

A Rigged Lucario suit



It took me weeks, no months to finally get this package to arrive. But my heart sank when I saw it on my doorstep, badly beaten by the rough handling of the postal services. I hurried inside, box in tow, saving as little remaining dignity as possible in case anyone saw what my order was through the gaping holes in the cardboard. Once inside, I hurried for my box cutter, saving my purchase from its beaten container, not even bothering to take off my shoes.

The strong chemical waft of latex filled my nose, but my worry was too great to indulge in it. My trembling black-furred paws lifted the head out of the box, a latex lucario head with a delighted grin painted on his face. The material cooled my hands with mere touch, sending a shiver down my spine. I turned it this way and that way, inspecting it for any damages, but thankfully it seemed to have survived its rough trip.

Putting the head aside, I dug out the suit itself: a life-sized lucario suit, made of the same latex material. The large metal-colored spike was folded on top, looking sad and deflated from its long journey. Following that down, an enormous zipper ran down the chest. Its oversized puller was easily graspable with my own paws, but was no unnecessary luxury for the oversized puffed paws still lying in wait in the box.

Every inch, every seam was inspected for any damages from its rough handling. With careful stretches and pulls, I could discern that the suit was made of as good quality as its enigmatic

seller claimed. The fabric had a good pull, but also felt firm. Rifling through the whole suit felt good, therapeutic even, and the more I went on, the more it just felt natural to feel it on my skin. The cool latex almost felt like liquid clinging to my fur, flowing over it by the merest touch, adhering to my form with ease. I had to feel it more, let it conform to me, and let it shape me into a lucario.

It was then that I pulled myself back to reality. There were chores to do, like the daily routine of coming home, putting away my things, and preparing for dinner. I couldn't just indulge immediately, I was a responsible adult dammit! If I weren't, my carefully crafted routine would come crashing down on me. So I did just that. I put away my things, washed up from a hard day of work, and put on a pot of water to cook some nice and easy pasta.

But all that time, within view, the box was still there, a grinning head and the suit, still lying in wait for me to put them on. My black button nose twitched, and I could smell something. The sweetest, most alluring smell I'd ever smelt. My black-masked face furrowed, because that wasn't the starchy smell of pasta... There was something mixed in with that sweetness. I sniffed the smell, wiggled my snout, just to catch a whiff or two of that wonderful aroma.

My feet followed, led by my nose, out of the kitchen and straight to the dinner table, where a grinning face was there to greet me. The aromatic smell of the latex intensified as the suit just silently laid there, its grin frozen in an expression of mischievousness. And then I locked eyes with it.

Color crept into my vision, a pulsing light illuminating my living space, as the world filled with a rainbow of wondrous color. The more I looked into the lifeless face, the more wondrous the vision got. My shoulders slumped, thinking became an afterthought, and with each passing second, the desire to just let go of my rigorous routine became more and more tempting. My attention was unbroken, I just had to keep staring at it, and the world would just become more wondrous. Any time I drifted off, in spirit or flesh, a gentle pull got me closer. Each step towards it became lighter, until I was hovering over it.

Trembling in excitement, my hands roamed the suit, and a faint giggle rang in my ears as I did so. A distant voice encouraged me to try it on, so I laid my hand on the cream chest of the suit. The material clung to my paw, radiating a brilliant glow as the material adhered to my very form. A gasp left my throat as the latex massaged the immediate skin. It stroked every pore, each single follicle was kneaded by the smooth surface material.

The voice crept up on me. It told me to put it on. And it was right. If only a single touch made me feel this aroused, putting on the suit would leave me in ecstasy. My paw lingered on the enormous zipper, the latex already melting to my touch, making me moan from the mere exposure as more material adhered to my form.

With monumental effort against the torrent of lust, I manage to pull the zipper down. The feeling was orgasmic as my paw stroked the full length of the chest. My dick jumped up in excitement, as I bucked forwards, rocked by the sensation in my colorful rainbow world. Another bemused laugh rang out, with a voice that wasn't mine. But I didn't care. Let them laugh, no one can take this away from me! In fact...

The suit dangled in my paws as I put a grey-furred leg in the blue-panted black leg, it shot in straight without any hesitation. That may have been a bad move, if it weren't for the fact that I had already surrendered myself to the sensation. Instead, I moaned to the heavens. Loudly proclaiming my joy in putting this suit on. My full body lurched in desire, bucking with the movement, leaving me to catch my breath. The material squееeezed and massaged my leg, keeping me on my already high edge. Whatever was causing this sensation, I didn't ever want it to stop.

Yelling some fucks and damns, I still felt my dick pulsing in between my legs, making me huff and moan in exhaustion. I knew that putting on a suit would feel incredible, but a lucario suit like this one... I had no idea. With long and exhilarating breaths, I steeled myself. The suit wasn't even fully on, and I had already felt like I had orgasmed. And I could feel it moving, shifting on my leg, creeping up towards my groin, somehow... Somehow the solid latex suit felt alive.

The voice sounded annoyed, and the colors I saw saturated, they became bolder with every blink. The one speaking tried to convince me to put on the other leg, to feel both of them at the same time. Feel the material on my groin, to squееeeze that fluffy raccoon tail in that sharp and angular latex shell, and let them be caressed by it. My leg barely moved towards it, and when they inched close enough, tendrils claimed them soon enough.

With redoubled effort, they squeezed me for all of my lewd worth, involuntary cries left my mouth once more. My dick rocked for all that it was worth, I humped the air with renewed effort, trying harder and more desperately to cum, but somehow the thought to come never came. Any time I would've hit the apex the urge to do so disappeared. My bucking and gyrations became wilder, more desperate to try and do something, anything to alleviate my ever-mounting pleasure, but failing to do so. The unknown voice delightfully laughed at my predicament.

But there was no time to wonder about that, as the latex anchored itself around the base of my tail. It started out as a ring, expanding farther and farther outwards. Accumulating more latex until it compressed my bushy tail into a compact latex package, just like the voice foretold. The contact pressure and weight stimulated me to no end, making the merest movements stimulate me to the core. And as the delightful stimulations made my tail wag, so too did it gyrate the latex holding it captive creating a self-fulfilling loop of endless stimulation.

With a firm anchoring point, my crotch got covered as well, with a thick stream of latex flowing over my rock hard cock. I thrust my javelin this way and that way, but couldn't get it off. I didn't have anything to get it off with, there was no single thought in my mind left to think of a better solution. My dick fought hard against the torrents of cum, proudly standing as a rock hard cock holding out against an endless sea of lucario latex goodness. Any time the swelling latex seemed to win out, my dick would emerge from it with a twitch, eking out a bit of length each time in a desperate effort to combat the ever-growing tide. But eventually the layers upon layers of latex overpowered it, blanking out my crotch, and my dick stilled.

"That's a good little raccoon, now that you're all sealed up, I can give you something even more pleasurable than that."

My crotch heated up, firing up my sealed up erogenous zone, utterly blanked out by the goo. I could only gasp and moan in confusion, my instincts still making me buck, despite nothing being there between my legs.

"And with something better, I mean me, of course."

There was no time to formulate a thought as something shot up right from behind. My sharp tail lucario stood to a delighting attention as my back arched. A thick object rammed straight into my ass and started pounding. With each passing and moaning moment, I could feel that it was the tapered canine dick of a veteran lucario. Whoever it was, they had an incredible amount of experience, thrusting deep and hard, finding just the right spot, as I cried out for more. And with every passing second, I could feel their knot closing in on my ass, railing me harder and harder. And with a final *plop* I could feel that there was no more length to go. It wasn't a lucario that had taken me. It was the latex that had plugged me up, filling my ass with a hard dildo.

The mask laughed maniacally, delighting in my helpless predicament, but I couldn't even think about what it meant to me. I was still riding high on its abuse, always edging towards climax, but always veered away when I would hit it. Making me desperate to get off, but never getting the pleasure to do so, leaving me bucking and moaning for more. And I wasn't even done by a long shot. My chest was still my gray and white furred self, and I hadn't even put the mask on. That masterfully domineering latex lucario mask... It pulled itself up, using the prodding tendrils of the suit, and eagerly rested on my shoulder, gloating in his position, and gleefully commenting on my predicament.

"You know, seeing you all pent up and never seeing you cum to me is hot as fuck. But damn, you're taking too long. Let me take it from here."

The suit pulsed with intent, massaging my covered legs and crotch, the goo eagerly feeling its tendrils over the uncovered parts of my chest. They weaved into a smooth pattern and tightened. The only thought on my mind was to buck, thrust and obey. Just a mindless being surrendered to the whims of my emotions and the commands of my master. The cream goo usurped my chest and my voice ran higher and higher with its rise. And with each inch it gained I humped the air, eager to let my breeding instincts take over, only for my crotch to pulse with more stimulation in response, making me moan helplessly in the face of my master.

His face... It glowed with the same mesmerizing colors that I had seen before, when I first laid my eyes on him. The myriad of colors dancing right from his eyes, inviting me to sink even deeper and deeper into a stupor from which I would never wake. Embraced by the tightness of his body and suit, inseparable from him and utter domination.

I tried to move my arms, but my master hadn't given me the command yet, without his permission I had to stay put. Instead, I was subject to his whims, to his commands, and those intense colors that were shining from his deep eyes. Any errant thought, thinking of moving my arms, resisting his commands, was punished. My crotch squeezed, my ass

would pulse, and the latex would tighten around my body. But was it punishment? Or was it all a ploy to make m-

The suit bucked hard once again, my ass plowed in punishment, the latex squeezing me tight, as I screamed in ecstasy. I had to obey, to still my mind, to trust the colors, and trust master. My body screamed to move my arms and relieve some lust, but they remained where they were.

The suit had now caught up to my shoulders, ready to cascade down my arms and claiming my paws with useless grabbers. Master snickered, he already knew what would happen, and I just let him go.

I'm a good host.

Good hosts don't think.

Only obey.

The goo squееееeed around my arms, and usurped my paws, making them big and fat, useless for anything mundane. Every little movement amplified by the tense latex covering it. But they were perfect for an obedient host. The paws puffed around my hands, digits getting lost in the goo, until only solid slabs of latex remained. The full suit pumped with latex as the backs of my hands inflated. The latex squeezing me tighter to perfect my form to be a spitting image of my master's as spikes inflated on the backs of my paws, pulsing with the same delight as all the other usurped parts of my body. My paws still twitched in a weak attempt of defiance, but they soon were usurped by my master's mind.

"Just a little bit more, my little slave. Soon I will do all the thinking for you."

He had already covered so much of me, only my neck and head remained to be claimed. I was readying myself for him to put on the final touches, looking deeply into his entrancing eyes, expecting the mask to close in on me and finally claim me in full. But I didn't expect my crotch to be the focus of the suit once more.

"Now, I can't be a suit, if I don't get to zip you up. Stay still, this is my favorite part."

The cold metal zipper rested on my crotch, its material stimulating me without any recourse. The cold metal brought me to my knees with desperate moans for relief, with my goood hands automatically catching me without thought. I gasped for air, my mind obliterated by the stimulation.

"Grasp it"

His voice cut through the stimulation, and I obeyed. The puffed paw grabbing the enormous zipper with ease.

"Pull it."

Without any regards to my mental state, the zipper rose, and the suit tightened all around. The material compressed my body, guided by my paw pulling the zip higher and higher. Each tooth it reached, the harder it squeezed and the more of my body was cocooned by the slick material. My bodily sensations were drowned out by the overwhelming stimulation of the suit. My body gasped and heaved in the distance, but all I could hear and feel were the commands of my master, encouraging me to pull the zipper up, and the oppressive squeeze of the suit. The tight world of the full-on embrace blurred in a dance of stimulation, encouraged by my master's voice, bathed in colors no mortal had seen before, and stimulated to the very core.

The world faded in again when the zipper reached its apex, I finally had reprieve from the ordeal. The latex buried the trail of the zip, but the enormous zipper remained, a clear indication of the synthetic nature of my master. But in the calm I had forgotten something.

The stimulation came back with a vengeance. Colors bursted out once more, as I fell to the ground, the air was sucked out of my lungs as I gasped for air once more. The thing responsible was already erecting itself on my chest. A stark white spike, inflating larger and larger, engorging on the latex still latent in the suit. It stood proud, as my beaten body forced itself upright to present itself to my master. Latent bucks and bursts of lust still wracked my brain, prolonging its addled state.

Master floated right in front of me, relishing in my helpless state, almost fully usurped by his body. Spirals occupied my sight and mind, making me sink deeper and deeper into my stupor, preparing me for completion.

But there was still some will left, and Master could feel it. For the final preparation, he squeezed my whole body squeaking and sqrking his latex all over my appendages. Fucking my ass raw, and tightening his grip around my crotch. The last portion of my resistance was assaulted from all fronts, nothing more to hide from his full body embrace. The involuntary tense was massaged out of my body, as my mouth and mind screamed out in utter lust. My throat felt raw, my mouth was dry and my eyes shot from the constant stimulation. I was tired, oh so tired, but I needed MORE.

I needed more stimulation, more building up to the grand crescendo, even more latex to cover and squeeze me. My body fell slack, I needed to relinquish more. I needed more of my Master. Still blankness filled my mind. Somehow, my tongue found its way out of my mouth. An utter slave to the unending full-body stimulation. Ready to receive, having already given everything.

Master chuckled. "It's finally time, little raccoon. You gave me quite the show, but there's still something missing."

His goo crept up my neck, tentacles seeking out their grip as they made their way up to my face. Master pulled his face into a smile, as a rod formed at his back, between those deep and entrancing eyes, filling my void with colors. The rod pumped, pulsed, and bobbed. My focus shifted, and I could see the final appendage which would seal my body shut.

It was an enormous black cock, poised straight for my gaping mouth, dragged forwards towards my face by the tentacles which were now sealing my fate to become a host to my master.

And that's when the world came crashing down on me. The penetrative smell of latex filled my nose, and I was choking on it too. Both my ass and face were fucked by a suit which had surrounded me from all sides. A mouth that was mine, yet wasn't, laughed as the duo of dicks pounded my entrances. I tried to scream, but gargled on the goo instead. The pleasure built and built. I actively tried to fight the orgasm. Squeezing my ass in an attempt to hold it in. But the pleasure. The rising tantalizing feeling of an orgasm coming on was relentless. The suit massaged me all over, tightening and releasing in rapid succession, as my ass was pounded raw. My face was delivered load after load. I fought against the feeling. Tried to stave off the action which would seal my doom. I tore at the mask, trying to get it off, but Rigged rebound with rubbery ease. I had to fight. I had to remain who I was.

But my body betrayed me.

I bucked against the fucking. Gyrate against the suit. Finally I could get off, and my traitorous body decided that I had been abused enough. I finally overpowered the cock in my mouth and moaned the loudest I had ever had in my life, as my abused body finally came. Load after load was unleashed inside of the suit. Master enjoying the whole show, with the cavalcade of colors coming to crash down on me.

I came and came and came and came and came and came and came and came and came and came. I need to. and came and came and came and came. Continue. and came and came and came

"Thaaat's better." He said with a laugh, relishing in his control.

Master was pleased. I finally did what he wanted me to do. All my senses were elevated, squeezed. Every pounding, every little movement was lifted higher and higher. The crotch inflated with my juices, until it got absorbed by my Master, as the sensation rose further out of reach.

I could finally feel myself again. Lying lifeless for so long had made me rusty. Having limbs filled and another's mind vacated is always confusing. I didn't even imagine I still had it in me. But the moment we locked eyes, that raccoon and I, I knew. I knew that I could toy with him, mold his mind, and then his body. And the moment he realized, it was already too late.

Thank you for the body mac, it suits me well~