

Aras  
by H. A. Kirsch (HawkWolf)  
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Michael Jasek is a character from several of my other stories.

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I lived to wear my uniform, as I called it. It was who I was. It was my body, sculpted rubber or armored leather, full enclosure except for my cock and perhaps not even that if I decided upon a sheath that day.

It had its downsides, though. I had to wear a wick suit underneath the rubber uniform, or else I would end up walking in my own personal swamp. I could not smell, mostly because I simply had the barest sense, but the gas mask hood would completely obliterate it. I could breathe air quite fine, but I found the continual huff in my ears, the suction around my face, the knowledge that I was pulling air through some kind of filter, to be soothing and arousing all at once.

I could not 'make out'. I could not share that very intimate struggle of two tongues on each other, but I also could not let anyone see what was underneath my gear, what I wore underneath my uniform, what I had turned myself into. They would not understand, they would not like it, and I would feel shame for mutilating myself.

But, the need for sexual expression grew over time. It ebbed and flowed like a tide, or perhaps like the season outside. I inevitably turned to my hobby.

While I still wore the mask, the uniform, I approached my vulpine friend. He was so scared, as he always is. Fear, for him, is a reflex, but beyond the biological terror needed for survival. It is like the erection you cannot control when you enter the hotel room with your clandestine lover.

"I don't want to black out this time," he said, keeping his muzzle up high as he sat down into the chair. I purchased a gyno exam chair from a medical surplus auction. Needless to say, it was an interesting experience, bidding in person on alarming medical gear, while dressed as whatever science-fiction fantasy comes to mind when people see me. "The last few times--"

"You trust me, Michael. I will not violate that trust. I indulge you, and you indulge me. I keep careful score."

He bit his lip, tucked his muzzle, grasped for his tail and brushed it out. "I will not paralyze you

this time. That was a test run, so to speak, for a particular assignment I had."

Michael's fear drained away. "Test run?"

"Yes."

"Could you... elaborate?"

"I cannot elaborate beyond that I was gauging just how unpleasant it would be, lying intubated and paralyzed, and tortured. Judging by your reaction as a masochist, it was very unpleasant, and would work well for my real work the next night." I am an emergency dispatcher. I can do my job without anyone needing to see my real face, and I have a very collected manner. As a side job, to indulge my... interests, I am the anaesthetist for a 'mob doctor'. I do not get paid. Occasionally, I am hired under-the-table to help 'educate' someone. That is why I tortured Michael the last time. He enjoyed it. My actual job did not.

"Oh. Well. I... I guess it's okay."

I wheeled a cart over to the chair, then locked it in place. Michael took one good look across the gas control console and turned his head away. Despite the disgusted reaction, his cock slid out of its foreskin, flesh bunched behind the rim as the length flexed. I had all manner of equipment, but I often chose to use impromptu gear, as it is easier to change up as the 'scene' shifts. This would not be an interactive scene.

I took a sensor collar and wrapped it around his neck, two little pads nestled with wet gel into his fur below the collarbone. Then, I restrained him, loosely with leather straps, simply to prevent him from dislodging himself with a hypnagogic jerk. "I am glad you decided to dye your fur again. I find it to be unique, very intriguing."

"Thanks," Michael said, turning his head away again, muzzle tucked. No doubt he remembered why his fur was temporarily a disgusting piss-blond, then filthy and dark-rooted like a molting arctic fox. Perhaps he felt some terrible sadness or shame. I only sympathized. It was all I could do.

I turned away and prepared the breathing mask for him. I did not like showing him what I was doing. He liked to be surprised. He liked to be scared. I choose halothane, not necessarily a gas all of the time per se, but easy to breathe, easy to work with, easy to get as surplus from poor countries. I did not use official breathing equipment, but a respirator mask outfitted with a rebreather. It was Michael's. He would get a nasty surprise when he saw it.

I turned back to him and went for his face. His eyes went wide and he cringed away. "No, come on, Aras, that's not funny, that's the one I.. that's what I..."

Michael loved that kind of play. His alarm was usually half for show; I had seen photographic evidence of his filthy desires going back to when he was scarcely out of college, after he befriended a local fetish photographer who happened to share a desire for suffocation play. However, this worried expression was for a different reason. "You are here to enjoy your kinks, and I am here to enjoy mine. In addition to enjoyment, you are conquering yourself every time you play with me. This seemed like an apt instrument for that."

"I.. I.. please, Aras, please don't," he says, and I smother over his mouth with the rubber face-cup, lengthened to accommodate most small canid muzzles. "Please. It's, I gave that to you because.. I didn't want it any more."

Michael tried to kill himself using the mask. One of his friends saved him. He gave it to me after I first met him in person, many months afterwards. He did something stupid, and he will not do it again. I will do it to him, and he will enjoy it.

After almost twenty seconds, he stopped trying to hold his breath and let it out with a whuff, then inhaled deep. "Do not breathe so hard."

"Doctors... always say that..." he said, eyes swimming around as the first dizzying surge of the drug hit him. "Aras, please. Please don't... I don't want to go under. I don't want it. I really don't. I'm sorry I did it, I'm sorry I did it, it's not.. it's not.."

I looked down his body. His cock had sagged, but as he begged to be left alone, his erection swelled up until the head looked like a plump, pierced mushroom. I felt half inclined to penetrate it with something, but I let that idea pass. I wanted to stay focused. "Are you intending to say that it is not making you aroused? You would be lying."

Michael's head rolled towards me and his eyes furrowed in between, brows peaked, muzzle expression hidden beneath the black rubber respirator mask. He breathed slowly, filling and collapsing the rebreathing bag. I had modified the mask to allow control over how much the user rebreathed versus how much fresh air they got, and added a CO2 scavenger. That turned it into medically useful equipment, and let Michael slip under hard while feeling none of the biological panic of suffocation. Still, just before his eyes rolled back, he gave me the most desperately pleading look I had ever seen.

Throbbing under my codpiece, I unsnapped the rubber pouch and let my sweaty dick jut free. Michael did not see it, of course, because he was fully unconscious. I took the gas feed off and just let him breathe, breath huffing as if he was deeply asleep. I stared at him, watching as his breathing slowed and labored, then recovered again. I hear things about how regular lovers will wake and watch the other sleep in the morning, filled with some kind of massive warmth of loving intimacy. I could not feel that. Instead, I felt how I did when seeing Michael unconscious and still erect. Pleased.

Then, I took off my hood. The room was surprisingly cold, with the faint sweet whiff of the leftover anaesthetic. I leaned down and sniffed at Michael's face. Rubber. I unhooked the mask and let his jaw loll about, then gently pried it open. Wet, a little salty, a spicy fur scent. I could barely smell it - my actual sense of smell was so poor - but it was there. His tongue flopped out, and I leaned in to start suckling at his lips and tonguing into his mouth. No groans, no reaction, just warm and inert flesh, the constant musky pulse of breath.

I left a last tugging suckle on his lower lip, then sniffed down his body. Fur, leather, a hint of rubber, and that was all I got until I reached his groin. There, sex. Pure, powerful, musky sex. He had orgasmed earlier in the day, and the leftovers were beautifully pungent. I kissed and slurped at his dickhead, then looked up. He started to stir and shift, eyes beginning to open. I grasped the breathing mask and pushed it up to his face, then reached over to the gas and gave him another long hit of it. His eyes fluttered back down.

I kept him close enough to upper unconscious that his cock soon drooled into my mouth as I nursed at the straining dickhead. He surprised me with a sudden orgasm, rousing himself enough to groan and gurgle before his salty flow burst out into my mouth and swarmed my tongue. I guzzled it down, instantly regretting as the taste was quite terrible. Awfully bitter and almost sulfury, a sure thing given his meat-heavy diet and tendency to eat frightening amounts of garlic. At the same time, it was wonderful, an intimate detail that I wanted to savor and restrict.

He groaned again and I slid off, then gassed him again. This time, his breathing sputtered to a complete stop. That would scare anyone else, perhaps, but to me, it was only a profound feeling of accomplishment. Perhaps it was too much halothane, but he was not vomiting or seizing, only losing his breath. I walked around to my workbench and brought out the bag-valve-mask. I fitted it over his snout like the respirator and gave the bag a crush. His chest inflated, and when I let go he huffed and his chest sank. I connected a line from the gas console and turned on

some oxygen, then gave him  
a good heavy breathing session.

Within a few minutes, he went from lying there with no breath, a rising  
heartbeat and sinking  
pulse-ox, to a dramatically higher pulse-ox and a sharp drop in heart  
rate. I took the bag away and  
watched him as he swallowed, stirred, rolled his head to the side. A few  
minutes later, his eyes  
fluttered.

Shit. I turned away and stalked across the room, then hurriedly pulled my  
hood on. I was adjusting  
the collar buckle when he murmured. I froze. He said it again. My name.  
I fitted the hood on  
completely, breathing turning into the same rhythmic huff-slap from the  
valves and the darkened  
tone.

"Aras, did you, what did you do? What how long was I what were you did  
you take it off? Is this your  
house?" His eyes opened wide, staring at me, then staring at random other  
parts of the room.

"Sshh." I clasped at his hand and he roused further, lifting his head up  
off the faux leather pad. I  
stroked at his bare hand and he flexed it in mine, muzzle taking on that  
pleading look again. This  
time, I saw his black lips retreat and curl up into a smile. "How do you  
feel?"

"Empty. I came. How did you do it?"

I chose not to answer his question. "You were very good. Kiss me." I  
leaned up and let my masked  
muzzle gently prod along his, spreading breath by way of the exhaust vent  
in the tip.

He pursed his lips as much as he could and pecked at the mask, then  
licked. Then, another lick,  
longer and wetter, then another, then a kiss and lick at the air hose. He  
groaned and smiled, eyes  
lidding, then barely opening again. I squeezed his hand.

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I sat in my computer chair, room lit only by the six screens. Yes, I use  
a computer with six  
screens. I prefer to keep them full of my social network. I cannot exist  
in the world the way other  
people I do. I must constantly move in and out of lives. Someday, I would  
move out of Michael  
Jasek's. Until then, I was pruning my other interactions down, ensuring I  
had something different to  
re-center myself while allowing strong focus on the troubled but  
immensely compatible fox.

I had sent him home with a box of gear that he had given me after his  
suicide attempt. All of his  
breath-play gear was in the box, a big cardboard one I had received when

purchasing a large all-in-one printer years before. I could trust him to use it safely. There is no 'safe' when asphyxiating oneself, but I made him swear on the survival of his furry testicles that he would always keep a finger over the emergency air hole and never use self-bondage of any type.

After having dinner and cleaning myself, I settled in the chair to see what sorts of amateur porn I could scare up. I found a perfect candidate, a video that started off with a human male sounding himself with an impressive custom steel toy, then morphed into him dressing in a fantastic layered rubber outfit. The final touch was a rebreathing hood and judicious screaming use of a powerful plug-in vibrator on his cock through all that rubber, while he suffocated himself and pounded his blood with poppers.

I did not climax while enjoying Michael's brief orgasm. Instead, I decided to hook up to my ET-312 for a heavy blast of electrical play. With the gas console hooked up to an adapter for my gas mask, I added some nitrous and slipped into a heart-pounding, echoing blaze of pure pleasure, throbbing electrical buzzes into my cock every few seconds, hurting in a delicious way.

My phone rang. I came around enough to shut the gas off and the stimulation, lack of sexual tingle clearing my mind of the massive hedonistic rush. I answered it.

"Hey, Aras, it's Michael."

"Yes," I said, still trying to regain my wits enough to talk.

"So, you gave me all that stuff back, right? I felt kind of funny opening the box. That lasted a few minutes. Then I remembered how much I... how much I... how I like it. I felt really ashamed of myself, but I bit it back."

"Good for you. I knew I could prompt something rational in you." Perhaps wanting to suffocate oneself was not rational in the overall sense, but Michael was a more specific case.

"That's not really why I'm calling. You uh, well, when I was emptying it out and going to fold the box up to put it in my basement storage room, a picture came out. It was stuck under one of the flaps at the bottom."

A picture? What an unusual thing. I did not normally keep paper copies of pictures. "What is it of?"

"It's someone, they look maybe, I dunno, sixteen? Younger? Human, male, they're in this place, it's kind of dark, like the flash didn't light it up well. The picture's

crooked. The human's smiling  
and trying to play with a fox using some kind of, dog toy? It's a real  
fox, a four-leggeder."

I exhaled and did not inhale again until almost half a minute later, when  
I gasped. "Really."

"Which one of them is you?"

"Show me," I said. I was watching the call on my computer screen, and a  
'Waiting' message came up,  
then Michael appeared in the picture. He held up the photograph and the  
camera on his phone focused  
in and out, finally sharpening in. There, in video call blurry vision,  
was the photo.

For a long while, I was somewhere else. I was watching a movie. I was  
watching the fox play with the  
dog toy from the other side of the photo. Then I saw something that made  
me wish I had been in  
Michael's place when he flooded his rebreathing bag with ethyl chloride  
and latched himself into ice  
locks in his basement. I wished I had been in his place, and that no one  
had come by to rescue me.

"Aras?"

The photograph connected both halves of my life, the current self, the  
one I had been born into. It  
connected twenty-eight years of pain and awkward existence, abuse and  
warped recovery, with my  
current state as a visual shell on a twisted and disfigured body.

"They both are."