

The Office Christmas Party

A Rubbergirl Adventure

PART 1

It was a week before Christmas and the evening of the office party. Every year the company I work for organises an event, and this year it was to be held at a restaurant not far from the office. The company had booked the whole of the restaurant for the evening so if previous events were anything to go by it would be a great evening. There is no stipulation about formal dress although scruffy is frowned upon and most people wear smart casual wear. For this evening I decided to wear a long blue dress that had thin shoulder straps, a show of cleavage, and a skirt that was slit to the thigh. It also has a low cut back which makes it impossible to wear a bra. In my bedroom at home I started to get ready for the evening in plenty of time. I'd had a shower and was drying my hair, looking at my naked body reflected in the mirror. Even though I say it myself I'm pleased with my body. Rubbing my hands over my breasts I could feel the firmness of my nipples, my hands slowly moved down to the strands of fine hair that surrounded my pussy. It was difficult to restrain my fingers from moving that little further inside me. I had to finish getting ready, although my thoughts by now were on other things. Starting to get dressed I stepped into a blue thong, it matches the dress, and eased it over my thighs until the small front covered my pussy and the thin back pulled tightly into the cleft of my bum. There's little more that can be worn with this dress so I slipped it on together with my shoes. After grabbing a coat and bag I'm ready to leave. Generally the drink flows in abundance so I have decided to go by taxi.

I arrived at the restaurant after a short journey, and although in plenty of time a considerable number of people from the office had already arrived and were drinking the champagne that was being freely offered. Not to miss out I took the first of many glasses before dinner. Conversation flowed as freely as the drink. Sharon, a colleague of mine from the office, was talking to me when I glanced over her shoulder and spotted Helen, a girl who works just across the office. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, Helen in a tight black mini dress that looked to be made of rubber. I just had to have a closer look. "Excuse me Sharon" I said "I just want to go and have a word with Helen". Having made my excuses, and with my heart pounding with excitement, I made my way across the room. The closer I got to Helen the more convinced I became that she was wearing rubber. Finally I got near enough to speak to her. "Hello Helen" I said rather excitedly, "I like your dress, and it makes you look really sexy." "Thanks Jenny" she replied, "It's made of rubber and it feels just great to wear". What could I say. "Is it" I said, trying to hide the fact that I had a rubber fetish and

wore rubber at home as often as I could. Helen was doing more than I could, wearing rubber in public. My fetish is very private, no one else knows about it. "Haven't you ever worn rubber, Jenny?" Helen asked. I couldn't reveal my private fetish so I told Helen that I hadn't. "This isn't the only item of rubber that I have" Helen said, "I've quite a few other garments as well. If you're interested in rubber why don't you come round next Tuesday, we're both off work, and I show you the rest of my rubber wear". I thanked Helen and said that I would see her the following Tuesday. For the rest of the evening I was in my own world, a rubber world, thinking of the delights of rubber and the visit to Helen's.

Tuesday dawned and I woke with the sweet smell of rubber. Last night I slept in one of my catsuits, something that I often do, particularly at weekends when I not at work. But then I'm not at work this week so I can really indulge. Today I'm due at Helen's and the one thing I don't want her to know about is my rubber fetish. I have to make out it's all new to me when I go round to her place. My rubber catsuit feels great this morning, so warm and supple, hugging my body tight in all the right places. Unfortunately I can't wear it all day, I have to get ready to go out. Last night was fantastic for not only did I wear rubber but I also had my six inch dildo for company. Unzipping the crotch zip of my suit there was nothing to be seen of the dildo, it was hidden right up inside me. Moving my hands to my pussy, and parting the lips my fingers could feel the end. Slowly and gently the dildo slid out, all moist and glistening. The dampness made my rubber gloves shine as it was slid between the fingers. The temptation to lick my own juices became too great, I just had to get my tongue around the dildo. Then into my mouth it slid, feeling wonderful. The juices in my pussy were really running, the dildo now between my legs being pumped in and out at an ever increasing speed. Finally the moment of orgasm arrived, the dildo remaining fully inserted. For a while I lay back to savour the moments before withdrawing it.

The time was getting on and I had to see Helen this morning. Lifting myself from the bed the tight rubber clung to my body, the dampness between the rubber and my skin allowing it to slide. Reaching round to the back of my neck I slowly eased the zip down my back exposing it to the cool air, then between my legs and up to the waist at the front. Reluctantly my hands began to peel the clinging rubber from my arms and breasts until naked from the waist up, the rubber slid down my legs. Sitting on the bed I carefully removed my feet from the catsuit. Now totally naked, my body had the beautiful smell of rubber and I had the urge to use my dildo again but there was not enough time for me to shower, wash and talc my catsuit before I had to leave to see Helen.

To be continued