

Belt... Of The Future

The alarm sounded for the third time and I finally decided to get up - it's nice to have a day off work, but that's no excuse to waste it in bed. The curtains had opened themselves when the alarm had sounded the first time, and sunlight was already streaming into our bedroom of the future. In fact, our whole house was 'of the future' - my boyfriend Gary worked for a large multinational company that specialised in such things, and we got to try out some of the prototypes.

Most of the house was automated - the lights, the curtains, the doors. And the fridge regularly ordered more milk from the local supermarket whenever it was running low. I had a shower, pulled my hair into a ponytail and then headed downstairs in a bathrobe to have breakfast - it was as I turned to enter the kitchen when I noticed an interesting package in the middle of the living room floor. It was about the size of a shoebox and bound in tape, and bore my name. I grabbed it and my boyfriend's penknife and took them to the kitchen table - it was obviously another of Gary's company's prototypes for me to try out. I unwrapped it as I ate my breakfast, and inside I found a thick black latex belt, with a very large, solid metal clasp.

I looked at it while I ate, and I looked at it while I put catfood in a bowl for our tabby, Sherekan, and I looked at it while I loaded the dishwasher. It just didn't look like it was 'of the future' - at least not to me. In fact, with the large metal clasp, it looked more retro than anything else. I took it to the living room and tried it on, under my bathrobe. The clasp clicked shut, and I gasped as the belt tightened itself around my naked waist.

"Well, that was unexpected..." I mumbled to myself, examining the latex belt which was now skintight.

"WEARER VOICE REGISTERED," said the belt.

I jumped - the belt had a harsh, robotic voice... possibly in keeping with the retro styling. Sherekan padded into the room, licking his lips having eaten his food, and curled up in his favourite spot on the sofa. I stroked him under the chin before returning my attention to the belt. I wondered what on earth it could do that required voice commands from a registered wearer.

"Belt, list commands," I said, loudly and clearly, looking straight down at the belt.

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED. WEARER COMMAND LIST FOLLOWS: REMOVE. OTHER WEARER COMMANDS UNAVAILABLE. INCOMPATIBLE CLOTHING ERROR."

"Incompatible clothing error? What does that mean?"

The belt didn't reply. But then I realised what it meant anyway - it didn't like my bathrobe. I untied the cord and went to open my robe, but suddenly felt shy - I looked at Sherekan but he wasn't paying any attention, and I knew that no-one else could see me, so I removed the robe and draped it over the back of a chair. I stood there in my new belt and my grey-and-pink panties, feeling rather self-conscious about my bare breasts.

"I hope this is worth it... belt, list commands."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED. WEARER COMMAND LIST FOLLOWS: REMOVE. OTHER WEARER COMMANDS UNAVAILABLE. INCOMPATIBLE CLOTHING ERROR."

"And what's wrong with my panties? Admittedly, they're grey and were the last ones in the drawer but still... unless this is some bizarre scheme of Gary's to get his shy girlfriend naked in the middle of the living room... okay, I'll play. I'm curious. What can you do with a belt apart from remove it?"

I removed my panties, sliding them down my long legs and then stepping out of them before placing them on the chair by the dressing gown.

"Okay, I'm naked. Happy? Belt, list commands please."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED. WEARER COMMAND LIST FOLLOWS: FULL, TOP, BOTTOM, BODY, TIGHT, MINI, MODIFY, BELT, REMOVE. OTHER WEARER COMMANDS ARE PASSWORD-PROTECTED."

This was interesting... I wondered what all the commands meant. And why on earth some commands were password protected. It was time to go through the command list and see what this belt could do.

"Belt, full."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I looked down at the belt, and saw that some form of black liquid was flowing from it down my legs - the liquid was cool but not cold, and it was almost metallic in its shine. I wondered if there was some malfunction with the belt, and panicked - I wrestled with the clasp, but couldn't remove it, and all the time my legs were being engulfed in this mysterious black liquid. The liquid reached the floor and suddenly I was concerned about stains on my carpet... but the liquid didn't flow onto the floor - somehow, it flowed under my feet, tickling me slightly as it moved. I felt the liquid solidify, tight around my legs and feet, and looking down I saw that it resembled a black, shiny second skin - it was as if I had pulled on a pair of latex leggings. It felt very tight, but didn't seem to limit my movement. It was then that a new batch of black liquid began to flow upwards, defying the law of gravity - I had calmed down, but now I panicked again as this inexorable tide of black liquid latex rushed up my body.

"Stop! Cancel! Please!" I shouted, trying to brush the liquid away with my hands to no avail.

It washed over my breasts, and kept rising... but the flow diverted at my neck to move down my arms all the way to the tips of my fingers. And then it solidified, and I was wearing a black latex catsuit. I ran my latex-covered fingers over my latex-covered body, enjoying the sensation of tightness as the material hugged me. I dashed upstairs and paraded in front of my full-length mirror, admiring the flawless shine of the material from my fingers to my toes. It looked exquisite - skintight, seamless, zipless. Gary had always liked me to wear rubber for him, but I had always complained that it was too much effort and palaver - seems he had found a way around my argument.

"Belt, top," I said, eager to see what else it could do.

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I felt a tickling sensation on my feet, and suddenly the latex there withdrew, pouring up my legs and into the belt, until I was left wearing the top half of the skintight catsuit, leaving my pussy and ass bare below the belt. It all happened

so fast, and I was so surprised I instinctively hid my nakedness with my black latex fingers. It was then that I really noticed how it had covered my breasts - while most catsuits tend to offer far too much support and tightness, this let my breasts keep their natural size and shape, while still somehow being skintight. I jumped up and down, and smiled as my black, shiny breasts bounced very pleasantly.

"Miaow?" came a voice from the doorway.

I looked down to see Sherekan standing in the doorway, looking up at me. I blushed, caught in the act of admiring my own bouncing bosom, but Sherekan didn't seem to mind and, instead of acknowledging, jumped onto the bed and curled up into a ball. I shrugged, and returned my attention to my reflection.

"Belt, bottom," I said, but I could already guess what the outcome was.

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

Sure enough, the latex above the belt returned to it and my legs were once again covered in the skintight liquid. I managed to resist the urge to cover my bare breasts - I was getting used to this sudden nakedness.

"Belt, body."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

After a few seconds, my outfit had changed itself to resemble a leotard. I smiled at my reflection as I twirled, noticing the high-cut hips and the thong nestled between my buttocks, and discreetly looked around to make sure no one was watching before I spanked my bare bum with my latex-covered hand. I grinned... this was fun.

"Belt, tight."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

My outfit changed again, this time into a long black skirt which was so tight I could only take tiny steps in it... and a top which felt like a corset as it tightened around my waist, forcing my breath out of my body and forcing my

breasts together and up... the outfit had bare shoulders, but the latex did continue down my arms to form opera-length gloves. I twirled in front of the mirror and smiled at my reflection again, feeling very narcissistic but not caring one jolt.

"Belt, mini."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I gasped as the tightness of the outfit disappeared, and the black liquid latex retreated back into the belt - all of it, save for a small amount which formed a tiny miniskirt. The miniskirt barely covered my buttocks, but it was so tight it made them look very tiny and yet deliciously juicy...

"This is the best gadget yet," I said to Sherekan, who was staring at me with a surprised expression on his face - perhaps he didn't like the bizarre liquid which kept covering my body, "remind me to thank Gary properly when he gets home from work. Belt, modify."

"WEARER COMMAND REJECTED. INVALID SYNTAX. USE BELT MODIFY LIST COMMANDS FOR HELP."

"Okay then. Belt, modify list commands."

"MODIFY COMMAND ACCEPTED. MODIFY COMMAND LIST FOLLOWS: COLOUR, FLASH, HEELS. OTHER COMMANDS ARE PASSWORD-PROTECTED."

"What is it with this password protection? Oh well, I can probably guess how these other commands work. Belt, modify colour red."

"MODIFY COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I looked down at my super-tight miniskirt and grinned as the black slowly lightened in hue, becoming a uniformly shiny crimson red instead. Possibly not my colour, though, but I enjoyed the novelty of this new gadget.

"Cool. Belt, modify colour purple."

"MODIFY COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I twirled in front of my reflection in the mirror as my miniskirt changed from crimson red to dark purple.

"Much better. Belt, modify flash."

"MODIFY COMMAND REJECTED. MODIFY COMMAND FLASH INCOMPATIBLE WITH THIS OUTFIT."

"Oh... okay... fair enough. Let's try it with a different outfit then. Belt, full."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

I watched my reflection as it was engulfed in purple liquid, and smiled as the liquid solidified to make a shiny, skintight purple catsuit. Perfect.

"Belt, modify flash."

I gasped with surprise as my purple catsuit suddenly became a purple crotchless catsuit - as I moved my hands instinctively to cover myself, my breasts were bared too. I stopped when I realised that I had no-one to hide from, and giggled to myself. I twirled in front of the mirror, feeling rather braver now, thinking how convenient this new outfit was for Gary to enjoy me... and maybe for me to enjoy myself. My thoughts went to the toys we kept in the bedside table... hmmm... nipple clamps... handcuffs... vibrators... my nipples hardened and I felt quite excited. But then I saw that Sherekan was already occupying the bed, and I wouldn't have the privacy I wanted... so I decided to enjoy myself in that way later.

"Belt, modify heels."

"MODIFY COMMAND REJECTED. INVALID SYNTAX. MUST SPECIFY NUMBER IN RANGE ONE TO TEN."

"You're really getting quite annoying, you know. Okay. Belt, modify heels five."

"MODIFY COMMAND ACCEPTED."

One moment I was standing normally on my latex-covered feet, the next I was

five inches taller, standing on my latex-covered toes and five-inch stiletto heels which had grown out of my costume. I teetered, unsteady for a moment - I wasn't used to very high heels, but dancing ballet in my youth meant I at least could balance in them. I breathed a sigh of relief, glad I hadn't chosen a higher number. What on earth would ten look like? I decided to find out. I sat on the bed next to Sherekan and made sure my feet were off the ground before I gave the command.

"Belt, modify heels ten."

"MODIFY COMMAND ACCEPTED."

The liquid latex at my ankles somehow managed to point my feet straight, en-pointhe - I wasn't quite sure how the belt managed it. The five-inch heels grew into ten-inch heels, angled parallel with my feet, and a second stiletto spike grew out of the end of my toes on each foot to match. I looked at my new footwear - I wasn't sure who would find such stilt-walking attractive, but it looked quite cool nonetheless. I wondered what would happen if the belt malfunctioned at that point, leaving me wearing this crotchless purple catsuit with cut-out breasts and ridiculous heels... I wouldn't be able to walk anywhere for a start!

"Belt, body."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

The belt reverted to the leotard arrangement, covering my breasts and crotch once again. The heels also disappeared, since there was no latex near my feet as part of the outfit. As I looked in the mirror, I noticed that my hard nipples had been modelled by the liquid latex - I grinned and turned to view my reflection's almost obscene display of nippleness. I wandered downstairs in my purple latex leotard and wondered if I would be brave enough to wear the outfit to the next party I was invited to.

"I think it might be suitable. At least until someone said something daft like belt belt and..."

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

The latex retreated immediately, leaving me standing in the middle of the stairs in just the belt. I giggled to myself, glad I hadn't said that in the middle of a party. After making the belt cover my body again, I returned to the kitchen and looked in the box it had come in, wondering if there were any further instructions... or at least, any clues to what the password protected commands were. There were no instructions, no clues, no nothing. I shrugged, and returned to the living room. I went to sit on the sofa, but Sherekan had beaten me to it.

"Oh, Sherekan, you..."

"WEARER PASSWORD ACCEPTED. SLAVE-GIRL OUTFIT UNLOCKED."

"What was that? What did you say, belt? Slave-girl?"

"WEARER COMMAND ACCEPTED. AWAITING OWNER VOICE REGISTRATION..."

"Owner voice registration? What do you mean?"

"OWNER VOICE ERROR - IDENTICAL TO WEARER. AWAITING OWNER VOICE REGISTRATION..."

"I've had enough of this. Belt, modify colour black."

"OWNER VOICE ERROR - IDENTICAL TO WEARER. AWAITING OWNER VOICE REGISTRATION..."

"That's not good. Belt, remove."

"OWNER VOICE ERROR - IDENTICAL TO WEARER. AWAITING OWNER VOICE REGISTRATION..."

I looked at the cat, puzzled by this new turn of events, not quite sure how to proceed - the belt seemed to have become stuck in a loop. Every time I said something, it came back with the same response. I needed another voice to get it to recover. I looked down at the cat again and grinned - I tickled him under the chin until he miaowed.

"OWNER VOICE REGISTERED. INITIATING SLAVE-GIRL."

My purple outfit turned black and grew heels - I was so surprised, I lost my balance and fell to the floor, as seven-inch heels sprouted from my feet, causing my toes to point and run parallel to them. I kneeled on the floor, watching my feet, and was surprised by the skintight leggings modifying themselves - the latex between my thighs and calves disappeared, and my thighs were drawn to my calves until my flesh was pressed against my flesh. The leggings then solidified around my legs, my thighs frog-tied to my ankles by my outfit. My outfit then forced me to sit up straight as it formed itself into a tight corset around my waist. I was beginning to panic again, since this wasn't quite what I had in mind.

"Belt, cancel!"

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

My arms were moved behind my back and, despite me fighting with all my strength, they were crossed parallel to the floor and bound together. And all of a sudden, I was rendered utterly helpless by my garment... the skintight latex continued to flow upwards, covering my shoulders until it got to my neck. It solidified again, forming a collar which kept me looking straight ahead... and didn't stop there. As I opened my mouth to try another command, the black liquid flowed inside and solidified to form what felt very much like a cock... filling my mouth, stopping me from saying anything except mmmph. And that was that. The last touch was the outfit baring my breasts and crotch.

I cursed myself for being so stupid, for being so easily trapped in my new outfit. I was kneeling on the floor, wearing the skintight, shiny black outfit, utterly helpless. My legs were frog-tied, my arms bound behind my back, my breasts and pussy were naked and vulnerable, my waist was cinched, my neck collared and my mouth gagged. All I could do was wriggle around a bit and suck on the latex cock-shaped gag in my mouth. Trapped.

"Mmmmmph!"

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

Oh yes, the owner. I turned to look at the cat (I had to manoeuvre my whole

body, since the posture collar prevented me from turning my head) but Sherekan had wandered off somewhere. Possibly scared by the outfit attacking me! I would have to find him and get him to miaow... maybe, possibly, the belt would recognise the command and release me... maybe... I wasn't confident that such a plan would work, but I had no other options.

I decided to look for him in the kitchen - hopefully, he'd be licking the last few scraps of food from his bowl. I didn't even want to think about the possibility that he might be upstairs, since I couldn't imagine myself completing the climb in this friction-free latex bondage. Progress towards the kitchen was slow - I had to shuffle on my frog-tied legs, inch by inch, but I eventually reached the kitchen to find that Sherekan wasn't there. Either he'd gone through the catflap (and who knew how long he'd be outside for) or he'd headed upstairs. I looked at the handle on the back door, and wondered if I'd be able to turn it - then I realised that it didn't matter, since the door was bolted and locked anyway, and I had no way of reaching the bolt or the key. I turned and headed back towards the living room, since Sherekan always ended up on his favourite spot on the sofa. Just as I passed the stairs, Sherekan scampered down them - he didn't pay me a second look, he just dashed into the kitchen and slammed through the catflap.

"Mmmmmph!" I swore, frustrated.

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

Damn prototypes... I'd definitely feed back to Gary that the insistent robotic voice was very annoying... And it seemed to have developed a fault, since I definitely wasn't starting my so-called commands with the word 'belt'. I returned to the kitchen, to wait for Sherekan's return. I shuffled over towards the catflap, my bare breasts jiggling in front of me with every movement. I had to turn my whole body to look at the clock on the wall, which told me it would be hours until Gary returned from work - my only chance of release at the moment was Sherekan. I was feeling somewhat impatient, having to wait for that silly cat to do whatever it was doing, so I bent forward and shuffled towards the catflap, opening it with my head and continuing forward. I wanted to see where he was, and if he looked like he would be returning anytime soon. The catflap lifted as I pushed into it, and I managed to get my whole head outside. Squinting to the side (I still couldn't turn my head because of the collar) I could just about look down the garden - but there was

no sign of the cat. Admitting defeat, I decided to back up and wait for him inside... but it was then that I noticed the catflap had caught on my ponytail. I struggled and writhed, but couldn't get free... I was having an exceptionally bad day! Or possibly an exceptionally stupid day...

I took stock of my situation. Bent over on the kitchen floor, my legs hogtied, my arms bound behind my back, my head stuck outside, drooling onto the garden path, the feeling of vulnerability enhanced by my bare breasts and crotch... I struggled again, but wasn't moving anywhere. It was then that Sherekkan finally arrived and sat outside the back door, looking up at this silly human who had got stuck in his doorway.

"Miaow?"

"OWNER COMMAND REJECTED. OWNER COMMAND NOT RECOGNISED."

"Mmmmmph!"

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

"Miaow."

"OWNER COMMAND REJECTED. OWNER COMMAND NOT RECOGNISED."

I closed my eyes - not only would I have to be stuck in this highly embarrassing situation, I would also have to endure a pointless and meaningless conversation between the cat and the belt. I pulled at my bonds, hard, but they didn't budge. It was then that I began to worry about the volume of the belt's voice - would it attract a neighbour? Would someone come to investigate and find me in this awful situation? I knew my neighbours well, and I'd hate for them to see my like this... I continued to struggle, while the cat and the belt continued to converse.

I heard a sound behind me in the house. It was too early for Gary to be home... but surely I wasn't being burgled in the middle of the day! I stayed absolutely still, trying not to make a noise - but my efforts didn't matter anyway, since the cat and the belt were still engaged in their very annoying and rather loud conversation. I jumped (as far as I could) when I felt a pair of fingers grip my right nipple and squeeze.

"Mmmmmph!"

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

"Belt, register new owner," came Gary's voice from behind me.

"OWNER TRANSFER IN PROGRESS. AWAITING OWNER VERIFICATION."

"Miaow," said Sherekan.

"OWNER TRANSFER COMPLETE."

I breathed a sigh of relief - my ordeal was finally over. Or so I thought. I gasped as I felt something bite my right nipple - it was only when I felt a bite on my left nipple that I realised I'd been clamped!

"Mmmmmph!"

"WEARER COMMANDS INVALID. BELT UNDER OWNER CONTROL."

"Belt," Gary said, "ignore wearer."

"OWNER COMMAND ACCEPTED."

"Mmmmmph!"

For once, the belt didn't reply, and I felt slightly better... I wriggled, trying in vain to dislodge the clamps from my nipples. I stopped wriggling when I felt Gary's hand on my inner thigh - bound helpless as I was, I couldn't do anything to stop him gently stroking up towards my vulnerable, soaking-wet pussy... I gasped as he pushed two fingers inside. He began to thrust his fingers back and forth, stroking my clit with his thumb, and all I could do in response was drool. A thrill passed through me when I realised that I couldn't look up high enough to see the top of the garden fence - for all I knew, the neighbours could be leaning over, watching as I drooled and writhed in the catflap, groaning louder and louder as my boyfriend forced me to orgasm... I shuddered as wave after wave passed through me, grinding my pussy against his hand... squirming with pleasure...

He reached through the catflap and raised it, disentangling it from my hair so I could return to the kitchen. I kneeled before him (not as if I could do anything else) and he looked down at me, smiling.

"You couldn't resist, could you?"

"Mmmmmph!"

"I thought I'd take my lunchbreak here. I'm impressed you found the password. But now it's time to show you what this toy can really do... and, just so you know, you're going to be wearing it to a party tonight with the commands under my control..."

I drooled, sucking on the latex cock in my mouth, quivering with anticipation... wondering what on earth he had in store for me... what else this wonderful belt could do...

I wasn't disappointed.