on the patio for me to climb out. He held the robe open and helped me on with it. "Thanks, Master, you are a dashing hero."

We ran along the front of the house, through the falling snow and entered the house through the patio doors. As soon as we stepped inside, he whisked me off my feet again and carried me through the lounge.

"Roxanna, close and lock the patio doors and put the light out," Peter ordered his digital assistant.

"Will Roxanna work for me?" I asked Peter while he carried me up the stairs.

"No, but if you move in, I'll register your voice with the computer."

I ignored the reference to moving in. I kissed his hairy cheek. He had a full dark brown beard, which was trimmed neatly, intelligent brown eyes, a strong nose and a wide mouth.

“Have you had many girlfriends since your divorce?” I asked him.

He pulled a broad smile, then placed me down on one side of the bed. He pointed at a large blue mug on the nightstand. “Drink your chocolate while it’s hot.” He then walked to a wardrobe. “Roxanne unlock my wardrobes.”

I heard a click that I figured was the locking mechanism. The single robe he opened contained drawers in the bottom half and hanging clothes above. He pulled out an item from the top drawer and threw it on the bed beside me. It was a blue t-shirt.

“That’ll do for tonight, Tess. I’ll get you a hair dryer.”

He put a pair of shorts on and left the room while I dried my hair. I had let it down so that it fell around my shoulders. After donning the t-shirt, I leant back against the pillows and started to drink the hot chocolate. It was delicious and along with the t-shirt was another reason for being impressed by Peter’s considerate manner.

When he returned, he was carrying another mug. He sat down beside me and began sipping his drink. “Are you enjoying that?”

“It’s just what the doctor ordered, Master. Thanks. You didn’t answer my last question.”

“About girlfriends?” I nodded. “Tess, I’ve had a few and every one of them would have jumped at the chance of moving in with me.”

He had a high opinion of himself. “After the first date?”

“Maybe, but you’re different from them.”

“Different? How?”

“Well, for a start, I never asked them to live with me, which means you’re special.”

He knew how to impress a girl. “Were they all young like me?”

“Tess, you’ll be asking me for pictures soon.”

“No, I won’t. I just wondered if I was younger than the others.”

He put his mug down and leant toward me. He placed his left hand on my thigh and slid it up, over my mons and onto my belly, whereupon he started to gently

rub my flat stomach. His doctor's touch started my body quivering with delight.

He kissed me gently on the lips. "Tess, you're more beautiful than the others. Drink up and I'll massage your tummy until you fall asleep."

I was drowsy and my eyelids were already drooping. I remember his hand also fondling my tits, but that was the last thing I remember before falling into a deep sleep.

THE END of the Sample

I hope you enjoyed this First Part of this new series

and read the next books as they're published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

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