

It had started with a generous donation, then a poll to her fans, and then it had led her here.

Marissa had garnered quite a following from her cosplays career, showing up to numerous conventions and events, wowing judges with outfits that were elaborate and expensive. Though no matter the theme she had always managed to find an excuse to show off her natural goods, constantly brushing against the limits of what was allowable.

Now, however, the result of that poll lay before her. *I knew I should have checked before I got here.* She chastised herself, but even so she was just making excuses to herself, there was no backing out of this without a serious loss of face.

Thick, fresh-scented rubber, in reddish orange with thicker yellow adornments. She knew she would be given a pokemon themed outfit, she half suspected her adoring fans would try to force her out of her zone of comfort with their choice, yet she'd still assumed she'd be asked to dress up as a trainer or gym leader.

Instead, her role was to *be* a pokemon. An anthropomorphised Flareon, with a decidedly different build to what she was hoping for.

“Come on, you’re not getting cold feet now, ‘Riss.” The words came from Paul, one of the others there, a man who had entered several contests with her through the years and built up an affable rivalry with her. “After all, I don’t think there are any ice type costumes around.” *He* was dressed in a sharp uniform, that of the antagonistic Team Flare. Why couldn’t that be her costume?!

“You know I’ve gotta go through with this, just let me have a moment to grumble, won’t you?!” She snapped, grabbing the costume and moving to a curtained off area. In some foresight she’d at least packed some tight fitting snug clothing, the kind that would wick off the heat of what she was about to wear and make it more tolerable. She’d come prepared for many things.

Having changed to that under-layer of clothing, she turned to the suit. A full head mask and an overlapping, deflated but soft-furred ruff of a collar waited on top. She moved the pieces aside, revealing the rest of it. The body was all one piece with a sagging tail, red-orange rubber with lighter orange tips on the hands and feet, yet there was a thick black line across it, she almost thought it was a defect before she really looked. It was a tight pair of faux swim-briefs, it wasn’t just an all enclosing costume, it was shaped to be male! Not only that, but it was displayed as naked aside from that swim-wear, as if taking a hearty dig at her usual choice of scanty costumes.

“Goddamn it...” She grumbled, forgetting that her words would be easily heard by the rest of the room.

“Need a hand in there?” Paul’s voice called, obviously enjoying what he was hearing.

“I’m fine.” She snipped back. Turning to the suit. It was arduous to put on, making Marissa feel the sweat before she was even half done. The thick rubber was cushioned, hugging against her legs and lightly playing with the presented shape of them.

Her hands met with thick, squishy-digitated fingers at the end giving a cuter look to her hands to compensate for the fact they were more human than the creature it was based on.

The suit’s moulded chest further made her look more masculine than she’d ever presented herself. It was harder to really move her fingers to the degree she wanted, yet she managed to pull the clasps of the rubber suit up, finding that they tucked onto the furry ruff to hold it in place. That let her sigh in relief, it might be hard to take off the suit, but at least the head would be easy to detach. Still it looked a little sad, the fur hung limp and lifeless, as did the tail.

Feeling sufficiently dressed as she was, she poked her head out of the curtain, looking for one of the convention organisers who were there to help the cosplay enthusiasts. “Hey, Beth, could I get a hand here?” She murmured, desperate to not be overheard.

A sharp “HAH!” From Paul told her she’d not been entirely subtle.

Beth ambled over, moving close enough for a whisper. “What’s up?”

“The fluffy bits, are they meant to look this drab?” Marissa asked. She wasn’t trying to welch on the deal but she certainly didn’t want to go out looking anything but her best.

“Oh, no, they have, like, air-bags inside. You puff them up and it gives an impression of volume!”

“Ahh. Could you do that for me?” Marissa said after flexing her hands and realising she would struggle to hold any air canister, let alone find and thread the holes.

“Sure thing!”

She had to wait with patience as Beth found the right canister, then sat there, trying to use her phone as air hissed through to puff up her gear. The fingers were too soft to impact the touch screen in a satisfying way, so before long she gave up, putting it down and waiting. The collar rose around her neck, bracing her head, definitely feeling far better and when the tail was done too, she had to confess that she found the craftsmanship excellent. She just fervently wished it wasn’t the costume she’d be having to wear for the day.

“Need help with the head? I’m not sure if you could really clip it on right as you are.”

Marissa raised her brow, lifting it up and trying, she felt it catch lightly on the now thick and puffy ruff but with a bit of wiggling and twisting, it clicked softly. “Looks like I’ve got it.” She said.

“Oh, sure enough! Just what we’d expected from one as famous as you! Well, good luck, and we’ll be here if you need an air top up!”

Marissa let out a soft grumble of thanks, striding out of the curtain and to one of the full sized mirrors. Grudgingly, she had to admit it really did look good, if not to her taste. It also worked well to hide anything about her form, making it easy for her to start masquerading as a hunk of a figure. “Can’t believe my fans are into this, but then, it could just be a joke at my expense.” She murmured.

“Oh wow, look at you!” Paul called sauntering over. “Why, if I had a pokeball, and they were real, I’d wing one at the back of your head!”

“And I’d report you for trying to steal what isn’t yours! Though I’m still not convinced there wasn’t a mix-up. Flareon, Team Flare, with similar names like that and the shape of this, it’s almost like this suit was made for *you*.”

“Aww, don’t be so sour!” Paul replied. “Besides, there wasn’t a mixup, I already checked to be sure.”

“Why ever would you-, you realise that just makes you sound more suspicious, right?” She said, the frown on her face easily getting out despite the placidly happy mask.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Anyway, let's go, our fans wait!”

True enough, the multitudes were impatient to greet them, from the reactions there had been no mistake. Marissa’s fans practically crowded her, posing alongside her, taking photos to show online, teasing her as being a ‘short king’ for her low height compared to the muscled build she was wearing.

There was even a session where she was caught having taken the head off for a break during which she lost herself to her usual showmanship. Smiles, winks, playful comments all the while. By the mid-point of the day she was back to her usual self, despite the costume. Even leaning into it, playing it up with flexing and other stereotypically masculine poses and posturing.

Her fans loved her all the more for going through with it. Especially with how she brushed off all potential for humiliation.

It was no big deal to her!

Still, she needed to finish preparing for the competition segment, shooing the gathered crowd away as she retired to the break room, stealing one last session in front of a chilling fan, she took a healthy swig of water and then lifted the mask to slip it back into place.

“Alright, showtime!” A voice called, poking their head into the rest-room and being greeted with a mix of excited whoops, relieved sighs and even a few exhausted puffs from those gathered.

Nearly two hours later, the contest ended, she’d earned a respectable fourth place, not bad given it wasn’t a costume she would have picked herself. Fatigue was setting in, yet still she was persuaded to give her fans one last round of meet and greets, helped by the fact this convention was in her hometown. As such, she could afford to stay later than most others.

Evening approached, leaving Marissa feeling so hot and sweaty that she was too self-conscious to take the mask off in public, instead opting to wear the suit out. She’d take it home, clean it up, then decide if she kept it, sold it on or donated it.

“You shouldn’t drive with that mask on, you know.” One of the other contestants chided her as she walked to where her car was parked.

“I’m far too tired to drive at all.” She replied, a bit more tersely than she intended. “I’ve got a lift arranged.” Courtesy of her friend Shelly.

“Oh- my mistake.” They said, parting without another word. On her way to her ride, she managed to say one more farewell to Paul and then it was into the back seat with her, immediately drifting off to sleep once she had sat down.

“We’re here!” Her friend said, half an hour later, though it felt like the very next second to Marissa. With dazed eyes she stumbled out and fished in her purse for the key to her front door.

“Oh, want me to get that for you?” Shelly asked, seeing how clumsy those fingers were.

“If you would.”

“No probs!”

All that was left was a sauntering walk up the path and then she was home. “Thanks, Shelly. See you.”

Her friend smiled, they gave each other one last round of goodbyes, and then Marissa shut the door behind her. Bed was a tempting thought, but she felt the need for a shower first. She reached to her mask, twisting... it pulled on the suit below.

With a sigh, she pulled again, twisting, tugging. The thing didn’t come off. Was she misremembering how she did it before?

“Come on you stupid thing!” She growled at it, pulling once more. There was another tugging that was new to her. Her fattened, softened digits trying to reach to the catch to prod it

and found their path blocked... by fluff. The fur from the collar had got caught in the mechanism! It was tangled!

A bolt of panic-prompted adrenaline sent a chill down her back as she pulled harder, twisting in erratic, jerking movements to try and get it off, turning one way then the other her fingers fumbling in the hopes they could get it off. "Come on, come on..."

The fur collar was a little deflated, too, meaning it was squishy, hard to really press against for help. Marissa's breathing came faster, hands dropping to the neck of the suit, if she could pluck it out from under the fur-. She hadn't realised that there was only one set of clips, threaded through the collar to connect to the hood.

As she tugged hard on the front of her chest, she realised to her dismay that the rubber was stuck in place. She was trapped in the costume!

Her phone, where was her phone? She had to call Shelly back for a rescue before she got too far away.

Her hands rooted around her purse, fumbling it out into the open. As she brought it level with the sight hole in the mask's mouth, she saw another chilling message to further confound her.

'Due to multiple failed attempts at access this phone is locked. Please use the fingerprint scanner or front camera.' What?! What the hell?! She gulped, at the convention, someone must have tried to brute force her PIN when she wasn't looking and now-.

"You're kidding me!" She yelled, dropping her phone on the couch in frustration before she launched into an all out assault on the outfit, trying to tug at the feet, at the hands, to try and wrench the collar above her head.

The rubber slipped from her grip before it yielded. By the time her struggles subsided into acceptance Marissa was far too exhausted to think up any more potential solutions. She had to hope someone called her and that she could press hard enough to answer... or she might very well be stuck in this suit for days...