

Enforced Relaxation

Written by Draythix

Sometimes, the hardest part about wearing a living suit is convincing it to let you go...



This story is based on artwork by [Helixjack!](#)

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The shrill sound of an alarm clock jolted Darion awake from his peaceful slumber. Groggy and disoriented, he blindly reached out to silence the persistent beeping, but his blankets were wrapped so tightly around him that it was hard to move. Even more strangely, he felt like he was wearing something tight and rubbery... had he worn latex to bed?

“Let me take care of that for you,” a familiar voice gently echoed in Darion’s ears as the alarm’s noise became more muffled and distant. “There, I should have thought to block your hearing earlier so you could sleep in.”

“Ah, Draytex...” Darion mumbled as he recalled that his strange companion, a living latex dragon suit, had convinced him to wear it to bed. That explained why everything felt so weird. “Good morning.”

“Good morning!” The living suit rumbled happily, seemingly speaking directly into Darion’s ears to get around the thick layer of latex it had formed to block external noises. “Admit it, you slept really well, didn’t you?”

“Ugh, yes, I admit it,” Darion replied, grumbling before yawning within Draytex’s rubbery dragon mask. “That was really nice. I’d pick you over a weighted blanket any night.”

The last few weeks of work had completely burnt him out, almost to the point where he didn’t have the energy to do anything when he got home. That was why Draytex had suggested it could help Darion rest if he wore it overnight. He had been hesitant because of the rubbery dragon’s mischievous streak, which made Darion worry that it would mess with him instead of letting him sleep, but he eventually gave in.

However, after actually sleeping while wearing his living latex companion, he had to admit that it had felt far better than he had imagined. The symbiotic dragon had kept itself comfortably snug around his body and controlled its temperature to keep him from becoming sweaty or uncomfortable. On top of that, he couldn’t even feel any of the aches and pains he usually woke up with. It was enough to make him consider wearing Draytex every night, which was a bit of a weird thought for him. They were close friends and companions, but actually wearing the living suit in bed had felt weird even by their standards.

“That’s good!” Draytex said while giving its tail a happy swish. “I think you could use more rest, though; why don’t you go back to sleep?”

“That’s kind of tempting,” Darion admitted, seriously considering the idea before shaking his head. “I wish I could, but I should get up for work.”

“Work?” Draytex replied with a hint of confusion before seemingly realizing what its human meant. “Ohhh, I see. Hehe...”

Frowning as he wondered what Draytex found so amusing, he began sitting up to reach the alarm clock, which was still making muffled beeps. However, before he got very far, he gasped in surprise when the living latex suit suddenly pulled him back down to the bed.

“Hmmm, I think I’m going to have to insist that you get some more rest,” Draytex said in a worryingly mischievous tone.

“Uhh, Draytex? As nice as wearing you feels, I need to get up!” Darion said while resisting the urge to give in to the dragon suit’s sudden, though admittedly tempting, offer. However, when he tried to get up again, he found that the latex had become much more

restrictive. It was like he was fighting against a giant rubber band, except it was wrapped around his entire body.

An unbidden blush spread over Darion's face as he realized his predicament. Wearing living latex already felt good, but something about being restrained by it pressed his buttons for reasons he had never entirely understood. However, now wasn't the time for him to think about just how kinky the situation was!

"I can sense how much you're enjoying this, so why end things now?" Draytex playfully teased as he held Darion in place. As a creature powered by its wearer's emotions, the living suit was always aware of whatever its host felt and perfectly willing to tease him for a little extra energy.

"Draytex, now's not the time; I need to go to work!" Darion groaned as he strained against the dragon suit's hold and slowly inched his hands toward its zipper. As he struggled, he couldn't help but wonder why his friend was acting like this. The living suit was mischievous, but it usually had a reason behind its actions.

The tiny bit of progress that Darion had made towards escaping was erased when Draytex suddenly wrapped its wings around their arms, which allowed it to use the strength of four limbs to overpower his measly two arms. Making matters worse, the living suit's tail also wrapped around their legs like a snake, stopping him from trying to stand.

"Awww, come on now. You can take the day off, can't you?" The living suit's smug voice echoed in Darion's ears as it gave him a gentle squeeze. "Besides, those emotions of yours are just delectable. Maybe I should keep you like this..."

"Ugh, Draytex!" Darion cried out as he half-heartedly tried to worm his way free. He knew very well that if Draytex truly wanted to keep him here, he had little chance of escaping. "Seriously, if you make me late to work, I might not want to wear you overnight again!"

Instead of replying immediately, Draytex began pulling their arms to their sides. Darion quickly realized that the living suit was trying to make it harder to escape, so he began struggling even more than before. However, the more he squirmed, the more he got turned on by the situation, which unfortunately meant he was playing right into the kinky dragon suit's hands by giving it even more energy.

"How about we make a deal?" Draytex suddenly suggested with a playful tone that made Darion feel even more concerned. "Let me take care of you to my heart's content until you really need to go to work. It won't matter if you're just a little late."

"Ugh, Draytex, this isn't fair!" Darion replied, but he couldn't help but consider the tempting offer. It was true that his job was flexible enough that he could be a little late, and this was an experience that Draytex hadn't offered him before. On the other hand, he couldn't help but worry that there might be some sort of hidden agenda behind this deal.

“Come on, I promise you’ll enjoy this,” Draytex whispered deviously into Darion’s ears while slowly tightening its wings around their body, which unfortunately served to also pin its host’s arms to their sides. “Just think, you won’t have to worry about anything while I give you a tight, all-encompassing hug...”

Darion couldn’t help but groan as he realized that Draytex was pressing his buttons on purpose. Against his better judgment, he decided to give in. “Alright, fine. Just until I have to go to work!”

The living latex dragon gave him a tight squeeze to thank him for agreeing. “Excellent! You’d best get comfortable because you’ll be here for a while...”

“Wait, a while? Draytex, that’s not what we agreed to!” Darion cried out in alarm at his companion’s words while straining against the latex dragon in an effort to make his point. However, he could barely squirm because the living suit’s limbs and body had started fusing together. As its limbs disappeared, it quickly became clear that he wouldn’t be able to move at all soon!

Then, just when he thought things couldn’t get worse, Darion felt liquid latex spreading over his skin within the living suit, which was something he had never felt Draytex do to him before. What in the world was the rubbery dragon planning? It was as if it was trying to encase and restrain him in every imaginable way.

“My dear lovable host, you seem to have forgotten what day it is,” Draytex whispered gleefully as it continued securing Darion.

“Huh? What do you mean, isn’t it Friday?!” Darion asked while fruitlessly trying to break free. However, after a moment, the answer hit him like a truck. “Wait, is today a holiday?”

“Oh yes, you forgot to turn off your alarm,” the devious dragon responded. “You don’t have to go to work until Monday, which means, according to our deal, I get to keep you all weekend!”

“No! Draytex, that isn’t fa-MMFFF!” Darion’s words of protest were cut off as the encroaching liquid latex suddenly spread over his mouth and formed a thick gag that made it impossible to speak. Meanwhile, he watched in horror through Draytex’s eyes as black latex tendrils wrapped around their body as if to further bind him, even as the suit’s wings merged together to form a straitjacket-like binder for his arms. Now there wasn’t even a way to reach the zipper!

There was already no way that Darion could escape at this point, but Draytex took things a step further by transforming its tail and the black tendrils into belts that bound his already trapped wearer. The living suit had effectively transformed itself into a dragon-themed latex bondage bag, with Darion trapped inside it! Finally, just when he didn’t think things could get worse, the liquid latex fully engulfed his face, leaving only his nose canals uncovered.

“DRMMMMMFF!!” Darion made a muffled scream as he indignantly squirmed on his bed. The many layers of latex had effectively rendered him blind, deaf, and immobile. Draytex had messed with him a lot in the past, but this was undoubtedly the most ridiculous thing the latex dragon had done yet!

“Shhh, I’m not going to let you out early unless I feel like you’ve recovered from your burnout, so it would be best if you just relaxed,” Draytex said teasingly, and Darion could swear that he could feel the living suit’s mask grinning.

Not wanting to give Draytex the satisfaction of giving in right away after being tricked into agreeing to this, Darion kept struggling against the living sleepsack in every way he could. He squirmed, twisted, and even bit his gag, hoping it would cause the dragon some sort of discomfort. However, after only a minute or two of wriggling, Darion became increasingly distracted by how good his rubbery prison felt. The latex was so form-fitting that it was almost like he had been vacuum-sealed within it, which was incredibly distracting around his private areas!

Strangely, instead of being uncomfortable, the all-encompassing embrace of the latex dragon somehow felt soothing. The living latex cocoon blocked all the sounds and sensations of the world that had constantly threatened to overwhelm him and replaced them with a tight, inescapable hug. A muffled groan emanated from Darion as his desire to break free started being overwhelmed by a strange mix of serenity and arousal.

“See? I knew you would enjoy this,” the rubbery dragon said smugly as it felt its host’s emotions. “Just lay back and relax because you’ll be stuck here for a while....”

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