

Lynn fidgeted behind the monitor, the microphone had been tested before she started, it still picked her up clear enough to be heard, though the discreet muffling was definitely noticeable. “God this thing is clumsy.” She said, her hands clasping and squeaking as a clinging thickness held them.

“You’ll be fine.” Her husband Stephen said with a chuckle. “You know I’ll always admire that you’re going through with it, with no half measures.”

“For real...” She said with a sigh, wishing she’d cut some corners or managed to wheedle her way out of it.

The countdown had already begun, there was no backing out of it now. In five minutes her stream would be done with the pre-roll and her audience would see her new appearance. Already the chat was scrolling faster than could be kept up with. As many people were excited and eager to see what they knew was coming as were cluelessly asking if there was some event going on.

Lynn’s thoughts were in chaos, her stomach fluttering in uncertainty. She didn’t want anything to go wrong, not really, yet if it did and she had to cancel... it would save her in the long run.

Two minutes remaining, she looked to the camera, checked the preview, raised her hands to touch alongside her head, feeling the extra width caused by her attire and the squeaking restrictions to her full range of motions.

There was no more time, her husband made sure she stayed honest by controlling the display, activating the camera and showing her audience and backers that their host was now in a shiny rubber costume. Lynn had run a contest and this was what had won; a full body costume of the anthro bobcat Bubsy. The head wasn’t too overly mascot-like, yet was still very much a reproduction of the character, the rest of the suit was all one piece, including the shirt that ran down to the elbows and didn’t quite cover the body’s full torso.

Her chat exploded with a full range of reactions; puzzlement, amusement, hilarity and a flood of emojis. “Hey guys, gals and other pals, welcome back to the stream. So as you can see, I’m all costumed up and- yes, yes that’s right.” She said answering the few questions she could keep up with. “Yes it’s Bubsy and no, chat, it’s not because I like him. No, the point is it’s embarrassing.”

After a few seconds more to let responses trickle in she gasped. “Oh trust me, I want out of it already, but that’s the point.” She allowed some more murmuring and back and forth, even getting up to walk so her entire body was in view, dressed from head to toe in the costume with not an inch of her peeking out.

She let her audience grow as late arrivals tuned in, her moderator team starting to field questions before she sat down and addressed the pivotal rules herself.

“For those who haven’t been following, this is my new appearance, only half out of choice. You all know my husband, he’s going to slap on a lock to this suit before your very eyes, a digital one, no keys, so no cheating when the camera is off. I have until the end of the month to clear whichever game my top supporters have set out for me. When I succeed, pew-pew! Kchack! That’s it! The lock will spring open and I will escape this costume. If I fail... then whoever the top donator is gets to pick the following game for me to try and I have to start all over.

Now, since the month is half done, that means I’ve only got two weeks left before the first pick, to make it quite likely you’ll have me like this for another month, but after that, heh, I’ll be out before you know it! And before you worry, I’m planning to make a yearly event out of this if it goes well. Maybe other costumes, to give you guys a chance to add handicaps by choosing something with big gloves or less fingers.” She said, winking and chuckling before remembering, behind that mask, none of her expressions had a chance of making it through.

“This is going to be an introductory stream, to let you all see the face you’ll be presented with and field your questions, but before we really get started; Love?”

On cue her husband rose up, he took the lock in hand, showed it to the camera, let it focus, and then made a show of hooking it into place. Inside the suit, Lynn was already sweating out of pure nerves. The thought of it being stuck in the suit, with a few discreet holes that were the absolute bare minimum needed to function long term, had been intimidating to her, but she was sure she was up to it.

Yet now, as she felt her husband fumbling to align the lock, she felt ten times as tense. There was a latching click, then a loud beep as the lock was engaged.

She wished the camera was off so that she could take a moment to herself, but that was why it was there. To keep her in check, to make her behave.

“And so here I am, your favourite streamer is now going to answer any questions you have, share a joke or two and then we’ll see together what our first game will be!”

Hours later, as she turned off the stream, with promises of digging right into the chosen title bright and early the following day, Lynn took a balancing breath, slumping into her chair. “Oh man, I didn’t even start a game and already I’m exhausted.” She said as her husband came back into the room.

She reached behind her head, finding the lock which clamped securely over the zipper and tugging, yet it stayed firm, as it was meant to. No surprise but it would have been nice to find a way to sneak out. “So what got chosen?” He asked her.

“I don’t wanna talk about it...” She mumbled in response, sinking the tiny bit lower that she could.

“That bad?” He said with a smirk. “Ah, you’ve beaten the other challenges, just think of the potential!”

“I swear I spent more time denying an attraction to Bubsy than explaining the rules and answering the questions combined!” She lamented.

Stephen smirked, he leaned forward, pushing his hand below the shirt. “And how does this feel?” He asked, finding a lump, a bulge that stuck out suggestively from the suit. Though not enough to be a problem for the site they streamed on, it would need some editing before they could upload it elsewhere.

“Gah! D-don’t do that.” She mumbled in flustered tones. He gave a half-apology before she mumbled. “Well, it’s not bad it’s just... even with this suit it makes me feel things that are very much not going to be allowed for TOS unless we swap to a strictly adult platform.”

He nodded in understanding, even though all her viewers had to confirm being over eighteen to be able to view or chat, the streaming service itself still couldn’t go all out permissive. “Well, I’d better let you rest, if you need a hand with anything let me know, I’ll be out tomorrow though so if you do ace the first game I won’t be able to let you out until the evening.”

His confidence helped, the fact he thought there was a possibility she’d break a world record and get through the gruelling game her audience had picked was what she needed to get out of her chair and get on with what needed to be done on the way to bed.

After a week had passed, Lynn was growing desperate, when the cameras were off and her husband was away she tried to tug on the rubber, to separate it from herself yet it was too tight and too fitting to even withdraw an arm from a sleeve with it zipped up. There was nothing she could do short of ripping it open.

By the end of the month she realised it was fruitless to fight it, only making her burn brighter with embarrassment, so she spent her energy on making the show entertaining for her viewers, hoping to charm them into clemency.

It didn’t work. The game they picked for the following month had an arduous clear condition. More a marathon than a sprint but even that required mechanical skill that she had to learn and adapt to the thin but obstructing rubber coating her digits.

She was just getting the hang of it when the end of the month was creeping into view, and with still hours of game to clear, the hands of the clock stole her prize from her. New top donors picked a new game, and prolonged the cycle.

Lynn's channel was now nothing like it once had been. What had started as a fun challenge when she dreamt it up had become her identity. She was known as the 'Bubsy streamer' at best, though quite often people added 'who's really bad at games.'

Some of her die hard fans thought it was part of the bit, that she was hamming up how bad she was to keep the challenge engaging. That caused a schism in her fanbase, those who were certain she was into it and thus were cheering and jeering when she failed, and those who enjoyed the idea of having a streamer they could mess around with by making things harder and harder.

The latter camp seemed all the more happy to throw generous donations at the end of the month, dictating a crueller game to be played.

Months turned into the first year. A chilling realisation that she'd spent that long in this suit, yet still she could never truly adapt to it. The first year rolled into two and then three!

Still the worst part was the burn she felt. She had mistakenly thought it came from humiliation and the constant embarrassment, particularly since she'd been forced to go out in public like that, with no amount of extra layers able to fully conceal her appearance.

Instead it was worse; The bulge that the suit came with had been designed to tease, to allow some distracted playfulness to help alleviate the pressure of long term wear. However unless the designers were more sadistic than her audience, they hadn't expected quite such a lengthy wear time. She was reeling not from humiliation but from unsated arousal, wants and needs she couldn't explore no matter what she tried, the suit serving as strongly as any chastity device might. Escape, both metaphorically and literally, remained tantalisingly out of reach, no matter how frequently she streamed or how many breaks she took!

The incessant feeling made her worse at the games, which somehow seemed to also be more and more difficult even without that strain. Her audience had changed, and she had changed with it, perhaps even because of it. They started to act even more callous, as if the audience assumed it was all fake, no one assumed anyone would do that to themselves for months, let alone years. Thus they assumed she was taking secret breaks or lying all along, coming up with new games that could never hope to be completed as she was.

Lynn's struggles became less frequent as her expectations had slumped. There was no way out without winning, and as the years grew, even those hopes started to dwindle. The only way she was getting out of this seemed to be if her audience suddenly took pity. Yet from the size of their donations and the still growing crowd, it seemed they wanted to keep her there for their amusement indefinitely.

At least when she broke her losing streak the payout would be life changing... she just had to make it there...