

I started putting on the latex suit thirty minutes before the match, as usual. This time I was playing a Vulpix. Not my first choice, just based on personal preference, but the fire types are always fun.

The techs had the inside powdered and ready for me, so I slipped out of my street clothes and started pulling the Vulpix legs over mine. I'd long since given up any shyness around the techs. It would be silly, anyway, considering how I'd look with the suit on.

I always laughed at that. How would the audience react if they knew half the people inside the suits were actually short, slim guys like me? All it took was padding in the right places and anyone looked generously female in them. The polls showed that 70% of people watched for the shiny, nude pokémon girls, and 65% for the action. There is of course overlap in there.

With the latex coating up to my thighs, my feet settled into the slots in the legs of the suit. The legs of the latex Vulpix continued below my feet as a sort of spring-loaded joint to give it that digitigrade look, and a powerful stride that made the fights more fun to watch.

I stood briefly on the rubber paws to pull the suit over my butt. This was always the weirdest part, watching my male equipment get hidden under the puffy female lips shaped into the suit. I spread the rubber vulva and smoothed the surrounding area to make sure the female illusion was complete. The suit was exceptionally detailed in the crotch, and from the outside looked just like a real female: inner and outer labia, clitoris and all.

After that, I tugged on the torso of the suit, slipping my arms down the sleeves into the attached paw-hands. The techs sealed the fasteners running up the center of the chest for me, since I didn't have a ton of dexterity with my hands in the suit. I jiggled the large breasts for a moment, because, well, wouldn't you? Last, I pulled the hood over my head, settling it in position and making sure I could see out of the eyes. "Ok, turn it on."

The techs fiddled with their computers and I felt the suit warm up and grow tighter on my body. I stood and stretched, hearing the latex squeak softly. I looked behind me and saw the puffy latex tails waving gently. The suit took care of their movement for me, making it look natural. I opened and closed my mouth and the latex muzzle copied me.

One of the techs looked me over, making sure the suit was in proper shape. "Ok, give me a quick power test."

I held a hand up and triggered the specials, making a small ball of fire appear in the air above my palm. The flame grew and shrank under my control, then vanished with a flourish. I never even felt the heat from it. "Feels good." My voice was altered into a feminine lilt with a slight feral roughness. Nothing I said would be audible to the audience during the match, but they used the same suits for the Q&As and other PR jobs.

The tech nodded. "All right, everything checks out. Good luck in your fight."

I nodded and sat on my bench to wait. There was a mirror across from me, and I'll admit to sitting a bit lewdly to show off my shiny red bits to my own view. These suits are pretty well-built. Big tits, wide hips, round asses, and perfectly sculpted for realism.

Or as realistic as latex pokémon girls can be, I suppose. I watch plenty of these events on my own time, and not just to research opponents' styles.

Don't tell anyone, but half of the show is acting. The powers are real, of course, and sometimes the physical hits can hurt a little, but the suits protect us from any real harm. When we take a good hit, we have to sell it like it's actually inflicting damage. In a way it's more of a dance with the specific order of moves unspecified, but the reactions highly choreographed. It makes for great entertainment.

The Vulpix's name on the show was Embra, and I was glad I just played the part for the fights. The fire-types tended to fit my combat style better, but the Embra persona was a bit of a ditz at times.

One of the techs glanced at his panel and waved to get my attention. "Bad news. Power failure in the lighting system. The match is delayed."

I sighed. "Damn. Any ETA?"

He shook his head. "Not yet. We'll help you out of the suit."

I shrugged. "Eh, don't bother. It's pretty comfortable. I can wait for a bit."

The techs looked at each other nervously. "You really should reconsider that."

"Why? The temperature in here is cool enough to be comfortable, and I don't have to pee or anything."

"If you insist." The tech looked conflicted for a moment, then turned back to his panel and tapped out a message.

I stretched out and laid back on the bench to wait. With a couple of the padded tails under me, it was pretty comfortable. The wait ended up being longer than I expected, and I got bored just sitting around. Despite how comfortable the suit was, it wasn't really meant for long term wear. My record was only a little over an hour because I'd take them off as soon as my match was over. As the delay stretched into the third hour, I was starting to feel weird.

I stretched and twisted, cracking my back. Those heavy breasts on the front of the suit were great for looking at, but was hell on my back supporting them after a while. I was also feeling tingly in a few of the tighter places on the suit, like the feet and crotch. That latter one was mildly concerning, but I'd felt worse on long bike rides, so it was easy enough to shrug off. Still, I pulled at the latex between my legs to try and get the boys some more room. The rubber didn't want to separate from my skin and I winced. Not enough powder on the inside. It was going to be a pain to remove after the match.

I heard some of the techs arguing quietly across the room and looked over to catch one glancing at me. He looked away quickly and hissed at the others. "You know the rules. We tell *nobody*."

"Hey, you guys have a problem?" I barked at them.

The one who had been looking at me shook his head. "Nah, just trying to settle a bet on yesterday's match. Steve here is claiming that a ring-out doesn't count as a proper defeat, and he won't pay."

I nodded slowly. "Sure, whatever." I went back to my quiet waiting, still trying to tug the suit off me in various places to get comfortable, but it clung tightly. Hopefully I'd work up enough of a sweat in the match to help it come off.

I was just about to call the tech over to help me out of it for a break, but then a facilities guy burst into the room, looking haggard. "Lights are up, and we're ready to

go. Get on the field as soon as you can.” And then he was off again, probably to alert everyone else who was on the schedule today.

That was great news. I stood and clapped my paws together. “Excellent, I’m ready to rock.” I walked from the changing room to the staging area, closing the door behind me with a tail.

The staging went as usual. I stood spread-eagle as someone sprayed me with oil to increase the latex’s shine. Everything had to be exaggerated to show up better for the cameras. The sprayer was thorough, and even gave an extra spray between my legs to make it look especially damp. A crude trick, but the ratings went up when they started doing it.

A green light came on in front of me and I stalked out of the staging hallway, tails lashing behind me. Spotlights lit my opponent and I, standing at opposite sides of the field. It was a forest theme for this fight, which meant mostly grass and low plants with a few trees scattered around. Can’t have a real forest blocking the camera views, after all.

I was facing a Jolteon for this match, which made me laugh. With a fire type and an electric type going at it, they wouldn’t have even needed to fix the lights; we’d light the place on our own. Maybe I’d pitch the idea of a darkened match to the producers some time. The Jolteon character was named Arcy, but I didn’t know who was actually in the suit. They don’t tell us the matchups to avoid having us collude and make the match look too scripted.

I stared down my opponent, knowing the audience was hearing an announcer describe both of us. We both knew to watch the big scoreboard in our peripheral vision for our cue to begin.

The screen flashed through a colorfully animated countdown then showed “START!” I dashed toward Arcy, springy legs powering me forward faster than any human could run, and she came toward me the same way. I summoned a ball of flame above my left paw and held it out in front of me.

The Jolteon matched me, electricity visibly crackling around the yellow rubber of her forearm. Don’t ask me how they made that work. The electric types were tricky. The special attacks moved fast, so you had to start dodging before they actually fired it off.

We closed to within fifteen feet and I dove to the side, dodging the bolt of electricity that hit where I stood. I tucked into a shoulder roll, keeping the building flame going in my paw. It hurt a little when I hit the ground, which I wasn’t used to. Usually they fully protected against light falls like that. If they were going to reduce the padding in the suits, they could have at least warned me. Probably some writer thought it would add realism. No matter, it still wasn’t as bad as it would have felt without the suit. I finished the roll and sprung to my feet, launching a bright line of flame at Arcy. Her path took her behind a tree where she waited while my flamethrower wasted its power on the wood.

Flames climbed the tree and set fire to the leaves, forcing Arcy to sprint out from behind her cover. I was already on the move toward her, though, and aimed a spinning kick at her as soon as I got in range.

She ducked backward to avoid it and moved in to counterattack, but caught a face full of latex tails as I continued to spin, bringing my rear up to make sure I got a

solid hit (and also to give the cameras a nice shot of my ass). The scoreboard flashed "TAIL WHIP!" while Arcy fell to the ground. She appeared to be stunned, but I knew it was just an act.

I pointed my arm at her and summoned another ball of flame, delaying just long enough to give her a chance to roll out of the way of my flamethrower. It was too early for the show to be over. I singed the grass beside her and bounced lightly on my feet because I suspected what was coming next.

Arcy jumped to her feet, then lashed out with two fast kicks, both connecting with my side.

I grunted and hopped to the side to make it look good, but it wasn't completely necessary. The kicks hurt too much, just like the roll had, and I wasn't happy. Again, it wasn't like taking an unprotected hit, but it wasn't right. If the suit wasn't protecting me properly, then things could get really unpleasant if I took a hit from a special. Unfortunately, there was no good way to call an end to the match. The suits were supposed to be totally safe, after all.

While I was distracted by the kicks, Arcy was charging another special. I noticed just in time to toss myself sideways and to the ground. The thunder wave caught part of my right arm, and even with the latex suit protecting me I felt it go limp. Those attacks must have serious power to go through rubber. I caught my fall with my left hand and scrambled back to my feet.

I had to end this fast before I really got hurt. With only one good arm it would be difficult, though. I raised my left palm and started building up a good flame. For the first time I felt heat through the suit. It wasn't intense, but I did know I was holding an intense ball of fire in front of me.

Fire Spin is tough to pull off, even with both handpaws to control it. Arcy knew it, and was smart enough not to come in close while I prepared it. She stood directly in front of me, bouncing from side to side, ready to dodge as soon as I let loose.

The fire grew and left my palm, swirling in a small vortex in front of me. I tracked Arcy back and forth, then shoved the small tornado forward with a sidearm pitch, powering it up with a yell as it went. It flashed toward Arcy, twisting and growing...and shanked off to the right, missing her completely.

The momentum of my throw carried me around in a circle, and when I looked up Arcy was waiting for me, pointing at me with one hand while the other made the "tsk tsk" motion. I didn't see the bolt of electricity she fired at me, but I sure felt it. Once again the latex coating offered less protection against the electricity than I would have expected. My muscles went stiff, my tails pointing out straight behind me. If I had a normal pelt and not shiny rubber, my fur would have been standing on end. I couldn't feel directly, but surely my hair inside the suit was doing it.

The thunderbolt released me, and I fell limply to the prickly-grassed ground, heart fluttering. I struggled to try and get back to my feet, but my muscles weren't working right. All I could do was lay back and look upward as Arcy stood over me. She cocked her head to the side, probably wondering why I wasn't continuing the fight. I should have been able to take a hit like that and keep coming, but I was done.

Arcy pressed one footpaw against my chest, and the scoreboard flashed a declaration of her victory. She was free to take her victory reward, and I hoped she'd be quick about it so I could find the techs who didn't set up my suit right and punch them.

The victory reward was acting, too. Even more than the fights, actually, but most people accepted that rewards weren't entirely sincere. I hoped I could put on enough of a show to not get fired after this was over, but I really wasn't feeling it, for obvious reasons.

Arcy knelt, straddling my chest, and leaned over next to my head. "Weak fight, Embra. Feeling ok?" It didn't really matter how loud she spoke. Our words would be dubbed over by voice actors for the audience.

I grunted. "Been better. Make it quick if you don't mind." I was starting to regain control of my movement, but there was still a Jolteon sitting on my chest.

She nodded and squeezed the suit's nipples teasingly. It was a typical move to start out, and the standard response was a gasp and a shiver, all acted. I've never been as good at acting out the victory scenes as I was with the fights, but this time went differently.

I felt the pinches. Not vaguely as a tug on the suit like it should have been. Hell, it was on the most padded part of the suit; I shouldn't have felt a thing. But there it was, the feeling of an actual pinch on my nipple. There was no acting in my ensuing gasp and twitch.

Arcy smiled and played with my breasts more, squeezing them playfully and flicking at the nipples, making a very disturbing heat build in my crotch. Apparently I had gotten a breast fan as my opponent, and she was enjoying teasing me while I was helpless. "As fun as these are to play with, I *did* win this round, so you have some work to do. She spun around, our shiny latex skins squeaking against each other, and sat on my face, positioning her molded rubber sex over my muzzle.

I was worried and confused, but also aroused. Whatever was happening to me in the suit, it had softened the blows of battle but the sexual caresses came through unfiltered, maybe even enhanced. I felt a stroke across my vulva and the pleasure shocked my body rigid almost as much as the electricity had. *My vulva*, like it was actually a part of me. Worse, with as aroused as I was, I should have felt hard, uncomfortably tight in the suit, but I didn't. The feeling was more...wet.

Arcy wiggled atop me and pressed her pussy right against my nose. "Come on foxy, lick and you get a reward." It was a reminder to me to play my part, and it would probably be dubbed with the exact same phrase on the telecast.

I was distracted by the fact that Arcy's sex smelled of latex. Of course, smelling latex while inside a suit made of the stuff isn't at all remarkable, except that noticing it now meant I had *stopped* smelling it at some point, and I hadn't realized. Since leaving the dressing room, all I'd smelled was forest, fire, and ozone. Only now, with another suit pressed right up against my face did I smell rubber. That worried me more, but I had to test how bad the situation was. I stuck out my tongue and licked, and I tasted latex and the shining oil. It wasn't a very enjoyable flavor, to be honest.

I suppressed the panic that started to threaten me. It was *my* nose she was sitting on and *my* tongue I was tasting with. The fastest way out was to finish the scene, since there was no way I could explain this to Arcy and have her believe me. I licked like my life depended on it, even though my partner couldn't directly feel it. Hopefully she'd see my eagerness and get the message.

Arcy noticed, and whether she got the reasoning or not she played her part well. A thick paw-finger slipped between the slippery lips of my puffy female sex and briefly

made me forget what I was doing. "Damn, girl, they sprayed you down good. And wow you're warm in there. How long have you been wearing this thing to heat it up so much?"

I couldn't speak. The shock and pleasure of having something inside me, spreading my feminine lips, stroking the latex inner walls, was too much. I tried to answer, but my voice came out in choked yips as my back arched upwards, my tails flailing across the ground below me. It took a moment, but I caught my breath, and went back to pretending to pleasure the latex Jolteon on top of me. No longer was I doing it to get away; I was doing it to entice her into letting me cum. The last bit of my acting was replaced by reality.

My right arm was all pins and needles as it recovered from the thunder wave, but it worked well enough to wrap around Arcy's thighs and tug her into me. My other arm was busy at my breast, squeezing and rubbing the mound of flesh, tugging at the stiff, stretchy nipple. It was the best show I've ever put on.

I wished that Arcy's tongue worked as well as mine now did. I desperately wanted to feel something similar to what I was doing to her. She was no slouch with what she had, though. Her fingers worked eagerly, sliding and squeaking between my thighs. The touch made my whole body tingle, but her paw-fingers were too short. I felt a deeper ache in a place that shouldn't be there, and that she couldn't reach, no matter how much I thrust my hips against her to try and get her deeper.

Soon, I could take no more. The newness of the sensation of female sex and the surprising sensitivity of those parts was just too much. I pulled away from Arcy's pussy and shouted in climax, feeling my vagina try to crush Arcy's fingers.

Arcy mimicked me, arching her back and pretending to howl through her own orgasm. She rested on top of me, breathing heavily for a moment, then rolled off me and stood up.

It took me slightly longer to catch my breath, since my orgasm had been real and I was still recovering from a decent electric shock. Arcy offered a hand to help me up and I gladly took it.

Arcy patted me on the shoulder. "Way better job on the victory show. You a new hire from the porn division?"

I shook my head. I still didn't know if Arcy was being played by someone I knew. Best to just be vague until I knew what was happening.

The Jolteon held up her damp, glistening hand. "And seriously, what did you do to get all juicy? It's a great effect."

Obviously I couldn't tell her what it actually was, so I just shrugged.

"A shy one? No problem, as long as you can put on a show. Nice working with you!" She walked off toward her changing room, and I headed toward mine.

I was still moving slowly, but I managed to stomp angrily into my changing room, glaring angrily at the waiting techs. "Off. Now."

They stared at me, especially the dampness between my legs. One of them looked nervously at the others and was pushed forward. He approached me and felt around on my chest where the suit sealed, then shook his head.

"Don't give me that. Something fucked up is happening. I got hurt out there, and then I had a real orgasm. *Get it off.*" I narrowed my eyes and growled, and caught a flicker of flame in the air above my clenched fist.

The head tech that had shushed them all before came over to me. "It's not coming off."

"What do you mean? It's just a rubber suit." I knew that wasn't true even as I said it. I felt around for the seam myself, even though it would be difficult to work it with the handpaws. There was nothing but smooth rubber.

He looked uncomfortable. "No, it's not just a rubber suit. We weren't allowed to tell anyone, but it's clearly too late now. It's...part organic or something. Not even we know all the details."

The longer I stood there, the more awkward I felt being naked in what I was being told was now my actual body. "You could have just told me it wasn't good for the suit to leave it on or something."

The tech cringed. "We were told that if anyone looked like they were about to wear one too long, we shouldn't try too hard to stop them. The producers thought a fully bonded player might make for better fights, but if you were really getting hurt then it's not going to work out."

I growled again, and both my hands became engulfed in flame, making the tech step backward. "Really? *That's* the only problem you see? That I might get hurt? I'm fucking stuck in this thing! You said it was bonded or whatever, does that mean you have to cut it off me or something?"

He shook his head nervously. "You don't understand. There isn't a suit anymore; there's just you. The rubber, the feet, the voice, the--" He coughed and nodded downward to my female bits. "It's all yours. What you were is gone."

My heart sank. I was stuck like this. My identity was gone, replaced by this latex Vulpix. The flame powers definitely weren't enough to make up for the gender change, or the stubby handpaws, or the weird latex appearance. "You need to step out of flamethrower range, right now."

The tech hesitated only a moment, then quickly backpedaled several steps and hustled out of the room, taking the other guys with him. When they were gone I let the fire on my hands go out.

I sat on the bench and lifted one of my large breasts with a sigh. I'd have to deal with those things for the rest of my life. What would that be like? And what would I do for money? The fights would be dangerous if I could get hurt, but I could probably find some job with the Company. I was clearly talented at the sex scenes now, but the idea of doing them when it was real was far more distasteful than the suited acting had been. I could do the character pieces at Embra, but ugh. She was far from my favorite character. I'd rather be almost anyone else.

All I could do was wait for one of the producers to show, so I could yell at them and then see if I still had a job. I guessed I would. After all, they'd claim I was still wearing their property.