

The First Rena Toy: Finding the Right Material

A sleek black rubber female sergal toy, with cyan rubber hair, body shining under the lights of the small office room that it's in. Its butt wiggles in its chair, leaning forward, breasts squeezed together, the cuffs glowing with cursive lettering that read "Fuck Toy." The silver tag that dangles from its collar reads "K-2003." Its softly glowing cyan eyes stare at the computer, "This one is very excited for you! Almost there! Just five more weeks!" it says with excitement, leaning closer to the computer monitor, the built-in camera monitor allows the one on the other side of the screen.

"It's been a long time coming. I appreciate the support you've given me," says the female human on the other side.

"Oh, it's nothing, this one is simply pleased with your success. For it is yours. You studied hard. Took the tests, passed them. It's all you."

"It's one of many steps. I just wish..."

"Wish what? A graduation party? This one can get something whipped up! Could invite everyone you know to it."

She stiffens up, her white cheeks turn red, "Ah oh, no, no. I think it be good. Don't want to invite people here..."

"Oh... could have a public space for it. Not have it there."

"Ah..." she stops herself for a moment, "That could be good?"

"And don't you worry, this one will also be at your graduation! To cheer you on."

"K-2003, you don't have to do that."

"Need not worry. This one won't miss it for the world. Though, this one doesn't want the world. It's full of complications and problems. Toy is sure it couldn't fix all of them. So, it would be, you, the one offering this one, the world? You honestly could have it. For it has someone far more important to go to and see," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Ah... I don't know what to make of that... but thanks. It's not a big ceremony, it's just getting a G.E.D."

"But you only get something like this once."

"Till college."

"True..." it says when there is a knock on the door, the toy turns to look in that direction, before back at the screen, "But anyway, this one has to go. It has some work to do. Hopefully, it will be free to come back home for a bit, but it will let you know."

"Okay. Have a good day."

"You too! Stay safe and healthy," it says with an affirmative nod, closing the program, "Come in! X-2953!"

A purple black and yellow anthropomorphic doe toy pops its head into the small office, letting out a soft bleat, "Maker, how did you know it was this one?"

“This one has been around you long enough to know how your latex squeaks when it walks,” it says pointing to its ears, “Sharp hearing you know,” it says mulling over what it said for a moment rubbing its chin.

X-2953 walks deeper into the room, holding a white cardboard box in its hooven hands, “What is it Maker?”

“This one is wondering how hearing is sharp, especially when ears tend to be rounded.”

“Maker, may toy say something?”

“Of course.”

“This one thinks it’s just a simple turn a phrase and not to worry about it. But also your ears are pointed, so that would make your hearing sharp.”

K-2003 taps its ear tips, “You’re right, this one’s ears are sharp and sergals have great hearing, that is where it probably came from! Thank you, X-toy!”

“Welcome Maker,” it bleats, smiling the fellow toy thinking, *“Maker is always an interesting one when it comes to over-thinking the simplest things, but Maker does make the best toys.”*

“Now! How’s the newest product?”

“It’s ready for testing!”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 says getting up from its chair with a pop, a butt plug tied to the seat wobbles. K-2003 looks back at the chair, “It appears to be handled its use after six months.”

X-toy leans over to the chair looking at it, hiking its rump, “Well this one did make it to your specifications. Is it working like you thought?”

“It’s a wonderful motivation and distraction. Motistraction? Distractivation? Hmmm, either way, install them in the R&D lab and on the poker table chairs. It thinks it will help bring out everything we’ll need in the future.”

“Yes Maker! This one will get it done immediately.”

“Thank you, this one appreciates the hard work that you do here,” K-2003 says, reaching over gently petting the toy’s head.

“Thank you, Maker,” it replies with a soft squeaky bleat, nuzzling into the sergal’s touch.

“Now, why don’t you show this one the suit? It wants to see how it turned out before it tries to find the right material to fill it.”

“Of course, Maker, though if this one may ask, do you have any ideas to procure the right material?”

“Hmm, well the Maker shouldn’t tell its secrets...”

The doe toy lowers its head, ears dropping, “Apologies Maker.”

“But since you helped develop this sure to be popular toy model! It can let you in on a little bit of what’s up to, but you can’t tell anyone, okay?” K-2003 says, leaning forward, breasts squeezed together, causing a loud squeak, the toy giving a playful lewd wink.

“Well... if Maker insists this one would be honored to know,” it responds, its small doe tail wagging in excitement.

“It has narrowed down to a few options, a male huma, a male shark, mako variety, and the last but certainly not least is a male snake. Though whoever this one decides should be the most fitting material, it hopes that C-1010 doesn’t get bothered that there is another vixen type toy around, that might take its spot as one of its top sellers.”

“C-1010 Maker?”

“Oh, sorry, this one was thinking out loud. But it’s been debating which one of these possible materials would be best. Each shows great signs of enjoying us toys and having the right qualities that could come out. Renamons are known to be domineering yet have a submissive streak. A little bit smug about them but in a strong woman way.”

“Then why is Maker picking males?”

“That hasn’t been a big thing it thinks... well it hopes. It hasn’t done a gender change since well...” K-2003 looks over to X-2953.

“Since this one Maker? It does recall its male bits being molded away... it was a delightful experience,” it bleats.

“This one is so glad it was, but it was sure it was going to be. Such a wonderful toy that you are, and you’ve been so helpful in expanding our toy selection line. It was right making you head of the toy development department,” K-2003 says, gently petting the doe on the head.

“Awe, Maker, you are making this one blush!” it bleats again.

“Good toy.”

“Always for you Maker.”

“This one appreciates, but it’s not for this one, but for the company but even more importantly for the customers, many of whom who like butts.”

“Is that why you wiggle yours all the time?”

“Hmm? What do you mean?” K-2003 says with a butt sway.

“Never mind Maker. So, which of the three materials were you thinking?”

“It’s so tough to decide, you know? It’s very important to select appropriately, and then this one is not sure it did a good job till it’s all said and done, it’s a big investment...”

“Could take all three Maker and make different toys out of each of them.”

“No, no, this one couldn’t possibly do that. Even if almost selected this one would restart the process again from the beginning with the next toy set that needs to be made.”

“Why is that?”

“First, if everyone became toys, who would use us toys?”

“Good point Maker.”

“Secondly, each toy is specially molded to build a type of toy design and model, with a personality that can be utilized to build up the type of toys that the customers desire. It’s all about service and bringing out what customers want. They keep us going. We exist for them.”

“Literally we do Maker.”

K-2003 grins, “Very true. Without a user, a Maker has no reason to make toys, and therefore this one would have no reason to be a Maker... but we are getting off topic. Which of these three would be good?” it asks, sauntering back to the chair, sitting onto the plug with a loud

pop, the toy letting out a soft moan, pulling the chair up, “Hmm, this one might or might not keep that in its office chair.”

“Why’s that Maker?”

“It might be too good of a thing when the toy is wiggling,” it says with a rump wiggle, causing the chair to slide back and forth. It enters a password, bringing up the oodles of documents and information, a process that the toy is using to break down, and remove possible materials from the extensive selection process. Weeks of notes of notes if not more are pinned by the three survivors of the toy’s mental battle royal that leaves theses as the final contestants of a prize not even known to them.

“Could inquire with them, which would really like the idea?”

“Of becoming a toy? We here and Toys-4-U would never say something like that. It’s far too forward and it would really give people the wrong idea that we turn people into toys, which is something we’d *never* do. Only make the highest quality toys, out of the highest quality material sold at the highest quality price,” it says with a nod.

“True Maker. This one apologies.”

“It’s fine toy. We all make mistakes. And this one is working hard on trying not to make one. It’s gotten lucky with you, but it doesn’t want to rest all on luck. It has to use all that it’s learned to improve itself and do better for everyone.”

“Toy thinks you are doing a good job, Maker. And it didn’t realize that you went through all this work to find the best quality material for Toys-4-U toys. And don’t sell yourself short Maker. You didn’t get lucky on this one. It was your skill.”

“It wasn’t just this one’s skill when it came to selecting you. It had a lot of help with you.”

“You did Maker?”

K-2003 eyes a set of photographs on the other side of the desk then back to the rubber doe toy, “Yes it did. But after a year of our megastore release, the customers are clamoring for new products. Dragons are a hot take, western and eastern. It is thinking of trying eastern next, give a more exotic feel but then western is *really* popular here, so it would be a bad idea to bring in one and not the other. Perhaps in a few months, two or three? Do you think you could pull that off too?”

X-2953 bleats with excitement, “Of course Maker! This one is very sure it can, but this one has one thought.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Oh? What is that?”

“You got a little off topic about the material selection process.”

“This one apologies. It can go off on a tangent sometimes, can’t it?”

“It’s okay Maker.”

“Time to focus then. Toy needs to focus. Toy will do good and focus, and be the best toy at focusing,” it says, looking at the screen, rubbing its chin with a squeak.

“What’s different about them outside of species? Perhaps saying it out loud will help Maker make the decision it needs.”

“Perhaps... but first why don't you show this one the suit? It would like to see what we will be working with.”

“Of course, Maker, though it must ask one important question.”

“Yes?”

“Why did you have this one mold the suit before you selected the material? How would you know it would fit? A shark has a back fin to worry about. The snake would have a much longer tail and if they are a naga, there would be no legs! Lastly the human has no tail, so the tail would have to be latex foam inflated to get going.”

“An excellent yet simple question toy. It won't take more than a week to modify the suit if it needs to be to the appropriate material, wouldn't it? Also, this one has not selected a naga as converting that material from one to another would be more complex than we can currently do. Though eventually this one hopes that won't be an issue. And perhaps it can give legged users the chance of what it feels like to be a naga. But vice versa will be terribly difficult.”

“This one will put it on the things to keep in mind as it works with the fellow does and gazelles.”

“This one appreciates, now show this one the wonderful suit that will go around one lucky toy-to-be.”

“With pleasure Maker,” it says, placing the box on the desk between the computer monitor and the pictures. It opens the top, revealing a sleek black body and red highlights. Smell of freshly made latex scented with vanilla fills the room.

“Vanilla polish?”

“It's a tease to the idea of being vanilla isn't so... vanilla,” X-2953 says with a wink.

“Ohh... we should use that in its advertisements for that polish. Thank you toy!”

“With pleasure Maker,” it says, grabbing the suit with a soft squeak, pulling it out of the box to show the one-piece renamon attire, complete with a red and black ying yang on the thighs. The black part is red outlined to help it stand out on the toy's thighs. Red latex tipped ears, nipples, and tail tip really show off the form.

“Ohh!” K-2003 says, placing its hands on the desk, hiking its butt out of the chair with a loud pop, “That looks wonderful!”

“Thank you, Maker! We toys worked hard on it to fit your specifications. Though... if toy has been so free in asking questions may it be so kind to ask some more?”

“You are always free to ask this one questions. If it gave the indication it was intimidating, it does apologies. It wants to be a friendly happy-go-lucky, but still serious CEO where you can come to this one with those deep inquests, those long and hard probing questions, the hard hitting inquiries that pound right into the very center of sensitive queries that will help this one and yourself be the best toys we can be,” it says with an affirmative nod.

The purple rubber toy bleats, blushing, feeling a tingle rush through it as it listens, “Maker... this one forgot what it was going to ask with that.”

“Oh? This one is sorry. It took too long to answer your questions that you forgot to even ask it! Well color this one pink it is embarrassed that it did that.”

“It’s fine Maker, this one shouldn’t have forgotten... wait pink? Oh! Now this one recalls. Why did you have this one pick black and red instead of traditional renamon colors of yellow and white with purple gloves? This one would think that that would be a very desirable model.”

“Oh, well this one thought. Well black is always in and so people would like black. And red just shouts out. Ohhh dangerous! Look out! Pay attention to this! It is important! So it thought about combining the two so when it has the new toy set in place and ready to advertise the up and coming renamon toy line. That people would just pay so much attention to it.”

“All perfectly logical thoughts Maker, but being renamon, this one doesn’t think you need to do anything more than to present a full life sized renamon fuck toy to the customers and they will pay attention to it.”

“You think so?”

“Yup!” bleats X-2953.

“Oh... oh well! This one also thinks that sometimes the prototype should stand out from the standard issue toys we sell.”

“Does that mean you won’t be selling black and red renamon toys?”

“What? That’s just crazy talk. This one would never deny people like that. There is only one type of toy look that it can’t sell. By law... and penalty of *death*.” The toy shoots its fellow toy unit a serious look.

The toy bleats loudly, taking a step back, “Oh no Maker! That is terrible. What kind of toy is that? It doesn’t want to cause such terrible issues in the future.”

The sergal toy’s look fades back into a playful smile, “Fear not! This one won’t allow it, so do not worry,” it says with a rump wiggle, plotting its butt back onto the chair with a loud squeak, the toy’s breasts bouncing.

The doe sighs in relief, “That’s good to what Maker, this one was worried for a second.”

“This one knows what to do, but hmm, the Human Ross Stiller. A quiet human, works a retail job, knows how to handle people. Conversation on the forums has been rather impressive even when dealing with people that other people like to call trolls. Not sure why people call them trolls. Even fantasy trolls just hit people with sticks, not cause fights for no reason. And they don’t regenerate when there’s fire! Except that the forums are on fire they are very active. So it makes no sense,” the toy says with an affirmative nod.

“What else?”

“They are a bit out going, like renamon is, at least how she’s portrayed on the live action and animation shows. The first model it wants to play into the stereotype for what people think is a renamon, mainly not to disappoint you know? Later we can mix it up with other personalities we have in stock.”

“Always good, this one can agree to that it thinks,” it says, leaning over the sergal toy rests its hands on K-2003’s shoulders, pressing the toy down harder onto the butt plug, making it moan softly.

The sergal reaches up and gently holds onto the other toy's hands, "The next candidate is Cillia Pulis."

"That sounds like a girl's name."

"That's the handle they go by, but their real name is a bit more masculine but since they prefer to go by that, this one is happy to oblige, you know?"

"This one can't see any fault in that, but continue, this one was getting Maker off topic."

"Right, right. So, they are a very effeminate green scaled snake. They are young, getting into latex, have been buying a lot over the past two and a half years since they became of age to browse through the company's website. Friendly, outgoing, a bit of a switch, submissive lean. A real nice person, ready to give someone exactly what they want, be it a top or bottom. It thought such a personality could be really good with being a renamon toy. Such delightful things are something that it's not sure you could just make, but find, and it's a bit of a golden gem there... well green. Perhaps emerald? Yeah, an emerald in the rough."

"Anything else about them Maker?"

"Well, they are what one would call a 'femboi' they are interested in the opposite sex, sexually and what it's like to be a female. They swing both ways, so they are all sorts of fun toy would think, making them good material to mold into shape. What do you think?"

"Hmm, before this one gives its own advice, why don't you tell toy the last one you have in mind for this particular wonderful suit."

"By the way, where did you put the suit?"

"Back into the box of course Maker, why do you ask?"

"Strange... this one doesn't recall you putting it back in there before moving behind it and placing your hands on its shoulder to force it harder on the butt plug," it says with a smirk, grabbing the toy's wrists, together.

X-2953 blushes a bit, tugging at its Maker's touch, "Well this one put it away when you were turning back to the computer screen."

"Really? Huh and here toy thought it forgot to mention it."

"What was that Maker?"

"Nothing, nothing, onto the next one," it says tugging the doe toy's hands down to grip the sergal's breasts, forcing it also to give it a boob hat, "Much better."

"Maker..." it bleats.

"Yes toy?"

"Nothing."

"This next one is not nothing though. A rather buff take charge shark. With double the peen for double the fun! Not all sharks have double clasps you know, but when they do, they work in tandem with each other."

"Okay... but if they are becoming a female toy, would that matter?"

"Not one bit!"

"Why mention it then Maker?"

"Because how often can you say double peen in a legit sentence?"

“Point taken. So, who are they?”

“Their name is Kregis Sharkavictusabinikavashin.”

“That name is a mouthful.”

“So is giving them a blow job.”

“Maker...”

“Is this one wrong?”

“Not one bit Maker. But please continue.”

“They are more dominant, but they care about others, a live guard at a beach. Loves showing off their body, kinky with all the latex wanting fun. A switch themselves and has a fair number of female latex suits we sell. They have a delightful perchance of being one, while still embracing who they are on the outside, but not forsaking their delights and internal wants. A very healthy minded individual, who would be a perfect fit it thinks, perhaps, maybe, it supposes.”

“Are the others mentally fit too?”

“Of course, they are. This one knows better than to have mentally unfit people become toys. That would lead to bad things, yup, very bad. It learned that lesson long ago.”

“This one sees.”

“It hopes you do, otherwise it would have to get your eyes checked,” it says, looking up, nuzzling into the breasts, licking across the rubber mounds before, slinking its forked tongue over the toy’s nipple, giving it a firm gentle suckle. The toy’s lightly arousing saliva fluid teasing X-2953, making it moan softly.

“Maker... don’t get this one too distracted otherwise it can’t help you before it has to get back to work, installing all those plugs into the chairs.”

“Oh yes! That’s right. Put in a charger into the plugs so they can charge and sit!”

“Maker, this one doesn’t think it could make the plugs have enough energy to charge a toy.”

“Perhaps but it will extend the time between charges for the toys and give a wonderful butt tingle feeling that this one thinks you’d all love.”

“Have you tried this before Maker?”

“No... but if it doesn’t work, let this one know,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“This one will Maker, but may it now tell you, its thoughts?”

“Of course, toy.”

“Well first it thinks, toy is a good toy. Toy is an object. Toy is a thing. Toy is a good...”

K-2003 continues the phrase, “Fuck toy. Well outside of those, silly toy.”

X-2953 bleats, “This one thought you’d like the joke.”

It gives the purple toy an inquisitive look, a moment later it hits it, “Ohhh, now this one gets it. Yes, very amusing.”

The doe sighs, “Anyway Maker. For the snake, it thinks perhaps that material is a bit too young for the process at this moment.”

“Why do you say that?” it asks, tilting its head.

“At this age they are still exploring themselves, discovering what they like and don’t like. And their tastes can change dramatically over the next few years, especially as they learn more. Let them grow into themselves first and let them be who they are. Let the material age like a fine cheese, which will make them better.”

“Was that a sergal joke?”

“Huh? What? No Maker.”

“Okay!” it says with a beaming smile.

“Now for the shark. It thinks they are too much for the renamon. They have a lot of nice qualities, but it's not so much their body that is an issue, which could be molded out over the weeks we prepare them to be a toy, but more that it thinks they could perhaps be a better fit elsewhere if decided to be used as the fine quality material they are. Looking at what they’ve purchased, none of it screams renamon to this one.”

“If the suits they bought were screaming, we must have really done something wrong. We don’t even have any living toy suit toys yet!”

X-2953 looks down at its Maker, noting its serious look, “Anyway... with that, given the other choice, the human? He’d be the best fit, as personality wise, they are good, and any minor imperfections could be molded out, allowing them to embrace who they could be... it thinks. But it's not a hundred percent sure.”

“Hmm, that is an interesting thought process. And this one thinks it's a rather good idea. It will weigh your advice against its own and help come to an adequate solution to this. Thank you very much X-toy, it could not have been done it without you!” it exclaims, reaching up to gently pet the toy on the cheek.

The doe nuzzles into the touch, bleating softly, “Maker, this one thinks you could have done it with just yourself just fine. But it is glad to help you anyway it can, however it can.”

“And it appreciates it. But it should have a way to test the material, give it that one last bit of certainty that this one is making the right decision.”

“Do you have any ideas Maker on that?”

“Oh yes this one does. It will involve lots of bondage, plugs, and poker!”

The purple doe toy listens, growing more excited with each passing word, its sex clenching down, twitching and dribbling with pre-cum, holes well lubricated ready to be pounded into when the word ‘poker’ knocks it out of its little fantasy of its Maker taking it from behind, “What was that Maker?”

“Poker. A nice game of wits, pleasure, and the like. It thinks it will work out great. We’ll get them all aroused, and it will make them a deal, and if they lose the game or win and then ask more about that deal, it will lead them through the way toward their molding into a wonderful toy. Let them take those delightful first steps, as after that, it will do its best to constantly guide them along the way, and have other toys here help them too.”

“The other toys Maker?”

“Yeah, this one thinks it be marvelous to have the other toys impart their experiences, and keep an eye on the toy as it works, building up those necessary skills so that toys made from their mental mold can come with the skills to help run the store, don’t you think that is a fine idea?”

“Of course, Maker, though what if they wanted to uh, not be a toy?”

“What? Who would not want to be a toy except users? This is why we pick the finest quality material that is just aching to be molded into the toy that they want... neh! Need to be. This is why this one takes such great care in the selection process. Forcing those who do not want to be toys deep down will just lead to bad things. And this one doesn’t want any more bad things, only good things.”

“That is an admirable goal Maker. Shall this one grab the suit and prepare it for the human’s size?”

“No need, the suit is already made after their physique, so they are all ready to go and get molded.

“And how will you get them to come over Maker? This one is sure you can’t get them by telling them they get to be turned into a toy.”

“Oh, this one has an idea! Fear not. So why don’t you head off and get back to work, so this one can get to its own.”

“Yes Maker,” it says with a soft bleat reluctantly pulling away from its Maker, grabbing the box, “Good luck with obtaining the new material.”

“Thank you!” it exclaims happily, pulling itself up toward the computer again, working to type up a personalized email message.

“Dear Ross Stiller, to celebrate the up-and-coming new Toys-4-U renamon toy line that we are planning out. It humbly invites you to the preliminaries of our up-and-coming poker tournament where we offer you a chance to win your very own renamon toy! Please come to the only Toys-4-U Supermega store at...” it writes, preparing the email, readying itself to get to work and make the very first renamon toy, one of countless more that the company will produce.