

The Puffy Pool-Toy Predicament - Commission –

Veil was is a hard-working young Anthro wolf who lived in Arizona, he was a creative problem solver who's crafting skills were virtually unmatched. His fur was black and white, and very soft, which got him a romantic partner early on in college. However, he was a very serious and focused person, the kind who's priorities involved grinding through work, and THEN spending time with his boyfriend. He always wore tattered jeans and a loose white T-shirt while he worked in a small broken down shed behind his house, with a couple of cheap thrift store fans. It wasn't ideal, but it was worlds better than working outside with the blazing sun beating on his dark fur.

For the past month, he had been working on an ambitious job to create an inflatable costume. Being the stubborn "do it yourself" guy that he was, he didn't use third-party rubber, instead he molded his own out of synthetic homemade material, and simply painted on the features. After weeks of tireless crafting, he was almost done, all that was left was to glue the inner costume chamber with the puffy outer layer. He took a deep breath as he spread the deflated mass of latex on his workbench and gently lined it up with a flexible rubber sack that was placed inside of it. He then prepared his brush which he had dipped in a bucket of strong gummy adhesive, and took a large deep breath. "Ok... Here it goes..." He said.

He gently ran his brush along the seam of the rubber sack, and used the adhesive to attach the inner layer to the outer latex sheet. He then carefully cleaned the glue that seeped from the sides, and once he was finished he folded up the latex and placed it in a plastic box. With his new finished project stored away, he sat on his chair and let out a large sigh of relief. He wiped the sweat away from his fur, and took off his gloves. If he was an ordinary dog, he would have died from heat stroke in this weather. "Phew... I'm pretty much done... Now all that's left is for the glue to set in." He said as he slumped down to take a few deep breath's. He had been working tirelessly on this new project, and it finally felt like a few pounds had been lifted from his shoulders.

He then began cleaning up his workplace, folding up the desks, and stashing his tools away, leaving it neat and tidy, though his arrangement of the tables was somewhat cluttered. He left his shed and brought his rubber gloves with him as he walked past his backyard pool and back to his house. He entered his home and walked into the living room where his boyfriend Lockie was playing Super Wumpus Ball 7 on his GuBox console. Lockie was a light brown furred husky boy novelist, he was a playful and bubbly person, his hobbies included video games, jogging, and a variety of sports. He had recently finished his newest book, which was a sequel to one of his best selling novels, and was taking a well deserved break. Unfortunately, since Veil was an extremely busy person, he would always have to find ways to entertain himself.

Lockie quickly sat up from the couch joyfully wagging his tail as he heard Veil enter the room. "Are you finally finished with the toy!?" He said wearing a hopeful smile on his face. "Yep." Veil sighed as he took off his gloves and threw them on the desk next to the door. "It'll be ready to ship this Friday..." He walked over to the living room dresser and took out one of his nicer shirts and threw off his t-shirt. Lockie rolled on his back and watched his boyfriend undress. "Sooooo, how about that trip we talked about? To that convention in LA?" He asked with a playful voice. Veil sighed as he looked Lockie in the eyes. "I'm afraid I can't do it this year, I have to meet with some more clients tonight, plus I have to get this toy to its buyer this weekend." He then grabbed his bag and started walking towards the door.

Lockie huffed, looking rather grumpy, no longer wagging his tail. "That still leaves Saturday! We can get on the plane at noon right after you make the delivery. You have PLENTY of time!" He protested. "That's only if there isn't any traffic during both of my trips. Chances are I won't make it in time for the flight. You should just go on ahead without me." Veil then walked out and closed the door behind him. Lockie looked out the window with his cheeks puffed out as he watched Veil drive off without him. "Hmph... He could've asked me to come with him." He slumped back down on the couch, now in a sour mood. "Do I annoy him? He can't bring his own boyfriend out of town?" He looked at the ceiling as he weighed his options, he didn't feel like going back to his video games, and he had already finished all of the house chores... He was absolutely bored. "I can't believe he broke his promise... Does he even remember?" He then lay faced down on his couch for a few minutes.

"Hmmp!" He grumbled as he sat up from his couch. "I'm not a freaking housewife, I'm his boyfriend! I shouldn't have to sit on my tail waiting for him to get back every day! I mean, what am I even supposed to do while I wait for him!" Suddenly his ears stood up, and his eyes widened as he got a brilliant idea. Once so risky and sneaky he couldn't help but feel thrilled. A playful smile spread across his face as he put his hand under his chin. "Come to think of it, he never did tell me what kind of toy he was making..." He snickered as he turned his head towards the back door and stood up wagging his tail. "Hmmmm... I wonder..."

With his curiosity peaked, he made his way through the back door and towards Veil's working shed. He began to giggle as he snooped around his boyfriend's workplace. "I didn't see him bring anything with him when he came in through the back, so it must still be here... Now where could it be?" He began rummaging through Veil's many boxes and drawers, but only found tools, tape and a bunch of other crafting equipment. "Where is it? He couldn't have hidden it."

Just when he was about to give up, he stubbed his foot on something. "Oof!" He shook his foot in discomfort, and looked down to see that he had accidentally kicked a small box. It seemed pretty secure but it was small enough for him to

cup in his paws. "I didn't notice this box before." He said curiously, as he examined the small box from top to bottom. "There is no way it could be in here, it's so small." He turned his head side to side, scanning the room to check if there were any other drawers he had neglected to search. "But I've already checked everywhere else..." He then put the box on one of the tables and began to slowly open it. "Could this really be what Veil has been working on for the past month?"

When he finally opened the box, he saw a folded mass of strange shiny material packed inside. When he took it out, it unraveled down to his feet, and he was surprised to find himself holding a large sheet of double-layered latex. "Is this... An inflatable toy!?" Lockie shouted in excitement. "No wonder it took him so long to make!" Eager to get a better look at it, he tried to spread the material out, but the folded tables cluttering the area made it impossible for him to unfold completely. "How does Veil get ANYTHING done in here? This shed is so small and cramped!" He then hastily rolled up the rubber and cradled it in both of his arms. "I'll just take it into the living room for a little bit, then I'll put it back when I'm done." He said nervously.

Then he made his way back to the house and into his living room, where he carefully spread out the giant rubber mass. It measured about 4 feet in length, and had four separate limbs spread out to its sides, resembling that of a hoofed animal. It had a small tail-like appendage sticking out from the bottom, and what looked like a strangely shaped hood on the top. The hood had a small hole with a breathing tube, and two tinted goggles underneath a black rubber mane. The latex itself was beautifully glossy, and as white as snow. With the exception of the hooves, tail, and mane, which were all painted in a dark shade of black. "It looks like a horse of some kind, what a weird toy." He noticed something that made his heart jump, there was a large slit on the back of it. He quickly opened it up to find a dark slick inner chamber within the inflatable. His heart began to race as he grabbed his chest in excitement. "IT'S A SUIT!? AN INFLATABLE COSTUME!?" His eyes gleamed as he looked at the material, he never thought that he'd ever get his hands on an item like this.

"Gosh... It would be so much fun to climb inside this while it inflates, I should ask Veil if-" He stopped mid-sentence, remembering how Veil had left him home again, breaking his promise to spend time with him. "You know what? Screw it!" He then huffed over to the closet and began rummaging through it. "For the longest time, I've been sitting on my tail for this whole stinking relationship. Waiting for him to finish with work, only for him to stand me up later." After looking around a bit, all he found was a small fish tank pump with a long hose and extension cord. He then quickly carried it to the living room in a cranky huff. "I had so many chances to go out and flirt with other guys! But I've had such restraint! I know I deserve this!"

Once he entered the living room he plugged in the pump, and examined the hose. "God I wish we had an actual air pump, using this flimsy thing could take

hours..." He sighed. He began searching for the air nozzle on the toy, feeling around for anything that might feel like an opening. He shuddered in bliss as he ran his hands across the smooth slick latex. He had never laid hands on this quality of rubber before, and it only made him even more excited as his breathing became heavier. A large lustful smile appeared on his face, he hadn't felt this aroused since the last time Veil had been intimate with him. "I know Veil would be furious if I damaged it... Buuuuuut I'll be careful."

When Lockie checked the tail he found a small air nozzle right on the tip. He found the placement a bit strange, but he shrugged it off and placed the hose inside. He flipped on the switch, and the pump weakly sputtered to life as it slowly blew air into the costume. It sounded like a dying turkey, but it would get the job done eventually.

He giggled as he threw off his boxers. "He won't even know I used it." And so he began to step inside the suit. He gasped and shuddered as the cool slick rubber touched his bare fur. It felt like he was sliding his foot into a nice, smooth, elastic sleeve, making him even more excited. "It's... Even better than I imagined." He said as he began slipping his other foot into the suit. Another wave of excitement washed through the rest of his body as he pulled the suit up to his waist. He shivered and let out a faint ecstatic moan. Feeling the cold smooth rubbery material snuggle around his pelvic region, further awakening his new blooming fetish.

It was something he had never felt before in his life, and he wasn't even halfway into the suit yet. "This rubber is so sensual... It's like I'm sensitive to its touch. What kind of experience have I been missing all my life?" With his excitement reaching new heights, he pulled the rest of the suit up and sunk his arms into the sleeves, while pulling his chest in, and pushing his tail against his back.

He shivered and let out a deep satisfying sigh. He then held his arms up in front of his face, it looked like he was wearing two comically large rubber sleeves. He chuckled as he admired his new costume, waving the saggy sleeves back and forth. "I can't wait until this thing really starts inflating! This is going to be so much fun!" Then finally he began to ease his head into the hood of the inflatable toy. He bit his lip as the soft smooth material glided past his face, as if he was sinking further into a new fascination. When he felt the short breathing tube enter his mouth he offered little resistance and began breathing through it. Finally, he nuzzled the rest of his face into the hood of his costume, leaving him completely suited.

He was absolutely astonished by the sensation, as the smell of rich rubber filled his nostrils. He sighed with satisfaction as he caressed his hood with the deflated hooves of his costume, rubbing the soft latex against his face. Despite the fact that the goggles were tinted from the outside, he could see through them

perfectly. As for the breathing tube, though cumbersome, it didn't add any discomfort. In fact, it was just as snug as the scuba mask he used to wear when he went diving in college. "This is paradise... I can't imagine what it'll be like when it's fully inflated." He hoped with anticipation, unable to hold back his giggling. "I'll just slip out of the back of the suit before it gets too tight, the plus side to using a fish pump is that I'll have plenty of time to fool around before I have to deflate it."

With that, he made his way over to the couch and lay down on his back. "First I have to wait until this thing puffs up, then the fun begins. ♥" He said with an eager giggle. He then continued caressing the hood of his new suit, pushing the glossy material against his fur, taking in the sweet enveloping sensation of soft rubber. He took deep relaxing breaths, and began rubbing his belly. He closed his eyes while moaning in comfort, rubbing his favorite spot with the smooth soft latex heightening his experience. He was so relaxed that he forgot what he was waiting for to begin with. Eventually, he became so calm, so composed, that moments later he fell fast asleep. Meanwhile his new comfy suit slowly puffed up around him.

As he slept, he dreamt that he was crawling down a narrow hallway, slowly and carefully inching his way forward in hopes of finding the end. "Why is it so cramped in here? What kind of hallway is this?" He thought to himself. He continued on, tirelessly making his way, but as he kept crawling, he could feel his surroundings getting tighter and tighter. "It's too much... I'll never make it! It feels like I'm getting... Squished?" He stopped and looked at the walls that were touching his shoulders. They were bulging out like giant rubber balloons, slowly engulfing his arms as they drew closer and closer to him, threatening to smother him. He gasped in shock, panicking as the balloon walls crept towards him, inhibiting his movements and leaving him helpless.

His eyes shot open as he woke up staring at the ceiling through his tinted goggles. He hyperventilated through his breathing tube as he took a few seconds to calm down. "Oh... It's just the suit... Wait a second!" Realizing that the squeezing feeling was still present, he quickly looked down at his body. His suit had puffed out significantly! Giving his arms and legs a roundish shape, just like he expected. He eagerly got up from the couch and walked over to the mirror. He could still bend his arms and legs very easily, offering complete control over his movements. When he saw himself in the mirror he couldn't help but chuckle, he looked like a goofy, bipedal, rubber steed! He then looked at the clock hanging on the wall, it was 11 after 4 pm, so he must have slept for an hour or so. "Yep! Plenty of time! ♥" Lockie giggled.

He proceeded to crawl on all fours around his living room, giggling like a child with a new toy. Looking through the tinted goggles of his suit made him feel like he was in another world, as he freely goofed around in his soft balloon costume. The soft rubber glided against his skin, soft subtle squeaks filled the suit like

ambient noise. He was having so much fun that he lost track of time, and minutes began to pass. Little did he know that the adhesive that kept the inner layer connected to the rest of the costume was still very wet, and slowly began seeping into the slit which served as the suits entrance. With each passing second, Lockie's only means of escape was being permanently sealed shut.

Pressure continued to build up within the suit as time went on, making him appear puffier and more rounded. Over time he felt his suit getting tighter around his body, which only made it more enjoyable. It felt like he was getting a big hug from his costume. But then after a couple minutes passed, he began to feel the pressure building up around his pelvis. He moaned lightly as he felt the soft puffy rubber squeeze his private area. At first, he tried to ignore it, but over time it became more difficult. Every single movement he made caused his groin to grind against the tight inner rubber, heightening his arousal with every passing second.

He stopped playing as he became distracted by his pleasurable predicament. He compulsively began rubbing his hips against his costume, welcoming the indescribable feeling of the suit's squishy homemade rubber as it glided against his crotch. But once he realized what he was doing he stopped, and continued crawling around the floor, but the suit didn't stop rubbing against him. The consistent teasing of his suit was unbearable, and he began to whimper in a fit of bliss. But he knew he shouldn't do something lewd in a costume that didn't belong to him. "Maybe I should get out, before this gets out of hand..." He thought. Despite his desire to be pleased by his suit, he took a deep breath and put his wishes aside. Though he desperately wanted his suit to continue rubbing his helpless body, he wanted to be surrounded by a soft world of inescapable pleasure. He cursed his strong sense of restraint.

He reluctantly shimmied himself to the top of his suit, and searched around for the opening in the back of the costume, but he found nothing. "What?" Confused, he continued to push his back against his costume in search of the exit, but no matter how much he squirmed, all he could feel was the soft puffy rubber that continued to squeeze his furry body. "What's going on? The slit in the costume was huge! I should be able to slide out easily!" He became anxious, and arched his back in an attempt to force his way out. Little did he know that the adhesive holding his costume together had completely sealed him inside, leaving no trace of the opening he had entered from. "It's like the slit is closed! It couldn't have just disappeared! What's happening?"

His anxiety quickly turned to panic, as he doubled his efforts to free himself. He kept arching himself backward, attempting to forcefully push himself out of the sealed slit. But in his struggles, he only succeeded in arousing himself further, as the smooth surrounding rubber pushed and glided against his fur, like an intimately constricting hug. His attempts to push himself out resulted in an awkward humping motion within the suit. With each and every failed push, his manhood would be squeezed ever so tightly against the inner inflated chamber of

his now taut prison, making it even harder for him to struggle.

That's when he noticed that his movements had become cumbersome and clumsy. "This is bad! I can't get out... And I can barely move! What is going on? Wait... The pump!" He then turned his attention to the fish tank pump, and was alarmed to realize that it was working even faster than before. It was like the pump had gotten a jump start while it was plugged in, allocating more energy as time went on. He was speechless seeing as how this barely functional piece of machinery, had suddenly started working well beyond expectations.

"How is this possible!? It's not even made to pump air!" He then gasped through the tube as he realized that he was becoming short of breath, as the suit intensified the squeezing sensation around his chest. The sleeves of his costume made it difficult to use his fingers, there was so much pressure around his face that he could barely open his jaw, and he couldn't even bend his arms or legs anymore. "Mmmmm... It doesn't matter, I have to get out of here!"

He clumsily made his way towards the pump, like a turtle taking baby steps. Every single movement sent waves of squeaks throughout the room, filling Lockie's ears with an agonizing reminder of his helpless confinement. To make matters worse, his sudden haste to approach the pump caused the suit to pleasure him further, with the pressure against his groin growing with every step. He blissfully whimpered into his breathing tube, but strongly kept his focus on getting out of the costume.

Once he was finally close enough to pump, he took a deep breath to recover from the tight squeezing. But when he tried to look down at the pump, the suit strongly resisted his movement, before pulling his head back into an upright position. He groaned in frustration, completely regretting his careless decision to wear the inflatable suit, putting little consideration into the dangers of using it alone.

Unable to see the pump he attempted to use his right inflated hoof to search for it. Once he found the device he tried to move his fingers, but to his misfortune, the pressure in his sleeves had forced his hands into balled up fists. He desperately pressed his useless appendage against the pump searching for the switch, but to no avail. He only succeeded in clumsily pushing his inflated hoof against the pump, as they became more and more rounded by the second. Eventually, his hands could no longer reach the pump, as the inflating suit began to lift his arms and legs off the ground, making his klutzy attempts pointless. As he struggled to stop the inflation, he could feel the suit squeezing him tighter and tighter by the second. His cheeks were pressed flat against his face, his legs began to ache, and the pressure against his chest became unbearable. With the realization that his life was now at risk, his panic quickly turned to fear. "If I don't get out of here... I'll be smothered before the suit rips..."

Now in a hopeless race against the clock, he quickly weighed his options. "I'm running out of time... If I can't turn it off manually..." Suddenly he got a stern look in his eyes, realizing that he had only one option left. Despite the suit now heavily constricting his movements, he hastily turned around, waddling like a drunken 4 legged duck. He then proceeded to walk to the other side of the room, moving away from the pump which threatened to squeeze him alive within his prison. It was a difficult task, the suit hindered every step, increasing it's already tight hold on his naked body. By this point, the pressure against his crotch had become immense, but instead of discomfort, it felt overwhelmingly pleasant. It felt like someone was pushing a balloon against his manhood, sending him into a fit of heightened arousal.

He continued to move as he began pulling the pump across the room with him. But his desperate movements also served to stimulate him further, as he grew ever more helpless by the second. "This is torture... Getting rubbed and teased... while being slowly smothered... It's like the suit is trying to distract me... While it squeezes me alive..." With determination, he kept doing his best to ignore the costumes intimate attempts to stop him, and resumed his efforts to pull the pump from its outlet. He used every ounce of his strength to fight against the costumes increasing constriction around his body. With the suit hindering every single movement he made, his clumsy walk had been reduced to tiny baby steps.

Just when he thought that he would never make it, he felt the hose tugging against his suit. His heart skipped a beat, realizing that now was his chance! With quick a rush of adrenaline, he took a deep powerful breath, and gave one last pull, meeting resistance from both the pump and his suit. He arched himself forward as hard as he could, pushing the front of his body against the puffy insides of his tight rubber prison. Of course, the rubber pushed back, focusing around his vulnerable manhood, and with that he let out a loud moan of indescribable ecstasy, as the inflated latex tightly hugged his private area.

Then finally with a loud rewarding "POP!", the tube popped out of the suit's tail, while the plug simultaneously fell from its outlet. Lockie gasped with relief and relaxed his exhausted body, now motionless within his tight rubber suit. However, the suit did not deflate, due to the secondary flap inside the nozzle via Veils flawless design... Lockie let out a weak relieved sigh, as he recovered from his unexpected orgasm. "I... Did it..." He thought to himself completely exhausted.

But then he realized that something was wrong. "Wait... Why is the suit still inflated? The air should have leaked out by now." He thought puzzlingly. He furiously fussed about in his costume, as his feeling of relief was replaced with growing frustration. "Come on! MOVE!" He thought as he pointlessly squirmed in his prison. But unfortunately, his suit was so tightly snug around his body that he could only move with slight articulation in his arms and legs.

As a result of his struggles, his costume once again retaliated by pushing and rubbing his private area, teasing and distracting him. Of course, he quickly ran out of stamina and ceased his efforts as he was already exhausted, and his labored breathing prevented him from exerting himself further. "I'm still trapped... But why...?" He whimpered in disappointment, his sad puppy dog eyes just barely visible within his tinted goggles. With the realization that he wasn't getting out on his own, he relaxed his fatigued body and sighed, giving up completely.

As he remained motionless on the far side of the living room, his lack of air caught up to him. He started to feel sleepy, his thoughts became fuzzy, and it slowly felt like he was going half asleep. "Well... At least I'm safe now... But Veil will be so mad when he finds out that-" He paused his thoughts, as he once again remembered how Veil had chosen his clients over spending time with him.

"This... Is all his fault... If only he had kept his promise to me... I wouldn't have ended up like this..." He huffed, closing his eyes. Now half asleep, and in a state of sensory deprivation, cut off from the surroundings of his living room, he found himself drifting deeper into his own thoughts. Accompanied only by the sound of soft squeaks, and the tight hugging sensation of the taut rubber that kept him trapped. In his silent frustration, he involuntarily began to slightly rub against his prison, with soft moans slowly escaping his lips.

"That... Insensitive jerk..." He pouted, still wandering deeply within his own mind. He continued to passionately rub himself against his costume, practically unaware of his intimate session of self-pleasure. "I just wanted... To have some fun... He's never around... He's rarely home..." His mind slowly melted into a void of ecstasy, as he came ever closer to a finish.

"Lockie!?! " A familiar voice shouted from the living room entrance. His heart jumped, as he immediately ceased his pleasurable rubbing session, and looked to his left where the door was. There stood Veil, holding a banquet of flowers, and a box of Lockie's favorite candies from Sweet Treats Inc. He just stood there completely speechless, seeing his boyfriend playing with the suit that he had spent the past month working on.

"You didn't..." Veil said with a blank expression. Lockie froze like a deer in headlights. "He's... gonna yet at me..." He thought as he shut his eyes. But suddenly, Veil burst out laughing, he put the flowers and candy box on the table next to him before he fell to the floor in a fit of uncontrollable chuckles. Lockie opened his eyes again, completely baffled as he watched his boyfriend laughing hysterically on the floor. "How.... Pffff... How did you get inside that thing by your self? Fully inflated no less!!!" He said still laughing uncontrollably.

Lockie felt absolutely relieved, seeing as Veil didn't seem the least bit angry about him using the suit. However, he couldn't help but feel a tad salty that Veil found his predicament so amusing. Meanwhile, Veil started to calm down as he

slowly got up from the floor. "I... finished my meeting ahead of schedule and came back early because I was worried that you might be bored and upset. But... it looks like your preoccupied!" He giggled still pulling himself together. "I didn't expect this..." He said as he walked towards the suited husky, and knelt down in front of him. Veil smiled handsomely and placed his fluffy paws on the puffy rubbery cheeks of Lockie's mask, while he stared into his cute puppy dog eyes. "Though credit where credit is due, it looks good on you." Veil Chuckled.

Lockie groaned through his tube, as he was still tightly squished within of the constricting costume. He just wanted Veil to help him get out. "Oh don't be mad, come on out already. I made reservations tonight at your favorite restaurant." Veil said as he stood up and leaned over the suit. Lockie's heart skipped a beat, as he realized that he would finally be free of this cumbersome costume. Veil attempted to put his hands inside the slit in the back, but to his shock, it was sealed shut. "What in the world?" He said confused. He pulled at the opening but it wouldn't budge, that's when he realized that it was completely sealed with the adhesive he had put in.

"The entrance is glued shut!!!" Veil Shouted. Lockie's eyes widened in shock, he had no idea how glue could've gotten in the slit. "Did you take this thing out while the glue was still wet!? No wonder you got yourself stuck in this thing!" He scolded. "Ohhh... Now he really is mad..." Lockie whimpered. "Well, now my work is completely ruined." Veil sighed with a frustrated tone. There was an awkward moment of silence in the room, as Lockie contemplated his foolishness.

Veil sat down on the couch and looked down at the rug. "Look... I'm not mad... I'm just... Sorry..." Lockie looked over at Veil in curiosity. "I almost forgot about the promise I made to you and, I didn't realize until after meeting with my clients." He then turned back at Lockie with a sincere look in his eyes. "I do want to spend more time with you... Work has just been so stressful lately that I've had so little time to think about other things, and I apologize." Lockie felt so happy, Veil hadn't talked to him like this in weeks.

"Anyway let's get some of the air out of that suit, it must be uncomfortable in there." Veil stood up and grabbed the suits inflatable tail, and stuck his pinky finger into the nozzle. Lockie took in the sweet air as the pressure against his chest decreased. But after a couple seconds, Veil plugged the nozzle back in, still leaving the costume mostly inflated. Lockie was happy that he could breathe normally again, but was confused as to why Veil stopped deflating it. "The nozzle won't let air out unless you push your finger into it, I made it that way so inflating it would be easier. Of course, even if you let the air out, you'd still be sealed in." He explained.

Veil then looked back at Lockie. "That aside, let's address the elephant in the room..." "Hmm?" Lockie muffled through his tube. "If you were into bondage you could have just told me." Veil said in a trusting tone. "Wait... What!?" Lockie

thought as his heart jumped, his cheeks blushed with embarrassment. “I understand that you must have been so eager to wear this horseplay costume, but you should’ve called me. I would’ve gladly helped you out after I came back, plus it’s safer...” Veil paused as he leaned closer to Lockie’s face and whispered with a seductive voice. “Not to mention... FAR more exciting...” Lockie shuddered, he had NEVER heard Veil speak like this before.

Veil then Kicked off his pants, and threw off his shirt, leaving him in his boxers. “NO! You have the wrong idea!” Lockie screamed in his head, as he let out a helpless whimper. “Well... Since I can’t sell it anymore... I can’t let it go to waste.” He then picked up Lockie with little effort and carried him out of the living room. “We have plenty of time before we have to pack up... Plus our dinner reservation can wait. ♥” Lockie squirmed around in his tight suit, but his struggles were so weak that Veil didn’t even notice. He squeezed the suit through the back door and made his way to the pool, where the beautiful sunset could be seen on the horizon, and in the reflection of the rippling water.

Veil held his suited boyfriend against his belly so that they were now facing each other. “Now then, without further Ado...” Suddenly Veil Jumped into the pool with Lockie still tightly held in his arms. “EEP!” Lockie felt his stomach drop as he was flung into the air with his partner, as they quickly entered the pool with a large splash. Lockie’s heart was racing, he didn’t expect Veil to do a cannonball while holding him. “I’ve never seen Veil acting this aggressive, this is bizarre!” He thought. The rubber inflated suit bobbed up and down, floating gently in the pool with Veil resting on top of him. The suit was belly up so Lockie’s goggles and breathing tube was just above water, while Veil was comfortably cradled between the suits’ large puffy legs.

“Well, this is relaxing.” He said as he gave Lockie’s costume a nice big hug, squeezing the helpless husky inside. Lockie moaned into his tube, his suit now contracting around every inch of his bound body. “Mmmm... It’s like I’m resting on a big soft pillow made of air.” Veil said with a big smile, as he began grinding his hips against the suit smooth taut rubber. Lockie gasped, feeling the slick material passionately rubbing his manhood as a result of Veil’s lewd hip motions. He enthusiastically continued grinding and pushing his pelvis against the balloon suit, knowing very well that his partner could feel every single thrust. “Maybe I should just keep you back here as a toy... Or should I sell you to my client as a... Gift wrapped puppy? ♥” Veil said in a devilish voice, smiling blissfully as he rubbed and squeezed his unwilling lover. It was like he had suddenly awakened as a devious pleasure thirsty Dom. “Oh the things you do to get my attention.” Veil giggled.

“I need to use the bathroom...” Lockie whined, knowing that from now on... Their relationship was going to be much different...