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A Promising Start – Fox McCloud TF

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Blitz the white wolf leans against the front desk in an empty lobby, waiting patiently to be attended to. He fidgets with anticipation of what's to come. Apparently, he has the honor of being the very first of this particular type of employee... this brand new startup corporation sure likes to make a big deal about it. It doesn't seem like anything groundbreaking to him though; as far as he's aware, it's just a rental service that dispatches people in mascot costumes to liven up parties and conventions and the like. Hardly unique stuff. The only thing he can think of that'd make it anything exceptional is the suits themselves... hopefully that they're extra comfortable, or breathable.

Finally, he hears the soft pitter patter of claws on linoleum, and looks up to see a cute little avali with sky-blue plumage and sharp business attire trotting up to the desk. It feels weird to be so excited about a job like this...

"Hello, sir! You're the one we hired? Good, good! My name's Breeze, and we're so very excited to have you here, helping us at Livacter Co., pioneering the world of mascotry~ Come along, let's get you properly oriented!"

"Umm, o-okay." Blitz follows his employer awkwardly through a set of folding doors, into a surprisingly spacious hallway lined with dozens of identical-looking doors. He's still a little weirded out by the inordinate level of ambition a startup like this is displaying, but his long-repressed eagerness keeps his doubts firmly in check. They pass by multiple sets of doors, all numbered like hotel rooms. "So, are these, like... storage closets?"

"Oh, no, silly. Those are our dormitories! We're coming up on the storage closet soon."

Dormitories... for employees? Does that mean he's gonna be *living* here? Seems an awfully gratuitous accommodation, once again hardly becoming of something as relatively mundane as a mascot rental, but he supposes those questions can wait. He still needs to see...

Finally, they run into a thick set of doors at the end. The avail pushes them open, and a much larger room greets them... a studio set. Small wooden structures and props lay scattered all about at the center, not yet properly used.

"You're going to get to know this room very well... this is where we do our regular photoshoots, and sometimes even short films! That'll give our advertising a nice thematic flair to it, don't you think?~"

"Heh... I suppose so." He wasn't aware of this side of things, either... hopefully he won't freeze up with a dozen cameras trained on him.

They skirt right of the set, toward another large set of doors, this time leading into the biggest changing room Blitz has ever seen. Sterile wooden surfaces everywhere, with multiple stalls, yet tons of open space. He supposes a bunch of big, bulky suits trying to get places all at once might need it. It doesn't take long for something specific to catch his attention... a row of moderately-sized boxes, each labelled with a familiar name. Sonic, Bowser, Spyro, Klonoa... his eyes land squarely on the fifth one, and he pipes up before the avai can even ask.

"That one, please!"

"Ooh, Fox McCloud! He's a cutie~" Breeze trots over to fetch it. "Plus, he has the simplest proportions, so hopefully it won't have too much trouble bon- er, fitting properly!"

Blitz graciously takes it, noting its surprising weight. A flap hangs open, allowing him to see a hint of green... his heart quivers. He doesn't want to make a big deal about it, of course... wouldn't want to risk weirding Breeze out, in case he's, well, not into that sort of thing. He hastens toward the nearest stall before he can go and makes things awkward.

"Take it nice and slow, alright? It's still a prototype!" Breeze calls after him.

*A... prototype... costume?* Blitz thinks to himself. *Man, there's no way around it... these people's grasp of mascots is just plain... off.* Well, however odd it may be, it doesn't change the fact that the opportunity is finally upon him. He's yearned for this for so long...

He shuts and locks the door quietly, and sets the box down. He can still barely hear Breeze elsewhere in the room, sitting down on one of the plain benches and humming softly. It's a little awkward, but Blitz doesn't mind so much. Trying not to feel rushed, he kneels down to open the box up, and... there sits a proud, slightly cocky vulpine face set in a fixed, fiery grin. Blitz can't keep one off of his own face, looking down at it. He picks up the empty mascot head, immediately confirming his sneaking suspicion... yep, it's entirely made of rubber. Its cool, smooth touch meets his paws, with its cream-colored artificial surface made to only resemble a thin coat of fur. And that sound... just the gentle squeeze of his grip causes Fox's head to squeak gently. He lets out only a tiny sound before stopping himself. Jeez, what would Breeze think of him, being so weird about what should just be his job?

Blitz takes a deep breath, and tries to keep himself silent as he pulls out the rest of the bulky costume. Much louder squeaking noises greet him... yep, everything in there is pure latex. A muted green bodysuit with short sleeves, a distinct gray aviator jacket, black gloves, gray boots, a red scarf, a simple belt with a strange golden emblem, and a large puffy tail. That's the full look, alright... Blitz can barely contain himself at this point, quivering with excitement. The thought of disappearing under that costume, being able to become Fox McCloud, with all his dramatic, cheesy flair... He strips down hastily, almost tearing his shirt on its way up. Red flags be damned, he NEEDS to wear this suit.

He sits down on the built-in bench to fidget his way into the thick bodysuit, not even bothering to contain his heavy breathing. The rubber feels absolutely heavenly against his hind paws, gripping nice and tight as he straightens every wrinkle out with more of those lovely squeaks...

As he pulls it up over his waist, he barely manages to fit his eager cock inside. Good lord, is he really THIS pent up? He hopes it won't be too noticeable... that

would be mighty awkward. He sets the thought aside as he pulls the suit up around his waist, breathing shakily as the tight, cold latex envelops his torso, clinging to his fur. It feels so incredibly good... and it's so relaxing. He exhales with immense satisfaction as he inserts his arms into their holes, and raises them up to force the suit fully into place. It's such a startlingly perfect fit! He moves his legs a bit; the movements are a bit stiff, but never chafing or pinching uncomfortably. It's almost like a second skin...

He finds himself unconsciously reaching for the jacket and scarf, and eagerly slipping them on. He buries his neck in the puffy latex of the scarf, nice and cozy... and the jacket settles quickly into place, seeming to affix itself to the bodysuit. They're quite clearly proportioned for each other to an almost freakish degree... it feels so *natural*. Blitz allows himself a very soft moan, unable to help himself. It feels sooooo good. Does he, like, really have to take this off? Couldn't he just... keep wearing it... constantly...

He's holding those gloves. Yep, those are Fox's gloves, perfect for his job. Blitz slips them on without hesitation, making a nice hefty *squiiiiirk!* as they grind into place. A perfect fit, as usual. He flexes those fingers, taking in the lovely feeling of rubber grinding against his joints. Right where it should be.

The boots... yes, those big red and gray durable things. He squeezes one ankle in at a time; even here, the interior is pure rubber?? Is there even any other material involved here? It does feel like there's some sort of hard surface beneath the malleable rubber, ensuring it holds its form, so he has to assume so. At any rate, his feet settle into place, perfectly snug, barely reaching the cutoff of the bodysuit in order to cover his legs entirely. He finds his eyelids fluttering, the lovely feeling now coating most of his skin. He almost feels... dizzy. He can't tell if his movements are growing sluggish, or if that's just the tight rubber. And honestly, he's finding it hard to care. He just wants to hurry up and... *be Fox McCloud*.

He stands back up, nice and proud, and takes a lap within his stall, squeaking and clomping along... it feels soooo perfect. He can already picture himself brimming with Fox's characteristic confidence and formality, ready to receive orders and carry out missions. He's not sure what sort of fast-paced action he'd really manage with all this thick rubber... but, he supposes Fox DOES spend

most of his time in the cockpit. He's just gonna have to have faith that these folks know what they're doing!

Not too much more, now... he picks up the belt, and fastens it into place. He doesn't even think about how to do it... his hands seem to work on their own. Almost like he's put it on before. Many times, in fact... no, that's silly, Blitz wouldn't have worn this before. He would know! The belt sure feels right at home, anyway... He then snags the big puffy tail, and stuffs his own into that little puffy sleeve at the base. That REALLY gets him shivering, the soft interior squeezing and caressing his own fluffy length, replacing it with something much bushier and squeakier~ His old white tail soon disappears from sight. The look's nearly complete. Just the head now- wait, hold on...

"Umm... this is a full-body thing, right? Like, full immersion and all?" He pipes up nervously. It takes a couple seconds for the perky response to come from behind the short barrier.

"Yup!"

"Okay, 'cause uh... I've got gloves, but nothing for the rest of my arms. I don't see anything here that covers that. Won't it look kind of weird?"

"Ohhh, don't worry about that, it'll get sorted out!~ Just go ahead and put the rest on for me, m'kay?"

"Uhhh... O-okay..." He doesn't know what to think about that, but... damn, it's actually so hard to think at all anymore. Even if it's not his full body, this is enough! He gingerly picks up the suit head, letting that frozen grin stare him down a few seconds longer. Here comes the moment of truth... his heart begins to race. His hands feel awfully moist... is he really sweating that hard? No sense in worrying about that. He slowly, almost reverently lowers the head into place, fidgeting his own snout into place. The head's interior isn't quite as soft as the rest; it feels more like a helmet, although still wonderfully comfortable. The suit's eyes are a bit hard to see through, but he can manage. It fits nice and snug against the scarf; seems like it'd actually take a bit of effort to pry it back off.

Blitz breathes heavily, only able to open his snout just slightly... it's gonna be pretty hard to talk properly. Hopefully he'll only need to walk around, pose and act stuff out. God, this is going to be so much fun! He walks to and fro a little more, getting a feel for the suit, ensuring it's properly adjusted all around. No chafing, no sticking points... nothing even remotely uncomfortable. How is it even possible for a costume to fit this well? On top of that, the persistent squeaks and creaks of his rubber exterior fill the air... absolute music to his ears. The interior rubs and caresses his helpless body, its cold touch continuously giving him shivers... he could even swear it almost feels... *gooey*. Now that's strange... then he realizes that it only actually feels that way in one location. And that's...

Blitz freezes. *Ohhh shit.*

He looks down at his arms as best he can through his faint eyeholes, and can hardly believe his eyes. Shiny liquid rubber, the same color as Fox's face, is *oozing* out from beneath the gloves and spreading over his fur!

"What the- what is this?! B-Breeze? What's go- MMPH!"

Right then, the entire suit tightens around his body! His snout is forced firmly shut, the padded latex squeezing against his fur with abundant noise. He quickly reaches up to yank the head off, but... it doesn't budge? He claws at the suit's neck, and to his horror, the scarf and scruff of Fox's neck have all but fused into a single piece. As have the boots, the tail, his newly solid squeaky fox arms... it's all a singular piece now. Short of tearing the rubber, he's completely stuck!~

"HMMMPH??" He moans helplessly as the pressure intensifies... on one location in particular. He hadn't even thought to pay attention to his junk, but with the way the rubber is teasing and coaxing it with a freaky sense of *intelligence*, he can't possibly ignore it now! Unable to help himself, he reaches down with one hand to grope at it... and is met with a stunningly large lump of rubber right between his legs, perfectly round and thoroughly locked off from orgasm. He tries to look down at it, but suddenly his vision is even hazier than before... his focus is lapsing too. What's being done to him...?

*You are Fox McCloud.*

Blitz jolts. Where did that voice come from? It's much lower than Breeze's, and sounds much closer... sounds oddly familiar, too.

*You are Fox McCloud.*

Fox McCloud. Th-that's his voice! Somehow, the very character he's playing as is speaking to him! And... telling him that HE'S Fox?!

Blitz falls to his knees, thoroughly spooked at this point, yet at the same time in a helpless whirlwind of bliss, tugging futilely at his rubber chest with one hand and groping that giant bulge with the other. He whines and moans helplessly, unable to speak properly. S-surely Breeze will hear him and come help? Unless... this was supposed to happen.

*You are a mascot. You are property of Livacter Co. You will comply.*

His vision grows more and more blurry... no, that's not it. There's just something being superimposed onto his vision... some sort of spiral. It rotates, convulses, gradually becoming harder to ignore, especially given that he can't look away. He's being hypnotized, forced to obey... and there's nothing he can do about it. Less and less of him wants to anyway, the more his rubber body squeaks, the more the suit teases him, the more Fox's confident voice beckons to him.

*You will conform to your role. Your assigned role is Fox McCloud. You will become nothing and no one but Fox McCloud.*

Blitz's control slips further away with every passing second. He certainly didn't ask to be taken over like this, and yet... the truth is, even in the midst of panic, he's having the absolute time of his life. He really does love being Fox McCloud. He loves the rubber. He loves being null. He loves playing the part... he just never thought he'd be going this deep! Not that he has much of a say in it anymore... the only resistance left in him is a pathetic, muffled moan, difficult to even make out in the midst of the squeaky cacophony.

*You love to obey. You love to be a good mascot. You love to serve Livacter Co. You love to be Fox McCloud.*

"Mmmngghhh..." His eyes sit wide open, bathing in the furious hypnotic display. His trapped cock throbs like mad, on the very precipice of release, but continually denied every passing second. The suit goes on squeezing tight, pressing further and further... then, there's a whole new sensation. Somehow, he begins to feel the rubber even more intimately than before...

*You are Fox McCloud. You are nothing and no one but Fox McCloud.*

His skin underneath seems to grow numb... more and more, he can only feel that tantalizing rubber, even more so than his own body. Almost like... the rubber IS his body.

*You are not a person. You are a mascot. Good mascots obey. You will obey.*

His face goes slack, yet at the same time he can feel himself smiling involuntarily. Just like the costume is. No, not a costume, it's Fox! ...wait, where'd that thought come from? The rubber's not his actual... but, what WAS his actual body? He can't feel anything else any more... it's so, so very hard to think straight.

*You are a mascot. You are permanently bound by contract to serve Livacter Co. You will always be Fox McCloud.*

That wonderful voice seeps into his mind... no, it's not even a voice at all... it's his very own thoughts. In his own voice. That's how his voice always sounded, isn't it...?

*I AM Fox McCloud... I AM property of Livacter co....*

That's right... he just needed to do some inner dialogue. What has he been so stressed about? Of course he's... Fox...

*I will obey. I will conform to my assigned role. I am nothing and no one but Fox McCloud.*

With that revelation, his mind becomes so much clearer... as does his vision. His posture relaxes, and his struggles slowly cease... though he can't help a few more indulgent rubs~ His body feels so wonderful... every rubber crease, every

surface grinding against one another... he feels it intimately. He... he understands now.

*I am Fox McCloud. I am a good mascot. I will comply.*

Fox slowly gets up, finally mustering the self control to let his bulge sit unattended. He can't be fooling around with that on company time, after all!~ He looks down with his fixed parma-grinning expression, admiring his own form. The familiar squeak of rubber greets him with every movement... such a wonderful, comfortable sound. And such a wonderful, comfortable role to play!

*I am now permanently bound by contract to serve Livacter Co. I will conform to Fox McCloud. I am Fox McCloud. I am Fox McCloud. I am Fox McCloud.*

The mantra drones on and on in Fox's empty little head as he triumphantly unhooks the stall door and marches back out with characteristic poise, squeaking all the way. Breeze looks up from his phone, and immediately trots over with a giddy step.

"Ohhh, you look perfect! Gods, this is incredible~ What's your name, hm?"

Somehow, a voice emanates from Fox's mouth even as his face remains perfectly static. "I'm Fox McCloud, leader of Starfox! We're always looking for brave young recruits to accept the call of duty and join our ranks!"

Breeze squeals with delight. "Perfectly in character! This is going to be so much fun~" He reaches down to give Fox's bulge a hearty squeeze... he doesn't so much as react. Good mascots ought not to, after all! "Nice and comfy in there, hm? Ooh, looks like our experimental goo capsules worked precisely as intended too! I suppose we're good to make greater use of them in, ah... future projects~ So, we at Livacter Co. are overjoyed to have you working with us, Fox McCloud! We hope you'll put on quite the show~"

At the mention of Livacter Co., as well as the obvious lack of non-employees to perform for, Fox's attitude changes just slightly, toning down the act in favor of simple compliance. "This mascot is eager to serve, boss!"

Breeze nods. "Mental triggers all seem in order... excellent! Now, why don't we go try out your first photo shoot? You're gonna want to look as presentable as possible for our clients. And well, seeing as you're now employed FULL time here, we may as well get you rented out for a gig as soon as possible, hm? Come along~"

"Right away, boss!" Fox proudly marches after her back toward the studio, squeaking up a storm and ready to put on one hell of a show~