

It was a promising offer, a permanent position that would pay quite impressive figures given the work it entailed.

Sophie had shown up a good fifteen minutes ahead of her first shift, the wolf had had a day of training and practice, though had not been assigned an official costume. She found it waiting for her in the staff room.

Thick purple and orange-yellow accents awaited her, a full body suit of a bipedal, anthro-adaptation of the popular purple dragon, Spyro. Given the fact that it was decidedly masculine unlike her voice, she was glad that mascots were encouraged against talking. The suit looked fairly bulky, yet was still easy enough to put on by herself, closed with a velcro strip that would allow it to close with a barely visible join. The suit also had built in hands and feet, it seemed, meaning she only needed to smooth it shut and affix the head.

No sooner had she got it sat correctly than she heard someone enter, meeting the eye of a technician who had just come into the staff room. "Oh, good! You must be Sophie, right? How are you at dealing with frightening things?"

"That's me but I don't know if I follow what you mean."

"We typically like to have a mascot by the 'Haunted house', generally mascots of heroes or otherwise brave characters, to give the more skittish customers the option to have a friendly escort." He said, looking over a clipboard. "You're the most fitting mascot in the park until this evening, it would help out a lot."

She gulped, she didn't handle horror too well but... "Won't it be a problem if I yell in fright?"

"Don't worry, our performers know that if there's a mascot escorting a customer then they should take it a bit easy. Plus, you should have time to take a trip through the house on your own. That way you'll know what's coming and when. Remember though, no talking if you can help it."

"Okay, I'm on it." She assured the technician.

The haunted house was a seasonal addition to the theme park, that was growing more popular month by month. Big enough to have drawn large franchises, willing to lend their licences as mascots. The house was simple to find, and only made difficult to get to from the photos and hugs Sophie was called upon to give on the way. As soon as she had breathing room, she ducked into the place. Immediately she was hit with the change in atmosphere. The walls felt narrow even before she thought about the bulk of her outfit. Fog machines and dark, shaded lights kept visibility low.

The very first challenge lay in the decorative mirrors around the place, each deforming and warping the features of the viewer. One lone mirror gave a true, unaltered image. As the Spyro mask stared into it, the image abruptly faded, replaced with a ghoulish visage,

accompanied by slamming hands lurched at her. “Wah!” Sophie yelled, taking a step back before blushing with embarrassment as the ghoul on the other side of the mirror-turned-window cackled in obvious amusement.

Still, she picked herself up and pressed forward. She should have seen it coming, but she also made a mental note, she could direct any guests she was escorting to peer into it if they needed or looked like they could weather the shock. As she adjusted and turned, she thought she saw another figure ahead, the glint of eyes, before she blinked and it was gone.

The mirror hall turned into a spider-web decked room, twisting around. Small prop arachnids crawled on the walls and the corners, catching her attention. As she looked back she thought she saw that glint once more, as well as a shrouded silhouette. She’d heard of a stalker in horror tropes, yet never one that kept just ahead. Her thoughts were interrupted as she heard something tapping on the costume shoulder, but this time she was braced for it, seeing a dancing, overly furry and creepy looking spider that was likely puppeteered remotely. She smirked at that, the costume protected her but if that landed on the right visitor directly, that’d be a fright for sure.

In the next room, an animatronic witch toiled over a cauldron, humming to herself and occasionally turning around. Sophie started to walk through, thinking it was more just atmospheric, yet, when the witch turned and saw Sophie, it let out a shriek.

Suddenly the lights over her and the cauldron shut off, with new, angry red lights flooding the room, from which Sophie saw the witch bearing down on her, shrieking in fury. Her hands fell on the costume and she said “Gotcha!” in an over-the-top voice. “Gotta be more careful than that, petal.”

With her being the only one present the witch chuckled and once the shock had faded, took her to a curtained off room that she’d not seen on her first pass. There she showed the controls and cameras before she revealed the challenge; visitors had to move across the prop studded room undetected. If they *were* sighted, then she sprang from the hidden area and ran in an inefficient manner to chase them off.

“And what happens if you do catch them?”

“That depends, normally I wave my hands around, pretending to curse them for interrupting me. Others I threaten to drag and throw into the cauldron, only to stumble and release them.”

“One more question. Who’s that?” The dragon-costumed wolf asked, pointing to a spot of shadow that seemed to be looking their way.

“Hmm? Where?” The witch asked, leaning in.

Sophie turned to look at her face, to see if she was being genuine, though when she looked back the smudge had shrunk, just another shadow cast from the props. "I could have sworn..."

"You're probably seeing the ancient ghost of the house! They say he's a real prankster, ruining people's days just to get a kick out of it."

"Really?" She asked.

"Haha, no, petal. Just the fancies of a young woman pretending to be a crone."

Sophie said nothing more on it, if she wanted to play dumb she wouldn't press it, and maybe the wolf was just seeing things. "Alright, I love the trick of this room though, devious."

"Well thank you, dearie, I must say, what a lovely little costume." She replied before wiggling her hands like an incantation.

"Was that a curse?" Sophie asked wryly.

"Oh no, a lovely little blessing to keep our resident ghost away! Bye bye now!"

The lights shifted again hiding the performer and showing the robot once more as Sophie moved on.

The next room was a maze of black walls and curtained passageways. One which took Sophie several minutes, yet, each time she rounded a corner that turned out to be a dead end, she could have sworn she saw those eyes watching. Even if something spooky was presented or some jumpscare leapt out, she still felt that presence.

Retracing her steps, she tried to get out of the maze quickly, feeling unnerved like never before. As she twitched one curtain aside she saw the eyes for a second before what felt like an incorporeal shadow lurched forward, washing over her and eliciting another yelp.

A chill ran down her body and suddenly the suit felt a bit too close, too snug. She looked around yet she saw nothing. No performer, not even any vent that could have puffed air. Did she imagine it?

The unnerving sensation never left her mind, distracting her from the house, making her weather the remaining frights and spooks far more easily. When she was finally back outside, it came as a relief. Yet still, something felt different.

The day passed as it had begun, people making their way over for photos, to say hi, and even a few wanting that escort. The strange feeling had vanished from within the house, yet Sophie felt it hanging on her in a way she couldn't put into words.

When her shift was finally over, she went back to the staff room, her hands finding the velcro and pulling it open, ready to be out of the heavy, warming costume.

Instead, a shocking sight greeted her in the mirror. The same purple, yellow and orange rested below the costume but tight to her body, squeaking and shining. Rubber?!

Flustered, she pulled the oversized costume head off to find another below it, tighter to her skull while also bulking out enough to look like the dragon it represented. Her hands flew to where the velcro should be if it was a suit, down the back to where the zipper should have been on the bodysuit, there was nothing! Not even a seam!

How, how was this possible?!

Using the mirror Sophie inspected every angle, even looking between the legs, feeling for a crotch entry as a last result. That gave her a new, unsettling discovery, she couldn't feel anything in the region below the waist. The suit's crotch was a good two inches below her own pelvis yet it was surreally still when she poked.

The woman ran through the staff tent, frantically looking for anyone else to help, or to ask. Yet there was no one there. She also dared not show her face to the public lest people take a rubber costume the wrong way.

That left two courses of action, wait around or take this rubber suit home and get out of it there. She felt suddenly self conscious, not least because the surprise garment was tight in ways that made her acutely aware of her compressed femininity. Deciding that home was the best bet, she took off, throwing on a coat and scarf to hide her features, but not before leaving a note to her supervisor asking to call her ASAP.

When she made it home even her husband was taken aback, staring in surprise as a purple rubber dragon sounding like his wife stepped into the house. The two of them struggled and fought with the outfit together, yet for all it stretched to show it was false, it never detached, nor could they seem to damage or rip it.

Instead, it only made Sophie hotter and as the evening progressed, more and more distracted.

The couple were no strangers to frequent romance with all the spices thrown in they could think of. Maybe the way the rubber sat so comfortably, despite the squeeze, or maybe even because of that squeeze, flustered Sophie. It took her some effort to persuade her husband into action, mostly because he worried about any bills associated with damaging the costume, but eventually she convinced him on the basis she could think clearer if he'd satisfy that itch and she'd face the music later.

For all his romantic practice and knowledge of what made Sophie tick, Carl couldn't physically seem to get through if he dropped his touch below the belt line.

“It’s like...” Sophie eventually whispered as no amount of rubbing or even her husband employing her tongue stirred even a sliver of feeling. “Like I can’t feel it.”

“Hold on, maybe if I, y’know.” Her husband moved over her, lowering down gently.

Even that served only to further frustrate Sophie. As minutes turned into their longest session ever, she realised that it was as though she were in the most perfect chastity device designed. There was none of the discomfort that might come with the belt, yet it frustrated and left her unable to vaguely stimulate herself for relief.

Her thoughts shot back to the words of the witch. Had she been cursed? Had the ghost been real?! She only hoped that her manager or the other performers had an answer, or else she might very well be stuck in this mascot themed chastity. Suddenly the ‘permanent position’ in her contract felt ominous in a very new way.