

Suit Intimidation

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Content Warning: Latex/rubber, full-body suits, bondage, sensory deprivation, objectification, degradation, implied vore, implied digestion

Brent wasn't hiding his disappointment very well. She wasn't about to ask him "Why the long face?", either; even ignoring how impolite the crude Equine joke would be, she knew very well why he was disappointed. Despite the beautiful nebula stretching above the restaurant's large ceiling windows, and despite the promise of the best food on the station, the experience was clearly lacking to the uplifted horse; the fellow Terran had clearly invested quite a lot in her profile image from the dating network they'd used for their hookup. A young, lithe, curvy Gecko girl with big, sweet eyes and a demure smile didn't make for an unappealing date prospect for many. But that wasn't exactly what was sitting in front of him.

Not to mention he probably had a lot of questions regarding how she'd eat through almost an inch of high-tech isolation suit rubber.

Hoshi did her best to smile, not that he could see it behind the attached mask that served both as her intake control and her voice transmission. "So you're a station infrastructure engineer?" the suited Gecko asked. "That's pretty neat. Station matter distribution systems were one of the first things that really interested me."

"You don't have to fake interest," the Equine muttered, arms crossed and glancing to the side dismissively. "I know it's nothing compared to your dark core engineering, much less your Voyager Vanguard employment."

"I'm serious! Transporting base compounds station-wide with as few redundant lines while still preventing cross-contamination? That's neat stuff."

"Yeah, well, I don't exactly design them from scratch. I just replace lines and do period flushes. It's glorified plumbing."

Hoshi's eyes narrowed from behind her visor, the Gecko a little disappointed her date couldn't see her dirty look. "...is the suit really that bad?"

The Equine's nostrils flared as he huffed. "I thought networks were supposed to authenticate information to prevent catfishing," Brent pouted.

It was Hoshi's turn to cross her arms. "Yeah, well, every network I tried told me I couldn't 'hide behind a suit' for my profile image, no matter what I told them. And this was one of the few that 'supported nudists', since I couldn't exactly provide a picture of me in regular clothes."

"Can't? Or won't?"

"Can't," she firmly stated.

Brent gave Hoshi a skeptical look, but seemed to drop the subject. Hoshi was grateful for this, as the last thing she wanted to do was talk about either her disability or her deep appreciation for and fascination with clothing...especially given how much of her 2V credits went towards research that might help her wear it.

To her relief, after they sent their orders in, the tension briefly began to lift. While the older Brent clearly felt intimidated talking about engineering with the nineteen-year-old prodigy, he seemed perfectly content to talk about the local skim-racing scene, the strange hobby clubs downstation, and the station districts with their own exotic rules and cultures to accommodate special interests and alien expectations. Hoshi, being the naturally curious sort, watched intently, resting her head in her hands as she listened to the Equine go on.

The conversation only stalled once again after their food arrived. Brent's smile grew as the Mydh waiter placed down his Terran-style steak and eggs. It quickly vanished, however, at seeing the rack of valved vials placed before Hoshi. Even as the fish-like alien walked away to leave them to their meal, the Equine hardly could lift his silverware, instead watching as the suit-clad girl seemed to marvel at each colored fluid in the assorted ampoules. Hoshi, seemingly satisfied, tapped upon a holographic panel above her wrist. A tiny hiss sounded out, and a small port opened at the side of her suit's mask. Then, with little hesitation, she popped one of the vials up to the opening and plugged it in.

"Mmm...this place really does Indian curry great," she cheered approvingly, Brent watching as the fluid slowly sucked through the valve and was presumably filtered and applied to the Gecko inside.

"You...is that even curry?" the Equine questioned.

"Well, yeah! Smells like it, tastes like it, has the same nutritional value as it..." She popped free the newly emptied vial, reaching for another to socket into place.

Brent looked down to his steak and eggs. He usually didn't think about their origin as being artificially synthesized, no longer originating from actual animals but from the very basic compounds that moved through the systems he provided maintenance for, but, next to the vials Hoshi was draining through an access port in her suit, it was all he could think about.

As the Equine slid his meal aside with a disappointed expression on his face, Hoshi continued to enjoy her suit's direct translations of the sensations of smell and taste while the meal was gradually and directly distributed into her body. *No sense in wasting good cooking!* she thought happily.

"Check, please," Brent grumbled to the Mydh waiter as he passed by their table. He wasn't about to be additionally embarrassed by having his hidden-away date demonstrate how much more luxury credits she had to her name than he.

"The Red Light District?"

Brent laughed. "It's not *exactly* like the Terran definition, but it's close."

Hoshi studied the larger horse as they walked towards the district checkpoint. His expression, for once in their date, seemed hopeful...eager, even. "So what does it mean exactly, in this case?"

"A focus on pleasure, certainly. But also relaxed legal standards and safety regulations," the Equine explained. "Basically allows for more exotic interests in a judgement-free zone. At first, it was just so a few minor BioCouncil systems could continue cultural practices that ran a little counter to the prevailing law, but there's all sorts of factions that use it."

"Experiences you can't find anywhere else, then?" she asked.

"Precisely. Only other Red Light Districts recognized by the BioCouncil...or specific cultural acts on their own homeworlds." The station resident nodded to his guest. "All the Red Light is is a warning: things that happen there could have consequences. It could be dangerous...or weird."

"That meant to discourage me?" the suit responded back, the curvy Gecko girl within wiggling her hips. "I'm a Voyager Vanguard member now! I can handle danger!"

The Equine grinned as they stopped before the checkpoint, a screen lighting up with instructions, terms, warnings, and concerns for the two preparing to enter. "Well, then, I suppose swiping your ID off on that to enter will be much of a problem for you!"

Before the camera, Hoshi waved her wrist over the local sensor, her ID manifesting as an image and unique light pattern for the computer to read.

ACKNOWLEDGED: Hoshi Yourner, Terran citizen, acknowledges and accepts entry.

Brent was pretty sure that, as his date looked up at him swiping his own card through the physical ID reader, she was grinning. "Not a problem at all."

ACKNOWLEDGED: Brent Holden, Terran citizen, acknowledges and accepts entry.

"No problems anymore," he responded with a grin of his own.

The club Brent led her to wasn't anything to look at from the outside. Amidst the varied structures, displays, and public fun, a plain metal chamber labeled "For Keeps" didn't seem to be very appealing. But the horse was emphatic that it would be exactly the sort of experience the natural explorer would find nowhere else.

It took another scan of their IDs before they were allowed down a hallway and into a small room with their names and faces on the screen nearby. To Hoshi, it reminded her of an isolation chamber; she recognized one wall as a one-way panel, but the rest were filled with drawers and a single matter replicator. "What's all this, then?"

"It's to get you ready to go into the main club," he responded, taking the moment to slip out of his dressy clothes. "I'll pay for anything we use here. But thanks to you swiping in, we'll have everything we need already."

Hoshi looked back and gave a gasp. While there'd been sexual displays and nudity outside, it was different to suddenly see someone she was with suddenly nude. The Equine's shaft was already half-firm, throbbing in the open air as the massive horsecock seemed stirred by something. "I'm...not really able to do that myself," she observed.

"You won't need to," he assured, stepping forward to press his nude body against hers. With one hand, he groped over her suit, feeling the thick rubber and interior nanomachines cushion almost all of his attempts to feel her hips or tease her small tits. His other hand, however, pulled open a large cabinet-sized panel. "You've a different option."

Hanging on a rack revealed by Brent, obviously produced to her body shape during her scan in the entryway, was another suit, almost as thick as hers. This one, however, was clearly designed for lewd purposes: rather than the subtle smooth curves of her suit over her more sexualized parts, this one was designed to clamp over her breasts and groin, pre-built with bumps for perky nipples and a tuck to dig into a slit. It was a pure glossy black compared to her isolation suit's blue-grey sheen.

But it was only when Brent took it off the rack that she noticed two more things. The arms and legs tucked back on each other, built so that her limbs would be forced to fold and leave her elbows and knees her outermost ends of her appendages. But even more apparent

was the complete lack of access elsewhere: the hood was featureless with no visor to provide speech or vision, likely only so permeable as to allow breathing, and the limbs had nowhere for her own suit's interface panel to shine through. She'd be entirely helpless.

"I thought of this all dinner long," he confided as he continued to knead at her suit, "once I saw your suit. I think this one would be much better for a date with me."

"It's so...limiting. And exposing," Hoshi whispered, fidgeting at the thought and from how her suit began to allow her something approximating the feeling of her new acquaintance's casual molestations..

"Mhm. If you wear it, you'd be entirely dependent on me," Brent chuckled, the conversation topic stirring him to full hardness. "For the rest of our time together, you'd be reduced to a sexual amusement...a toy to lead around and guide. Isn't that an exciting idea? Being a faceless, kinky rubber pet belonging to me?"

The Gecko shivered. If her suit would've allowed her to, she'd have bit her lip. "A little bit," she admitted, her broad tail swaying behind her, "but...it sounds like you'd really want that, too. Like...maybe I was making you feel like you were below me during dinner. I didn't mean to, but...maybe being below you here would be a good gesture!"

The keen observation made Brent wince, his grin almost falling away to a scowl. "Well, I think it'll be more than a good gesture if you let me walk you in there...might even be life-changing. Shall we?"

Hoshi giggled, letting her suit know with a tiny gesture not to transmit the embarrassing sound. But she did nod, and that was all the excuse Brent needed.

He guided the suited Gecko to step into the leg sleeves, leaning her back—one hand squeezing at her hidden mound with the excuse of helping her in—and tucking her feet up and back to squeeze against the back of her thighs within the sleeves. Then he moved her arms in, folding them too. Over her head came the hood to blind her, her readouts flashing a warning from the sudden impairment before she gave a quick vocal confirmation to dismiss it. As he folded the suit over her back and pulled it taut against her belly, the Equine gave a pleased rumble; the opening took little time hissing and fusing closed, black rubber latex squeezing tight and clenching all around her.

When he set her to the ground, all that remained was a faceless, sexualized quadruped only capable of clumsily walking on its elbows and knees. "Now that's a good looking bitch," the Equine observed, slapping his erect horsecock against his belly before getting down on one knee. He grabbed her head, leaned it up, and slapped a collar around it. "Leaps and bounds better than that garbage suit she showed up in."

One hand thumped his cock atop her back, confident she'd get to feel its heavy weight spank her even through the strange suit she wore. He dug fingers into the black outer suit's cuntlips, not minding that his fingertips only pressed against firm isolation rubber even still. His thoughts still summoned pre to leak all across her exposed back as the Gecko trembled on her new shortened "legs". Not only did a suit like the one he'd convinced his date into make someone blind and hobbled, but it also deafened them to the outside world. Knowing that from previous experiences in rooms like this made Brent all the more confident to speak up. "Well, thanks to me, this gullible slut will only be wearing this suit for the rest of her life."

He wasn't just talking to himself; Brent knew the club watching on the other side could tap into the sounds here, and he intended to give a good show. But the Equine was very pleased to hear his own voice anyway. "That's right, slut...you can't hear me, but once you walk in there...it's an incredibly short walk to where I can classify you as my property...permanently," he rumbled, humping almost three feet of horsecock against her as she tried to keep herself on all fours. Brent helped the fellow Terran by slapping the hand not squeezing her cunt underneath her chest and twirling his fingers over the artificial nipples. "Definitely life-changing for you, huh?"

Brent could feel warmth rushing to his face, more and more passionate as the thoughts and moments came one after another. He removed his hand from her rear, fingers letting the wall see the blueish tint of her suit that showed through the latex bitchsuit's spread sex, and grabbed a remote. "Mhm...but that's not all. This slutty black sleeve you're in? It's not on fully...yet." He leaned down, more for show due to knowing how completely the faceless rubber suit blocked sound. "With a press of a button, it'll liquify that silly suit of yours and fuse to your skin. You'll squirt all that former rubber out from your cunt-slit as my suit squeezes down, and not a single soul watching will miss the amusement of you 'cumming' your former life away."

The Equine paused momentarily, noticing the enclosed Terran girl suddenly seeming to jerk as if shocked by his words. But the suspicion quickly passed; there was no way she could listen. He was completely in control now. "Once it's there," he continued, spurting pre against the back of that smooth bulb of a head with a huff of pleasure, "one press of a different button...and I'll finally get to see if that profile picture of yours is accurate. No hiding behind your little utility suit anymore like I don't have the right to see you. But once I see what I've turned into a fucktoy? I'll probably leave it nice, black, and glossy. Everyone else will see just another fuckbitch with a soaked cunt. Only I'll know who I took away from modifying dark cores and turned into a fucking toy. What a sad, clueless slut you are!"

The excitement at the prospect was quickly getting Brent to his peak. Groaning, humping over the bound, helpless Hoshi, he reveled in the feeling of building pressure behind his groin. The rush of horse-spunk was waiting, waiting to spill over the fellow Terran he was about to erase. "Hhh...it's so hot, and you've not a single clue," he grunted, "once I cum? This button's getting pressed, and no more Hoshi. Ready? Gonna paint you white before that stupid suit of yours turns into worthless slurry. Ready, rubberslit? Here...it...comes..."

Click!

Within darkness, the sounds surrounding her subsided. Hoshi's isolation suit provided keener hearing than many unaided ears, and so her kinky enclosure had failed to hide much at all. Her crew, who'd bothered to learn why she wore the suit and what it was capable of, knew that too; that was why she wasn't very surprised when the unexpected guest who'd barged into their room spoke up.

"Don't think that idiot was ready for a screamer," a deep and familiar voice hummed. "Hoshi, you alright?"

The Gecko nodded her hooded head, both layers of rubbery material squeaking as she did. Mbwane was so considerate.

"Probably learned your lesson already, but just in case," the voice of her Elephant friend rumbled, "...don't go trusting people so easily. That one almost hurt you."

Hoshi hung her head in embarrassment. Her trusting nature, combined with her lust for new experiences and sensations, had gotten her into trouble before; she didn't blame the fellow engineer for following her.

"Hm. Right. That's the extent I have to say on that. Can't exactly tell you not to come to places like this. You're your own girl, and, frankly, I'd be a hypocrite to tell you these experiences aren't worth it."

Hoshi almost giggled despite her shame, not that she would've transmitted that. She should've figured he'd be somebody to be interested in weird experiences like these.

"Well, I can't leave this District for...probably a couple of hours," Mbwane sighed. "What happens in the District has to finish in the District...usually."

Grk, chrrn~ "Hmmlp!"

"...so, that being the case," her friend continued, "want me to take you into here?"

The doubly-enclosed Gecko went still in surprise.

"...well, I mean, you clearly weren't 100% opposed to what that idiot was teasing, given your reactions. And I figure I might be one of the more trustworthy people to let you have a little

fun like this. ...plus, you know I wouldn't use that one button since I know about your condition. Last thing people want from a sex toy is it to be constantly screaming in pain and fainting."

Hoshi still kept still, intently considering her fellow 2V team member's proposal.

"...well, nod if you want me to," Mbwane said. "Otherwise, I'm going to take it as a no. You're a good girl and I like you, so I'm not taking anything less than an enthusiastic yes."

The enclosed girl thought only for a moment more before nodding multiple times. As she did, she could almost hear the smile stretching the big guy's face.

"...alright, then. Let's get you a good night as a sex toy, then. But tomorrow, you're coming back to the ship and helping me realign the magnetic emitters, shore leave day or no. Fair deal?"

Hoshi nodded again. It was a fair deal. Not that she doubted Mbwane would enjoy himself with her, but she did realize it might be a few hours before the elephant would be ready to get off. Based on what she'd heard, Brent would need time getting in proper shape inside his new elephant suit.

But, as the elephant attached her leash and led her crawling out into the club proper, she didn't hold anything against the Equine. Hoshi wasn't the type to judge somebody by the suit they wore!