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The Sun I Can't See

Chapter 2 - Noon

"The time is 7:43 am."

My little talking watch told me that it was acceptable to wake him up.

"Morning, Miles."

"Heeey, rubber girl."

I slid my arms around his torso to hug him tightly. I still couldn't believe this happened. After a false start in the park, I invited this guy over for a simple dinner then ended up wearing my full latex suit and making love to him. The best thing about all of this, he was still here.

"Thanks for cooking last night, I couldn't feel anything through those rubber gloves. I'm still embarrassed; I'm the one that invited you."

"Don't mention it, Alex. In the end, it was delicious."

Yeah, right. Not quite. Miles ruined my diner; he just didn't know how to cook. How could he turn my perfectly fine roast into such a dry lump of meat? The veggies were overcooked, and the rice was undercooked. But yet, I didn't say a word.

Yesterday, I wanted him to stay so badly and act around me as if I were a regular cute girl. He did and not once was bothered by the fact that I was a blind person. He treated me exactly how I dreamed of being treated. But, now what? I was almost scared to start talking, in case it would lead to the likely result of him leaving me. I just had to.

"Do... do you want to stay here this morning?"

"I can't. I have to go to work soon."

"Ah... Okay."

My heart sank a little bit. I heard that excuse before, and it was always hard to tell the veracity of such a reply. I could try to interrogate him to find out if it was genuine or not, but Miles didn't deserve this, not after all the respect he showed me. I knew that once he walked out of here, there wouldn't be any guarantee I would ever see him again or even have an opportunity to figure out if I loved him or not.

His next words were unexpected.

"When is your next day off? I would like to see you again," he asked.

"... You want... to see me again?"

"Well... Yes!?"

"..."

I could be so irrational sometimes when it came to dating. I was conscious of it and hated myself for it. The thing is that I had so many rejections, direct and indirect, and met so many people behaving oddly around me because of my handicap, that it became a nasty habit of mine to think things would inevitably go wrong.

When did I stop believing that someone could be seriously interested in me? I didn't do this on purpose; Life simply conditioned me. I supposed that even people who could use all their senses could feel this way occasionally, but I couldn't help but think being sightless was making things just a bit harder for me.

Miles interrupted my wreckless train of thought.

"Sorry, Alex. You don't need to justify yourself. I didn't think you only wanted a one night stand, that's all. A lot of people do things this way nowadays."

"WHAT? NO! Miles! Of course, I want to see you again."

"So, what is it then?"

"Nothing... I just... you know..."

"I... don't."

I groaned. Why was I not able to have a rational discussion with this guy? Could he not understand why I was reacting this way? I felt my body being lifted and dragged on top of him. Males can be so scary strong sometimes.

"Alex, you are confusing me. Just tell me what you think of me, and I'll tell you what I think of you. Deal? Then we will know where we stand."

"... I guess... Sure. Mmm... I think you are nice."

"What? That's it?"

"I don't know... Well, you treated me well. You were respectful. You didn't judge me."

"Oh, you are very wrong about that last part. I'm totally judging you. You are lying on top of me wearing a full latex catsuit."

"Oh! So, what? You think I'm a whore because of that?"

"Hehe. Alex the Whore has a nice ring to it, but no. I think you are friendly, funny, mysterious. But a little bit of a scaredy-cat."

"What do you mean, a scaredy-cat? I let a stranger in my house and wore a latex suit in front of him. I'm brave."

"You had security behind you this whole time, and you are a pervert, so you were happy doing it. You liked it so much that you even shoved a large dildo between your legs."

I buried my face inside his chest. This was so embarrassing. I much preferred only to address the former argument.

"Being cautious doesn't make me a scaredy-cat!" I said with a muffled voice.

"You are scared I will leave and not come back."

"Yeah, so what? You were nice. A girl can dream, no?"

I slid my rubber hands under his shoulder and pressed myself on his chest even more. I could feel his heart beating. He was so calm. I decided to take a leap of faith to end this suspense.

"Miles, I would like to go out with you for a while."

"I would like that too."

I've been dating Miles for the past three weeks. We didn't see each other a whole lot because of our work schedules, but it was good. He wanted to take things slow anyway. His previous relationship was still bugging him quite a bit, but he never acted weird around me because of it. Maybe I sensed a tiny bit of awkwardness when he wanted to make sure not to hurt me if things went sideways. I just thought he was protective of me, which was not a bad thing.

His overall attitude was fantastic; he didn't give a shit if my normal was different than most people. He let me live my life as usual without trying to help me through it, particularly at my place where I didn't need him to do anything at all. The only time I requested his assistance was when the bottle of lube slid off my hands and magically vanished without a sound.

The one thing I was not too sure about was if he liked latex more than I did. When not going out, he was quite pushy and wanted me to wear my catsuit all the time. I had no problem with wearing it for him if it was making him happy, but I didn't like the pushy part.

That said, I never had so much fun turning into a rubber girl. He liked it, and so did I; we were mostly on the same page. We would get to know each other better over time to fine-tune the rest.

We had quite a bit of sex too, I mean... a lot of it. If someone had told me three weeks ago that I would have willingly turned myself into a rubber sex machine, I would have had some reservations. It was all good and fun and tonight was going to be even better; we would be going out to somewhere special.

"Club Fox & Spice!" Miles said.

“What the hell is that? I’ve never heard of it.”

“It’s a fetish club. I would like to take you there. You would be able to try new fun things.”

“What kind of things?”

“Mmm... Not sure I want to tell you, it would spoil the experience.”

“So you want to go there tonight? I’m down.”

I pressed the button on my watch.

“The time is 6:37 pm.”

I haven’t been to a club in forever. I went to pubs and restaurants with my friends, but it was not the same as a fetish club, obviously.

“So?... Let’s go?” I asked.

“Alex, wait!... I...”

“What is it?”

“Well... It’s embarrassing, but I can’t afford it. We went out quite a bit recently. Aaaaah! Can you pay for me? That’s what I’m asking.”

Oh! I didn’t see that one coming. My job paid well, so I didn’t have to budget for entertainment as he did. I was glad he asked instead of getting himself in trouble for me; this was the kind of trust I liked... and I could always turn this into a game too.

“Ah! Yes, I can. But you are going to pay me back... and I’ll choose how!”

“Alex? Are you blackmailing me?”

“Haha. Totally! So, how are we dressing up? I have a cute black dress and black stripper heels. Oh, and you can’t go with this t-shirt.”

“No, you have to wear your latex suit. It would be perfect.”

“Uh? What? In public?”

“It’s a fetish club, Alex; it’s the whole point. There is a changing room over there too. You can put it on only when we get there. But yeah, you are right, I’m screwed, I have nothing else to wear here.”

I stood up in front of Miles and opened my arms in a Godly manner.

“You are so wrong! Hahaha. Behold the power of the Theodore! Call. Reception!”

My voice triggered the phone system, and after a single ring, a clerk answered.

“Reception, how may I help.”

“Hey, this is Alex at 3888. I have a small emergency. A friend of mine needs a suit within two hours. Can you help me?”

“Certainly, Miss Alex, I will call you back in an instant.”

“Fantastic! Thanks a lot!”

After the beep, the room went silent. I just waited for Miles to say something, which didn't take very long.

“Alex, you are sick in the head, do you know that?”

“Haha. I told you, I love my apartment.”

“I feel weird wearing those clothes.”

“Nooo. You are fine. I really like how they feel.”

We got him something simple, but he was still whining. Black pants, black shirt, a nice belt, and a dark sports jacket, it was perfect for tonight. Something different from those cursed jeans and t-shirts couldn't hurt. A pair of socks and leather shoes on top of that, he was good to go. I would pretend to be his slave, and they would let us right in.

Aboard the cab driving us to the Fox & Spice, I was wearing my little dress, knowing that once at the destination, I would have to shapeshift into a desirable latex girl. In my head, I was going to get raped or something terrible like that, but Miles said nobody would do anything to me unless I let them. If I had any issues whatsoever, the club staff would take care of the offender swiftly. Having sex over there was not even allowed.

However, it was a fetish club, so he told me I would have to be tolerant and not panic at the first sign of trouble. I just had to speak up and say I didn't want this or that, and people would more than likely respect it. His words were only half-reassuring. Maybe he was right, and I was a bit of a scaredy-cat deep down.

I plunged my hand into my bag containing my full catsuit and my short high heeled boots, and I pulled out my wallet. I slid a cash card out of it and gave it to Miles.

“Don't lose it.”

“No worries; I won't.”

“What's in your pocket?”

“Ah, come on! You were not supposed to ask about that.”

“Well, I felt it earlier... I heard it too... I think I know what it is.”

“Stop it, Alex! Seriously. It was supposed to be a surprise. You and your damn super ears.”

I giggled. This evening was going to be a lot of fun. I had no idea what to expect, but I liked to experiment, and wearing my catsuit in front of so many people would be memorable; I was anxious but excited. The cab stopped, and Miles tapped my card to pay for the ride.

As soon as we got out, I could already feel the ambiance. It was warm outside, and there were a lot of people. It was too much noise even to try to understand what was going on around me. I quickly grabbed Miles' arm. Getting lost here would be troublesome. I was wearing a black blindfold tonight because I didn't feel like wearing my sunglasses at night. Anyway, in front of a fetish club, it didn't look too suspicious, I was pretty sure.

Miles tugged me along.

"Come on, let's go in. Lots of cute girls here, you'll fit right in."

"I'm the cutest. Don't even dare look at them."

"Hehe. Ok, I won't. There is a step here, and the bouncer is going to talk to us in a sec."

"I know, I heard someone walking on it, and the bouncer is loud."

Miles got used to giving me a minimum of info when we went to new places. But often it was unnecessary. I was not this good all the time, so I asked him to keep doing it when it made sense to do so.

"Your IDs, please, and ma'am, remove that blindfold so I can see your face."

Miles was about to interject, but I stopped him before he made a mistake.

"Don't worry, Miles, it's fine. Sir, I'm legally blind, can I get some privacy before I remove it?"

"Legally blind? Uh? Nevermind, It's all good, ma'am, have a great night. Go to the table behind me, and they will search your bag. It's mandatory."

"Thank you."

They indeed searched my bag and let us in. The music was loud, and my whole body was vibrating because of the bass from the techno music. I always loved this feeling. It was as if a giant vibrator set on low speed stimulated my whole body. It smelled like dry ice and liquor. They must have all kinds of machines to create a unique sexy ambiance.

"Miles, what color is this place?"

"Mostly red and black here, but there are different sections with different colors. Here we are next to the lounge, but over there, in front of us it is the dance floor and behind it is the play area. There is a big bar too on your right. Don't worry, we will go everywhere, and I'll find cool stuff for you to try. Let's go get you dressed up first. Follow me."

I kept my finger in his belt as he was tugging me along to the dressing room. A staff member quickly stopped him.

"Dude, you can't go in there, it is ladies only."

"She cannot see, she will need my help."

“She can just remove her blindfold, anyway it is not allowed in the club, and you can play master later. I’m not letting you in.”

“You don’t get it! She really cannot see. I’m not playing master.”

I found it hilarious; Miles had no clue how to deal with those situations. So, once more, I jumped in to save him.

“Guys, stop! Stop! Listen, I’m legally blind, do you know where I could go to get dressed up? I need his help.”

“Oh, what the hell, man! Why didn’t you say so? Telling me that a blindfolded girl couldn’t see was not helping your case, you know. Follow me. You can use one of our lap dance booths.”

It was too funny. Poor Miles, he would learn eventually. I held on his arm as the employee guided us to the booth. Erotic sounds were coming out from that place, that’s for sure; it was turning me on a bit too. He gave us the one in a corner and said that as long as the curtain stayed closed, nobody would bug us. It was excellent accommodation; I would have to remember to send a thank you gift to those guys tomorrow.

Miles and I got in the booth and slid the curtain behind us. He sat on what sounded like a cushy leather couch and opened my bag to pull out my boots and catsuit.

“Come on, Alex, get naked... Slowly. Hehe.”

“Oh? Is someone trying to take advantage of the situation? Alright then, but you can’t touch me!”

“Hey! That’s not fair!”

“I know! Right? You just had to bring your own money. No money, no lapdance.”

“Alex! That’s just cruel!”

“Hehe. I know!”

I sexily removed my clothes following the beat of the music. I was so happy to be here; I never thought I would go to a fetish club one day. I didn’t know why I was so excited; maybe it was because my world expanded all of a sudden. Miles made me feel as if I belonged here, not necessarily by his actions, yet, but in his way to treat me. I sounded like a broken record internally, but there was something about this guy and his natural aptitude to see me as a regular cute girl with a kink. I liked it a lot.

Once naked, he passed me the bottle of lube for me to begin coating my skin with it. Miles, of course, tried to grab my oily butt, but I slapped his hands away. The next step would be the catsuit. I sat on his laps that were protected by the bag and pushed my lower limbs inside the rubber legs. He was getting hard under me, but I wouldn’t tell him I noticed. The rest of the suit went on without a hitch, only slippery sexiness.

“Come one, do what I’m paying you for!” I said.

“Hey, you are not paying ME! You are paying FOR me ... Not the same thing.”

“My version is more fun! Come on, zip me up, give me a quick shine, then let's go have some fun!”

“Agreed!”

For the next few minutes, Miles rubbed a soft pad all over my body, making me feel even prettier. He stuffed my clothes in the bag, along with all the other items we didn't need. It was time to get out there!

We walked back to the cloakroom to drop my bag, and we were ready to party. However, a little something was still bugging me, and Miles wouldn't like it. I pulled on his sleeve innocently and used my girliest voice.

“So? ... Can I have it?” I asked.

“Have what?”

“My surprise!”

“You are not going to give up, right? You know what it is, so it is not fun.”

“What if I kiss you while you put it on me? Would it be more fun?”

“That would be a good way to salvage something out of my immeasurable disappointment. Alright, follow me, we are kind of in the way.”

I kept my finger in Miles' belt and followed him to a corner. He plunged his hand inside his pocket to pull a little something interesting that I was looking for since we left home. I lifted my chin...

“Unbelievable, you really guessed what it was,” he said.

“Hehe. Oh, no... I just wanted to kiss you.”

“You are such a liar. Okay, I guess it's still going to make you look cuter. It's black like your catsuit. Very sexy.”

When he started fastening the not-so-secret item around my neck, it made me so happy. It was a collar just for me; I never had one before. I heard the little metal roller on the buckle behind my neck and felt the leather wrapping comfortably around my neck.

“There, how does it feel?”

“I love it ... Move your hands; I want to touch it.”

“Hey, what about my kiss?”

“No kiss until I know you are not tricking me with something.”

I slid my fingers along the one-inch wide collar. With the gloves on, it was a bit harder to tell, but I could feel the little metal studs all around, not the spiky ones but the flat ones. The buckle was all made of metal and...

“Hey Miles, is this loop for a padlock?”

“Oh, yes. I plan on using it one day, not tonight, though. But check your tag... It is my favorite part.”

He got me curious, so I started inspecting the front. There was indeed a metal D ring attached to the collar, and something about two inches wide was dangling from it, definitely a big metal tag. Miles, with some pride in his voice, teased me a little.

“So, Miss I-Spoil-Surprises ... I bet you didn’t see that one coming.”

“Wait... Give me a sec to understand. Is it a heart? Yes... That is what it is! Darn gloves... But there is something engraved on it... Hey... Is that braille?”

“Yes, it is! Can you read it?”

“With the gloves on, it’s ha... ALEX! IT SAYS ALEX! Oh my God, Miles! IT’S MY NAME! But... How?”

“Do I deserve a kiss now?”

Of course, he was! I jumped around his neck and wouldn’t let him go! That was so nice of him. He went from a super nice guy to an amazing guy. It was one of the most thoughtful gifts I ever received; he went an extra length to get something meaningful to me. I just couldn’t stop kissing him. I was the happiest girl in the world right now.

He managed to remove my arms from around his neck and proposed an activity.

“Alex, would you like to dance?”

“I would love to. Do you?”

“I couldn’t save my life dancing, but I have a good idea for you. Follow me! People will just love you, I’m sure.”

“What do you mean? Hey, are there a lot of people out there? I’m a bit scared to bump into them if you are not around. We can do something else if you don’t want to dance.”

“Yep, lots of people here, hold on tight. And don’t worry, as I said, I have a great idea to start the night.”

I grabbed his arm, and he pulled me along again. We avoided all the obstacles, and soon enough, we were on the hard dance floor. So many people bumped into me by accident, and compliments about my outfit flew left, right and center. This was one crowded place. Some comments were obviously about my lack of eye holes on my latex hood. I giggled at those because it made me feel unique and attractive.

“Miles, I love this place, but I can’t dance here. Seriously. There are too many people. I’ll hit them all, or I’ll hurt myself.”

“I told you not to worry, Squeaky. I’m not going to put you in trouble. HEY! CAN WE USE THIS?”

Squeaky? Was that my new nickname? And who was he yelling at all of a sudden? A girl replied.

“No, sorry, it’s only for the performers.”

“Okay, come here please, I need a favor for a special case... Alex, stay here for a sec and don’t move.”

“O... okay?”

What was he doing? He was talking to that other girl but it was so noisy here; I couldn’t hear what he was saying. I just stood still in the middle of what seemed like a big crowd.

Nevertheless, I couldn’t help it when my butt started moving at the rhythm of the music. I knew it was not the right place for me to do this, but I wanted to dance so badly.

Out of the blue, a small arm slid under mine... This person was not Miles'. It was the girl he spoke to a second ago.

“Come with me, Alex. You clearly want to dance, and your boyfriend told me about your eyes.”

“My eyes?”

“Yes, just follow me and be careful; there will be a couple of steps.

It was an odd way to tell me she knew I was blind, but hey, she was kind enough. I had no clue what she wanted with me, though. And steps? There were no steps on dance floors. People tripping on them would cause some carnage. Was she on drugs or something?

We went not far from where I was waiting, and my foot bumped into... a step? She moved behind me and wrapped her small hands around my waist.

“Come on, be careful, and climb up. There are five of those, and it’s steep. I’m right behind you, so don’t be frightened.”

“Come on, Alex. You better give us a good show!”

The girl instructed me to climb up a small stair, and Miles was asking me to give a good show? What were they doing to the poor little me? Half-trusting, I carefully climbed up while the girl was keeping me balanced. I counted each step, and once I reached the top, I bumped into something hard.

“Let me open that for you, one sec ... There! You can walk in.”

“In what? What is it?”

I stepped inside something that had a wobbly floor. Then the girl finally revealed what their master plan was.

“This is one of our dance cages. Your guy told me that it would be a good place for you to be. You wanted to dance but were scared to bump into people.”

“Ah, really? I’m in a dance cage?”

“Haha. Yes. You look so sexy in that suit, so you fit perfectly in there. But here is the deal. Usually, this is only for the performers, so you are in the middle of the place, and everybody's watching you, you have to give them a good show else we will have to get you out of there.”

I heard a metal door slamming, followed by a squeaky latch noise. Was I really in a cage? I couldn't believe it! A quick exploring of my surroundings confirmed it; there were only bars. The design of this device was barely enough for me to do my job... Dancing erotically for people to watch.

I didn't even have time to settle down in my new environment before people started screaming encouragement at me. They wanted the sexy latex girl to perform an arousing dance, nothing less. It was a bit intense, and I was not too sure how to start. The cheers increased exponentially, leaving me no choice but to start moving my hips. There was a big wave of cheering and clapping as soon as I did.

It took a few seconds, but my body gradually took over and unleashed my desire to twist my skeleton in every way I could.

This was FUN!

Miles was not here, but the way he was talking about his lack of love for this activity meant he was probably at the bar using my cash card. His idea was perfect! I may have been a prisoner of a cage and forced to dance like a slave for everybody to watch, but I never felt that much freedom. Nobody would bump into me, spill their drink on me, or grab my boobs without asking. Yes, this was perfect!

Then I heard Miles' voice calling me from a distance.

“Hey Squeaky, I'll be back in a little bit! I'm going to explore. Don't go anywhere!”

“I won't! Take your time! I LOVE IT!”

For what felt a long time after that, I kept dancing. My warden girl came back twice to check on me and ask if I needed a break. I refused both times even though I was getting a bit tired. I spent countless hours on a treadmill for this exact moment. Never in my life I would have thought this could have happened to me.

But all good things had to come to an end. The girl came back a third time; it was to let me out. It was so nice of them to let me use the cage for a while. I had so much fun, I even hugged her. Miles was waiting for me at the bottom of the stair.

“So, how was it, Alex?”

“It was AWESOME! But I’m so hot and thirsty now. I need water. How long was I in there?”

“Hehe. You don’t want to know. Here, I got you covered... take this. I know where to go to relax, follow me.”

He gave me a bottle of ice-cold water that I drank while he tugged me away from the crazy dance floor. I would need alcohol at some point. Water was okay for now, but it wasn’t fun. I wondered where we were going? I hoped it was the lounge where we could sit and have some nachos.

All of a sudden, it got quieter, and... were those moans? My hand went from his belt to his arm in search of reassurance.

“Miles? Where are we? I hear sex noises. I thought we couldn’t have sex here.”

“Calm down, Squeaky, no one is having sex. They are just having fun. I found what I want you to try next. I think you’ll like it, but it is not for everybody, so let me know if you don’t, we can always leave.”

“Will it involve beer and nachos? Cause that’s what I want right now.”

“No, hehe. We can go to the lounge after if you want, but I think you’ll like this better.”

“What is it?”

“One sec, we have to ask first ...”

Miles stopped walking, and I kept sipping water from my bottle. The echo changed a lot, which made me understand we were in a smaller room. Probably one of the play areas that Miles mentioned earlier. In front of us, there was a moaning girl, but it was as if she was moaning in an empty plastic bottle or something, it was odd. People were also using lower voices as if not to disturb her. Miles spoke to them, matching their tone.

“Hi, guys. Do you mind If my girlfriend and I just watch?”

“Hey man ... your girl is ... stunning. Wait, how can she see? I thought they didn’t allow blocking people’s vision in the open spaces?”

That was my cue, as usual. A blind person had to spend its life telling the non-blind persons that we were blind because they were too blind to figure it out themselves. That thought made sense to me.

“I’m legally blind. So hiding my eyes doesn’t make any difference in my world.” I said.

“Ah, cool! That is a first.”

“Yeah, that is awesome. Come closer, do you want to touch her too? I love your neck tag, by the way.”

That man was genuinely impressed, and that girl was envious of my collar tag. She couldn’t have it! It was mine forever! But... What did she mean by touching her? Touching who? Miles

knew I was missing a piece, and he just quietly explained to me what they were doing in this room.

“There is a vacbed in front of you with a girl stuck inside.”

“What is a wackbed?”

“No! Vacbed, vacuum bed. It is a large and rectangular tubular PVC frame, and there is an envelope of latex around it. A person can climb in between the two sheets. The side is zipped up, and the air is removed from between the two layers of latex. The person is then trapped and can't move anymore.”

“Oh? Like a pork loin?”

“Alex! Come on!... You are destroying the mood.”

People around were indeed laughing at my comment. Hey, I couldn't see, so all I could do was try to associate their poor description of things with what I knew. To me, vacuum-packed meant frozen meat. Something still didn't add up.

“How can she breathe if there is no air?”

“She has a small tube in her mouth.”

“Why is she moaning?”

“Because people are caressing her.”

“Like? Everyone?”

“Hehe. Yep. Hey guys? Do you mind if she explores a little bit?”

“Go right ahead. The more people touch her, the more she loves it.”

Miles moved me in front of him and told me just to extend my arms. I quickly found the edge of the table slash bed. It was squishy... I made a step forward until my hips touched it. I carefully explored what was in front of me with my hands. I found the latex covered tubular structure, which matched what I thought, but sliding my hands further on the slick latex sheet, I touched something odd.

I was not sure I understood what it was, a bunch of small sticks, perhaps?... Then they twitched! Oh, my God!... It was a hand! Inside the latex! I retracted mine up to my chest. Miles rubbed my shoulders.

“Haha. Don't worry, Alex. She likes it. Touch her a bit more. It's all good.”

“You sure about that?”

“Of course, I am. She chose to do this because she likes it. Give her what she wants, you'll see.”

I reached back to her hand. It was so odd... I delicately went up to her arm using my fingertips, as I always did when I tried to understand something, and she started giggling and twitching.

“Alex. Don't tickle her! That's so mean! What are you doing? Be a bit more sensual about it.”

“Sensual?”

I tried once more, this time using my full hand as if I were massaging my own body. I went up to her arm again and down. She returned me an approbation in the form of a relaxed moan; I guess I was doing something right. I went up to her shoulder; I could feel all her muscles and bones. She was in good shape, but yet, skinny enough. Her chest and belly were so warm and soft; her breathing was a bit erratic, though.

Miles poked me in my lower back and whispered in my ear.

“I want to see you squeezing her boobs.”

“Hehe. Really? Will she be okay with it?”

“I bet she will. Everybody is watching you, just waiting for you to do something kinky.”

“What? You guys are all watching me?”

“Yes”

“Yep”

“Yes”

“Uh, Uh!”

Oh, my God! How many people were here? Miles kept putting me in those situations tonight. If he continued on that trend, he would get himself in trouble. Whatever! I returned my hands to the girl, then I slid them up to her chest to feel her boobs.

They were much bigger than mines; there was no doubt about it. I squeezed them gently, but the latex just ran away from my fingers. The moaning intensified, which meant Miles was right. I didn't know I was going to please a girl tonight. I liked my males a lot, but somehow, this activity felt just right.

I kept going a bit longer, massaging her breasts, neck, and face. It was a good feeling to know I was giving her pleasure successfully. But all of a sudden, I heard a weird hissing noise. I jumped back, and Miles caught me in his arms.

“Wha... What did I do?”

“Haha. You're funny. Nothing, they are just letting her out of there because another girl wants to try it. Did you like it?”

“Yeah! I did! It was weird at first, but I get it now. When she is inside, she really can't move. I can only imagine how it feels.”

“Well, as I said, another girl wants to try it.”

“Ok?... Hey! Wait... MILES!”

“You'll be fine, Squeaky. Just give it a shot. I will be here to save you if you don't like it. Oh, and your new girlfriend is coming to see you.”

Out of nowhere, a pair of lady arms wrapped around me and hugged me tightly. Just by her voluminous chest, I knew it was the vacbed girl.

“Aaaah! It was you who touched me like this. I don’t know how you did it, but it felt so amazing. You have magical hands!”

“Heee!... Hi!... I don’t know? I guess I’m that good.”

“Come on! It is your turn! Follow me!”

“Eep!”

I got the feeling I was screwed. It was payback time for this girl. She was nice though, very enthusiastic, which was surprising since she was so calm earlier while stuck inside the vacbed. She led me to the other side of the table and helped me get on the bed... or... in the bed. I could hear the latex sheets flopping around as I was trying to figure out how to do this. She was very encouraging and supportive of the newbie that I was. She invited me to relax and to position myself comfortably.

“Okay, open your mouth ... that is your breathing tube. Bite in it lightly until the bed is fully empty. Are you ready? If there is anything wrong, tell me right away.”

“Uh-uh.”

The long zipper slid along the side. Her hand rested on top of my belly to accompany me through this new experience. Then it started. The noise of a vacuum filled my ears, and I quickly felt a strange sensation. I was getting sealed between the two rubber sheets; I couldn’t believe how fast I got immobilized like the said pork loin. When the noise stopped, she reached my rubber face with her fingers.

“Are you okay?”

“Uh-uh...”

“Any discomfort?”

“Nuh-uh”

“Good... just relax and enjoy. Let me know if you want out, ok?”

“Uh-uh.”

The first thing she did was to slide her hand down my neck. This felt GOOD! Recently, Miles touched me a lot while I was wearing my latex suit, but this was not the same at all. Not only was there nothing I could do to stop her, but the intensity was ten times higher.

Sorry about that, Miles, I would marry that girl. No, not really. But still, she was amazing, and it was so erotic. Not as shy about it than I was, she went to places where I didn’t dare to go on her earlier, such as my inner thighs near my crotch, it was crazy sensitive. My heart was pumping pure endorphins.

After a while of that sexy caressing, she did something I didn't expect at all. She climbed onto the table. I didn't even know it was allowed; I called that cheating. Her hands rubbing on my whole rubberized corpse was already too much to bear, but then she lowered her entire body on top of mine, dragging it slowly.

"Uuummmmm!" I said.

"Oh, little Alex like this, uh?"

"Uh-uh."

This was nuts. I couldn't move and felt like a prey eaten by a jaguar. This girl had full control, and even allowed one of her legs to rub on my crotch; it was no accident. My brain was about to explode, but I wasn't out of trouble just yet.

In between two moans, suddenly, my air intake was cut. I tried to understand what was happening while she kept distracting me. Did she even know I couldn't breathe anymore? Instinctively, I pulled on my arms to reach my mouth, but they just wouldn't move outside a small stretch. The rubber gripping me just brought my hands back to their original position.

And I could breathe again.

"Uuuuh! Uuuuh!"

"So... How was that? Liked it or not?"

"..."

"Hey, Alex, you have to tell me... I won't do it if you don't like it... one grunt for yes... Did you like it?"

"... Uurr!"

"Oh, good. That's what I thought."

Miles interjected.

"Hey, go easy on her. It's her first time. I don't want her to have a bad experience."

"I know that! I won't go too far. Can't you see she loves it."

Aww! Miles tried to protect me. It was adorable and... Eep! I couldn't breathe anymore. Something strange was crawling on my face... It was not her hand. Was it... her tongue? She was licking my face all over while I was struggling for air.

She tried so many things on me while I was her prisoner. My air intake kept cutting over and over, but never for very long. I kind of wished she would have forced me to hold my breath longer, but because of the warning Miles threw at her earlier, she must have been affected. Ah, well, I guess he was right. I was safe, and enjoyed myself tremendously. There was no reason to push this harder yet; we were just having fun. But still... I wanted more.

Toward the end of my session, pretty much everybody started to caress my body all at the same time. That was insane and even a bit creepy. For a girl like me, that lived by the sense of touch, this was one of the best experiences I ever had. Miles and I would HAVE to come back to the Fox & Spice; that bastard got me hooked.

Shortly after this countless hands treatment, the air entered the vacbed, and the hugging latex released me from its grip. I was free again. I crawled out of there, assisted by the girl, and she gave me a big hug...

... and a deep kiss!

Surprised, I kind of reacted weirdly on that one. That was so unexpected, plus I had never kissed a girl before. Immediately realizing what she had done, she felt super bad about it.

“Oh! I’m sorry... I don’t know why I did that! I’m sorry!... I’m so sorry!”

“Well... Hehe. That was something!” I said.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to! I just got carried away.”

“Hey, hey! It’s ok. I was just a bit surprised, is all.”

I didn’t know what spark of genius hit my brain at that moment; I guess I was feeling bad for her feeling bad. I wrapped my arms around her and planted my lips on hers for an even deeper kiss topped with an audible moan. She groaned a little and just started to work inside my mouth with her tongue. I liked this a lot; it was great timing for trying this kind of stunt.

We explored each other like this for the next minute or so. This whole exercise left her panting her life out. She may have liked it even more than I did.

“A... Alex...,” she said.

“Thank you for the whole adventure. I loved every minute of it. I would love to stay in contact with you if you would.”

“S... Sure.”

“Miles? Can you note her phone number?”

Miles was just laughing at the scene. I think everybody in this room appreciated our little show. Those people were great. Nobody was weird; nobody abused each other; nobody acted tough or submissive. It was just good fetishist fun. After a series of friendly hugs, I gripped Miles’ belt, and he towed me out of this place.

“Miles! It was so nice. It was the best idea ever.”

“It did go much better than I expected, yeah, they were nice.”

“That girl was super fun ... What was her name?”

“I’ve seen her around before, maybe even talked to her. Mei... Mei... something...”

“Mei?”

“Yeah... One sec... She is the one that entered her contact on your phone... Meixiang!”

“Meixiang? That sounds Chinese.”

“Well, yes... She is definitely Chinese, or she has Chinese parents. You didn't know?”

“No! I didn't! How come she had such big boobs then?”

“Now, now! Enough with the prejudices. Do you still want a beer and Nachos?”

“Yes ... I'm hungry. And I love you!”

I loved the crackling sound of the nachos between my teeth. The tasty fake cheese was something that I enjoyed very much, some sort of guilty pleasure of mine. Miles got us a quiet seat in the corner of the lounge even though the place was quite crowded. It was nice just to relax a bit after all the emotions I went through. I took my heels off and put my feet up on the couch while leaning on Miles. This was by far the best date we had.

“I'm so happy right now, Miles.”

“This place is great, isn't it?”

“Yep. The music is smooth, the place is comfy, and there are all kinds of kinky smells.”

“And cute girls too.”

“Ah! I told you, you were not allowed to look at them!”

“Right. It's okay, none of them are cuter than you are.”

“Lies!”

“No, I swear. Your full latex catsuit makes you stand out. You get a lot of stares since we showed up. I feel so proud to be at your side.”

“Awww... So, were you scared that I would leave with this girl when we made out?”

“Nope.”

“More lies... I'm sure you were.”

“Haha. No! I wasn't... It was hot to see you kiss her like this.”

Miles could be a bit dense. What I wanted to hear was a bit of jealousy in his voice so I could feel a bit more desired, but there was none of it. Either I was not very important to him, or he genuinely didn't care.

Now that I was thinking about it, he didn't give a shit about me being blind either. Maybe he was that clueless and wasn't bothered by most things, like me kissing that girl. I needed to confirm this somehow.

“So, if I do it again, you won't mind?” I asked

“I would love to see that again. But I don't know where Meixiang went.”

“Pick another girl for me then...”

“Another girl? Geez, how many do you want to charm tonight?”

“Just one more. You said you liked girls in latex. Is there another one around here that you like?”

“Hehe. A couple. Are you serious? You want me to find one?”

“Sure. I want to see how insensitive you are.”

“Hey. Not being jealous doesn't mean I'm insensitive. Alright then. Let's see... There is a cute one over there, but I don't think you would like her. Plus, she seems to be dating a douchebag.”

“The super loud and stupid guy?”

“Yep, that is the one. Hey... There is one over there wearing a full latex bodysuit and a corset. She is kind of cute. She reminds me of you, actually.”

“What is she doing?”

“Nothing. She is just sitting next to her talkative friend. She cannot do much because of her gag. Next time they look over here, I'll try to wave at them.

That was interesting. Miles was so confident he wouldn't be jealous that he wouldn't hesitate to arrange a lesbian make-out session for me. I was starting to understand the extent of his obsession with latex girls, which would allow me to tease him endlessly after this. That said, my little heart was beating just a bit faster; what was I getting myself into?

“Ah! Her friend saw me... She is coming,” he said.

“Hey, you two. You need something?”

She sounded friendly enough, and I recognized the voice. She was indeed the talkative one I was hearing. Miles explained to her our idea.

“Hey, my girlfriend quite likes the girl who is sitting with you, the gagged one. She was wondering if she would like to cuddle with her for a bit? If that's okay.”

“That's my slave tonight, I don't like sharing usually, but yours looks great. So here is the deal, if you buy my two friends and me a drink, I'll let you borrow her for a bit. I'm pretty sure she will be open to it.”

I elbowed Miles in the ribs.

“Miles, do it!”

“Alright. Deal. Get what you want and send the waiter to us along with your gagged friend.”

I was getting even more nervous now that it was going to happen for real. One thing that made me laugh internally is that she just assumed I was Miles' slave. That was not how he and I rolled, but it was not worth arguing since so many people around here were into that kind of relationship. Little did she know that I was the one financing their drinks, not my “master.”

Miles poked my shoulder with his manly finger and whispered something in my ear.

“Move aside, Squeaky, she is coming. I think it is better if you don't talk to her. Let me act masterly... She is probably into that.”

“Yes... my Lord! My master!... My King!... My deity!...”

“Stop it, Alex... She is here.”

I felt her warmth right away when she sat next to me. More than likely already briefed on our intentions, she slid her hand on my rubber breasts right away. I had an instant flashback from the earlier vacbed adventure, but this time there was only one thin layer of latex between my nipples and her hand.

“Mmm...”

“Ah, the two little slaves are not wasting time, I see. Alright, enjoy yourselves for me.”

I moaned a little, and Miles just fully opened the door for an all you can eat rubber buffet. I started rubbing my hands all over her as well. She was fit and curvy; I liked her body a lot.

I could feel her heart beating fast as well; she was really into this. Her gagged moans were pretty cute. Curious about it, I slid up my hands to visit her neck and face. I ran my fingers over her mouth, and there it was, a small rubber ball stuck behind her teeth, held by two leather straps. Trying to put myself in her shoes made me want to try one, too; it was turning me on.

For the next few minutes, the slavegirl and I cuddled, and Miles had not said a word until now.

“Hey, Slave. Would you like to kiss my girlfriend?” he asked.

“Hmmp.”

“Okay, so do you think your Mistress would be okay if I remove your gag for a bit?”

“Hmmp!”

“Alright, then, let me help you with this.”

Miles got off the couch and I heard a metal buckle noise along with some saliva noises. I ran my latex hand to her cheek to confirm the gag was gone. There was no resistance whatsoever when I pulled her into a deep kiss. Our tongues met, and I was in heaven once more.

The fact that I was not really into girls, or at least I never considered it before, made the experience so much more special. It was something I enjoyed more than I would have thought.

I could do this forever. This slave girl was such a great kisser. Knowing that Miles was watching us added a little extra erotic acting. This was an excellent way to spice up the quiet relationship we had so far.

Earlier I thought he didn't care or that he was not jealous, but a different thought started to bloom inside my brain. Maybe he was a voyeur, and he was guiding me in this direction for his own pleasure. Was he even aware of it? He must have been.

Yes, first, he asked me to slowly undress when we were inside the lap dance booth so he could watch me. Then he made me dance in the cage in front of everybody. Then what? He selected

the vacbed activity, so he could enjoy himself while other people rubbed their hands all over me? And now what? He eagerly agreed to arrange for this girl to give me one of the best make-out sessions ever.

The picture was clear. He and I would need to have a chat about this later. I was okay for now since my hands were full of this lovely girl.

We didn't break the kiss a single time for the past ten to fifteen minutes, at least. It was not hard to notice that her hand was rubbing closer and closer to my crotch. Grabbing private parts was not allowed here, but perhaps it was tolerated under certain circumstances?

And here we were, she completely covered my crotch with her hand with extra pressure added from her middle finger.

“Aaanh! Mmmm”

Miles didn't even object, like, at all. My blood was boiling, and I was sweating my life inside my latex suit. What if...? Would it be okay to ...? I slid my hand down to her belly, over her corset, then lower... and lower... and lower...

“Hey, girls! Try to keep it civilized! The waiter just signaled us to be careful,” Miles said.

A mixed wave of warmth, embarrassment, and frustration coursed through my body. Was I losing all control? Good thing Miles brought me back to reality. The slavegirl moved her hand up away from my crotch to my neck as well and started to fiddle with my collar. She seemed quite curious about my lovely heart-shaped tag.

Then she froze! And by that, I meant, all the muscles in her entire body tensed and time stood still. She abruptly pulled away from our kiss, pulling on my tag even more and doing something to it. Could she read braille? Nevertheless, that tag was precious to me. I gripped her wrist in an attempt to control her.

“Hey, stop! Don't pull on it that hard! Don't break it, please!” I said, a bit distressed.

Then she screamed in my ears.

“A... ALEX!?”

That... That voice... NO! NO! OH GOD! NO! IT COULDN'T BE!

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