

Latex

It was on the first Friday night of July that he first saw her. Tony Giovanni pulled into the parking lot of the Arlington Seven-Eleven under a deep blue night. Sitting in his fiery red BMW 325i, he scanned the pages of The Washington Post for an interesting movie. "Aliens" was playing at a local cinema, but he had already seen that one a couple of times. Another option was to check out a skin flick down in the city, but he didn't feel like sitting in a crowded theater with a bunch of drunks and faggots. Nothing else seemed to interest him, so he threw the paper on to the passenger seat and started the engine. As he put the car in gear and started to back out, a fire engine red corvette pulled up beside him. Driving the car was a sensuously appealing brunette. She put the convertible in park, and angled her face toward the mirror, checking her makeup. Satisfied, she turned to the BMW besides her, and smiled at Tony. He braked to a halt immediately, returning a weak smile. The woman exited the sleek sports car with the grace of a dancer and entered the store. Tony took the opportunity to compose himself, and plan his next move.

She was a tall woman, and an elegant one at that. Her dark brown hair hung down her shoulders and back in a style that was both extremely feminine and sexy. She had braided her hair and then unraveled the stitch, leaving the strands in a wild and carefree fashion. Her rich brown eyes accented her finely sculptured face, which was lightly covered with just the right amount of makeup. The single trait that attracted Giovanni to this woman, and caused his groin to stir, was not her physical features (although they were quite nice indeed), but the outfit that she was wearing.

A one-piece body suit, skin tight to the point that it seemed painted on, and a touch lighter than her bronze skin, highlighted every curve and crevice. She wore a pair of red high pumps with needle thin heels that matched the color of her vette. As she moved, the fabric stretched and flowed over her firm body, yet kept tight against her skin without buckling or folding. The material looked a hell of a lot like latex. Giovanni wondered if it was.

Tony Giovanni's eyes followed the woman into the store and around the isles as she grabbed a liter of Pepsi and a box of donuts. While she was paying for the items with a crisp ten-dollar bill, Tony got out of his car and walked around the side of the red corvette. He liked the lines of this sports car, exceptionally sensuous, yet conveying power and speed in the same breath. The woman joined him by the side of the car, the bag of groceries in her arm. She smiled at him.

"Beautiful car you have," Tony said, eyeing her outfit without trying to seem obvious. "Actually, it fits you perfectly, because you are quite an attractive young lady yourself." She beamed at the compliment, but Tony didn't feel love, only lust. The woman placed her bag in the passenger seat and got into the car. The engine revved to life, and Tony bent down, watching her curl long fingers around the gearshift.

"My name's Tony," he said, but she just smiled at him and put the car in reverse. A splash of white light came on behind the vette, illuminating a portion of the parking lot. "Hey, wait a second. Can you at least tell me your name?"

"What's the use? I mean, we'll never see each other again. I don't even live around here. I'm just visiting friends." She glanced at the rear view

mirror and began to back out. Tony stepped closer to the car, his face level with hers.

"Well, maybe we could get together while you're in town. A drink or possibly dinner, whatever you can swing. How 'bout it?" Tony pleaded. This woman was just too fine to let slip away into the night. He would kick himself in the ass if he didn't at least try.

"I don't think so," she remarked, and Tony suddenly felt pissed on. It was like she was telling him he just wasn't good enough for her. Instead of getting mad though and telling the bitch where to head off, he merely backed away with a smile.

"I understand. Well, hope you have a good evening, although I think you're making a big mistake. I'm a lot of fun to be with." The woman grinned and said: "I'm sure you are." As she pulled out of the space and headed westward onto 10th Street, Tony wondered if there was malice in her voice.

With his balls tightening in knots beneath white shorts, Tony Giovanni got back into his BMW and started the engine. He quickly left the parking lot, as if deserting the scene of the Seven-Eleven would somehow erase the mental images of that sexy bitch. It didn't help much; she manifested herself in his mind, standing in front of the red corvette on a deserted road, the twin halogen headlights burning right through the latex, revealing her hotbox and small tits. Jesus, I bet that bitch swallows, he mumbled, shaking his head; it's written all over her lovely face.

Tony immediately knew what he was going to do. His stiff prick was speaking to him from his shorts, threatening to turn blue if he didn't seek relief soon. The corvette had gone west on 10th Street. So would the BMW. Tony shifted hard and sped away in hot pursuit.

The girl could drive, Tony thought. I'll give her that. Within fifteen minutes, she had gone from 10th Street to the highway, and now, he watched her exit onto Route 7, an excursion that normally lasted a good half hour. Was she heading for the mall? He hoped so.

The corvette pulled into the immense parking lot of Bloomingdale's at eight-fifteen. Forty-five minutes remained until the mall closed. Plenty of time to get acquainted, he thought. Of course, she probably would not have anything to do with him, especially after she found out he was following her. Oh well, he'd deal with that when she confronted him. After all, he was making this up as he went along.

The woman first noticed Tony when she stopped in the lingerie department and began searching between racks of sensuous teddies. He quietly slid behind her, being careful not to draw attention to himself. An elderly sales woman counted inventory off to their left. Besides them, the place was empty.

"Persistent," she said, looking over her shoulder and up into Tony's face. His own gaze swept down to her ass, which was nice and full. It strained against the latex-like material, stretching it thin and transparent. He followed the crack of her ass down until it disappeared along the curve of her cheeks.

"One of my best traits," he quickly countered, and stepped back, feeling his dick stir and grow hard. His shorts didn't leave much room for an erection. A swelling rose in his left pocket. She wasn't looking though. He didn't care if she was.

"So, catching up on a bit of late night shopping?" she asked, moving around a circular rack which contained hundreds of lace panties in black and deep blue.

"Not exactly. I was bored so I decided to see if anything was going on here. You know, maybe a movie, or something like that."

His dick had fully extended into the pocket of his shorts. He stood a few inches behind her, feeling his heart pounding in his chest cavity. Hot breath fell on her neck and shoulders, but she made no move to push him away. Tony edged closer. A bit of white shorts brushed against her ass, and he closed his eyes in ecstasy. The woman arched her neck and sighed heavily, allowing her body to nudge against his. She continued to search among the rack for something of interest. Tony held his ground, refusing to move away from this hot woman. He breathed deeply, inhaling her lusty scent. She shifted her weight from one leg to the other, moving her ass across his groin in the process. She held up a pair of black lace panties for his inspection, while exerting a slight backward pressure from her hips.

"Nice," he managed to say, the pounding in his chest becoming unbearable. He had had some hot women in his day, but none of them had ever made him this fucking horny before. Tony let his right arm brush against her hip. He paused for a moment, his fingertips lightly dancing on the latex. Sensing her move slightly to the right, he placed his hand on her hip and slowly ran it down her thigh, and over her ass. He grabbed a cheek and squeezed. She said nothing, but Tony felt her arch her back and lean into his grasp.

"How about this one?" the woman asked, reaching for a bright red g-string to her right. For a moment, she moved away from him to grab the laced garment, but she quickly settled back into him, slowly gyrating her hips, excited by the bulge in his shorts.

"That one's delicious," Tony answered, grabbing her ass with both hands and simultaneously driving his dick into the crack of her latex ass. "So

is the outfit you're wearing." He groaned softly, immediately turning toward the saleswoman. She was either lost in her task, or repulsed by what she saw. Giovanni did not care. He stepped back and pulled the woman to the right where three large circular racks hid their lower body from view. She began looking through this new rack of silky negligees like a busy shopper hunting for bargains. Tony used the concealment to his advantage. He began a rhythmic thrust into her sweet ass, grabbing her hips, and breathing hard against her neck. She met his thrust with her own, while examining a pair of matching black lace bra and panties. His hands moved around to the front of her body, and massaged her inner thighs. This time it was her turn to emit a low moan. Dark nipples poked out from the latex, and Giovanni wasted no time in caressing her small tits.

"You're bad," she teased, and twisted around to kiss him on his neck. Tony figured he would see just how much of a freak this babe really was. While reaching between her legs and rubbing her warming cunt, his free hand silently unzipped his shorts and pull his dick free from his straining underwear. Letting the shorts drop to the floor, he grabbed hold of his nine inches, and forced it between the crack of her ass. The woman turned around and grinned when she saw his olive colored cock. She reached behind and took his balls in hand. Exerting only slight pressure, she squeezed them, his hard dick slipping between her ass cheeks. He increased the tempo of his thrusts, becoming oblivious to all sights and sounds around him. Everything disappeared: Bloomingdale's, the clothing racks, and the sales woman doing inventory. All that was left was this hot bitch daring him to cum on her ass. Tony knew his time was near.

"That's a big dick," she said, bending over further, and grasping onto the shiny circular metal of the rack. "I want that big thing in me.

Come on Tony-boy, give me that big thing!" Giovanni responded to her request by grabbing the ultra thin straps on her shoulders and pulling the latex down over her swollen breasts.

"No, don't, not here," she uttered, concealing her tits with the one-piece, and replacing his dick between her slippery cheeks. Tony let out a moan and grabbed his dick with both hands. The woman reached back and stroked his cock with an expert touch as Tony unleashed spurts of cum all over her stretch latex ass. She continued to pump him, while he guided his dick between the split in her ass, spreading the cum over her outfit like butter on toast. When he finally let go and fell forward with exhaustion, she pivoted around and bent down, slipping his dick into her mouth, and licking off the sticky white cum like a pro.

When Tony Giovanni finally regained his composure, he pulled the young woman toward him, taking her in his arms. He kissed her hard on the lips, tasting her tongue in his hungry mouth.

"Wow, that was fucking fantastic!" he remarked, holding her at arms length, taking in her sensual beauty.

"Yeah, sure was," she said, grabbing a pair of light colored panties and wiping her cum-covered ass. She dropped the soiled panties on the ground and handed Tony the red g-string.

"Take this to the counter and pay for it while I clean up, will you?"

"Sure." Giovanni fingered the g-string lightly, his mind painting vivid images of this woman clad in the tiny outfit, her hot body well oiled and ready for his gentle touch. Tony toyed with the vision; the woman disappeared among the racks of clothes, searching for a ladies room. He ran a hand through his dark hair and approached the counter. His mind was racing and he lay down his money on the counter, his whole body tingling

with excitement at the possibilities that lay ahead for the evening. He leaned against a mirrored wall, awaiting the return of his newly found lover.

Twenty minutes later, he knew she wasn't coming back. He raced for the escalator and took the steps two at a time, hoping held catch her in the parking lot. He bolted through the doors and out into the nighttime air. He glanced to the left toward his car. A few yards in front was the empty space where the red corvette had been parked. He cursed under his breath. The bitch was gone; she had left him. Damn her!

A screeching sound off to the right caught Tony Giovanni's attention. The red sports car sped away from the lamp-lit parking lot, heading for Route 7. Giovanni, hurried to his car and started the engine. He swiftly pulled the BMW out of the space, nearly colliding with a Toyota hatchback. He hurried after the corvette, wondering where the hell she was leading him this time.

Forty minutes later, the corvette pulled off the main drag and onto a deserted side street. The woman had been playing with Giovanni ever since he had spotted her outside of Bloomingdale's. They had played a cat and mouse game, she leading him all over Northern Virginia, totally oblivious to where she was heading. All Tony knew was that she was beginning to piss him off, making him follow her like that. Of course, there was no law saying he had to stay with her that night. There were plenty of other things that he could be doing. He just didn't feel like doing any of them this evening.

Giovanni glanced out of the window and realized he did not recognize his surroundings. The woman had led them to a gravel road that abruptly came to an end underneath a large bridge. To their left, a bunch of gray Army boats were tied to a rusty mooring. A full moon was out, highlighting the murky water with wisps of silvery light. The woman pulled the corvette off the road and brought the car to a halt by a wall of solid metal.

Keeping the headlights on, she walked to the front of the car and leaned on the hood while watching Giovanni. He pulled up beside her, and shut the engine off. Tony rolled down his window and stuck out his head, leaning in the woman's direction.

"So Miss, are we going to play this game all night?" he asked. The woman strutted over to the BMW and leaned over his window.

"No, I'm tired now. I'll think I call it a night. Nice drive though, wasn't it?"

"Look, I didn't drive all over fucking VA to come here and watch the moon shine down into the water. His face was drawn tight with displeasure.

"Well what did you drive here for?" she said in a playfully naive voice. Her hand rested on her waist, and she stared down at him, waiting for him to make his move. Giovanni slowly got out of the car and closed the door. The woman retreated to the vette and he followed her until she was pressed against the front of the convertible. His arms went to her shoulders and pushed her down onto the hood gently, sliding his body in between her legs. She moaned softly when he pressed his lips to hers. His tongue entered her mouth, and she responded by rotating her hips underneath him, returning the passionate kiss. Tony's hand dove between her legs, massaging her latex covered pussy. She began to moan loudly, thrashing her head from side to side while he licked her neck.

"Do it, she yelled, and Giovanni pause to look around to make sure no one had heard her scream. He rubbed her tits, observing her nipples grow hard and peek out from the tight latex. Her thighs were wet with cunt juice, and Tony decided not to wait for an invitation. He reached between her slippery legs and pulled at the transparent material. It stretched tight against her ass and cunt before giving way, ripping a gaping hole from her belly

button to the crack of her ass. A shriek erupted from her lips, but Tony ignored her, sliding a large index finger into her hot box. He increased the tempo, making slurping sounds and glazing his fingers, her pleasure filled moans saturating the evening air. Her hips began to tremble when Giovanni pushed her onto the hood of the vette. He bent down and lightly brushed his face against her dark pubic hair. He inhaled her aroma, and moved in, using his tongue to lick the walls of her thighs. She was wriggling with pleasure, so he moved closer to her sex, biting her clit lightly, and blowing into her hole. A shudder ran up her spine and she grabbed Tony's head and yanked it between her thighs, as she felt herself come.

"Oh God," she screamed, as Tony stuck his tongue deep inside her cunt, spreading her lips wide with his sticky fingers.

A wave of spasms passed through her body, and Tony decided it was time to fuck. With his shorts down by his ankles, he placed his dick at the opening of her cunt, wetting the tip with her love juice. She moaned as he rubbed each pussy lip with the head of his dick. He stretched her hole from left to right before entering her in one quick stroke. The woman gasped when he plunged in, and Tony closed his eyes in ecstasy as he began his rhythmic pumping. God, this woman was like a teenager: she was so fucking tight. Every time he went to pull his large dick out of her wet hole, her cunt muscles tightened in unison, holding him in, defying him to exit her love tunnel. His cock expanded inside of her as he fucked, and he felt his balls tighten. Giovanni grabbed the woman's ass and forced his dick in and out of her pussy at a furious rate. He was grunting in time to his strokes, and suddenly she was screaming at the top of her lungs; he came, his sperm washing into her cunt and bathing her slippery walls. When his thrusts

subsided, he pulled out, causing a trickle of gooey cum to dribble out of her pussy and run down the crack of her ass and thighs.

Tony Giovanni zipped up his shorts with a smile while the woman lay back on the hood of the corvette exhausted. After a minute or two she stood up and walked awkwardly around the car to the trunk. Tony thought she looked quite funny in the latex one-piece with a huge hole down the front. He walked to his own car and grabbed the red g-string that he had purchased back in Bloomingdale's.

"Here, why don't you put this on, at least its not ripped." He held the g-string out for her to take, but instead she opened her trunk and reached into a large cardboard box that was set in the back beside a silver thermos. He assumed she carried a spare set of clothes. He hoped so, for her sake. The woman extracted a package the size of a thick legal pad and held it in her palm, glancing in Tony's direction. He walked up to her and looked into the trunk observing that the box was three-quarters filled with similar packages. The woman placed the package on the roof of the car, and stepped away from the car.

"Keep the g-string," she said, pulling the one piece down over her breasts and hips until it lay in a small pile at her feet. Giovanni stared at her while his mouth hung open and his cock quivered in his shorts. She kicked the latex body suit away from her heels and turned around to reach for the package. Tony continued to stare, mesmerized by her nude body which he was seeing fully unclothed for the first time. The woman grasped the package and tore off the end, spilling the contents into her hand. She unfolded a flesh colored body suit made of thin latex, and began slipping the garment over her strong calves. Giovanni was speechless watching her don the outfit; she was ever so careful not to tear the suit, or leave unsightly ridges. When she had

the suit half way up she flexed her hips from side to side, the way a woman does slipping into a pair of tight jeans. Finally, when she had finished dressing, she slipped on her heels and kicked the old suit into the bushes. She flipped her head back and brushed her hair flat with her hand. Satisfied, she got into her car and started the engine. Giovanni stood beside the vette, the g-string still in hand.

"What do you want me to do with this," he asked, holding up the red lace.

"Keep it as a memento of this night." She gave Tony a wink, and pulled away from him, her tires screeching and kicking up dust as she drove away from the bridge. Soon, all Giovanni could see were her red taillights flickering, and in an instant, this too quickly faded out of sight.

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