

Lost story

12:59 pm in [Stories](#) by [Jacketbound](#)

I was trawling through some old sites I used to visit lots the other day and I came across a story I posted. This is quite a few years old and I am not 100% it's all my own work. If you know different let me know. Enjoy.

When I awoke, I was feeling slightly groggy. It took a while for me to co-ordinate all of my senses. I didn't understand why I felt like this, or exactly where I was.

I sat up on the bed. I was completely naked, on a bed which formed the only furniture in the room. The room was painted all white, and with the bright white lights bouncing off every surface, I had to squint under the brightness.

I felt as if I'd been knocked out. But how?

All I could recall was turning up for a job pressing the doorbell, and that was it. Nothing. Until now.

I sat there for a while, trying to work out what was going on while gathering my senses and strength back together.

Then in he walked.

He was about twenty, five-foot eight, with gorgeous blonde hair and boyish looks. And a boy to match. But it was what he was wearing which shocked me straight away.

Walking towards me was a perfect specimen of a twenty year old, wearing a skin-tight black rubber catsuit, which engulfed his hands as well as his feet. Only his head was clear from the shiny blackness.

I struggled to work out how he was, or whether I had met him before. He seemed slightly familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

He walked straight up to me and stopped. "Glad you're awake"

"Do I know you?"

"You don't remember me do you?"

"Should I?"

There was a slight pause as this seemed to amuse him.

"The fetish ball, the cue outside – you were with your mates – I was cueing to get in." Ring any bells?"

Slowly, like a dark cloud, memories started to come back to me. About two weeks ago, I'd been out with some male friends of mine. We'd been out drinking around town, and we're heading for the next pub, when we passed lots of people cueing up to get into a club. The only

thing was that these people were obviously waiting to get into a fetish party, as most of them were wearing some sort of fetish attire.

I knew a lot about the kind of gear they were wearing, as I 'm into all things rubbery, from catsuits to the more elaborate bondage items. It's a passion of mine. Always has been, but none of my mates knew it. I kept it well hidden to everyone.

As we got near the cue of people, I started to recognise some of the outfits on view. I even started to develop a hard on at the sight. It had been a desire of mine to go out in public in fetish attire, but never had the balls.

There were a couple of people wearing full catsuits, with gas masks over the top. God how I had longed to be there with them.

But the guys I was with started making snide comments about the people in the cue. I didn't hesitate to join in – anything else would have blown my cover. We hurled insults at the crowd as we passed, as I'm sure others had done. I felt sick at it, but had to go along with it.

This guy must have something to do with the cue of people.

“Were you in the cue?” I hesitantly blurted out.

“Well done”

“Those things hurt, you want to be more careful about what you say in public”

“I know – and I'm sorry, I felt bad, but all the guys started, and I had to join in”

“Oh – I know, I could tell by your hard on that you were more interested in what I was wearing rather than hurling insults. I guessed.”

“Which is why you are here”

“I couldn't believe it when you turned up at my front door yesterday delivering me some parcels. Now that must be fate”

“Yesterday” – I quickly jumped in with.

“I suppose I better fill you in, hadn't I. I believe in fate, and when you turned up at my house yesterday I had no choice but to see it as a sign”

“A sign for what?” I asked.

“A sign to show you what you were missing. A sign for revenge. A sign to put right something. A sign to try out my new experiment”

“A sign for what!”

I was starting to feel uneasy about all this. What had happened, where had my day gone, and had I really pissed this guy off so much to deserve his full attention towards revenge.

“Yesterday you were bringing me some new stuff. The parcels you delivered were packs of new rubber clothing. Ironic isn’t it. You came in, dropped off the parcels and even accepted my hospitality of a drink, which was of course drugged.”

I was starting to feel worse.

“I then brought you here, to undergo my new creation. You’ve been under the knife”

I almost jumped off the bed, but “What” was all I managed to put forward. I was lost for words. I couldn’t believe what was happening here.

“You’ve undergone an experiment. My research team here has inserted you with my new toy. Its taken my a while to develop, and its now perfect. You’re the first to experience it. I do hope you like it”

The suspense was now killing me, I didn’t want to hear what was coming, but at the same time wished he’d get to the point.

“If you feel the base of your back, you’ll find a little black rubber disc. Its only an inch in diameter, quite neat, but holds the key to your future enjoyment.”

I felt the small of my back as he talked. I leapt off the bed as my fingers felt what he described. It was a small round rubber disc. Flat, but there. I tried to pull it off, but it was attached. It was stuck. I screamed at him to get it off me, but he wasn’t phased by me at all. He just stood there I his catsuit.

“This is my rubber creation. Its voice activated, encoded to my voice and my voice only. I can control it, and only I can control it. Think of it as a living organism. Basically, it is black rubber, but it obeys me. Its easier for me to show you than describe in any greater detail.”

I was almost throwing up, I felt sick. I wanted all this to stop. I regretted the insults. I almost felt like crying. This was too much.

“Blackness, obey me” were strange words that were spoken to me next.

“Blackness, assume new position – full catsuit, attached feet, mittens, full face hood, only nose holes.

I was transfixed by what he was saying. But not really sure what was going on.

“Go!”

With that last command, I felt a slight tingle at the base of my back. I felt where the black disc was and could feel that it had grown. “What’s happening?”

“Its growing -neat isn’t it”

“But what’s it doing?”

“Its covering your body as instructed. Soon it will be as described.”

The black rubber was appearing around my waist. I couldn't hold it back. It was crawling up my back, down my legs, consuming me. I looked at the guy in front of me. He was looking at me in awe, admiring his own handy work.

Soon, my legs started to disappear behind a glossy coat of black rubber. It felt cold as it covered my skin. Within seconds, my legs had vanished, and feet had formed at the bottom of the leggings which now consumed my legs. At the same time, my torso had become completely covered and my hands had started to be consumed by thick rubber mittens.

All this was bad enough, but I started to panic when the black mass reached my neck and didn't stop. It rolled up my neck, covered my chin, covered my hair, my mouth. Before I knew it my head was completely covered. I could no longer see. I was sealed into a skin tight black rubber catsuit. I must have looked brilliant. If I hadn't of been scared, I may have enjoyed it.

“As you can see, or not, what ever I tell the rubber to be, it will do, within seconds. I can control you completely. All I need to do is voice activate the rubber, and it responds. It will stay that way for two days unless I tell it otherwise. I built the two day safety in for your own good, just in case something happens. The rubber will form anything I can dream of. If I tell it to, it will seal you in rubber, I can add anything I want. Hoods, gags, even butt plugs. You could find yourself wearing a catsuit, a straight jacket, a body bag, anything. And all at a moments notice.”

Just to emphasise his point, he changed the rubber.

“Blackness – obey me. Blackness, assume new position, full sleep sack, covering the whole body, butt plug, medium, with attached hood, full gag, only nose holes.”

I tensed at the sound.

I had fantasised on many a night about what was to come. I never thought for one moment I would ever experience it. I waited.

“Go!”

The change was rapid. The rubber between the legs started to become tighter, pulling my legs together, while at the same time, rubber started to seep down towards my mouth and ass. My arms started to pull to my sides. It took less then twenty seconds for my legs to be bound together within their rubber confines, for my arms to me held tightly at my sides, for my mouth to be forced open with the pressure of the rubber as it forced its way between my lips and into my mouth, and for a large amount of rubber invaded my ass and solidified into a huge butt plug.

I was held in this sleep sack whether I liked it or not. And I was actually warming to it, as the heat inside the rubber had made the inside of the suit sweat slightly. I was now sporting a hard on – or at least as much as a hard on as you could get out of skin tight rubber.

“If I want to, I could leave now, in the knowledge that in twenty hours, the black rubber would resume its natural position and you would be released, or I could release you now, frustrating your enjoyment of the suit, frustrating that hard on you've developed.”

“Blackness, obey me, blackness, recede.”

“Go!”

I stood there, naked. The black rubber had gone back to its home, at the base of my spine.

“You can’t remove it, but you can try if you want to.”

“You’re free to go now, your clothes await you on the other side of the door. But this isn’t the end of it – this is the start of it. Whenever I want to, I can get to you. I’ve used your ID to track down your address, your phone numbers, your e-mail address, everything. I know your passport number, I know your social security number, I know everything. Where ever you go, I will know. You can’t run from this. But you can try, which you’re bound to do.”

“Just remember, my fetish friend, you could be anywhere in the world, but as long as you can hear my voice, so can the black rubber. I own your body now.”

With that he turned and left, leaving me standing in the middle of the room. I was shivering now. I’d got used to the warmth of the rubber, and with a thin covering of sweat all over my body, my body was getting colder.

I went through the process of finding my clothes. I was almost in a trance. I was struggling to get to grips with what was going on. It was hard.

Part of me thought it was a magic trick, made to scare me, don’t know how he did it, but it worked. Surely what he said couldn’t actually be true.

My clothes were right outside the door. My bike was right outside the entrance to the building as well. I didn’t stop to look around, instead I donned my leather jacket, my leather pants and crash helmet and got the hell out of there.

It was ten o’clock that night. I was lying on my own bed now. Ready to sleep, I was just thinking back on the day. It had been like a dream. Perhaps it was. Perhaps I had been drugged – some kind of bad acid trip almost.

Whatever had happened, it had happened over a day and a half. I’d spent a couple of hours in the early afternoon persuading my boss that I was still reliable as a motorcycle courier and not to fire me. Truth was, I was his best driver, so he wouldn’t have fired me, but it was a struggle to explain where I had been.

Anyhow, the trials of the day were catching up on me and I was starting to fade. It wouldn’t take long to get to sleep tonight.

My sleep was interrupted with a phonecall. I always kept the mobile by the side of the bed where it recharged overnight.

I answered with a half asleep hello.

“Blackness – obey me, blackness, new position for six hours, full body sleep sack, full hood, internal gag, nose holes, butt plug, medium”

I froze.

“GO!”