

It Suits You

A Transformation Short Story by Dreki
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The best part about the flight was that it was over. I squinted around the airport, struggling to read the signs from exhaustion and that gross post-flight hangover. It was sixteen hours overnight and I hadn't slept a wink. I was too excited to see a new city, meet new friends and go to the convention in a couple days.

The evening sun shone through the airport windows as I walked towards the exit. My ride from the airport and host here in Australia had texted me to say he was waiting in the car park. Jay mentioned that he was a bit uncomfortable in crowds due to his unique body type.

I found him easy enough. In real life he looked even cooler than I'd seen from our video chats. The sun reflected off his sleek unnatural skin in a way that gave him a slight electric glow, which was further emphasized when he moved. His ears perked up as he recognized me and a small smile formed on his muzzle. All in all it was very convincing for a synthetic life-form.

"Hello," he said rather cheerily. Perhaps it was his accent that made it sound cheery.

"Hey," I said, while I returned the smile.

"Go ahead and throw your bags in the back. Shall we?" He hopped in the drivers side and we took off.

"So remind me, this is your first time in Australia?" he asked.

"No, actually. I was in Sydney a few years back visiting other friends. I'm flying there next!"

He nodded and I couldn't help but observe all the little details that webcam couldn't pick up: the little speckles of color around his whiskers, the way his nose twitched like he was a real creature and the little rubbery squeaks he made under his breath when he was thinking. All in all it was cute as heck.

I'd never asked how he became, well, this, but curiosity had gotten the better of me. Clearly in real life it wasn't just some suit or special effect. Here he was, the real synthetic thing in the flesh - err - rubber. So I asked and he

chuckled.

"I responded to an ad that promised an easy way to change my life. I was at a low point then but I've been doing better since and this has opened up all sorts of opportunities." He smiled that clever little smile and gave me a brief look before returning his gaze to the road. "Of course I'm still paying off this change, but it's going a lot better than I expected."

"Shit I can't imagine how expensive it must have been."

"I don't entirely understand how they do it but I believe it's an organic symbiotic process that performs a DNA rewrite. Basically everything in my body slowly became inorganic."

"Huh, ok." I pretended to understand but the technical details were lost on me.

"Yeah, I'm more in the marketing end of things now, not the science. So I can explain it in flashy words, but I can't tell you exactly how it works."

The rest of the drive we chatted idly like we were always the best of friends. There was no awkwardness or ice-breaking needed, and by the time we got to Jay's house I had no more doubts. This was going to be a great trip!

I got settled in to the spare bedroom and helped make dinner. I found myself in the kitchen occasionally brushing up against Jay's weirdly warm and slippery body. But he cooked dinner with the efficiency of a machine and in the end I gave up helping and crashed on the couch, connected to his Wi-Fi and answered a million messages from friends and concerned parents, all of whom I'd promised to message right when I landed. Oops.

The next day I started transferring stuff from my big luggage box into something more manageable for the convention. Jay watched over me, since he didn't exactly need to pack extras like a fursuit or shaving cream. He

didn't even wear clothing. He tutted a little at the sheer amount of stuff I had then when I picked up my fursuit head, he said, "you know, I've always wanted a suit. Can I wear yours?"

"No I don't really let others wear it. I'm surprised you don't have a human suit for going out and about."

He didn't look impressed at the joke. The expression was fleeting, though, because then his ears sprung up, then folded flat, and he grinned a little wider than normal. With his brow scrunched up he almost looked evil. Almost.

"Oh shit. I forgot my tail." I dug through my stuff in a panic, but the vinyl tail was nowhere to be found. I shook my head and sighed. "Can't wear my suit without a tail."

"I might be able to help you with that," Jay said. "Hold on, I've gotta grab something."

I started unpacking to make sure it was not hidden under stuff as he practically ran out of the room, and when he returned his evil smirk had been replaced with an innocent grin.

"Sit down there," he directed. "Now close your eyes."

"Uh ok. Why? How's this going to help me get a fursuit tail?"

"You'll see!"

I slowly squeezed my eyes shut yet nothing happened. My heart beat heavy with anticipation.

"Just a moment," Jay said, as I heard him grunt and the sound of a bottle being squeezed.

Something wet and cold hit my face and I jumped back. My eyes and forehead was covered in what felt like jelly. Cold trickles of liquid were dripping down my cheeks and neck and soaked up my shirt.

"What the hell?!" I yelled.

The wetness had a smell to it, acrid and synthetic, almost like car tires. I sneezed then tried to wipe it off my eyes, but the stuff was thick and sticky like glue. It got all over my hands, between my fingers and across my face and all over my torso. The worst part is that it was holding my eyes closed so I couldn't even see where to wipe it off!

I thrashed at the darkness as I tried to wipe my hands on the bed, on my clothes, on anything, but the slippery stuff seemed to stick to my skin and nothing else I touched.

Some of it dripped over my lips in a cold liquid trickle and I wiped at my mouth, instantly regretting that decision as it spread from my hands onto my nose and into my nostrils.

"Get it off!" I yelled, all the while the stoat was standing there giggling. I heard his paws squeak against the ground as he backed off. I lunged for him, missing and nearly tripping over myself.

"Stop panicking, you'll only make it worse on yourself," he said.

I reached out to lunge at the voice again, missed, and collided with a wall rather hard. I felt a hand on my shoulder, squeezing reassuringly and guiding me gently back to the bed.

"Here, let me help you."

I allowed myself to be pushed down and forced myself to breathe through my mouth. My nose was plugged up with the stuff, like having a bad cold, but I could still smell the stink of synthetic liquid. My face had started tingling now, and I coughed, trying to get rid of the taste. I sat down, shaking, and felt more of the stuff drip over my mouth.

"W- wipe it off my eyes, please..." I begged, peeling my lips apart to speak as more goop dripped down over them.

"Mm, it is unfortunate that this is where it hit first - I would've liked you to see the changes."

"The changes?"

"Mm, yes." He pushed me back onto the bed so I was lying down. I turned my head into the direction of his voice and took a couple of deep, slow breathes. "I was trying to get it in your mouth, to watch you change from the inside out. But this works alright."

A cool, slippery finger ran up my lips and slid inside of my mouth, bringing with it a thick helping of the goo. It stuck to my teeth and tongue like my mouth was filled with soft gum, and when he pulled his finger away I found my tongue stuck down like my eyes were stuck closed.

"Now be a good boy and swallow that."

I took another deep breath and shook my head. His hand covered my mouth for a moment and I started to panic. My nose was entirely plugged by the goo, and I couldn't breathe. After a moment of struggling, I swallowed obediently.

It felt like a slug running down my throat, thick, cold and slimy, and as it entered my belly, I felt it gurgling and grumbling.

"We made this especially for you."

Words didn't come out when I tried to speak. Instead it was like blowing air through a tube. My tongue wouldn't even lift from the base of my mouth. I felt his fingers in there again, feeling around, tugging here and poking there, pulling at my nose and stretching it out, and he said, "coming along nicely. Shame the rest of you is progressing slower."

Every time he poked me, a weird pressure throbbed through my body. It made me shiver and shake harder but

it wasn't from anxiety any more, no, I felt weirdly calm. But a strange arousal drew myself to run my hands across my pants, where they were quite clearly tented out.

My hands, however, were not as useful as I had hoped. The glue-like goop had thoroughly covered them by this point, sticking my fingers together and making the entire thing feel stiff, inflexible, and weirdly smooth. They weren't able to grip around the bulge, to please it in any meaningful way, and I breathed a few times at the stoat to get his attention.

"Need a little help?" he said, then he started to unbutton my pants. He pulled them down, along with my underwear, and I immediately went to rub my crotch. Despite my hands feeling, weird and tingly, when they brushed against my dick they felt wet. I couldn't help but rub them up and down over my crotch until it too was dripping with that trickling wet feeling. It felt like I was wearing thick mittens covered in goop, and despite my efforts it was getting harder to flex them.

At first my groin was firm but the more I rubbed it the more limp and empty it felt in my paws, although the pressure and need to rub it only got worse. I tried my best to jerk off, but soon enough there was nothing there, covered in a thick tight layer of that slime.

I panicked again, because the pressure and desperation was only growing worse. I needed attention, and the only one close enough was the stoat. I turned in his general direction and tried to speak but all that came out was gentle huffs of air.

"Don't panic," Jay said. "Breathe deep. Let all your fears drift away and give in to the pleasure."

Each breath made me feel weak and exhausted, like I had been running a marathon. Eventually I let my arms fall back to my side despite my crotch still craving attention. Every breath made me feel hollow, empty. The cool wetness had spread across my chest and down my legs. It had covered my arms and began to replace skin and muscle.

I tried to lift my arms again then let them fall to my sides. They were heavy and hard to hold up. A gentle

pushing sensation was forming at the base of my spine. Something grew there, a new limb but it wasn't a new limb that I could move. It was flat, empty, a mere shell.

I felt it picked up, inspected and tossed aside.

I breathed slower now, with utmost calm. Everything that happened to me felt irrelevant. The only thing that mattered was filling that intense craving, that had enveloped my body. The only thing that mattered was not feeling so hollow. I lifted my arm to Jay weakly, who was still sitting on me, watching my progress.

His hands pushed my arms back down and caused them to flatten.

"That's it... deep breath in... deep breath out..."

He pushed on my chest to help me breathe, since I couldn't seem to do it myself now. There was more pressure points where he touched and pleasure where he squeezed. I was vaguely aware of my crotch being grabbed, the annoying arousal it brought, but soon that didn't even matter. All that mattered was breathe. In. Out. In. Out.

Even my head felt weirdly empty, devoid of thoughts now. All that echoed in there was that mantra: In. Out. My body flattened, relaxed. In. Out. My head felt oddly flat too, now, empty like the rest of my body. In. Out. In. Out.

Jay looked over the new rubber dragon suit lying on the bed with anticipation. This was his companies latest product and he was glad he could test it. He would suggest that his company upped the aphrodisiac and relaxation so that the subject didn't struggle as much but it didn't ever report pain so that was a good sign.

He filled out a checklist on his iPad then checked the time. It had been approximately half an hour since the change had started. He already found himself aching to try it on. He knew it was against company policy but who would ever know? And it really was a pretty thing, a well-sculpted rubber muzzle with pointed fake rubber teeth, rounded pink horns arching backwards and uncanny empty eyes where his would go. The body of the

suit was a pleasing pink and black beneath the leftover whitish goop that dripped down it, remnants from the transformation.

He ran a hand over it, feeling the silky smooth sensation of rubber on rubber, then slipped it inside the zipper for good measure. The insides were wet too, much like the outsides, and still smelled of that weird synthetic post rubber transformation scent. Regardless, he noticed how slippery the goop made the suit and decided that trying it on just once wouldn't hurt. It was well lubricated, and after he could slide it off and wash it up and nobody at his company would know any better.

He undid the zip down the suits back then looked at the shiny inside for a moment, inspecting his handiwork.

Without a further thought he slid his right leg into the rubber. It was tight, smooth and slippery, and it took some force to get his footpaw to pop out of the end of the leg and into the tight rubber bootpaws. He shimmied it up his calf until it was perfectly smooth then tugged it up over his thigh. It fit so well that the only folds in the material formed when he bent his knees. His leg looked entirely black, all traces of his tan rubber hidden behind the latex suit.

"Could do with a bit of polish, though," he mumbled.

The other leg was largely the same, although now that he had a technique for it, it was easier to put on. Before proceeding to pull it over his hips he leaned down and pulled on the big squashy footpaws to get them in place, marveling at how perfectly they enveloped his toes. They enveloped his feet with a wet squelch and sealed in place.

As he wriggled his feet in those large dragon paws he did find it odd how perfect the suit fit. It was a strange coincidence, much like how quickly this particular job had been given to him when he mentioned that he had a friend who liked reptiles coming to visit. It also struck him as odd that no matter how much he wiggled his toes, the fat pudgy footpaws barely moved.

No real lizard would have paws this clumsy, he thought.

Then he started to pull the suit up over his waist. He jammed his tail into the long, thick tailpiece, easily filling it out until his tail touched the tip, another perfect fit. He bunched up the rubber and pulled it down until it hit the base of his tail and something pressed up against his rear.

He flushed warmly and pulled the suit back for a moment so he could get a good look at a bright pink phallic piece that was built into the suit, a plug. "Really..." he mumbled. After looking around to make sure nobody was watching, Jay pushed it up inside himself. He grunted and panted at the feeling, tensing up at the large firm piece until the flared base popped into his rump. He tugged a little on it, but despite causing him to almost collapse at the feeling that plug wouldn't budge. His tail, too, was hiked up high over his back, showing off the bright pink underside with arrows pointing towards a hot pink tailhole which was wide open as if awaiting something.

Jay shook his head and smiled, baffled, amused and aroused by the promiscuous look, but despite the mixed feelings he kept pulling the suit on. Once he got it over his waist he noticed another surprise. What he had thought to be pink markings on the hips were actually 3D objects, that looked almost like handles. He gave one a test tug and it was sturdily molded in the rubber, reinforced for grabbing.

He focused on his crotch next and found that to his surprise and dismay, the groin of the suit was entirely smooth like his own. There was a subtle round bulge there that would suggest he was male, but contrasting the promiscuous rear end, there was no cock sticking out.

He could feel himself straining against the tight rubber. This was the only place where it didn't even fit. It was almost uncomfortable in the way that it held him down, and made him constantly think about the pressure squeezing at his crotch.

Eventually, after a hearty rubbing session where he didn't get off and only ended up making it worse, he convinced himself to put on the rest of the suit. Up and over his shoulders he slide it, leaving his shoulders black but his belly and chest bright pink. He slid one arm in and wiggled his hand through the tight hole, into the pudgy rubber paws, then slid in the other. Finally, he held his breath and did up the zipper up to his shoulders,

leaving the head dangling in front of him with the zip on the head open.

It certainly was hard to breathe in the suit and he felt it stretching as he tried to breathe normally. In the end, he found it most comfortable to only take shallow breaths which made him feel light-headed (a software thing, since he really didn't need to breathe), then he stared at the predicament before him. Those paws that enveloped his own were just as useless as the feet. The fingers were melded together into what was nearly a singular mitt with very little detail to them. The same puffiness as the feet had infected the hands, and while wearing them he wouldn't be able to move his fingers separately, instead he could only move them as one piece.

He shrugged a little. It wasn't any worse than some of the testing they had put him through before, and actually if he thought about it, he kind of liked the restriction on his hands. The way the rubber felt around them made these new clumsy paws almost feel like they were his own. He looked into the rubber head then began to slide it on, pulling it over his nose until something bumped at his snout. He pulled his head back out and observed a second bright pink phallic piece in the maw. He would have to open his mouth and take it in order to put on the head.

"Figures," he said, then pushed his head straight inside the shiny opening. The big plug filled his maw and forced his jaws open while he tugged the mask down so it lined up with his eyes.

It took some work with those clumsy paws to smooth it out, but eventually he had it on, another perfect fit, and started rubbing at the zipper to get it to close. It did slide closed, thankfully, until it touched the one on his back and clicked in place. With the zipper closed and the rubber squeezing around his head, he swore he could feel the presence of another mind, gently pushing him, questioning, trying to control him, but a quick rub to the groin made that sensation devolve into pleasure.

It also made Jay give in for a moment. He rubbed and rubbed, face flushing under the mask, until he got so frustrated that he forced himself to stop.

"Fuck!" he tried to say, but all that came out from his muzzle was a cute little squeak.

He shook his head, dizzy and disoriented, then sat for a moment, breathing deeply. Each breath let out a little squeak from the maw. He could feel his jaws spread wide by the piece in his mouth, straining but not in a painful way. He stood up off the bed, wincing as the tight rubber pulled at the thing in his rear, then slid those useless paws down the latex

He stepped out of the room, slid on the vinyl floor and fell to all fours with a gentle squeak. The entire suit was so slippery he could hardly stand in place. Now his rational mind was starting to return too: how was he ever going to get this thing off? The click sounded like it had locked and his paws were now so useless that he could never hope to do anything that required any dexterity.

Those paws uselessly slid across the seam down his back, just to test the waters. He tried to find the zipper and started to panic, all the while shaking from need. It had been on the spine of the suit, right? Did it hide under a flap of rubber? He felt up his head. There was a smooth bump of rubber where the zipper should be but he couldn't seem to get his paws under it, almost as if it had melded together.

The toy could feel itself shaking, dripping, yet it was still so empty. Deep in its mind all it could think of was the desire to be filled, to be used, to be-

A loud knocking at his door made it freeze.

Whoever it was knocked again.

"Jay? Jay! Well, figures that the bugger would call us for a pick up then run off. At least the door is unlocked."

The Wolf-bot nodded to his anthro mouse colleague. "What are we here to collect?"

"One rubber dragon sex toy. There, that's it, in the living room."

Jay had wandered towards the entrance to greet his colleagues and ask for help but it was still having trouble walking on his hind legs. Those paws were just too slippery to stand and every time he did the suit tried to pull

him into a naturally presenting pose, bending over. He couldn't balance.

The Wolf-bot wandered over with a mechanical whirl and towered over the rubber dragon.

"Well this is interesting. Is it alive?"

Jay tried everything, gesturing, sign language, making small muffled noises, but his co-worker totally ignored him. It was just another job, after all.

"Everything seems to be in order," squeaked the mouse. "Pack 'er up for testing and sale."

The Wolf-bot threw the Dragon over his shoulder and slapped it on the rump. "I'm going to be the first to try this thing out." He grinned maliciously. "I've always wanted one of these."

The dragon toy squeaked in protest, raised tail and open inviting mouth not helping its case. The wolf-bot stuck a finger in its mouth as he was carrying it and for a moment the world went blank. The pleasure was too much to handle and Jay's mind shut down. The toy focused in on the finger, its mouth gently suckling on that finger, and once it left its maw it was as if the toys entire world had been taken away, and it wanted it back. Now instead of squeaking in protest it was squeaking to try and entice the wolf-bot.

The toy hadn't realized how much of a hunk he was, smooth synthetic fur brushed perfectly over solid engineered muscle. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of research and equipment went into one of those. They'd even engineered him with the full range of male equipment, unlike the toy who was built null so that it did not emasculate its owner. The toy found itself attracted to the Wolf-bot, the idea of him, of pleasing him, and even the mouse to a lesser extent, but before it could figure out why, it was thrown unceremoniously in the back of the van.

"Off to the lab for processing with you," the wolf bot said with an evil grin, then he slammed the door shut and left the new rubber toy in darkness.