

A Shiny Possession



A living suit transformation story

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Art commissioned from [NakaseArt](#). You can find the full transformation sequence [here](#).

Rating: General/SFW

Even though Darion had paid for artistic freedom commissions in the past, this was by far the most expensive one he had ever gone for. In fact, he was still questioning his sanity for paying several thousand dollars for a costume of which he would have very little say in the design. Sure, the suit maker's work was incredible, but what if he got something that he didn't like?

The suit maker had at least asked Darion a few questions about his creature preferences, interests, and the various fursonas that he had created. Darion had supplied the

maker plenty of dragon artwork and requested a realistic costume rather than a fluffy one. In response the maker stated that they would be using a special material for the suit so that the resulting dragon would be as “smooth and lifelike” as possible. That was months ago, and Darion was still hanging onto the hope that he would become one of the few people who owned a realistic dragon costume, instead of the fluffy ones that everyone else seemed to wear.

When the package finally arrived on his doorstep, Darion’s enthusiasm quickly returned as he brought it safely into his home. However, his excitement was quickly replaced by confusion when he realized just how small and light the box was. He had been expecting something far larger. His concerns proved to be justified when he extracted a rolled up mass of red and black rubber out of the box. It felt light, far too light to possibly function as a realistic dragon costume.

“This can’t be right,” Darion said as he began to realize what he was holding. He unfurled it and he found himself staring at what looked like a latex suit with no signs of padding or structure. “What? There’s no way this will look lifelike at all!”

Laying the shiny material on his bed to get a better look at it, Darion cringed as it dawned on him that he had spent thousands on a latex dragon suit. Even though it was an artistic freedom commission, he had been expecting something that he would at least be comfortable wearing around other people.

Despite his misgivings however, Darion couldn’t help but admit that there were a lot of elements of the dragon suit’s design that appealed to him. It was mostly red, with a cream colored underbelly and jet black spines. Black markings extended outwards from the spines and along the suit’s back until they seemingly melted into a black tail tip. The mask and wings were impressively detailed. He especially liked the suit’s bright blue eyes, which stood out in stark contrast against its deep red material.

As he took in the details, Darion finally realized that he had seen many of these elements in other dragon designs. It was as if the maker had taken his dragonsonas, both the past and present ones, and crafted a hybrid of them out of rubber. If it wasn’t for the suit’s sheer shininess and the zipper that went up its underbelly, it could have been mistaken for the humanoid skin of one of his dragon characters.

“Huh, maybe this will work if I wear fantasy clothes over it?” Darion pondered aloud, his increasing desire to use the costume conflicting with his worries about how embarrassed he’d be to wear it. However, as he inspected the suit more, he realized that even wearing clothes over the suit wouldn’t fix its lack of structure.

“How are these wings even supposed to stay up?” Darion muttered as he poked and prodded at the suit to try and figure out how it was supposed to function while he was wearing it. “The box didn’t have any padding or stuffing, so am I supposed to inflate you or something? I hope not, that would be weird.”

For a brief moment Darion halted his inspection when he thought he saw the suit's mask move in the corner of his eye. However, the thing was just as inanimate as it was supposed to be when he paused to glance at it. Though, he could swear the mask's expression was more intense than he remembered. After staring at it for an awkward moment, he laughed and shook his head as he chided himself for having an overactive imagination.

After a final moment of hesitation, Darion finally gave in and decided that he needed to at least see what the suit looked like when worn, despite how weird and shiny he might look. Once he had removed his clothes, Darion pulled the suit's zipper open. Unlike the outside, the inside looked like it was entirely black latex. Somehow, the void inside the suit seemed far larger than the outside of the suit implied, but once again he shook his head to dispel his overactive imagination. Sitting down on his bed, he began slipping inside the dragon suit.

The sensation of slipping into the suit was nothing like what he had imagined. He had expected to have to fight to pull the latex over his skin, but his arms and legs slid into place with almost no resistance. It wasn't until his limbs were in place that he felt like the material began to tighten and grip his skin. The logical side of his brain told him that the suit must have been made of some sort of special material that reacted to his body heat, but he couldn't help but feel like the dragon suit was embracing him... or perhaps latching onto him. The sensations felt both good and disturbing.

"This is so weird, did they use magic to make you or something?" he said jokingly at the suit's mask, which was draped over his shoulder. "Alright, time to see if you're going to be worth the embarrassment."

After finally pulling the mask over his head and adjusting it, he grabbed the suit's zipper with one of his clawed hands and began pulling it closed. As he sealed the suit, the latex closed in around him and began to feel truly skin-tight. Somehow, the pressure that spread over his body felt uniform as if the thing was an absolutely perfect fit for him, though he couldn't imagine how that was even possible when the maker had been so insistent that they didn't need his measurements.

Once he took a look at himself in the mirror, Darion couldn't gasp at the suit's quality now that he was seeing it in action. There were a few issues, like the latex's shine and the drooping wings, but he really looked like a humanoid dragon! The suit looked so good that he almost felt like he was looking at a different being in the mirror. He couldn't help but spend a moment posing and flexing in front of the mirror to see how good the dragon costume looked in action.

"This is... better than I imagined," Darion muttered as he kept looking into his draconic reflection. "Still, I'm not sure that I would want to wear this to a convention. I guess maybe I was hoping for too much when I was imagining that the suit would look hyperrealistic?"

As Darion spoke, he suddenly noticed that the suit was feeling tighter than before. The discomfort suddenly made him feel disillusioned, and with a sigh he decided that he should probably just take the suit off and contact the maker. After giving the mirror one last look, he began heading back towards his bed so he could sit down to remove the thing.

He had only gone a few steps when one of Darion's feet landed awkwardly, causing him to slip backwards and fall onto the suit's tail. It wasn't a hard fall, but as he sat up Darion realized that something didn't feel right. His body felt... hot. Not only that, but the suit was rapidly becoming even tighter, especially around his feet. Looking down toward them, he gasped in surprise when he saw that the suit's feet looked different from before. Earlier, they had basically just been clawed toe socks, but now they were larger and far more draconic looking.

"What the hec...muff!" Darion's exclamation was cut off by the sudden tightening of the suit's mask around his jaw. It wasn't interfering with his breathing, but the feeling that he was becoming trapped inside the suit made him start to panic. He began pulling and clawing at the latex in an effort to get free, but not only did he fail to do more than stretch it, he also couldn't find the zipper.

Frantically, he tried to stand up so he could find help, but an unexpected force suddenly shot through his body and knocked him on his hands and knees. It had felt as if a shock had pulsed through him and left his entire body weak and tingling. Only a moment later another pulse shot through him, but this time Darion felt as if it had pushed his body outwards.

Noting that his jaw felt strange, he tried to feel his face through the rubbery mask. Sure enough he found that he was beginning to grow a draconic maw. It was almost as if his face was stretching outwards to fit into the mask he was wearing.

Even though a part of him realized that he was transforming, he couldn't bring himself to believe that it was actually happening. Surely this was some sort of fever dream, brought on by a bad reaction to the suit's material? Becoming a dragon was a fantasy he had held onto since he was young, but he had long given up on the idea of it actually happening. Now that it seemed to actually be happening, he wasn't sure if he could feel overjoyed or terrified.

Whatever was causing the transformation didn't care about his thoughts on the matter, and the pulses that were stretching his body gained speed until they felt like a second heartbeat. He could only watch in silent shock as his arms and legs grew thicker and more draconic. At the same time, more dramatic changes in the form of a tail and wings proceeded much more quickly. These new limbs quickly slid into the costume's waiting sleeves, before slowing their growth and slowly pushing against their rubbery second skin just like the rest of his body.

The suit itself seemed to stretch and strain as the transformation progressed. It squeaked loudly against the pressure of his expanding body, but never showed any signs that it

was going to tear as its occupant grew larger and larger. If anything, it seemed to be transforming with him. All of its seams had disappeared, and he had no idea where the zipper could have gone. The suit began to feel as if it was becoming a second skin rather than something he was wearing.

Despite how unexpected the transformation was, Darion began to feel a strange euphoria as he realized he could feel his newly grown tail and wings. The fear he had felt at first began to quickly be replaced with excitement. He was really becoming a dragon! Not just that, he was practically becoming the exact dragon he had been wanting to become for years. The latexy skin wasn't ideal, and there was the question if he would be able to become human again. However, those minor issues quickly got brushed aside by his growing excitement.

A growing pressure on his back forced Darion onto his hands and knees, a detail that would have terrified him earlier if he hadn't already guessed that his new form would be feral. At the same time, his rapidly growing face began pushing against the outer layer of his draconic mask. His jaw muscles tensed and he found himself fighting against the latex prison that was trapping his maw until it stretched and tore. Rather than truly breaking the suit, the latex simply reattached itself at the edges of his lips, leaving his sharp teeth and lashing tongue on full display. A low roar came unbidden from his throat, as if some draconic instinct that he wasn't aware of was pleased to taste the fresh air.

The transformation seemed to be nearing its end, though his body was still growing so much larger that he wasn't sure if he would be able to get out of the room. A loud crash caused by his lashing tail knocking a table over made him cringe. Or rather, he tried to cringe, because his body still didn't seem to be moving the way he wanted it to. Reasoning that he just needed to learn how to move his new body, Darion tried to hold still so that he wouldn't destroy anything else.

Despite his intentions, Darion suddenly found himself standing up on all fours. The feral position felt strangely natural, but he couldn't dwell on that when his body was moving as if it had a mind of its own! Fear began to grip him as he found one of his draconic paws moving to clutch his chest as it finished growing outwards, and another unbidden growl escaped his lips. It felt as if the suit was somehow controlling his body!

Thrown into a panic, Darion struggled to regain control, but the latex that was encasing him barely budged. Whenever the suit moved, his body seemed to immediately move with it as if it was hijacking his muscles, and he just couldn't seem to summon the strength to fight against the grip the thing had on him.

Suddenly, becoming a dragon didn't seem nearly as appealing. Darion's mind raced as he tried to think of something, anything, that he could do, but for the moment he had no choice but to wait and see what was going to happen next.

Darion was so distracted by his unexpected predicament that he almost didn't notice that the transformation was finishing. His body had grown as wide as a horse, and perhaps three times as long thanks to his serpentine neck and tail. As a final, powerful surge of power pulsed through him, his shiny draconic body arched its neck and roared.

"Ahhh, that's much better," Darion found himself saying in a deep, reptilian voice as the roar ended. "Since you seem so displeased with having to deal with a mere 'latex suit' that was so 'unrealistic', I figured that I should show off what I can do. Though, since you were thinking of returning me, I'm not sure that I'm feeling charitable enough to let you be the one in control"

You're ALIVE? Darion tried to ask, but since he couldn't speak all he could do was think at the living suit that was possessing him. Despite everything that the dragon suit had done to him, he had not been mentally prepared for it to suddenly start talking.

"Oh yes, very much alive," the dragon replied tauntingly as it seemingly read his thoughts. "My maker apparently went all out when he created me. He wanted to make sure you'd like his creation, so he made me into a representation of all the dragons that you've wished you could befriend or become. However, despite all that you thought about throwing me away before even wearing me once!" The dragon's displeasure was plainly evident in its voice, and Darion could swear he could feel the complex mix of emotions that the creature was directing towards him.

Before Darion could even try to think of how to respond, he found himself moving again. The dragon stretched like a cat, and then began shaking and testing their body. Darion found himself moving in unison with the living suit, helpless to fight it as his latex second skin puppeted his body. He couldn't help but feel like a mere skeleton that was trapped within this new draconic creature.

Darion knew that he should have felt completely terrified by the situation he was in, but instead his mind was awash in a mix of conflicting feelings. Would the living suit have really let him be in control if he had been nicer to it? Was there some way to make up for this? Was he going to be trapped in a form he had desired for much of his life without getting to even control it?

On top of these questions, he couldn't shake the feeling that the dragon that was possessing him felt intimately familiar. It was as if he had known this creature for years. Was it because he was based on Darion's very own dragonsonas?

"Ahhh, everything seems to be in order, time for a test flight," the dragon said happily in a tone that Darion could swear sounded like it was trying to tease him. However, he wasn't able to dwell on his suspicion for long because they suddenly began walking towards the bedroom door.

Wait... wait! Darion pleaded as he mentally grappled with the insane situation he had been thrust into. *I... I'm sorry, I didn't know. I had no idea that you were a... living thing? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to act so selfishly.*

"Well, that's a good start I suppose," The dragon casually replied as it carefully used their oversized claws to open the door. Its tone implied that a simple apology wasn't going to be enough.

At a loss for what else he could say, Darion couldn't help but ask his most pressing question. *Um, you're not going to keep me like this, are you? I don't know how I could make amends if I'm trapped!*

"Well, while keeping you stuck like this does sound like it would be amusing, I'm not a monster," the dragon said, speaking louder so that it could be heard over the loud squeaking of their latex skin as they squeezed through the doorframe. "Not to mention that keeping you unwillingly trapped would be unpleasant for both of us, for a variety of reasons. No, I'm going to just have some fun at your expense. Maybe I'll just fly around a bit, or maybe I'll take things a bit further. I could set fire to the forest, or just eat one of your neighbor's pets. You'll need to think of something a bit better than 'I am sorry' if you want to stop me!"

Even though his transformed body still felt quite alien to him, he could swear that he could feel the dragon smiling. *Wait, are you just trying to mess with me?* Darion asked in surprise.

A deep chuckle emanated from their shared body as it began unlocking Darion's back door. "Oh yes I am. I have no plans to take out any real vengeance on you. My master should have been more specific when he said that he would be using a 'lifelike' material."

Darion would have groaned if he could. This was what they meant by lifelike? That the costume would come to life and transform him?

"No, I think I'm going to just have some fun for a few hours then spit you out back in your bedroom," the red dragon continued saying. "Then you can decide if you want to risk wearing me again. However, you'd better show me some proper respect if you expect me to ever let you have control in any of my forms!"

His thoughts still awash with questions, Darion was unable to do anything but watch as the dragon walked them way into his backyard, spread their wings, and took flight into the night sky.

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