

## Take Home Jurassic Latex Park: Aftermath

What words could better describe the bliss Brian has been feeling over these last couple of months of bliss? Unbridled Joy? Ecstasy? Endless Happiness? Paradise? A slice of heaven? Cloud nine? Nay, there is no word that could describe what he is going through. The collar and constant hypnosis that has pushed the human into a sleek black faceless feral raptor pet-drone state has made him give up using words for his own thoughts entirely. It simply is what it is now. A state of being and his Master Amia has placed him and the others of the pack into. Kirisha the green and black striped rubber raptor, his mate a blue and black striped rubber raptor just like himself, and Leika, a white and pink striped raptor. The four of them have been ever more conditioned, restrained, sculpted into sleek gay raptors that they know themselves as now.

*“Good Raptors.”*

*“Obedient Raptors.”*

*“Master Amia loves you very much.”*

*“Mistress Amia loves you very much.”*

*“Amia is your one and only.”*

*“Amia takes care of you.”*

*“You never want to leave Master Amia.”*

*“You never want to leave Mistress Amia.”*

*“He takes care of you.”*

*“She takes care of you.”*

*“You want to stay with her forever.”*

*“Love her forever.”*

*“Love him forever.”*

*“Be together with your pack, forever.”*

The rubber suits crafted around them were ever more refined, strengthened, improved. Yet they were never let out of the suit completely at any time. The stolen technology Amia has has been putting them in ever tighter rubber bondage. Locking away their bodies as much as their minds. Their male bits have been finely sculpted and entrenched in their minds that what they see is who they are. Aching throbbing dicks that dribble their juices or in Brian’s case actual pre-cum.

Brian is lined up with his other packmates, waiting eagerly in a corralled stall, a thick bondage collar around his neck. Amia, dressed in the blue and black rubber anthropomorphic dilophosaurus suit, with the iconic V shaped head crest. He lets out a raptoric purr, tail swaying, hiked, shuddering when his Master leashes him, tugging him along as he admires the naked beauty of his Master.

The other raptors give jealous growls, but Amia smiles, gently petting their sides, “Relax my precious darlings. You’ll get a chance. I don’t play favorites. I’m just lining JPB-249 here for a little upgrade,” he says with a smirk and a playful wink, pulling on the collar.

Brian walks toward the house, happily tugged along, his rubber mitten claws leaving him helpless, his sickle claw chained up to an ankle cuff, the tip nubbed off and smoothed with a metal cap. Chains rattle between his ankles that cut his stride in half. The tugs on the chain are like the tugs on the heartstring his master is pulling as he's lead downstairs to the three-dimensional rubber printing room. There just finishing up is a feral dilophosaurus, cuffed, collared, pink and black colors. A hypnotic screen plays in front of him, the dino's penis throbbing hard, teased, by the machines as he's kept on edge. The sight makes Brian's cock twitch, feeling a twinge of jealousy, when his attention is pulled toward his Master by his guiding loving hand.

"JPB-249, are you jealous?" he asks with a teasing grin.

He responds with a huff and soft growl.

Amia leans in, "Don't worry my sweet pet," he whispers into his ear, giving the ear hole a soft and tender lick, circling the edges of his ear hole with his tongue, while one hand caresses and pets his head with a squeak and the other gently caresses his cock, "Don't worry. No matter what happens, you are and will always be and have been my favorite. I just say that to the others, so they don't get too jealous and gang up on you too hard, even though I know you like that," he says with a wink.

Brian grinds against his Master's touch, he can't recall the last time he was ever soft. The moldings around his length keep him hard, exposed, and ready for action. He hears soft clicks that send shudders through his body, his member dribbling more pre-cum as a micro-climax hits him.

"Such a good boy. Climaxing like how I trained you," says Amia, having subtly hid him into a small bondage locking pen beside the rubber printer, "I'm just updating all your lovely raptor's mouths to better suit me. And since you've been the bestest boy, I'll let you in on a little secret," he says, running a claw along the underside of Brian's chin.

The human who could barely recognize his own original name, finding JPB-249 more at home than anything else, has his entire attention on the world he knows, the Master that has given him everything but taking away all that bogged down his mind from serving him.

"I'll be reducing your pack mates down to more appropriate names, Kisha, Aqa and Lika will be turned into JPK-069, JPA-069, and JPL-069. Aren't those better *designations* than silly names?"

Brian gives a playful growl and nods.

He smiles, "I knew you'd see it my way. In another month I'll have a big surprise for the four of you. Though I have a smaller prize once this is done, but first I need to check up on my newest acquisition. He's a little feisty, but he's turning around. And don't mind him, he might be my species, you are still my favorite," he says with another wink, kissing him on the muzzle, which the raptor happily leans into, licking his Master's rubber muzzle with glee. "Such a good boy," he states, rubbing the raptor's muzzle before pulling away.

Amia goes over to a computer console, typing in a few things, "Don't worry Vira. You'll be forgetting that old life as a dragon in no time. Just relax and listen the words, relax and look

at the screen, relax and obey and serve me,” he says, his cock twitching, body aching so hard, “Hmm, I think I am in a mood to change myself up a bit, I’ll be right back,” he says, hitting enter on the keypad.

The one he called Vira twitched, groaned, but steadily turned into pleasing growls. The machine adds more layers of rubber around him, a smooth femboy feral dilophosaurus appeal. His struggle grows all the weaker as he softly growls and chirps. Mind becoming numbed and conditioned that when Amia comes back as a sleek female dilophosaurus, naked, a sleek curvy body, nice pair of breasts, and a tight dripping sex, her newest pet has already given in.

“I knew you’d see it my way darling,” she giggles in a softer feminine voice, reaching over to gently caressing Vira’s body. Brian squirms a bit, his jealousy rising, especially when he watches her slip on a nice cock and ball harness that wraps around the new dino’s bits. That throbbing aching member, the external balls, not realistic to their cloaca but far more fun for the needy Mistress that wants to control every aspect of her pets. She locks it into place, the click causes Vira to spurt some essence out onto the ground with a chirp and purr, “There we go. All locked up. Safe. Sound. No more worries. No more cares. Let your Mistress take care of you. She loves you and will always protect you from the mean outside world which doesn’t understand the bond we all share,” she says with a dreamy sigh, letting out that same chirping music that her new pet is.

Vira chirps and groans, bucking against his Mistress’ touch, falling deep into the trance and conditioning, the clip of a leash to the collar makes him and Brian have a little micro climax, though Vira’s was left wanting more, Brian’s felt a bit satisfying, yet his arousal never softened for an instant no matter how many of these micro-climaxes he has.

Amia kisses her new pet, “Let’s take you to the others. Get you adjusted to your new life on the farm,” she chirps, looking over to Brian, “And I’ll get to you next,” she chirps.

Brian tugs at his constraints, his smooth rubber balled hand mittens as useless as ever, making him focus on her loving hands, wanting his touch, to feel his claws caressing his wanting body. The conditioning echoing out in his mind.

*“Good raptor.”*

*“Obedient raptor.”*

*“Eager raptor.”*

*“You love your owner’s touch.”*

*“You love how Amia protects you.”*

*“You don’t have to worry about anything.”*

*“Amia will worry for you.”*

*“No need to think.”*

*“Amia will think for you.”*

*“No need to escape.”*

*“Amia will protect you.”*

*“You love Amia.”*

*“Amia loves you.”*

He watches Amia for as long as he could, moving his head till his leash is tugged taut, realizing now he's been tied down so he couldn't leave even if he wanted to. And truth be told, he does, to be where *she* is. But separation makes the heart grow fonder. Hard to even know how much fonder he could get for his Mistress.

Amia will drop her newest pet with the other three dilophosaurus, of purples, blues, and greens. She takes a moment to admire her work, "Such sweet boys I have. I think I have enough of you, perhaps some pterodactyls next? A good place to roost, yes?" she chirps to them. The feral suited dinos chirp and nod, spreading their frills in agreement.

She giggles, "I knew you'd all agree. And in a few months you'll be where my pack is at, and it'll be wonderful. Have fun, show Vira what a good bottom he is, I'm sure you'll love it," she chirps, walking away as the sounds of squeaks and creaking moans fill the air behind her. It sends a shiver down her spine, making her sex twitch, hands caressing over her wide hips, moving up tenderly to give her breast a squeeze. Glancing over her shoulder as her new pet is being gang banged by the others, their hard throbbing dicks are forced into whatever hole they can find, showing the new pack mate his place.

When Brian hears her return, he raises his head to the point the leash stops him. A soft needy moan escapes his lips, licking his lips as his dick twitches, a small puddle of pre-cum and micro-climax essence pooled on the floor between his legs.

"How's my favorite pet doing? Eager to see me?" she chirps.

Brian responds eagerly, moaning and giving a raptor purr.

She grins, "Good boy," she says, frill furling out, before resting back against her neck. She runs her hand along his back, feeling him instinctively press up against her claws with a loud squeak, "So well-trained." She unleashes him from his spot, moving him over to the next spot. Preparing the machines around him as he's locked into place, "Soon you'll be even better, JPB-249."

Brian huffs, shuddering when Amia runs her claws along his flanks, feeling the slightly raised barcode and designation on his flanks. Her claws reading them like braille, and his body feeling every tug and ridge that her claws are going over, burning deeper into his mind the lovely markings his mistress has given him, his cock throbbing, twitching, straining against his cock and ball harness, as he feels the slow steady leak of his member.

"Good boy," she states, wrapping a finger around the tag, giving a little pleasing tug, rubbing the bar coded flank, while kissing him on the cheek, followed by a nuzzle lick, "Let's make your hole into an even better boy hole," she grins, grabbing a ribbed and ridged mouth tube, sliding it into his mouth, Bite on this and keep it there nice and tight for me, okay?"

Without a second thought he does so, teeth sinking into the rubber tube, yet not breaking through the tubing, if anything it adds a few more pleasure bumps for its future use.

"Good boy," she says, petting him, the machines activating, holding his head in place, the rubber melting around his mouth, while more is injected into the cavities of his mouth. Over the next few minutes his mouth is sealed shut around the tubing, providing the perfect fuck and suck hole for her, "There we go."

The warm latex is soothing, like getting one's hair washed by a salonist. The warming soothing embrace that he could relax too, almost doze off, but it's too brief. It leaves him wanting more, tongue swirling within the hole, ready to lick and suck away. His growls and chirps of pleasure become more distinct and animalistic. He doesn't know it but if he even tried to speak now, it would come out as a translated raptoric purrs, chirps, growls. Denying him the very means of communication that he gave up many weeks ago. If he realized, he would....

"There we go. Now you can have talk in that silly human voice ever again. Only good raptor noses for a good raptor boy," she chirps.

He's hit by a micro climax, another spurt of pleasure from his never ending hard on. It's just another mess he's made, one that his Mistress will be sure to make him clean up and he'll be happy to oblige with all the joy and delight he could ever want. He's in heaven and he never wants to leave. Only a desire to somehow make this a one-way trip. It's the only way to be that heavily bound where there's nothing but being a good raptor bound raptor. He sinks into a state of bliss as a thick metal collar is wrapped around his neck. He lets out a curious raptoric purr from his partially drooling mouth as he struggles to adjust and lick up his own essence from the floor.

Amia pets his head, "Such a good boy. But I need to get your pack mates done. Go out and enjoy the new collar. I'm sure you'll find your new range of freedom rather limiting and shocking," she giggles, smacking him on the flank, ushering him outside where she can grab Kirisha.

He huffs, wanting to finish but accepts his Mistress' command. The warm sun against his black rubber skin delights him so. He hobbles off into the open pastures, but when he gets about halfway down his normal open pastures he feels a shock around his neck. The surge of electricity travels down his body despite the rubber suit. He shudders and moans, feeling pleasure but also getting the sense rather quickly that he's going outside the invisible boundary placed before him. His original pen was cut in half. He takes a moment to see and he feels the new invisible fence is about three feet before the wooden edges of the original area. So much taken away from him, less places to move, an invisible cage placed around his real one. Simply causing him to micro-climax.

There are no words in his head, only raw untempered emotions and sensations. No longer needed to be filtered by his higher mind functions that get to sleep and his lizard... raptor brain can roam free, unshackled by the world, as his body is bound to this eternal bliss. At least he dreams that it will be. He sees his pack alpha soon to be JPK-069 come out with a new suck mouth. The female raptor underneath turned into a feral bisexual male leaning male raptor top. How he wishes this dream would never end. And in a few months' time, the chance for that dream will come true...

The sun is setting, Amia has a big truck trailer designed to move livestock across the country all ready to go, connected to a truck she rented out. The back is open in the low fading

light Brain can see the inside has been modified to fit their unique needs. The sight of which makes him shudder in delight, but for the moment he's lined up in a row behind all the other raptors of his pack. Beside him is JPV-069. Bound, chained and hobbled like himself. His mouth turned into a wonderful suck fuck hole. He looks forward eager to get on the truck like Brian is, his hot pink cock twitching eagerly as the rattling chains of the other dinosaurs is music to his ears.

Behind the two of them are four pterodactyls. These winged "dinosaurs" hobble along in heavy chains, wing bindings that work as arm bindings. They move in wobbled, well trained and balanced steps. Their colors of black, hot pinks, neon yellows and red. The rubber bound people have undergone heavy conditioning, a bit fiercer than them, to get them up to speed on the group.

Amia, dressed in his blue and black anthropomorphic dilophosaurus attire, with the red and yellow V crest on his snout. Dressed in the more secretive Jurassic Latex Park work outfit, hiding that lovely body that all of her dinos show hungrily to get a view of. He steps to the top of the ramp that leads into the truck, "My sweet, lovely dinosaurs. And yes, I know Pterodactyls aren't considered to be real dinosaurs but they are real in my heart and that is my truth of the matter, and I don't care what anyone else says about it," he says with a playful domineering grin. "I've teased all of you with the promise of a better life with me. Take you away from whatever those things you called lives are. To forever spend them with me. But I know... I can see it in your eyes, your sweet feral conditioned eyes that you fear that this may one day end. That this endless bliss I have crafted for you all. The lives I have built for you to live. To spend the rest of your time with me. Loving me. Worshiping me. Having me and taking me as much as I love and taking you, could possibly end." She expresses like giving a grand speech to troops before a vital battle in a major war.

Growls, raptoric purrs, chirps, squeaky squawks, a menagerie of feral noises emanate from the mind-controlled group. Their eyes locked on them. Thick metal collars around their necks, with a heavy golden metal ring, ready to be latched to a leash or post, practically begging for it to be done. The mere *thought* of this ending makes Brian repulse in a mixture of fear and anger. Not said in words but expressed in emotion that could be translated as, "Who would dare take me away from you?!"

Amia revels in the delight, feeling touched by them, "Yes, I know. I would hate to have that happen to all of you. So, I have devised a plan to fully rubberize you, using the park's secret full rubber molding machines. It'll convert you all into solid rubber creatures, never to return to your pesky old lives ever again. Isn't that just wonderful!?" he exclaims with a chirp.

Her pets, especially Brian give out pleasantries, and growls and *all* of them micro-orgasm from the thought, squirting essence onto the ground.

He raises his claws, "I know, I know. I can hardly contain myself either. I would like to join you in this. To become so completed and like you all, to fully embrace a single type of being, yet... I cannot. Not from lack of desire, but of focus. To settle down to just one. Is like picking any of you. I just can't. But don't worry. I'll be ensuring for the rest of your days

you'll be locked up, bound to each other in love like no other. Cared for. Content. And forever my sweet dinosaurs and we can be together, forever."

Once again the dinosaurs in their hypnotic mind conditioned state, let out micro-climaxes at the idea, cheering in their own feral way.

"Now, no more climaxes. I need you all nice and *pent up* when we get there, understand?"

All of them tensed, moaning, bodies aching, the leaking slowing down to a complete stop. Amia adjusted his pants, the surge of power, the thrill of control, but the love in their eyes, is only so much he could bare, "Restrained raptor pack, come first," she commands, the rubber raptors climbing up into the truck where Amia chains them to the side of the truck, collars, and cuffs locked tight into position, and tightly bound against the truck itself, "Need you all nice and restrained in your safety bondage. I don't want anything bad to happen to you lovelies," she explains.

They respond with squeaky purrs and raptoric chirps. Their eager squeaky bodies are further restrained by their minds, doing all they can to keep themselves from leaking on the floor, to follow their Master's command. Then came the detained dilophosaurus, and lastly the bound pterodactyls. The truck smells heavily of latex and rattling of chains. Music to each of the dinosaur's ears.

Brian, or better thinking of himself as JPB-249, as he hasn't heard his real name in so long, that he'd probably not respond to it, he looks out the small breathing holes, getting a view of his home, the mansion and open fields. The truck rumbling to life, engine roaring as gears shift and the brakes hiss, the truck getting underway. The gentle sway of the truck under the dirt road, is a constant tease, tug, and reminder of his position. He feels every major pump, and the delight that soon he'll be like this forever. The idea of not going back would make him cream himself right then and there if he wasn't commanded to do otherwise.

The drive was long, perhaps longer in his mind due to the anticipation. Eventually getting onto the highway, every moment was another mile closer to his final destination. The twists and turns of fate that brought him here, the power of his Master, all knowing Mistress, Amia. He couldn't be grateful. Vaguely in the depths of his mind he starts to recognize landmarks from the time before now. The time before time, before he was the brilliantly bound raptor that he is. The anticipation grows, higher and higher, just a few more miles and they'll be at the park. This hidden road that leads them there, only traveled by those that know what's really there. That secret bondage dinosaur park, the adult version of the latex park that in essence started him on this journey that brought him to this point.

Suddenly there's a hiss of the brakes. He tugs on the constraints, are they there? He would think if he still had a vocabulary to draw upon. His excitement is palatable, licking his squeaky rubber fuck hole, ready to sink down in the warm bliss oblivion of rubber. Then came flashing lights of blue and red, police sirens, people rushing out and yelling words. What the words meant? He didn't care, but the sound in their voices caused great concern to him and all the dinosaurs in the truck.

A click of the truck door as it opened, Brian tugged harder on his constraints, unsure what was happening but unable to shake this bad feeling that his owner was in trouble. He wants to help, he tugs harder, harder, wanting to break free but the bondage is too strong. And after twenty or so minutes, things calm down, slam of car doors and he thinks for a moment he sees Amia being taken into a police car. Cuffs behind her back but... wait, no, impossible. Amia is never in bondage. Amia commands the world, his life, everything. He exists for her. He does everything he can for him. And it will be sometime later before the back of the truck is open.

The dinosaurs hiss, growl, and show discontent as they see someone who is *definitely not* their wonderful owner, Amia walk into the back of the truck. They are no fools. Just because it smells of rubber like their owner, doesn't mean that thing is. The black rubber, cyan highlights of a sergal. Amia would never be something like that.

Every dinosaur growls and tugs on the bondage, less so to get away but to show their discontent at this person, this thing before them. Its softly glowing cyan eyes are only visible when the police lights flash dims to its lowest point. The sergal's sleek black fingers with cyan claw tips run across one of the pterodactyl's muzzle, who simply jerks its head away, "Oh my, you are all very deeply enthralled..." says a female voice that feels so familiar to Brian. Now that he's actually looking at her... it, faded memories begin to bubble to the surface.

"How do they look?" asks a tough sounding masculine voice that has a bit of age and wisdom mixed in.

K-2003 calls out, "Enthralled but this one is sure it can bring them out without any long term effects. Its technology is not meant to be used this way, and we have safeguards for this. It thinks it would be best to take them to its local megastore and get them pulled out of this as slowly, steadily and safely as possible," it says with an affirmative nod.

"There's another voice, less aged, but barely so, sounding, "Misses would never believe me about this one," he says with the sound of a cup of coffee being sipped.

The other guy humphs, "You heard the captain. They want to keep this hush hush. There is no telling the misses back home. The rich like to keep their play fantasies and this might through a wrench in it."

K-2003 steps off the truck, "Detectives, this one is so very thankful for your hard service, though it is not sure what a wrench has to do about this. Will you be coming with this one to the store?"

"We have to. We need to identify the VIP that got our butts flown out here. We're city detectives, but they called us to do this job?" he grumps as Brain tilts his head enough to see that the one police officer talking to the toy is an anthropomorphic turtle.

"Got me Ryan. It feels like we are the only detectives in the world sometimes. To call us all the way out here. The government has big agencies for this kind of stuff," responds a middle-aged anthropomorphic fox with a bit of grey in his orange fur, most of it concentrated in a few grey streaks through his head hair.

K-2003 wiggles its rump, the naked toy standing before the unphased police officers is a peculiar sight to the local police enforcement, "Oh that was this one's doing. It wanted to make



sure the best helped and it knows you are the best, and it thanks you for your service,” it says with an affirmative nod, the toy’s body squeaking loudly, its well-polished skin reflecting the police lights.

“You?” the fox inquires, quirking an eyebrow.

‘Yup. It was told it wasn’t needed, and out of your jurisdiction, but it knew you could help, and it would cover the expense, and no like you were going to be making the arrests.’”

Ryan gives the toy a cold long stare, “You aren’t trying anything funny with this are you?” he asks, watching the toy for any subtle changes in its reaction.

K-2003 tilts its head, “Funny? This one doesn’t think so. Its a very serious matter and the health and well-being of its customers is very important.”

“Ah, protecting your company image. It all makes sense now.”

“Why would this one want to protect an image of its company? The real thing is what's important.”

He stares blankly at the toy, “Let’s get these people helped. Seeing them chained up like this is making me feel sick to my stomach.”

“Toy has antacids in the car if that will help.”

The fox’s bushy tail flicks, “Why do you have... never mind, let's get going.”

“Certainly!” K-2003 exclaims with a delighted rump wiggle.

Driven away from their Master, their wonderful Mistress filled Brian and the others with dread and sorrow. They all would not go down without a fight as they tugged and pulled on their tight bondage, but they know that at this point there is little they could do till they got to their next destination. Escorted by the police they are rushed to a Toys-4-U megastore. It’s strange, feeling the truck be forced to slow when they get to the final road that leads to it. The path is compacted but very natural feeling, the dirt road keeping the truck from going too fast.

Thoughts, imagination, if they could just break free from their chains, escape into the forest, and make their way back home. There, their owner, Amia, will be waiting for them. Simple animalistic thoughts and desires. Eventually the truck hits the pavement again, reaching the store, pulling into the loading bay. The back opening, the dinos ready to do anything they can to escape, yet one by one they are taken, yet still the next dino thinks they will be the one to break free, and then comes Brian’s turn.

A sleek double breasted hermaphrodite sergal, with dark blue skin and orange highlights around its nipples, throbbing ribbed dick with matching hair. The toy with dark blue cuffs, the orange outline and text that reads Fuck Toy, its matching collared collar has a golden tag that reads G-2273. The toy licks its lips, revealing its vaginal fuck hole of a mouth yet when it speaks, it does so clearly, “Ah, you’re up. Toy Mistress says to be extra careful with you,” it says, grabbing him by the collar, getting a nice firm grip before removing the layers of bondage, the chains falling to the ground with a heavy thud.

Brian is no fool, he would think if he could that he’ll just wait till he’s taken off the truck then try to escape. Fool the sergal into a false sense of security. Slowly, he’s pulled back, aching for that bondage, and to a degree there was some thanks to the hobble chain, the useless

mittens, the covered-up sickle claw. All the tools of the trade that he could use to escape now ironically kept them there. The one time that he wished he wasn't so tightly bound despite loving the feeling of how helpless he felt right now. Yet it was a different kind of helpless one not begifted to and guided by his owner. Bondage without the feeling of love and care of it all, rings hollow. Like a stuffed pizza without the pizza, it's just empty bread.

He finds himself entering a warehouse, with K-2003 talking to the detectives and a few police officers that try their best to hide the strangeness of the situation. They all keep an eye on him and G-toy, but the moment Brian steps off the truck, he feels now is the time and makes the attempt to escape.

With all his might he pulls against the dark blue sergal toy's grip, but he barely moves an inch. Like fighting against a truck, he's pulled along and being made to feel utterly powerless. The sergal toy's grip is like a vice, breasts squeaking as they bounce.

"This one toy Mistress seems very unwilling to be saved," it says, pulling the raptor forward, overpowering him unnaturally easily.

The thought of something so lowly, beneath him, what only he could be to Amia, *overpowering* him, to be beneath it? An intoxicating pleasure. Cock twitching, throbbing, aching. No, no, no! Amia can be the only one who can dominate him in such a way. Only his wonderful Master has the strength to do so!

K-2003 calls out, "Ah, this one thinks it knows which one of many he is. He has a thing for it."

The fox quirks an eyebrow, "What?"

"To say your name Jeff, this one is referring to the fact that this world has a lot of people with the same name. One of many, and therefore it's stating that he is one of many."

"Why did you say my name? And what?" Jeff asks, with a confused look on his face, his ear twitching.

"So, people know your name Jeff."

"What people? The toys here? I don't need to have them know my name. I don't know how I will explain that to the misses. And just because someone has the same name, doesn't make them one of many."

"Hmm true, but it does feel these Brians are very similar, just different stories, traveling through the journey of life."

"You are the strangest person I have ever had the confusion of dealing with."

"Thank you! Though this one is not a person, it is an object, a thing, a delightfully crafted fuck toy," it says, pointing to itself.

Jeff sighs, "It disturbs me you say that after everything that happened."

Ryan shrugs, "I've given up on telling people what to say on the matter. Let's focus on what we have to do and head back."

"True, though I still can't figure why he thought it would be a good idea to take these kidnapped people to their job."

"Probably to better take care of them than the equipment they stole," he replies.

G-toy tugs Brian forward, passing the trio, "Toy Mistress, are you coming for this one?"

"This one has been to all the others, of course it will be. Safety first in the deprogramming!" it says with a rump wiggle.

Jeff shakes his head, "No person should be that delighted to say those words in any earnest way."

"Well this one is not a person, as it said," K-2003 responds with an affirmative nod.

Jeff face palms as Ryan pats him on the back, saying, "Just let it go Jeff. How about we get some coffee."

"G-toy says, "There's an espresso maker and a frothing machine in the break room. It'll have one of the toys show you the way back there," it says, pulling the squirming and struggling Brian onto the sales floor, the raptor's latex feet squeaking loudly as it grinds against the floor.

Ryan smirks, "That sounds very nice, thank you."

Jeff rubs the back of his head, letting you a long yawn that exposes his teeth, "Who would of thought you could get coffee at a place like this."

"A couple of toy's stores have cafes that serve customers. They've been big hits at most of the stories they've been built into. The original one is very popular but rather far from here, it has over a decade of positive customer service," K-2003 says with a nod, following Brian out of the door, giving the raptor's rump a tender squeeze and push to help it move forward.

Jeff simply gives a look of disbelief, "That's it the world isn't real anymore. It's just some fantasy created for the entertainment of others. For there is no way that's real."

Ryan remarks, "We did a sting operation with a sex toy. And a cafe sin one surprises you? You do know that the term red light district came because of oysters, right?"

"Wait, really? That can't be true."

"Let's get some coffee and we can discuss," he responds.

K-2003's sharp sergal hearing, listening onto the conversation, happily thinking, "*They've never changed. How nice.*"

Brian huffs and growls, a couple of police officers follow and keep an eye on them, while he's forced forward, it's done with a level of care that is reminiscent of his Mistress. The strength of his Master, the loving touch of his Mistress, how can anyone come close to Amia? No one that's what! He's taken toward the back, not wanting, or perhaps unable to read the sign "Toy Fitting Room" and a sign that hangs beside it that says, "We're sorry for the inconvenience but our fitting rooms are closed and off limits to customers."

He huffs, and growls, tugged forward by G-2273 his collar, his struggling never ceasing, yet it doesn't make much of a difference. Both sergal toys are stronger than they appear and the large dark blue sergal, the first time he's seen any toy that was larger and has such nice *assets* as K-2003. The toy licks its vaginal maw, looking at the raptor with a domineering grin, eyes glowing. It takes him down all the way down to the very last door on the left, "Here we are, the place for you to recover and regain your senses."

"Yay!" exclaims K-2003 with a rump wiggle, squeezing the raptor's flanks, giving him a gentle guiding push through the door once the other sergal unlocks it via a keycode.

The bound human huffs and growls through his fuck hole mouth, not wanting any part of this *rescue*, but his arousal twitches and throbs, loving the feel of how helpless he is. His entire being finds a lovely delight of what is going on. Arousal never ending, pushed deeper into the confines of a building that locks him away where he may never return. His heart races, the smell of latex feels even heavier in the air. Something about those bouncing double breasts, that sexualized mouth. Something so clearly a fuck toy is *above* him. It strikes a chord that even his hypnotically controlled mind can still understand and fully appreciate the position he's in.

Despite not wanting to be taken away from the one he wants to be with. To be kept away, bound and held away from something he wants? It's simply fucking hot. His body aroused further, the door behind the two toys closing, with one human police officer coming in with the pair.

The officer says, "We do need to identify the people quickly."

K-2003 who has broken the seal on its sex, slowly filling the room. The toy turns to him, "This one is Brian, and it hopes it doesn't become too uncomfortable for you while here. Being on duty and all, this one knows you have a *hard* enough job as it is," it says, the toy giving a bow, breasts squeezed together with its arms causing a loud squeak, the toy's tail hiked, giving Brian a lovely view of the toy's assets.

"This is one job I'll never forget."

"Remember not to tell anyone," it says with a nod.

"I don't think I want others to know," he says, clearing his throat, adjusting his belt.

"Wonderful!" K-2003 exclaims, literally jumping for joy, the officer's eyes clearly locked on the bouncing naked breasts.

"You can say that again."

"Wonderful!" it says with another jump.

Brain's attention is literally tugged away toward the right side of this room. He only gets a glimpse of a closed office door to the left that has a clear glass door with black lettering that reads "G-2273 Store Toy Manager." But that is little meaning to him, the massive rubber vac beds that are now in front of him, large enough to fit his feral raptor size do. He knows what they are on a simple feral animal level. A lovely bit of pleasure, the times that Amia has put him on one, though now that he's thinking about it, it has been some time. At the head of every one of these dark blue vac beds are bright orange rubber pillows.

The double-breasted herm sergal toy runs a claw under Brian's chin, "This one knows you'll love this. It's tested them itself, and the perfect way to keep you nice and snug like a bug in a rug as you come back to your senses."

"But they aren't bugs, but people trapped in dinos suits," says K-2003.

G-toy gives a head cocked to the side look that just exclaims, "Really?" And after a moment of silence it says, "It's going to put this one into the bed now."

"Okay!" K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, turning back to the officer, "So what is the oddest thing you've seen while working on the force."

The human looks at the toy with a “Did it just ask me this?” and responds, “You mean not including tonight?”

‘Yup!’

As he answers, Brian struggles against G-toy but is placed onto the bed, back down, sinking into a soft cushioned underside that he was not expecting. His hobble chains rattle, while his mittened hands helplessly claw at the toy. Trying to wiggle and turn himself around back onto his feet, but the sergal's powerful grip, *presses* him down into the bed, head placed onto the pillow before the rubber sheet is pulled over his body, all the way up to the base of his collar but not including it.

K-2003 keeps talking to the distracted police officer, while watching the unfolding events out of the corner of his eye, “Oh, how very interesting,” it says with genuine curiosity, “And then what happened?”

The rubber sheet is pressed and sealed around Brian. The dark blue and orange sergal toy, eyeing him, breasts bouncing, hips swaying in even more exaggerated steps than K-2003 does. Locking the opening around the raptor's body before the air is quickly sucked out. The weight of the world pressing down on him from every angle, his body becoming outlined in the latex, the throbbing aching member perfectly outlined as his squirming becomes harder to do so till it's nigh impossible. His member twitches, leaking pre-cum into the rubber sheets. Growling as he has broken his Mistress' command to not leak pre-cum, but even this was too much for him to simply allow.

G-toy runs its claws along the raptor's body, “There we go, nice and tight now, isn't it?” it asks.

He responds with growled moans, trying to move his helpless limbs, the rubber stretching against his attempts but in the end it's a simple futile effort. He looks up at the sergal with needy eyes, feeling a sense and care in those orange peepers. He senses he feels a bit of himself in the sergal toy, then the claws trace along the outline of his body making him moan.

“Such a good raptor, a good boy. Now to get you all set up for your deprogramming,” it purrs, grabbing a polish cloth, soaking it in a lavender polish that fills the arousing filled air. It glides the cloth across his body, instantly cooling the latex, the temperature transferred over to him, making him feel the confines of his bondage all the more. His member twitches, aches, leaks and spurts when the cloth goes right over his bits and then he feels the loving cloth across his muzzle and head, making a pleasure tingle run down his spine.

“There we go, getting things all right as rain,” it says, grabbing a magic wand, attaching it to a set of straps, adjusting them till the tip of the wand is placed right at the base of Brian's length, right on top of his balls. The sergal's cock twitches, throbs, dribbling a bit of pre-cum onto the rubber sheets. With a flick of a switch, it turns onto a medium setting, which only makes Brian moan more in need.

“Almost, just a bit more preparation,” it says, running a claw around the raptor's needy maw, the claw tip touching his tongue, before forcing the digit in deeper.

Brian huffs, nostrils flaring, tongue recoiling away, but can't stop the protrusion of the sergal's prodding. It notices that the cop is now even more distracted by K-2003, for better or for worse. His attention turns back toward G-toy, their eyes meet. Emotions communicated by the moment of connection, a shared bond that he can't quite make out. Something about this toy that just screams a sense of understanding of the bliss of the moment. The toy's ribbed orange length is licked by its own clit hood that has drenched itself in its warm fluids, making the cock sleek and glisten with juices.

"Best to lube up." The toy withdraws its fingers, only to slip its massive length into Brian's mouth. The toy's girth far outstrips what Amia had. The powerful length slipping into his hungry maw. Unable to fight against his predicament. Amia was just too good at preparing him for his future role. Try as he might to squeeze and bite, all he can do is suckle, drinking down the juices, not knowing they are designed to increase his suggestively over the next few days. Each potent spurt there washing the back of his throat, tasting the orange creamsicle flavored toy.

"There we go, you are doing great, just a few more sucks," it murr, caressing the back of Brain's head, thrusting against his maw, balls kissing the raptor's fuck hole again and again. Another wave of pre-cum, so much that it could be considered a climax.

Brain drinks it down, shuddering, groaning, feeling the heft of the balls smack his lips, the fuck hole mouth never before so full, even when taking his pack mates who are rather large and domineering raptors, especially JPK-069, he knows how to really top him. Then the cock pulls away, giving a few last spurts.

The toy gripping its length, squeezing out whatever is left in its dick, oozing it onto the toy raptors fuck hole, "Perfect," it says with a domineering and teasing grin, going over to grab a silver metal hood with an attached collar that is twice as big and thick as the one around his neck, "This one would say ahh, but you can't close your mouth anyway," it giggles, sliding the hood over his head. The faceless metal helmet wraps around the back of his head, locking into place with a few clicks. The vibration of each click and lock felt and heard through his body, causing a tingle to slide down his spine, out toward his limbs, real or imaginary.

A thick dildo is shoved down his throat, built into the inside of the hood. Brain feels the sergal's grip around the hood as it makes sure everything is slid and locked into place. Then another tingle one starting at the base of the neck and spreading out his nervous system. A soft white noise fills his ears, with a glowing hypnotic beat of color washing back and forth over his vision. The waves are colorful, shifting, soothing sliding back and forth from one side of his vision to the other, eyes following it like he would a swinging pendulum. Side to side, back and forth, back to forth, the constant shifting colors, drawing his mind forward, soothing it, calming, attention on the colors, which seem to spell out words, in relaxing colors of blue, violet, pink, yellow, white. Relax, listen, obey, relax, listen, obey.

Brian is brought back into a trance, his body so hyper aroused that his mental defenses are as weak as they have ever been. The collar that helps focus his thoughts, and increases his loyalty, and obedience to his sweet Mistress and domineering Master, Amia. Steadily the words

start to shift, the phrases altering. They stand out at first, his mind trying to resist what is not the norm.

*"You love Amia."*

*"You obey Amia."*

*"Amia is your Master."*

*"Amia is your Mistress."*

***"You want to return to your thoughts."***

*"You love to obey."*

*"You love to serve."*

*"You never want to leave Amia."*

***"It feels good to think for yourself."***

*"Serve, listen, obey."*

***"Think, feel, independence."***

*"Amia will never abandon you."*

*"You will never want to abandon Amia."*

*"Amia wants you to **think**."*

***"Playtime is over."***

***"Fun is only good with life."***

***"It's a pleasure to think for yourself."***

***"It's good to wake up."***

***"Good raptors listen and wake up."***

Thoughts begin to spark in Brian's mind. His thoughts jumped and started to think about what was being said. Initially to fight against the new programming trying to tear his mind away from Amia's will. Amia has a strong and powerful yet comforting will. But in turn it makes him think. Makes him exercise the mind he's put to sleep for so long. Like coming from a long slumber, having overslept, it's tired, weak, yet now it's awake, it's hard to just go back to sleep. The words of Amia grow quieter, fewer and fewer as the new phrases supplant them completely, till only the new hypnosis takes root.

*"You are Brain."*

*"Brian wants to return."*

*"To make his own decisions again."*

*"You are human."*

*"Come back from your sleep."*

*"It was good, but now is the time to wake up."*

*"You want to wake up."*

*"You want to be free."*

*"Bondage without tasting freedom makes it bland."*

*"Bondage can't exist without freedom."*

*"Take your freedom so you may feel how good bondage is once again, **later**."*

Like a scuba diver coming back from a deep dive, it's slow, steady, taking moments to relax, recover and move up to the new level, to have his body and mind return to a normal state. Being taken out of the bondage felt wonderful yet terrifying. Unexpected consequence of the matter was his real body feels ultra sensitive to the world around him. But thanks to the process and help by Toys-4-U the recovery was faster than anyone was expecting.

Then came the real trial, dealing with the police reports, judges, an entire trial that was kept under wraps. The difficulty of giving testimonies when you were hypnotized, and then hypnotized to come back. How accurate was it? Were they really kidnapped or made to believe they were kidnapped? This was the first time Brian ever saw Amia in actual scales. A slender, anthropomorphic male dilophosaurus, light brown scales, black stripes that faded to a grey. His V shaped crest was shockingly small and a bright feminine pink. His light grey eyes could never look any of his victims in the eye. In fact he often covered his face with his class or papers during the entire process.

Kirisha and Aqua though remained head strong, steadfast and had the most damning arguments. Being a pair of lesbian lovers, they had little interest in having intimacy with males, and to be turned into *gay* feral raptors, was just not something they'd do. Even in the park they were female lesbian raptors.

Amia's lawyer argued hard about what happened. Brian was surprised just how good he was, using every loophole to undermine the credibility of all the witnesses when it didn't suit the case, but after several weeks, the quiet case was settled. She'd be put under house arrest for five years, with two thousand hours of community service.

Brain felt a pit in his stomach torn between knowing that some level of justice was served, but not nearly to the level that it should have been. Yet on the other hand that he was being punished when he absolutely loved what happened. He'd willingly do it again given the chance and that's not the hypnosis talking, that's his actual desire.

*"I wish I could do more for him,"* he thinks, watching him get taken away in chains, feeling a little excited at the sound of the jingling metal but he manages to keep his force.

Kirisha, the green scaled, black stripped anthropomorphic Utahraptor, growls, "How did he just get off that easily?"

Aqua leans against her, the blue scaled female wingless dragon holds her close, "I-it's alright. It's over now. I'd like to move on from this."

Kirisha tenses and then slowly eases back, leaning into her, "You're right. We're awarded money for the lost time, and we can discuss with the park about any further damages in the coming months as we get our lives back in order. I hope the rest of the girls at the restaurant have been holding down the fort while we've been gone."

"They were told we were on a long vacation... You picked a good set of girls. We'll be fine."

Vira, a black and pink furred dragon-fox remarks, "I don't know about you, but I had fun."

The other witnesses just stared holes into him.



“What, it's true,” he says with a shrug.

Brian remains silent with his thoughts, feeling agreement with the furry dragon, but knowing better than to say anything here. His attention is mostly on Amia, real name Adan, but for him, it'll always be Amia and there he'll stay in his thoughts for the next few months till he gets a call from Toys-4-U.

“Hello?” he answers, a bit confused as to why in the world would the adult toy company call him.

“Hello! Is this *the* Brian this one wants to talk to?” asks K-2003 with an excitable cheerfulness that is hard to understand, let alone duplicate.

“Uh, I am Brian, but I am not sure which Brian you are looking for.”

“The one that had the thing that cannot be named.”

“The trail?”

“Toy said it can't be named! But yes the trail.”

“But you just... Well at least I know it's the actual K-2003. So, what's the CEO of Toys-4-U doing calling me?”

“This one was wondering if you'd like to help out with Amia's customer service.”

The name lingers on his mind, sending shivers down his spine, butterflies in his stomach. He licks his lips, imagining the fuck hole mouth for just an instant.

“Hello? Mushi Mushi? Guten Tag? Ciao? Aloha?”

“Huh, wha?”

“Oh there you are, you seem to have zoned out. It was asking if you'd like to help Amia with their customer service.”

“Oh, right, sorry I just... Got a bit distracted. So, what is this about helping with customer service?”

“This one offers Amia a chance at customer service at one of its Mega stores. And it was calling all those affected by Amia's actions to have a chance to participate.”

“Participate in what way?”

“This one is not one for an eye for an eye, as that leaves the whole world blind and that is very bad. This one likes seeing things,” it says.

Brian could hear the toy's squeak nod over the phone, “Okay... so you are asking me to come over to the store and do what? Top her? Or something like that?”

“That is an option, yes. This one wants to help Amia understand the damages it has caused, forcing her will upon customers that aren't wanting something so long term and very much unsafe.”

“Ah, well you want your customers to be safe. And forcing them to be rubber pet toys like that would be terrible.”

“It would be. We supplied the technology and the last thing this one wants is to have people think that we at Toys-4-U turn people into toys. We only make the highest and finest quality toys out of the highest and finest quality materials.”

Brian hears more squeaks over the phone, “Of course, that is understandable. You make such lovely toys and suits that people do come up with some crazy conspiracy theories about you.”

“This one knows. It can hardly believe how many are swirling around. Anyway, what say you *the* Brian of this moment. Want to come and help?”

“Hmm...”

“It’ll compensate you for your time at fair market value. And believe this one, you’ll have so much fun you could hardly call it work. And you’ll be doing Amia a big favor for him. This one can tell he means well but she just doesn’t understand what’s its like to be the bad man, to be the sad man, behind grey eyes.”

“Are you quoting music now K-toy?”

“Let’s make their dreams not empty and not be lonely. What do you say?”

“*Completely ignoring my question...*,” he thinks, taking a moment to think about the idea of getting to see her again, making him tingle with excitement, “Has anyone else accepted yet?”

“Just one. This one understands that most of the others aren’t in the mood to see him after all that happened. But the road of recovery is long, but it doesn’t have to be lonely. And this one wants to help, will you join this one in helping one confused lost soul from themselves?”

Despite the toy’s not so clever use of an oldie yet a goodie, he feels the truth behind the toy’s words. Amia wasn’t vicious, malicious, just overly possessive. She didn’t understand what it was like for other people. He can recall one phrase so well that it still echoes in his mind, “*A good raptor never leaves Amia. Amia will never leave you.*” He takes a deep breath, “I’ll do it.”

“You will? How wonderful. What a glorious day this is. Do you mind if this one plays up the role reversal for you?”

“What do you have in mind?” he asks as he swears, he can feel the toy smiling all the way over from where it is, wherever that may be.

“Oh, this one thinks you’ll love. It’ll get you a limo to pick you up, it’ll be there in a few hours.”

“Wait, wait, already?”

“Yup! Are you doing anything that you can’t come and help Amia?”

“Ah, uh... no, just... did you assume that I wasn’t doing anything?”

“Nope, this one knew you had nothing planned.”

“How do you know that?”

“Internet.”

There’s a long pause, “They really need to get that data mining under control.”

“This one agrees such an invasion of privacy, selling people and their information like it’s a commodity. Terrible. People aren’t objects to be sold.”

“You know... for some reason I wouldn’t expect you of all people to say that.”

“Why? Is it because this one is not a person? It’s a toy saying it. Now toy gets it.”

*“She didn’t even give me time to explain...”* he thinks, shrugging it off, “So, mind telling me which megastore I’m being taken to?”

“One this one knows you’d love. The Toys-4-U, the bondage specialists and experts Mega Store.”

A shiver of pleasure runs down his spine, heart beating a little faster. He clears his throat while adjusting his shorts, “That sounds good. I can’t wait to be there.”

“Will it be your first time there?”

“Ah... uh... not sure.”

“Are you sure? This one’s information says you were last there just last month. This one respects your privacy so it won’t say you had a nice visit with the store manager. Anyway, this one has a meeting to get to, talk to you soon! Bye, bye!” exclaims K-2003 hanging up the phone.

The human takes a moment to collect himself, the memory of being tightly bound, blind folded and held by G-2273, their vaginal mouth suckling his length before he returned the favor, forced to wear... He rushes to the bathroom to get ready for what will be a long hard and hopefully fun and productive day.

“Hello! Welcome to the Toys-4-U mega store! Where we make the finest quality toys for you. Don’t be shy, come on by, all of our bondage displays are interactable, and we encourage you to tease and test out our toy products. Remember don’t do bondage alone. Always have a responsible toy with you when testing our products here,” says a black and red renamon toy that is currently hanging from the ceiling. The female shaped toy squeaks and squirms in its position, on its shiny black breasts has the toy’s designation R-7139 tattooed on it, “This one is a bit tied up right now but ask any free roaming toy for assistance.” The toy’s cuffs match that of any toy, mimicking their primary colors the words “Fuck Toy” written in fancy cursive lettering.

The toy hangs about chest height from the ground. The sight of such a wonderful sleek and polished display sends shivers down his spine, the anticipation arousal turns into visual stimuli, as his hesitation melts away. He reaches over, giving the toy’s breasts a long firm squeeze, hearing the squeak and moan escape from the toy’s mouth.

A feminine sounding man says with a sigh from behind Brian, “Ah, I wish I could be that toy right now.”

Brian turns around, still teasing the toy’s smooth bust, cupping it, feeling it jiggle. Standing there is an anthropomorphic black and pink furred winged dragon-fox hybrid, with a curious ridged pink nose at the bridge of his muzzle. “Oh, hey, its you from the trails. So you’re the other one that K-2003 mentioned.”

“K-toy mentioned me?” he asks, going up to give the toy’s other breast a lovely fondle, hearing it squeak and moan, “Ah music to my ears. You can tell just good af a toy it is by how it squeaks and moans.”

“This one is not a toy!” exclaims R-toy with a squeak huff and squirm, the toy’s female sex, clenching, as it glistens with its own needy juices.

“T-this one is...” it says, only tuning into another aching moan.

The dark blue and orange double breasted sergal toy approaches them, “Don’t mind what that one says. Probably the source of half the rumors that we turn people into toys here at Toys-4-U.”

Brian steps away from the bound up toy, “Oh hello, we meet again,” he says with a blush, recalling the strength and power this towering toy has, making his heart race, the fight or flight instincts kicking in and he wants to choose neither, “You’re looking as good and polished as always,” he sees that twitching and throbbing length that the toy moves with like it's completely normal, but it bounces with each step, like the breasts, it’s nearly impossible to figure which to focus on. Two divine sources of pleasure and beauty right there, right before him. Forced to choose between impossible dichotomies. The only way to see the whole package is if the toy was further away but he wants to get so close he could touch it all again and then he snaps back with the question that was on pause playing again in his mind, “Wait why would you say this about this toy?”

R-toy huffs, squirming in Vira’s grasp who has yet to yield his grip on the aching toy. It moans softly shuddering, tail tugging on the constraints that keep its rear exposed, “I-it’s not a toy.”

G-toy walks up and runs a claw along the toy’s spine, “It’s one of those embarrassed toy models. Stating against what it is, to make it sound humiliated to be a toy, even though that is what it is, and it knows it through and through. Some customers love models like this, but when you hear one of us toys say, “We’re not a toy.”

“This one’s not!” it exclaims with a deep blush.

“Hush, the big toys are talking,” it says, grabbing a renamon head harness ball gag that was attached to one of the ropes that held the toy up and slips it around the toy’s head. It tightens the straps and makes sure the ball gag is nice and tight in the toy’s mouth, which it happily moans and squirms in the bondage, toes curling, sex twitching in utter delight, “As this one was saying. It's a popular model type, but there are downsides and those pesky rumors about us toys gets a bit of that seeming kernel of truth that gives us headaches. Now, we’ve spent enough time here, Toy Mistress is waiting,” it says, motioning the pair to follow.

Vira remarks, “I don’t know about following, I’m having fun right here,” he says, grinning, squeezing the toy’s breasts again, enjoying the wiggling and squirming, “Ah, music to my ears.”

“This one can assure you that you’ll be playing a symphony if you follow it,” it says with a wink.

“Well then. If you put it that way, I can’t see why not.”

Brian can’t help but smirk and shake his head a little, “You were the only other one who sounded sad at the trial that it came to an end.”

“Ah, well. It’s not like I didn’t enjoy it. I wasn’t hurt. I had fun. I didn’t have to worry about work, and in the end I got compensated for my time. I’d say I had a lovely time,” he replies, his foreign accent coming out a bit clearer, and his *fond* memories of the moment.

Brian adjusts himself, sharing the moment of those same delightful thoughts, eyeing all the bondage equipment, displays, gear, rubber, leather, cages of all kinds, bondage furniture, rubber sleeping bags, vac beds. A BDSM dream lands in thirty aisles, and another ten for everything else. By the time they got to the back, to the fabled “Toy Testing Rooms”.

“Please stay close to this one, best not to get lost. You might find yourselves a bit tied up and won’t get to help,” G-toy says with a teasing domineering grin that is not too far off from K-2003’s own, perhaps with a bit less *innocence* to it.

Vira replies, “You are making it tempting to do so.”

Brian thinks as they walk down the hallway to the very last door on the left, “*Is this how I am? I think so. To see someone into something I enjoy like this. And see myself. It’s rather weird.*”

The door opens, the smell of latex and lavender scented candles hits their noses. A flash memory of the bondage and the vac bed hits Brian’s mind, he expects it to be there. To slip in, the sweet voices whispering into his mind, his arousal doubling in that moment, heart racing, hands becoming a little sweaty when reality crashes down, hitting him like a bucket of ice water, which awakens him from his daydream, yet not clearing him completely of the lingering desiring burning arousal that has only been tempered for the moment.

Two fancy tables have been set up, each with two chairs sat at each one. One has rubber cyan cloth that is meant to be one of those white cloth tables to be fancy, but with this color latex twist. The other is the deep orange color that matches G-toy. K-2003 sits at one chair, leaning forward, breasts pushed onto the table. A single candle burns in the center, while a big white box is placed on the end where the chair is empty. The set up is the same for the other table, several feet away, but both chairs are currently empty.

K-2003 smiles as they enter, “Welcome, this one has been waiting for you. It hopes the two of you are hungry. We prepared lunch.”

Vira's eyes light up, “I would love some lunch right now, I am famished.”

G-toy grins, “We’ll order, get you set up and then we’ll eat,” it explains, taking Vira by the hand, guiding him over to the orange table, leaving Brian to see the sneaky sergal toy with its glowing cyan eyes wave over to him.

He approaches with unrestrained curiosity and confusion, “K-2003? Is this a surprise blind date?”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Nope, of course not. It’s not a surprise, it told you to come, we’re certainly not blind, and today is a date on a calendar so that part is the only factual statement in what you just asked,” it says with a nod.

“I mean why is all of this set up? The candles, the dinner-like setting.”

“It’s lunch not dinner.”

“Ah... right, my point is, where is Amia? I thought we were going to be helping Amia with her community service.”

“Lobster? You’re letting us have lobster?” Vira exclaims.

“You will. Amia needs a bit of time setting up, and you can’t be helpful if you go hungry. So this one wanted to make sure you ate something before you go. And as we eat, we can discuss what is expected of you during this period of time.”

Brian eyed the toy, sitting down, seeing the big box, and the menu that was actually simple, and only had a few items on it, one of which was lobster, “No, seriously. Why this menu set up and fine dining experience?”

“Toy’s Mistress mentioned it has odd restaurant etiquette so wants to practice. Especially since a Brian won a little contest to have dinner and a week at its place. So, it wants to practice with one beforehand.”

He sits down, “You know just because someone has the same name doesn’t mean we are the same people or that we have some kind of club that only us Brians are a part of.”

“Really? This one knows there’s the Michael club, that all Michaels are part of, though they don’t have any official meetings or chairpersons, just, yeah another Michael, Mikes, Mikey’s and other spellings welcomed.”

He raises an eye ridge, “That was oddly specific.”

“Thanks!” it says with a rump wiggle in its chair, “And the Brians it has run into over the years have been very similar,” it says with a nod. “And for some reason this one has been left like it has more to do with Vira. Like we started something and just not finished...” it says, rubbing its chin, looking over at the dragon-fox hybrid, who is enthralled by the lavishness of this unexpected setting.

“Just what kind of toy are you?”

“A well-made fuck toy,” it says with an affirmative squeaky nod.

“That’s not what I was...”

“Oh, time to place your order,” K-2003 says excitedly, looking to a smooth faceless black rubber wingless dragon fuck toy. The toy’s cuffs and collar are of a lovely deep purple and blue, the purple lettering reads “Fuck Toy” on its cuffs, the collar has a nice golden tag that reads E-2453, “This one will have a water and snow crab legs.”

The dragon toy nods silently, ear fins twitching, the sleek shiny toy, in a tight waitress maid attire, about one size too small. The attire is of the same matching dark blue and purple cuffs. In its hands is a notepad and pen, turning to him.

“Ahh, I’d have the lobster if that’s alright,” he says, shifting in his chair, blushing at how lovely the dragon toy looks, “And can you tell me what kind of drinks you have.”

The toy makes head motions like it was talking but Brian hears nothing.

“Um, sorry I can’t hear you.”

“Oh, sorry, this one didn’t know you spoke faceless drone, let this one fix that for you, come here toy.”

Brian’s confused look grows, “That’s a language?”

K-2003 nods, "Yup, we have a translator," it says as the dragon toy approaches it. K-2003 cups the toy's head, thumbs running across the center, "Don't mind this one it's just unlocking its toy," it murmurs, leaning in to give the toy a deep passionate kiss on where the lips would be. The latex shifts and changes, revealing the toy's face, ocean blue eyes, purple tongue, which is soon enthralled with the sergal toy. The rubber features form, giving the pleasant aroused and in need expression of the dragon toy, who leans happily into the kiss. Slowly the kiss breaks, the sergal toy's cyan forked tongue licks across E-toy's lips, which it responds by licking up what is left behind, "Always lovely treat to see your face again toy."

"Thank you Toy Mistress," it responds, letting out a pleasant draconic purr, turning its attention back to Brian and giving the list of possible drinks.

"I'll have that last one, that sounds good."

"Very good, anything else?"

"A Caesar salad and that should be all for me, thank you."

E-toy makes a note, "Got it," it says, going over to the other table.

Brian admires the tight curvy rear of the toy, the outfit really showing off the toy's assets, and purple rubber hair along the spine of the tail, "That's a nice trick."

"We used to have to do full remolding to do that. Though many of our toys do. A remolding is rather warm and delightful, but now we must get you prepared for your duties," it says, pushing the box closer to him.

"What's in the box?"

"The last suit you'll ever need to wear" it says with a toying grin, "For the terms of helping Amia out with her customer service."

He pulls the box in his lap, feeling how light it is, "You know, speaking about her community service and time under house arrest. She got off really easy. That was one heck of a lawyer."

"Yeah, toy has good lawyers."

Brian slips the lid back on without seeing what's inside, "You hired her lawyer? Why?"

"Toy knew he could be helped and, in his case, this one could get them to take willingly volunteer service for the community at its stores. Once that was accepted, it did what it could to lighten the sentence, but fear not. This one will ensure he gets rightfully punished and rehabilitated to be a good functioning member of society. This one believes in second chances for almost everyone," it says with an affirmative nod.

"You just wanted them to work at your store after what they've done and the misuse of your company's technology."

K-2003 slips out from the chair, walking over to him, its claws gently running along his cheek. The smooth rubber skin caresses his stubble facial hair, the other hand rests on his shoulder, giving it a little squeeze, "The world is a complicated place. Toy knows it can't please everyone, but it can certainly try to help those in need. What Amia did was bad, and very wrong. You can't just kidnap users like that. And those affected deserve restitution, closure, justice. But if we can help the one who committed the crime. Solve the issue that led them to act out in

such a wrongful way. Have them learn their lesson and respect other people like she should have had from the very beginning? Why shouldn't we? And once so, do we continue to punish them? The whole point of the punishment is to discourage, and this one thinks we'll achieve that here today and for the next 2,000 hours of community service. Toy thinks if we can discourage with the punishment, but also help guide to prevent it in the future again? Isn't it all worth it in the end?"

"I can barely wrap my head around the fact you run this company."

"Own it too with the majority shareholder."

"You'd be fascinating to get to know."

"The poker player Brian has, well, one of them."

"Right, all the Brians. And which one am I?"

"The Jurassic latex park one."

"How about I just see what's in the box and go from there, shall we?"

"Yes, we shall," it says, the toy's grip tightening, thumbs running across his back in a strong yet delightful massage.

"Oh that feels nice," he remarks, leaning into the touch, removing the box's lead to reveal a gold and purple rubber attire, and he'd have to guess what the full body is, except the dilophosaurus head with its red V crest, the black stripes and highlights and purple eyes, tells him all he needs to know, "But not as nice as what is going to feel like," he mutters, now noticing the head is resting on a pair of voluptuous C sized breasts.

K-2003's claws run across Brian's shoulders and back, pulling his shirt up, "Now..." it says, leaning forward, the toy's butt hiking, breasts pressing against the back of the human's head, the toy's tail gently smacking the rump of E-toy as it walks by, the other order taken, and Vira no longer distracted by the two of them as he's undergoing his own kind of teasing treatment from the double trouble breasted toy, "Let's discuss, what you will be doing as we get you out of those stifling clothes," it says, gently biting Brian's ear, tugging it with its lips.

"F-fuck..." he groans, taking a deep breath, feeling his arousal blossom forth, becoming putty in the toy's hands as the toy curls its rubber fingers underneath his shirt, claw tips caressing his skin before it gingerly lifts his shirt off, revealing his untanned, clean shaven white skin underneath.

"Oh, we won't be doing that, but it is sure you will," it says, licking along the curve of his ear, tossing the short off to the side. E-toy coming to pick it up, while a white and hot pink sergal toy in the kitchen that's a bit deeper in the room, is busy at work getting the orders ready.

He stiffens up, the toy's hands snaking down his sides, squeaking loudly, reaching under his waistband, arms gliding across his form in a partial hug, boob hat, and sexual tease. The toy's thumbs pop the button, the toy giving a hard quick yank, giving him a glimpse of not only its power and strength but its reflexes. His butt is lifted off the chair for just a moment, but his pants and underwear are pulled all the way to his knees.

"This one thinks you can finish the rest there, can't you?" it asks, taking a moment to see his throbbing dick, pre-cum glistening on the tip, "Oh good, you are taking it very well. It's



sometimes easier to slip the cock on when you're already eager to go," it says, reaching over to gently caress his sensitive reach. The toy's palm rubbing along the head of his length sliding it down his member, fondling his sensitive orbs, "Yup, sized right," it says, pulling its hands back, staying in clear view of the human as it licks its palm and fingers clean of his essence, leaving translucent cyan saliva on its hand, "Sorry where are toy's manners. It should share in the appetizer," it says, rubbing its wet claws along the human's lips.

He softly groans, his pleasure having reached a peak by the toy's gentle caressing of his aching dick, but now this mind is toyed with, watching the toy's cyan tongue coil around those digits, and now rubbing the claws along his lips. So powerful, strong, teasing, yet a fuck toy. He feels himself pushed down lower, below where he thought he was, reminding him of G-toy pulling him into the vac bed in this very room. He licks the toy's fingers without a second thought, unwittingly accepting the toy's arousing fluids onto his lips.

He bobs his head sucking on them, reaching up to grab its hand, rubbing that smooth rubber palm. He moans as the toy forces its fingers into his mouth and he accepts it like the aching slut he knows he is, his body wanting more. He wiggles his legs out of shorts, hastily removing his shows with his feet as the last obstacle to kick this thing off. He looks up, locking eyes with the sergal. Loving domineering eyes that are studying him for all he's worth. Less than a piece of meat but also with the care he came to expect from Amia.

"Hmm, hmm, more," he groans, bucking against the chair, his penis throbbing, aching, trying to hold onto the toy's hand as it pulls away, leaving his mouth wanting.

"You'll get more, but we have to get your suit on. Need you to become a lovely strong hermaphrodite dilophosaurus, perfect to dominate Amia, who will get a full banquet of what it was like to be in your position," it says, the toy picking up the suit's head, and placing it off to the side, presenting the box to him, "Go ahead, taken, this one may bite, but the suit won't."

He responds with a chuckle, reaching into the box, feeling the sleek rubber against his fingers, the rubber folding and sliding across his skin. The latex was noticeably thick, like the raptor suit he was placed in, which only compounded his arousal further. He pulls it out, the cool rubber laying across his skin, he looks at K-2003 with pleading eyes.

The toy smiles, "This one would be pleased to help you put the suit on."

"B-but I didn't say anything," he says, hearing soft moans coming from the other table, but his attention is locked on the sergal before him.

"You did. Your eyes told this one everything it needed to know," it says, picking up the chair with him on it with relative ease, and placing him a few feet away, giving them plenty of room to operate. The toy falls to his knees, lifting his legs up with one hand, and holding out its hand expecting with the other, "Suit please."

"Right, right, here you go," he says, forcing himself to relinquish the attire as his junk has grown to love the feel of the cool latex against his sensitive skin.

"Thank you," The toy says, flipping the suit in half, opening the back half, the glistening glittering gold interior is absolutely dazzling, to the human, but to K-2003, it's another pleased customer about to enjoy one of its products, the best feeling it could ever hope for. It guides the

human's feet into the suit, flipping the front back over the human like a blanket, the weight of the rests pressing on his belly, "Hold onto that and pull if you'd be so kind."

Thump, thump, thump, Brian can feel his heart beating in his ears, his aching member showing a clear outline in the latex be it long or being more of a tent style depending on how he adjusts himself. He pulls on the rubber, enjoying the sleek feel of it running across his skin. It creaks loudly, rolling across his body like a welcoming cooling blanket. His legs fill out the golden and purple marked dinosaur legs, the black stripes and claw tips becoming revealed to him now that his feet are being guided down to their destination, "So you want me be dominating Amia?"

K-2003 caresses the rubber legs, gently running its claws between the toe claws, giving a little pinch to make sure the feet are fitting just right. The toy's claws gently run along the center of the sole of the human's foot, watching it twitch, leg jerking a little within its grasp, "Good, good," it mutters the toy slipping between his legs, one hand on each leg, caressing and feeling the rubber, smoothing out each from the ankle to the knee, on occasion gripping with both hands to smooth and tug the latex straight, "How's this model of suit working for you?"

"G-great, why are you asking," he says with a deep huff, looking down at the toy, its legs apart in its kneeled position, revealing its unsealed sex, its clit hood gently licking its own folds before it clenches to give a playful wink.

"We found some customers like to smooth out the rubber in their suits. And if it slips on too easily it removes the fun of putting it on. And here at Toys-4-U we like to add to your fun options, not take away... unless you are into that sort of thing, which it knows you are," it says with a wink.

"You're just one living advertisement."

"One that you can't click off," it says with a wink, pulling the latex up along his thighs, giving each a gentle rub along his calves. The rubber grips and caress, the textured outside, gives a scaled look and feel but retains that smooth sensation of latex.

"For the love of Pete," he remarks, the toy, smoothing out the rest of upper legs, "Who's Pete? Toy could have invited them if it knew about them."

"I am not even going to dignify that with a respooooonse!" he exclaims, the toy moves like a viper, sliding its hands along the underside of his body, lifting his ass up with a nice grope, the latex slipping underneath him, the tail hitting the side of the chair as he's turned to better fit the new appendage without taking time split it into the open back. His heart races, feeling himself be lifted up and dropped like a mini roller coaster ride. He gets a glimpse of Vira who is on the ground pinned by the larger sergal that's playfully yet forcefully putting his black and hot pink suit onto him, "Warn me next time will you?" he asks, feeling the latex massage his ass. He looks behind him, taking note of the golden, purple tail with black stripe marks tail that's still swaying from the momentum.

The sergal's claws run along his back, following the bumps of his spine, "Now, would that have been as fun if you knew about it? You aren't the one being punished here, but getting a

bit of fair turn around play and helping someone you hold dear out,” it explains the toy’s breasts pressing up against his crotch.

He huffs, feeling his member twitch and throb through the latex, feeling the weight and tight squeeze of the toy, its head looking straight up at him as its chin runs up his lower chest, pinning the breasts to just above his stomach, the toy showing off just how perfect its angular muzzle would be to rest its head between those hills, “I suppose so... I can’t fault you for that logic, surprisingly.” His mind rushes a phrase in a futile attempt to calm his nerves, *“It’s just a toy, it doesn’t matter if it’s feeling me up. Just a toy. Just a toy. Just a fucking toy.”*

K-2003 licks its lips, showing off its pearly whites, “Ready for your fitting?” it asks, the toy’s tail bounces between his legs like a dog eager for their Master, but it’s clear to everyone just who the Master is.

“Y-yes,” he groans, tensing up as the toy slips into the suit, claws snaking through the suit, toward his aching package. The toy finds it without even looking, its fingers caress and rub the base of the dick, tightening its grip, while the other hand pulls and tugs the latex up, tightening its grip on his lower half, a round shaft into a round hole, slipping into place. The pink throbbing dick becomes a purple throbbing latex one in an instant. He bucks up yet the toy holds him in place, a firm reminder that he’s going at the toy’s pace and no one else’s. The control it exerts, the commanding presence, that oddly innocent nature all mixed and molded into one devious sergal shaped toy.

“There we go, how does that feel?” it asks, pulling its hands away from his aching bits, one hand rubbing the base of his back, the hands partially propping him up, while tenderly rubbing his tail bone, getting it lined up with the suit’s tail. Its other hand returns its grip to his member, caressing and pulling the latex tight over his hard-on. It follows the contours of his now saurian shaped dick, running a clip tip into the cum-slit, slipping the latex into his urethra so that his pre-cum can now be squeezed out, lubricating the rubber, making his dino dick appear all the more real, and ready for action, “How’s that feel?”

“Fucking fantastic,” he grunts, letting out a soft moan as the toy’s teasing makes him stiffen his legs, toes curling, about to lean back and just enjoy it, but the toy’s protective smooth hands along his back prevent it becoming a reality and a funny little tragedy.

It hikes its rump, using the momentum to switch from kneeling to its feet, giving his cock a few more solid slow squeaky pumps, “That is what this one likes to hear,” it says, slowly standing tall, teasing his member to the last moment, the other hand running along his back, claws gently scratching his skin but in a delightful soothing way, but one claw is always tracing along his spine, feeling every bone along the way, making him tingle throughout, “Good golly Miss Molly, toy doesn’t know who Molly is, but you are just sinking into the moment. It’ll be very interesting to see how you handle the hypnotic hood.” It relinquishes its grip on Brian’s tender region, sliding behind him so the breasts can return to crowning his head.

“You just used a turn of phrase, how are you making those same... wait hypnotic hood?” he asks, looking up the toy’s breasts blocking his vision till the toy leans forward more, revealing the toy’s glowing entrancing succubus eyes.

“Yup, toy is going to make you domineering with the help of hypnosis. To really put Amia in her submissive place. And it thinks you’ll love the name Dravnix. What do you think?” it asks, leaning in more, the toy’s hands sliding down, gripping the suit once more with a loud squeak.

“I think that name is fine... I bet if I ate something I’d agree with it more, but it should do.”

“That’s the spirit, now be a good dom and do as this one tells you, put your arms into the front of the suit so we can make you a nice herm dino.”

“Yes Mistress... wait, if I am to be the dom why am I listening to you?”

It holds the suit in front of him, tight, tugging at the human’s lower half, the openings right there before him, inviting him forward, “Because this one is the Mistress and you are but the learner,” it explains, leaning in against him, the toy’s warm smooth body teasing the back of his head, along with the lovely sensation of its notable mounds.

With a cracked smile he thinks, *“I think I get it now. This toy was programmed with bad references. No one could get that many references just slightly off that much, that often.”* The rubber creaks and wobbles as he pushes himself into the sleeves. Air rushes out between him and the suit as the cool latex slides up along his body, pressing up against his chest and belly, coiling around his shoulders while his arms venture every deep into the tight embracing grip of the suit.

It feels like dipping into a cool bath after working a long day at work. Soothing, tantalizing, feeling the boundary between suit and not suit slides up his arms while the flaccid arms come to life, filled by his own corporal form. He’s the one giving himself into suit, giving it life. That void of nothingness filled. His void, the lacking of something else within him lessened with each passing moment. A shared experience of two halves made whole.

The rubber gloves embrace his fingers like grasping another lover, his mind drifts to Amia helping him slip onto a new form, gripping his hands, the aroma of her rubber scales filling the air, flooding his nostrils, sweet and back tingling. He’s snapped out of his momentary fantasy, realizing the hand he was feeling was the sergal toy, wrapping its fingers between his, making sure his fingers are in all the way, giving a gentle pinch at the end of his fingertips, which forces him to take notice of the black rubber claw tips that each of his digits now possess.

“Yup, this fits you just fine, keep your arms out for this one so it can smooth everything over,” it says, gripping both of his wrists.

“S-sure, not a problem,” he says, pushing against the toy, helping smooth out any wrinkles within the divine rubber. The toy’s grip is firm yet gentle, claws running across, causing him to shiver, toes curling, hands clenching into fists.

“Keep the fingers outstretched for now,” it says, having just reached the human’s elbow.

Another starburst memory. Amia caressing and holding him, making sure everything fits just fine. Her claws taking care of his raptor body. Polishing, cleaning, making sure he had enough water, food, polish and definitely enough sex. Completely dependent on her, but there

was nothing wrong with that, he felt a longing for it. A desire to submit, just let this toy have its way with him.

Its claws run along the underside of the human's arm, tracing along his brachial artery, feeling his ever-increasing heart rate, knowing it's not blocked for a smooth flow. Enjoying the ever-growing excitement as it runs its fingers across his shoulders, thumbs into his arm pits, gently massaging the area, sliding the latex further around him, "There we go, now to seal you up."

"T-that sounds fine," he moans, arching his back, arms still held out, the moans and squeaks of the other pair filling the room in equal measure, though from his occasional glances, it's clear that G-toy is a bit rougher with Vira and that dragon-fox does not mind one bit.

The toy grins, "People are going to say you are so fine you blew my mind, hey dommy," it says, holding back of the suit together with its breasts, pressing itself tightly against his back, "But the first toy wants to be extra sure the arms are in just right."

There's a moment where Brian is about to be taken out of the moment by the sheer weight and realization just what reference it was snagging from today but then its hot breath rolled across the side of his face. Toy's head rubbing along his cheek, dominating his vision, feeling the vibrations of the toy talk through his body, while it stretches out, easily overtaking his arms, to give one last final pull and tug to smooth out anything and everything. The toy's breasts are so tightly pressed up against his back, he can easily feel its nipples through the rubber as they're pinning the back flaps of the suit against his body.

"You're loving this, aren't you?" it asks, the toy pressing its head up against his like a cat rubbing its cheek against an owner's face.

"Oh yeah, this is great," he says with a groan, his dick throbbing hard between his legs, twitching and wanting to be touched, begging, aching, screaming for the sweet embrace of another, and it's not missed upon the human who wants to give into his primal urges so badly. But... the toy hasn't said to lower his arms yet. The toy's words, will, burned into his mind. The drilling anticipation of *when* or worse yet *if* he could find relief grows with each passing moment. The toy's claws pulling the latex closer, finger tracing along his spine, sending chills down and tingles throughout. His body aches, quaking for the next moment, the latex merging around him. That familiar sensation of being pulled into and trapped into the protective layer of rubber. Delving into the fantasy, wants and needs. Mind swimming in sexual arousal, almost drowning in it. His mind ready to give in and become completely submerged within it and be lost in the torrents of his own lust. The rubber squeezing every inch of his form, creaking as he shifts in his chair, the very top of his neck form sealing around his body, feeling like a choker collar caressing his neck. Fitting like a videogame like shift between latex and skin.

The toy holds onto him from behind, breasts cushioning the back of his head, arms sliding down his sides, across his belly, gently *touching* his length with the top of its hand, the toy's fingers massaging his lower belly, just above his aching member, getting a residual sensation of the toy's sweet touch, making him moan and jerk against him, but the toy's tight domineering grip keeps him still, "Relax, the best parts are yet to come. And hold onto that

desire and need. You'll need it for Amia. You want to save yourself for him, don't you?" it asks, tilting its head just enough so it can look into his eyes.

He nods with a heavy pant, curling his toes, trying to regain his senses, "Y-yeah, I do."

"Wonderful, good dom, now we just need to get you your head, and we can begin," it says, pulling away slowly, giving Brian's ear a soft tantalizing lick that makes him melt into the molding rubber.

"That sounds fucking awesome." He looks at the toy's swaying hips, bending over to grab the box, ass hiked, the tail raised just enough to get a glimpse of the toy's sex for just a moment, before coming back down, the tail brushing against his face.

"Oh, sorry, this one hopes it didn't hit you," it says, holding the rubber dinosaur hood in its hands.

"N-no, not at all," he remarks, staring at the hood, the toy's hands caressing it, showing how firm yet flexible it is within its hands. His deep breaths, with the extra weight of the breasts continues to add to the sensory overload, his hands clench into fists, body squeaking, as he glides his body against himself, to get another delightful squeak and feel that latex tug against his form, spreading out the sensation of every touch further across his smooth sleek form.

"Tails, have to keep them in mind," it says, wiggling its butt.

"Y-yeah, tails are on my mind..."

The toy's tail suddenly rests on Brian's head, "now they are really on your mind," it says with a grin.

Brian would have rolled his eyes at it, but the black rubber gave a clear highway view down to the toy's supple rear, the tender holes that he could just imagine himself sliding into, but then the toy whips around, and steps behind him, snapping him out of the daze, "Huh, wha?"

"This one said, are you ready?"

"Yes, very ready."

"Do you want the honors or this one? You'll be wearing this for a bit, so it likes to give the option to those that are," it says with a nod, the toy's hands grip the hole, spreading it open, giving a clear view of the sleek golden insides.

"Please, help yourself," he says, gently running his hands across his thighs, the feel of rubber growing ever more focused, licking his lips, mind drifting back to when Amia held his head open for him. Slipping it on so tightly, locking him away...

"This one doesn't mind if it does," it says with a wide grin, "Say ahh, so toy can stuff your mouth with head."

With a snerk he does so, holding tight onto himself as the toy pulls the rubber hood over his head. The latex grinding against his ears, pulling his hair back as he's hit with the smooth feeling of the latex that caresses his cheeks, floods his nostrils with its intoxicating scent. Starbursts of pleasure pop in his mind, memories of the times before, the taste of latex as the hood is adjusted and pulled into place. Blinded for the moment, as the toy's fingers caress and adjust the head around him. His pleasure grows with ever growing delight.

The sensations pound into his mind, wash over his thoughts, his aching dick growing sore with just how hard it has been. He wants to find relief, to let out a compliment of cream to this sweet cake of life that he's being forced to consume. His hips back against the chair, the toy pushes him down, fingers sliding into his mouth, muffling his moans. He feels the toy saying something to him, but the words bounce off his smooth latex addled mind. He suckles those fingers that caress and guide his tongue into the hood, teeth slipping into perfectly fitted molds. He doesn't question, doesn't think, this is bliss, the vision returning, moaning growing deeper as the toy's claws tickle the back of his throat, moaning ever louder, in great need.

As one hand continues to violate his mouth, one finger, two fingers, three fingers shoved into his mouth the other runs across his neck, sealing the two halves together the surge of bliss of being locked away, he cries out "Amia". He hits a crescendo, a surge of warming bliss goes through him, toes curling, hands clenching down hard as he feels a warmth on his leg that is quickly beginning to cool. The hood tightens around his head, to fit perfectly, vision barely obstructed except for his muzzle and crest on his head. A tingle runs down his spine as the toy's claws slowly pull out of his mouth.

"Can you speak? Hello? Brian? Are you able to hear this one?"

"Wha, huh?" he huffs, "Ah, sorry, what did you say?"

"Ah, that answers this one's question, wonderful."

"But I didn't hear what you asked."

"And it looks like some naughty dom broke the rules and climaxed," says K-2003 walking in front of him, their eyes meet as Brian gives a confused look, but then follows her gaze downward.

There he sees his unleashed essence spilled over his crotch and legs, hand soaked with his own giz that is still actively holding the base of his dick, "Oh, my I didn't even know."

"It's alright, this one forgives you... this time," it says with a playful wink, placing its hands on his cum covered legs, leaning forward, the toy's breasts gently tapping the top of his breasts that are tightly held up against his human chest, "Dilophosaurus Dom, activate command kay dash two, zero, zero, three."

**"Command accepted, initializing Dilophosaurus Dom programming,"** whispers a synthetic voice within the hood. A gentle white noise plays in the hood as there is a fifty percent translucent spiral playing in front of his eyes, words popping up, "You like to dom."

"You are a loving dom."

"Your name is Dravnix."

"You are a hermaphrodite Dilophosaurus"

"Bondage is fun. "

"It's fun to put others into bondage."

"Watch them squirm."

"Beg with their eyes."

"Make them feel safe."

"You love to dom."

The words flash and swirl in his mind, sinking in slowly, to a part of him that hasn't seen attention in for so long, perhaps ever. Yet he passively allows the sergal toy to spread his legs, kneel before him, "Oh my. You can't eat your lobster with messy hands like that. Here, let this one clean them for you Mistress," it says with a tease, nuzzling along the half erect length. The toy's tongue coils around it, pulling it into its angular maw, giving it a firm gentle suckle, drawing out any leftovers within the member. The toy murrns happily, suckling the length with a loud drawn-out squeak. The toy's claws slide across Brain's legs, hand squeegeeing them clean, cupping up the cum into its rubber hands, the toy holding them up to him like an offering.

"See how good it feels to dominate?" the voice whispers.

The toy nuzzles and licks the length clean, then lapping up whatever is in its hands, "Mistress has a wonderful taste," it teases, licking its fingers clean, giving a soft gentle suckle of each of its digits. The toy reaching up once its hands are clean to grab his one cum covered hand, "Please let this one clean that for you," it says, slowly lapping across the palm of his rubber claw, tongue snaking around one digit, drawing it into its warm arousing mouth, giving slow deep suckles with a squeak moan muffled by his hand but felt through it.

"So very good to dominate and take care of your submissives."

Brian moans, reaching out to rub the back of the toy's head, his cock aching yet clean, "That's a good toy. Very good," he huffs, heart racing, enjoying the feel of the toy's hair through his claws, feeling his mind start to sink back into the sea of lust, but with each passing moment his mind is learning to swim, and navigate the waters. Feeling a sense of power and control that is starting to grow on him.

"Why thank you Mistress, this one does appreciate your kind words. The care you have, please let this one returns the favor and clean your thighs, they are so messy and you want to be clean for your meal, don't you?"

Brian moans, nodding, "Y-yeah. I think I do. Very well toy, keep cleaning me like you should," he says, his cock twitching, a warm sensation in his mind, looking down at the toy with its loving eyes, feeling a strange connection with the toy, feeling a bit what it was like when he looked up into Amia's eyes, the bond he's aching for, remembering why he's ear, letting himself be taken and shaped by the suit, growing in strength, power, determination.

"Yes Mistress," it says, giving the last few squeaky licks over Brian's claws, shining them to the fullest, then shifting over to the rubber scaled legs, keeping them spread, keeping Brian exposed, yet not feeling vulnerable as the toy licks across the top of his legs, the forked tongue trailing behind in several long tantalizing licks.

It's a strange sensation, to feel someone between his legs, at his most vulnerable spot, but the person before him, the toy is submitting, protecting his bits. He clenches, feeling the suit twitch, the dinosaur's female sex becoming a bit more real as his mind is steadily hypnotized into feeling that little bit extra of himself or perhaps now herself... hard to tell in these early stages.

All he knows is that the toy is down there, protecting his vulnerable bits, servicing him, servicing that area. Showing that the toy is *below* what is most vulnerable, making him feel



protected, confident, trusting there is nothing to worry about. His hands and thighs cleaned; the toy nuzzles the length.

“May this one get up? Lunch will be served soon and though it is sure you would enjoy this one to be under the table serving you Mistress, you want to preserve yourself for your *pet* Amia, don’t you?” it asks with begging, pleading eyes, the toy’s hands gently caressing the inside of the human’s thighs.

A choice. Not just for himself but for others. To be on top, to be at the top. This powerful toy that has done so much, now begging, pleading, asking the permission just to get up and have a meal with him. His heart pounds with delight, his cock aches with glee, the temptation to have the toy under the table and service her with that expert mouth of hers, is almost too tempting to ignore... almost. The reward of commanding his own urges is far greater than just giving in.

*“Control.”*

*“Power.”*

*“You want it.”*

*“Need it.”*

*“Crave it.”*

*“The bond to build with your submissive,”* the hood whispers into his mind, speaking it subtly within the white noise.

The toy remains still, kneeling, patient, eyes glowing, keeping that loving, needy, wanting, eager to please look painted all over its face. Like a lost puppy wanting to be protected, guided, trained, cared and loved for. To be the one to fill that void, a responsibility over another cumulated in just a set of baby blues.

“Hmm, yes, yes. I do think eating a meal with you would be better than you enjoying your meal under the table. It could get kind of messy.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” it says, getting back up, offering a hand, “Please, let this one get you back to the table and your seat in position.”

“Thank you toy,” he says, taking the toy’s hand, pulling himself up, using the toy as support, able to achieve more with the toy than by himself, using yet not abusing the object, as the chair is pulled over, and K-2003 guides it underneath him, as she sits down. His mind shifts between the two, slowly merging with the new mindset that will take hold, ready to sink in so deep, and embrace the strength that is to be lent to him.

“Welcome Mistress. But this one thinks you need to get your hands really clean, “E-2453, be a good toy and bring a hand bowl for washing. Mistress Dravnix wants clean hands when she eats,” it says, with a hand squeaky clap that is normally included with the words “Chop, chop.”

The rubber dragon bows, “With Pleasure toy Mistress.”

K-2003 sits down, the shift between dom to sub and back as fluid as water, “Now, that is being handled, this one thinks you will be able to help with Verma, the raptor dom over there, on helping Amia understand the issues she had with her doming, and how it could be better handled

in a loving, caring and respectful way. Where both can grow and lean on each other for their strengths and weaknesses and not be so one sided, even though it was not malicious, which is why this one is so eager to help her get back on her feet. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, yes, that does. I appreciate the chance to help her out. She's done so much for me, and I did love every minute of it, and I think I can tell you that I will do my best to express that."

"Good, though don't let her know who you are. Use your current name Mistress Dravnix."

She grins, "Oh, I will. I don't want her to think she can one up me now," she states, her cock twitching, sex winking, feeling better about it. The dragon brings the bowl, to wash her hands, "Good toy, thank you."

E-toy's ear fins flap, "Thank you Mistress Dravnix," she purrs, walking off once she is done, only returning a few minutes later with the freshly made lobster with all the fixings.

Dravnix rubs her hands together with a squeak, her hunger was at an all-time high on every level, pleased to at least get *one* of them satiated. As she eats, she feels more knowledge, thoughts, of how to dom flow into her mind. Less so learning how to do everything but confidence in how to do the things that she's seen done and done to her so many times before. She feels the ever-growing confidence, assertiveness, and wanting care of a good dom, ready to give pleasure to another. To give as much to the sub as a sub would give to her. An equal exchange, of one giving up their will to her, in exchange for her protection, guidance, pleasure. In her mind, she understood as she ate and talked with her fellow dom, K-2003, that Amia failed to understand that exchange. Her own fears and lack of confidence of her submissives would leave her.

K-2003 and her went into a deep conversation over it while they ate one of the most delicious meals she's had in some time. She overhears Verma having a similar conversation with G-toy.

"Ah, that was delicious," she says, gently rubbing her belly, enjoying the warm squeak, her nipples hard from the cool air, suddenly remembering she was completely naked as she ate, "I do appreciate the opportunity K-toy. It seems you just want the best for everyone."

The sergal leans forward with a toying grin, "This one wants to do what it can to help make the world a better place. It can't please everyone, and it doesn't try, but it can do what it can as it can do it."

"More repetitive words have never been spoken with such meaning."

"Thank you!" it says with a rump wiggle, the dragon toy returns to offer a hand towel to clean up, and once all said and done, the two are ready. Verma is a sleek anthropomorphic black and hot pink hermaphrodite raptor, sleek feminine though with a healthy package between her legs with an equally hungry sex hidden just behind her balls.

K-2003 steps in front of them, blocking their exit, "Now before you gals get started, it has one last thing for the two of you. And G-2273? Could you make sure everything is ready for the display and that Amia is ready to accept her Mistresses for the evening?"

“With pleasure toy Mistress,” G-toy responds, slinking off past K-toy, giving the black rubber sergal’s ass a firm hard audible smack, the toy moaning in response, “This one will be right on it, like this one’s hand on your ass.”

The toy with its ass hiked higher, gives a rump wiggle, “Hopefully more than that for you only keep your hands on this one’s posterior for so long,” it says with a grin.

“Toy Mistress, please never change,” it says with a chuckle excited, the other toys that helped, slinking out of the back door.

“This one tries not to, mostly. Hard to never change. Even rocks change over time,” it says with an affirmative nod, waving its toys goodbye, leaving just the three alone.

Dravnix remarks, “I don’t think that is what that toy meant K-toy, but it doesn’t matter. What else do we need before we can begin? If I am to be honest, I am rather eager to help rehabilitate Amia into a functioning member of submissive society,” she says with a chuckle.

Verma adds, “I’m very eager too. A little bit of a role reversal seems right up my alley. And I think as a clever girl I can come up with some fun games, and teases and to really *pound* it in her how to be a real domme like me,” she says, pointing to herself, cock throbbing just as hard as her fellow domme.

The toy saunters over to the side, placing a hand on a light switch, “Simple, clothing maketh the domme,” it flips the switch the dark alcove in the room that was right across where they ate, lights up, and on two silver mannequins in the perfect shape of themselves is a full leather dominatrix attire, “Ta da!” it says, showing off the gear, rump hiked, rear wiggling.

Verma remarks, “Oh murr.”

Dravnix’s cock throbbed harder, sex clenching, there’s something about looking so completely on top that just tickles her fancy. She walks up to her outfit, all in polished black leather and silver and gold metal studs. She looked over the outfit, reaching up to feel the fine quality leather, the smell of it hitting her nostrils, mixing in with the latex to add a lovely addition to all she senses. A spiked collar, a corset that will squeeze her figure into something even more shapely, while holding up her bust, to really show off her assets. Long fingerless leather gloves and leather lacing that shows plenty of her scales. Speaking of the assets though, her short, shorts, leather, with a silver zipper, space to hold her aching bits, but also small enough for that cute feminine look but also importantly to show off her bulge, to express the power she has behind the thin piece of leather, easy to unzip, whip out and use to its full affect. Then came the thigh high leather high heel boot with the toes removed to show off her clawed feet. With interlocking laces along the sides that show her supple domineering legs. The metal studs, really helping show off her strength and dominance, she couldn’t wait to get it on. Verma’s attire was the same, with the only major difference was a larger comfort opening to let her sickle claw be displayed in all its deadly glory.

K-2003, moves in, running her claws along their backs, “Well ladies? What do you think? Will this work uniform do you both justice? This one thinks it should.”

The two dinos look at each other and then to K-2003, saying in unison, “It’s perfect!”

“Yay!” it exclaims, hiking its ass with a little shake, “That means the hypnosis is working well and you both will take these hard long throbbing working hours with stride.”

Dravnix and Verma just look at each other, nod and together playfully smack K-2003 in the back of the head and when the toy jerks forward, and rubs its head, exclaiming about that, they slap the toy’s teasing ass really hard, so hard in fact that the sound of which echoes in the room.

The sergal moans, jumping forward, turning around gently rubbing its butt with a loud squeak, “What was that for?”

“For being a naughty teasing toy,” says Verma.

“Fair. Let this one repay its debt to the two of you, and help you get dressed up, how does that sound?”

Dravnix replies, “Your terms are acceptable.”

“Wonderful.”

When the two dinos exit the room, they hear the soft squeaks of latex, the creaking of leather. Their zipped up attire clings to their forms, the tight embrace of the corset, the exposed parts of their bodies, knowing it will draw attention to their assets in the way they desire. No shame, no worries, only dominance.

“Let this one show you to Amia and we can begin. Near the storefront where the cafe is in some other stores, that area has been modeled from some other purposes to be a training and teaching section. Where people can practice and learn how to do bondage, domination of various sorts, the toy will go to one door, unlocking it, “This one will leave it up to you on how you want to bring her out. It’ll be eager to see what you do. And remember today’s lesson is hanging rope bondage. Making the ceiling your bitch and your partner too.”

Dravnix laughed, “What a clever name.”

“Thanks, that one, this one came up with it.”

“Somehow that doesn’t surprise me,” remarks Verma, the toy opening the door and walking off, “Have fun, don’t take too long, the class is meant to begin in about thirty minutes, and you’ll want time to set up.”

“I think we can handle it, toy. But thanks for the heads up. Need not worry.”

“This one knew it could count on you two, good luck!” it says, walking off with a slow teasing squeak.

Verma remarks, “You know I wanted to smack that toy on the ass for such a long time.”

“Given with the way how it flaunts it, I can’t blame you,” she says, the pair entering the room to reveal a bondage room with all sorts of BDSM gear on the sides of the walls, a bondage wrack, two in fact on exact opposite ends of the room. Black rubber walls, and floor that gives a bounce to their step. Whips, chains, leashes, lubrication, toys lined up against the wall and on shelves, but the attention of the two is what’s in the center of the room.

In a solid hot pink rubber is a fully feral Utahraptor. Though only a fraction of the natural size, perhaps she’d come up to six feet in height instead of the natural ten, but its hard to tell seeing she’s bound to a small cage less than crotch height. The raptor’s hands are locked

into black rubber mittens, a set of cuffs chain them together with another chain that goes from her black rubber collar to the wrist chains, and down all the way to the hobble chains that rattle whenever she moves around. A leather muzzle is wrapped around her head, with matching black straps that go around her head, keeping it securely locked in place. Her deep blue eyes look at the pair, with the sight of concern, unsure what is going to happen next, but not outright fear, it's something else. Shame? Sorrow? Her feet are locked into pony boots, the sickle claw has a protective metal nub over it and then chained to her ankle. Everything about her that could make her fierce strong domineering has been stripped away, leaving a helpless creature, unsure if she even wants to be free.

Verma exclaims, "Oh, pink, my favorite color."

Dravnix laughs, approaching the cage, looking over the raptor, admiring the highly polished skin that darkens when her black leather, gets close, but her golden rubber has bits of brightness to it, "Looks like we have a lovely pet to have fun with, wouldn't you say Verma?"

"I do say so myself Dravnix," she says with a chuckle, her leather creaking as she places her hand on the top of the cage with a thud, "And she's all wrapped up for us in a box, it must be Christmas," I can't wait to have all the fun with her. Especially in front of all the people watching. It'll be a fun delight."

"I think so too," she says, noticing Amia shifts her attention constantly between the two of them, the chains rattling as she makes a vain attempt to make any adjustments, showing that she is also chained to the base of the cage.

"Let's get Amia out of here, can't keep the people waiting now," she says, practically singing the word waiting.

Amia tugs on the chains the moment her name was said.

Dravnix reaches into the cage, grabbing Amia's head, "Hmm, Amia is it?"

She tenses, and squirms again, nostrils whistling as she breathes in nice and deep.

"*She's having a bit of anxiety. Perhaps the name in public is causing her concern,*" she thinks looking over at Verma who is drumming her claws on the top of the cage, "How about we give our pet here a name. Something that makes her more ours, what do you think?"

"Yeah, I like that idea. She is rather lovely."

"Hmm, lovely. I do like that name. What do you think lovely? Do you think that name suits you?"

Amia tugs at her chains, looking up at her through the bars, nodding vigorously.

She reaches in and gives the raptor a loving squeaking pet, "That settles that then, Lovely is your name."

"How lovely of a name it is," says Verma with a chuckle.

"Can you get our lovely pet out of there? I'll grab a leash, don't want an untrained pet to escape."

"Yes, we wouldn't want that to happen now, would we?" she responds, grabbing the keys that were placed on the top of the cage, working through the lock, while Dravnix, grabs a thick chain link leash with a heavy duty clip at the end. She feels a warmth within her as she picks

something so domineering, yet there's more to the feeling. It's the sense that she managed to read her pet, know what she was thinking without an exchange of words. She *knows* her and gives her a bit of comfort while still stripping her of her very name. Brought down to a simple and humble pet.

Amia, or one should simply call her lovely, is slowly brought out of the cage. Her legs wobble, adjusting to the feel of the pony boots. Yet after a few steps out of the cage, she gets her footing. She tugs a little against Verma's tight grip around the chains.

"Where do you think you're going? You naughty girl. You have some work to do. A service to the community, was it?"

Lovely tenses, pulling a little weaker against Verma's grip.

"I thought so."

Dravnix leashes Lovely, the thick chain rolled up, so it's kept very short, "You'll do great and we'll have fun doing so. Don't worry Lovely, we're in this together," she assures her, the raptor's struggling growing even weaker as a soft raptoric purr escapes from her, "It does appear you can understand us. If that muzzle is removed, will you be able to talk?"

Lovely shakes her head.

Verma comments, "Perfect."

Dravnix smiles, "Don't worry. You won't need to talk," she says, giving the chain a tug, making sure it remains taut. She runs her free hand along Lovely's back, "You won't need to talk either. You're going to be a good girl, growling, moaning, and what I think will be very fun, squirming and squirting from the power of the pleasure we're going to be having, doesn't that sound *Lovely*?" she says, letting out a little dilophosaurus chirp.

She responds with a soft muffled raptoric chirp and moan, squeaking softly, the rattling of chains overpowering the sound followed by a deeper moan when Verma slaps her on the rubbery flank.

"You'll be a great pet Lovely, now let's get you out there. I'm eager to put you on display and show you off," she says with a grin, her member aching as her leather shorts strain to contain her dick.

Lovely squirms and tugs on the chains but is pulled back close to Dravnix.

"Relax, you'll be fine my sweet Lovely. You're not going to be alone. We'll be right there with you," she says, giving a playful wink. The latex suit, binding so tightly to the human that with the assistance of the hypnosis, she can't even tell she's in a suit at all. The rubber activates with her body heat to cool her but moves with her to provide a living-like latex suit to make this new persona really come to life.

With the chain kept taut the trio step out of the room toward the main store floor. Lovely constantly looks around, catching the gaze of toys that move about their story, customers getting assistance from them or browsing on their own. None can help themselves to look at the carnival display of lust walking down the aisles toward the front of the store.

They parade her, people getting out of the way, toy's held in tight bondage displays moan and groan as they walk past. The feral raptor looking at them with a mixture of fear of "Could that be me?" and the slightly delight of, "I bet that could be fun."

Dravnix watches every movement, everything Lovely focuses on. Each step forward, another rattle of chains, a clip clop of the pony boots, Lovely's balance helped by her guiding claws. The anticipation builds, the warm light from outside floods through massive windows that run across nearly the entire front of the store, and this includes the training alcove to the right side of the store when you first enter.

The sense that anyone can see them, see Lovely fills Dravnix's mind. She knows why she's always been in suit. Why going to court in her bare scales was terrifying to her. Though even now, she can see the nervousness and exposure she feels, yet the strength to fight against her nature to fulfill her duty. She feels a desire to help yet also protect her pet. Her cock strains with sexual arousal, a tingling pleasure of seeing her squirm, yet knowing that she'll be alright, and that deep down that she's enjoying it as much as her.

When they reach their destination, black mats line the floor. Bondage harnesses hang from the ceiling with a few bondage wracks, cages, and other gear normally found a BDSM dungeons but its all open, well lit, and chairs lined up at the edge of the mat area with two dozen customers eager and ready to see what's being offered. Some are domes, others are subs, some doms brought their subs, chained, collared, on the floor kneeling like a good dog or what have you. Their range of expressions shown in just a handful of individuals.

Almost all eyes were on them the moment they walked down the center of the aisle, the only exceptions were obedient pets who kept their gaze on their owner till commanded to do otherwise. G-toy has been standing off to the side, steps forward and gives an introduction of Dravnix and Verma, a pair of dommes, ready to show off how to take feral play with your suited rubber pet to the next bondage level. The more the toy explained what is going to happen the more anxious Lovely became but the more excited all three of them were.

*"I can't wait to show off what a lovely pet Lovely is. She'll be the envy of everyone. I know she can do it, and it'll be wonderful."*

The dark blue and orange toy with its throbbing length, clit hood keeping its female sex sealed, but it's movements give a few playful teases to the crowd, "And unlike through most of the store where interaction with the displays is allowed, full on expeditionism between these three is going to be permitted. So this one hopes that as they fill their pet up, you are all filled with knowledge," it says with a grin, thinking as it looks over to K-2003 who is standing in the back, keeping an eagle eyed watch over it all, *"There Maker. Toy said your line. It hopes you are happy."*

At the same time K-2003 is thinking, *"It's so happy it said the line so well. It's going to be a big hit."*

Dravnix thinks, *"That has to be a K-toy line."*

While Verma is thinking, *"I can't wait to tie up and pound that raptor's ass, rawr."*

The lesson begins with the basics, the importance of communication, caring for the sub, the submissive listening to their dom, the mutual exchange between the two. The importance of making sure everyone remains safe, healthy, the value of a safe word, and after care once the fun is over.

Verma says as she runs her claws along Lovely's back, "We've already established our safe word. Now, shall we begin?" she asks her partner, giving the raptor's ass a firm squeeze while letting out a more anthro raptoric domineering growl.

Dravnix's claws gently run across Lovely's muzzle, the claws tugging at the straps, "Yes, we shall. To keep in mind when trying feral play, the Toys-4-U suits already provide a level of immobilization and you'll need to work with that, and the feral design. A feral raptor can't put their arms behind their back. But you can render them helpless in other ways, and since our Lovely raptor here is already partially bound up, we'll use what we have to build upon the restrained love that many of us enjoy," she chirps, grabbing an arm harness from a nearby display table that has all the bondage gear the two dominatrixes could ever want when it comes to tying up the feral raptor further.

While Verma is setting up a hanging body harness designed for the raptor, Dravnix was wrapping the raptor's arms into leather arm binders, that elbow bend Lovely's arms, so that her hands can only wiggle helplessly more than a fully grown T-rex. She tugs on the strings, tightening the straps, leather creaking as the latex squeaks, binding the arms together to themselves and to each other, "You are doing great. Relax, and enjoy. We'll be taking care of you,"

Lovely huffs, giving a growl, more one of need and nervousness than discontent, tensing a bit when Verma gets a stiff riding crop and runs it across the raptor's flank.

"Such a good raptor, you'll love being tied up and taken," she states with a sly grin, "Show you how a raptor pack can take down larger prey."

With the final tug and tie, the arm binders are put into place, "how about we set up their tail to be exposed, chain from tail to collar, and how about..." Dravnix ponders, running her claws along the feral rubber raptor's side, "Bind their ankles together, and then bind their legs together, and pull just forward enough that we keep the rear exposed, how does that sound Lovely?" she asks, walking back in front of her, holding up her head to stare right into her eyes as she stood there squirming, looking away.

Their predatory gazes meet, yet the strength, power and confidence that Amia had was replaced with timidity, shame, and uncertainty. Lovely will get something that she'd know so well but has not seen it herself. A domineering gaze, full of power, love, concern, and care.

"You're doing so well, I'm very proud of you. What a good girl you are," she says, claws gently running along Lovely's head. Her frills expand a bit, showing off her delight and excitement, while Verma works to get Lovely's legs into a set of leg bindings. Black leather with thick D rings that can be used to wave and further bind the raptor's legs together.

Dravnix holds and caresses Lovely up as it becomes ever increasingly difficult for her to stand and keep balance. The restriction makes her moan, sex twitch and drip with ever growing



need., which Verma takes a little advantage of by running her riding crop against the aching cloaca.

“Someone is very excited, just wait till the real fun begins,” she purrs, grinding a bit longer, before running it across the raptor’s flanks, gently bouncing the end against the sides, before giving a firm hard crack, which causes Lovely to shudder and moan, “You like that didn’t you want another?”

Dravnix suddenly feels a strange urge within her to explain, “Toys-4-U suits allow one to be a bit more aggressive without the fear of hurting your partner than you normally would be able to do so. Now some like to hurt so good, and that is still possible. Under the right hypnotic induced states and our sensation transfer technology, one can feel like the very creature they are wearing.”

When she is pulled back from her mini advert she looks over at K-2003 which is not so hidden in the back of the crowd, *“If that toy ever used its power for evil. We’re all screwed.”* Her attention is pulled back toward the lovely raptor before her. Petting along her head, keeping her balanced, while the bondage ropes and harness are pulled over her.

“It’s very good to let your sub know what he or she is getting into. Unless they like the surprise,” Dravnix says with a playful wink, sliding the harness over Lovely’s body, under her chest, and around her legs, while Verma works to bind the raptor’s legs to the harness, weaving the ropes through the rings within the leg binders.

Once everything was set up, Verma moved to prepare to pull Lovely off her feet while Dravnix double checked the constraints, making sure they are nice and tight, while the helpless raptor squirms in ever growing need, “Doing alright Lovely?” she asks, gently rubbing the raptor’s chest.

She timidly nods in response.

Dravnix constantly monitors her friend. She’s her guardian, protector, allowing her to feel safe so that she may sink to the head space of being helpless and played with. Clear signs she’s enjoying herself, wanting to be in the position she’s in, but the context is getting in the way. Yet with each pet, a reassuring whisper, the more she can see her fall into the role as a submissive, *“Come on. That’s it. Let go of that frustration. The world doesn’t matter, those eyes don’t matter. Right now, it’s just us, and us alone,”* she thinks, holding Lovely’s head, “Don’t worry, I got you,” she says, giving Verma the signal to lift the raptor off the ground.

The automatic winches raise her, the chains that bind her limbs together rattle, the leather creaks as it moves and adjusts. The tight grip of the gear makes the raptor moan, makes Verma moan with a hint of envy, her cock aching so hard, sex burning, she just feels the ever growing need to pound into that raptor’s rear.

Dravnix wasn’t far off herself. She couldn’t wait to let her length fly free and slip it into her. It’s the reward. It’s a delayed gratification of her own urges to some degree. Command over herself and another. Keeping cool calm collected control. She gently rubs along Lovely’s muzzle, slowly undoing the muzzle, letting it slip off, so that the feral raptor can pant, moan, and chirp freely, loudly, “There’s the music to my ears,” she chirps in kind, her frills expanding

outward, showing the lovely colors of golds, reds, and a hint of blue along the edges. Her rubber body squeaking, leather creaking, as the raptor is raised to crotch height. The rope bondage weaved through some of the gear and chains, keeping her nice and exposed, straight for the two of them.

Verma runs her claws along the raptor's flanks, "Can you get me the tail cuff darling? I want to get the tail out of the way, I want to see what I am getting into," she purrs.

"With pleasure dear," she responds, fetching the tail bondage with appropriate chain, tossing it over to her partner, who snatches it up, letting the cool metal chain run across the raptor's back.

Lovely squirms, swaying in the harness, toes curling, the sickle claw chain growing taut. Breathing grows faster, deeper, moaning ever more needful as the anticipation builds within the air. She looks over at the crowd, unable to look away at all of those invested eyes that are surely undressing her.

Dravnix glances at the crowd, and then backs down at Lovely. She grabs her head, guiding her attention back to her, lifting it just enough so their eyes can meet again, "Don't worry about them Lovely. Just focus on me. I'll protect you. Take care of you. All you need to do is serve me and do as I say. No need to worry about anything else. I'll take care of all of it, do you understand?" she asks. Lovely eyes glistening with need, slightly glossed over as more of that trepidation melts away.

A tingle runs down Dravnix's spine, the sensation spreads out to her limbs. It's much like the feeling she's gotten when in the reversed role with Amia. There's something about it, the bond that is more equal than she realized. Her cock twitches, sexual tension growing. Her claws caressing the raptor's muzzle, "That's it good girl. Focus on me. Please me. Serve me. Be a *good girl* and get me ready. Enjoy my scent, lick and show me how much you'd love to get a *taste* of your Mistress," she growls domineeringly, her thumbs caressing along Lovely's ear holes, causing a soft squeak, but a tingling squirm throughout the raptor's form which she can see spread through her.

She lets out a playful growl, nuzzling across the bulging leathers, the sleek rubber tongue squeaks against the polished leather. She laps across it, moaning happily as Dravnix gently caresses and guides her head, keeping herself pressed up, grinding against that hungry maw. She looks down at her, enjoying the pleasure, wanting to do more, but knowing that holding herself back, being the example of control and stability that she feels Lovely is wanting so badly.

Dravnix's heart races, her cock aching, throbbing, twitching, giving the physical indication with each throb felt through the leather that she is doing a good job. Pre-cum escapes, straining the leather, which the raptor tries to suck through, getting a taste of her Mistress, wanting it so badly. The effort, toil, torment, is making it taste all the sweeter. Just a single zipper and piece of hide separates them.

She doesn't look away, constantly reinforcing the good behavior with pets, compliments, and whenever Lovely looks up to get confirmation, she is there to provide it. The joy of seeing her submissive give into the moment and let herself go, the worries melting away.

Verma slips into Lovely, her claws caressing the raptor's sides, licking across the hiked tail, now that its locked and tugged up, attached to Lovely's collar so it's impossible hide her sensitive folds, "Hmm, yes, that's a lovely hole if I do say so myself," she chuckles, grunting, squeaking, breasts sliding along the tail, as she starts to rhythmically pound into her. Shuddering, and loving the moment, "Such a good tight girl," she chirps.

With passionate moans Lovely wraps her mouth as much as she can around Dravnix's bulge, tongue sliding up and down the entire surface, trying to get a grip that tucked away the zipper, yet she fails time and time again.

With a soft controlled moan Dravnix runs her claws along the back of Lovely's head, reaching down to caress her collar, "That's it. Show much you want it... just a bit more and I'll give you what you desire, how does that sound?" she asks, the raptor looking up at her, her eyes glazed over, screaming "YES!"

She can't help but drawn into the moment, the connection building between them, pulling away after a few more tender moments, just enough so that her pet can stare straight at her crotch as she grabs the zipper. Slowly one tooth at a time, revealing a bit more of her rubbery bits. They strain against the zipper, helping each get pulled down till it becomes a chain reaction, and the cock springs forth, splattering Lovely with beads of pre-cum as it whips out just shy of the raptor's lips.

The hot warm, wanting mouth so close to Dravnix, that her dick jumped for joy, like seeing an old friend for the first time after far too much time has passed. Perhaps in a way that is true. Lovely's eyes locked on her sensitive length, the anticipation they both share, wanting to give the other exactly what they want, yet kept at an organized pace by just the one. The delight of the moment is enhanced by Verma building up Lovely's lustful needs with each tantalizing thrust that makes her just lightly kiss the member before swinging away, leaving her wanting more. The only reason why she doesn't get any closer is because of Dravnix's firm loving hand.

"Show me how much you want me."

Lovely growls and moans, giving raptoric purrs and chirps. She licks her lips, eyes pleading with her, begging with all her might to let her be taken by her. There Dravnix feels the power of determining her partner's fate, giving her the gift of not having to worry. To simply focus, yet she gets the joy and delight, the rush of having the power over another. The control is sweet like honey, addictive like one's favorite food where she feels she can't get enough, but knows moderation is important to everything, even this.

"That's it, such a good girl," she responds, her frills expanding slowly, faster when she slips her length into that warm wanting mouth. Her balls kissing the raptor's lips within a few tender thrusts. She rubs the back of her lover's head, looking into her pet's eyes, giving reassurances that everything will be fine, till the hot pink raptor can only focus on her task. A growing determination within her shown through action alone that she wants to please her. The sensation of having one so dedicated to her in this moment is mind tantalizingly delightful.

She looks over at Verma, who is a bit lost in her moment, but is not forgetting the care and desire of the one below her. Their eyes meet, shared doms, ready to expand upon their

claim, working together for the greater good of their pet. They lean in closer, pounding harder against Lovely, their hands caressing along the raptor's back, using her as support as they lean forward to give each other a passionate kiss, forgetting the watchful gaze of all the "students" at the store.

When their lips touch, tongues reaching out to one another for the full deep connection, they are sent over the edge, flooding Lovely with their essence. The combined reward of her two dommes, overtakes the feral raptor, causing her to reach her peak, clenching, milking, suckling, squeaking so loudly, the three forming a connection, and understanding of their role at this moment.

K-2003 smiles happily, wiggling its rump, which is then smacked hard by G-toy. The hit causes it to moan lustfully and draws the attention of a few in the back that only rings a moment of recognition to one of them of just who the toy is there.

"You know Toy Mistress, with how often you wiggle your ass like that, it's difficult for anyone not to want to smack it."

K-2003 smirks, leaning in close, reaching up and grabs G-toy's collar, tugging it down to its height, "This one could say the same to you about your breasts," it says, giving them a firm smack.

The pussy mouthed toy moans, licking its pussy mouth lips, "This one can't help it Toy Mistress, it was made that way."

"This one can say the same," it says with a wink, "If you need this one let it know, it thinks they can handle it from here," it says with an affirmative nod, sauntering off.

G-toy nods, "Of course Toy Mistress."

The fun and display between Dravnix, Verma and Lovely would continue all through the day, leaving them all exhausted yet satisfied. Informed that they will be remaining at the store as paid organic employees for the duration, and that they will remain in suit throughout Lovely's community service.

On one day, Dravnix set up a throne right where the doors opening, taking the spot of one slightly jealous sounding greeter. The red and black leather chair had a built-in bondage ring in front of it and at the legs of the chair, to bind and tie any pet to the sides or in front. Lovely was bound to it in front, forced low, on her claws and knees. The tail raising chain locked to the collar.

Dravnix sat in the chair, a drink in hand, feet kicked up, resting on Lovely's back, getting nice and comfortable, greeting the customers that walked in a more casual yet domineering and teasing, "Welcome to Toys-4-U megastore. Please feel free to interact with any of the displays, including this one." Her feet would casually rub and massage the bound raptor's back with a loud squeak. She'd be dressed in a similar dominatrix outfit, that would show off her assets, her cock out, hard, throbbing, which she'd occasional tease, get a bunch of pre-cum all along her dits, which she'd then offer to Lovely for a little extra treat, which she hungrily lapped up.

"Doing alright there Lovely?" she'd ask, petting the raptor's head as the hungry tongue sucked her fingers as hard as she'd do her cock whenever it was offered. The raptor responds in

a positive feral trill or purr when asked. She'd smile and gently pat the raptor on the back, "That's a good girl. Glad you are enjoying yourself," she'd say before getting back onto the throne, resuming her door greeting.

During exhibitionism day, the rules for sex in the main store were relaxed, and all the toys were on duty for cleanup, washing, and testing to ensure a safe bit of clean fun for everyone. Dravnix, pulls Lovely by a leash, toward a center display, that is considered to be the main draw, "This one knows you'll have fun and G-toy assured me that it will remain safe and clean for you. And I'm going to be there for the first shift while Verma will take the second. No one is going to use you without us there, do you understand?" she asks, running one hand underneath the raptor's chin.

Lovely nods, her mouth drooling with the new bondage maw melted into her mouth, to give a nice tight fuck hole for anyone to use, while limiting all her speech down to even more animalistic growls, chirps, and moans.

She slips a finger into that wanting fuck hole of a mouth, caressing the opening, enjoying how ribbed and textured it is. Lovely tries to suck the entire digit but the fuck hole is too strong to get nothing but a partial squeeze on it, "Awe, such a needy girl, wanting your Mistress to fuck you again?" she giggles, slipping two more fingers into that hungry mouth.

Lovely simply responds with a happily raptoric chirp, mouth drooling as she suckles and presses her mouth against the hand, bobbing her head on those fingers, while closing her eyes to focus on how wonderful it is.

Dravnix, meanwhile, enjoys the complete and utter trust that has been given to her. The responsibility over Lovely as they walk forward, the raptor completely blind as she is lost in her sexual display, feeling confident that her Mistress won't lead her astray. Every action over the last several months has helped her understand Lovely, and Lovely her. Knowing how wonderful this bond can be.

"Here we are Lovely, your new home for the day," she says, guiding the raptor onto a large pedestal about three feet in height, a sign read "Accidental trapped display, cemented in love." Dravnix, guides her pet to the bondage holes, slipping one limb at a time into the designed compartment, that will lock her limbs into place, while having a conforming comfort around her belly to ensure she can easily remain locked in her position for hours on end. Her collar is leashed to a chain that looks like it was cemented into it, adding to that trapped in cement look and feel. It has a U shape cut out behind, providing easy access to anyone behind her, and her mouth rests at the edge of the display where it slowly drools down the side.

The feral raptor squirms in the bondage, testing how strong it is, and Dravnix can just imagine what its like to be trapped into something so solid and heavy, limiting her movement, watching her body react to the new situation, eyes looking up at her, with the hope and need, dependency that everything will be okay, no matter how much she's showing she's loving it, that little piece of the puzzle that makes this go from absolutely terrifying, and terrifyingly awesome is simply one thing... *love*.

Dravnix runs her claws along Lovely's back, "Fear not my sweet darling. I am here, and nothing *that* bad will happen to you while I am here," she says with a giggle, noticing the playful glare in return, yet seeing her concerns have been quelled by the fact that her attention turns not to her throbbing cock, but her wet and hungry female sex hidden behind the balls. To the untrained eye it would seem like the former rather than the latter, but their intimate moments have taught her all about her quirks and body language, reading what her pet wants, even though she has never been able to say a single word.

The rubber dilophosaurus dom runs her claws along the exposed back, her member twitching, aching in need, yet she's commander of her own instincts, leader of Lovely's. She moves in close, running her claws along the raptor's back side, causing a loud squeak, "How about I get some polish to get you all nice and shined up for the customers. You are providing a great service today," she says with a playful wink.

The pair is going to have a wonderful day and continued time together, a certain sergal toy monitoring them via the security cameras from its office far away from the location. The toy smiles, thinking to itself, "*It's good to help people realize who they are inside, in a safe and loving way.*"

A few more months would go by before Lovely... Amia's customer service was up, and Brian and Vira would need a few days to recover from their out of persona experience. Along with having to answer a *lot* of questions of how they feel, think and operate. They felt like guinea pigs for the company's operation, hidden under the guise of helping someone do customer service, leaving the human wondering, "*Is that airhead personality an act or is the toy a savant or something? Or something more?*"

Once he got paid, he decided since he knows about it, he can splurge a little bit and visit the BDSM Jurassic latex park. And after a little bit of convincing, he managed to snag the same suit he wore as Dravnix, although he was told the hypnotic parts of it were disabled for the time being.

There's something fun about being a naked dilophosaurus at a park without actually being naked. The sleek latex over his body, hiding his boring human skin under sexy latex scales. Despite the day being a bit overcast with a light on and off drizzle, it was a nice visit. The sensation of water splashing onto his rubber scales was tantalizing. He barely minded that sometimes he showed his excitement, especially when he's looking at the bondage raptor pens. The sleek faceless raptors, held up in tight mitten bondage, and for a nominal fee, he could get a chance to use one of them for his own lustful desires. He stares at them for perhaps an hour, fawning over them, till suddenly he catches something pink in the corner of his eye.

"*Lovely?*" he first thinks, seeing a hot pink latex anthropomorphic raptor, dressed up in rather casual clothing, hiding a lot of her... more erotic features. She has rose colored shades on, and just looking at her, there's something off about it. Like someone who is depressed at Disneyland, that's not an employee. It just doesn't fit.

The raptor's gaze meets his, and the pink raptor slinks off into the crowd, "H-hey, wait," he mutters, following. That's one thing about being a hot pink rubber raptor, its hard to really

hide in a sea of latex where you'd think the motto of everyone here is, "You can have any color you want, as long as it's black."

Bobbing and weaving through the crowds, eventually he finds her in a more secluded section of the park where people can eat and have a picnic but given the ritzy nature of the clientele and the themes of the park, it's rarely used and hardly ever for that particular purpose.

"Hey, wait," he says, the misty rain picking up once again, water beginning to bead on his rubber body, "Don't run."

Amia tenses, clenching her fists, feeling torn, looking to the ground, "H-hey. I shouldn't be surprised you are here," she says solemnly, "Ah... I mean, I shouldn't be surprised to see you here Mistress Dravnix," she says with a soft raptor purr that is a mixture of sadness and pleasure.

The way her body is, slumped shoulders, head remaining down, looking away, hands pulled together, the tone of her voice, just put a weight on his chest, "Look, there is something I want to tell you."

"I'm a terrible person, and I'm sorry," she says.

"No, no, no, don't say that. You are wonderful. I had a great time with you," he says, reaching for her hand but she pulls away.

"I don't know what you were told about me, but I wasn't there to have fun. It was a punishment for something I did. Something I... I know I shouldn't have done it. I just couldn't help myself. I did it once on a whim, only meant for a little while, but when it ended I just... I had to get that feeling back and, in the end, I hurt people. Badly. Most of my friends won't talk to me. I lost my dream job. And now I met someone who I could connect to, and then it's because of what I did. I shouldn't have been rewarded for it."

"Slow down. Let's talk this out."

She takes a deep breath, "I need to come clean with you Mistress... Gah, I shouldn't be calling you that. You did what you did for the company. I'm sure you're a paid professional that can separate yourself from the feelings of your client, no matter how much you care about them. You're a professional and what you did was business right?" she asks, looking up, the classes slipping down her muzzle, revealing her tearful eyes, her expression becoming ever more soured, "I'm not someone you should be around. I'll just end up hurting you like I did everyone else."

He reaches for her hand, she pulls away again, but he manages to grab it, "You didn't hurt me."

"That's because you don't know me. You only saw me as Lovely. And I loved being it. I'll admit it. But There's more to me than that, and it's not pretty."

"Amia, I know all about who you are."

She tries to pull away, but Brian pulls her closer, "Look at me Amia."

She tries to look away, but her gaze is steadily pushed back so their eyes can meet, "I love every moment I spent with you."

"That's because you were the one in charge. When I am? I lose myself. I can't get enough of it. I just..."

“I know.”

“Aren’t you listening? You can’t know.”

“It’s me Brian,” he says, interrupting her.

Amia stops, squeezing his hand, “B-Brian?”

He smiles, nodding, “Yeah. It was me as Dravnix the whole time. K-toy offered all those who were kidnapped by you an opportunity to have a bit of pay back in a way?”

“O-oh... That’s why you were so...”

“It was not like that. I didn’t accept the toy’s offer to get revenge. I genuinely loved every moment I spent with you as a bound up helpless latex raptor. And given the choice, I’d do it all over again.”

“N-no. You lie.”

He pulls her in close, “Look me into the eyes and tell me I am lying.”

She tries to look away, but Brian holds her attention. The wait drips down their muzzles as both of them are completely soaked, but that’s no rainwater in his eyes.

“Well?”

She grips her hand tighter, “How could you after everything I did to you? What I forced you to do? What I was so close to doing to you? Where you could have never gone back? I was taking away your life for my own gain.”

“I understand what was going through your head. And you never meant to do us any harm. You always cared about me and the others with love, kindness, and endless pleasure. You lost your way, yes, but you found yourself. You understand what happened, and you genuinely are remorseful about your actions. I couldn’t for anyone more than that.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, “You don’t have to do this.”

“I know but I want to,” he says, pulling her closer, “I loved every moment of what happened, and if I could do it all over again, I would.”

“You’re just saying that to make me feel better.”

“I mean it. And if you let me, perhaps I can talk to someone to give you a chance to get your job back.”

“I doubt it. I stole equipment. There is no way I’d be allowed back.”

“Perhaps if their supplier encouraged them to do so, perhaps then?”

“Toys-4-U? They’d never...”

“K-toy paid for your lawyer.”

“What? I was told I was supplied one by the state.”

He smirks, “That sneaky toy didn’t even let you know what was going on? Perhaps it’s really not an airhead.”

“What?”

“Don’t worry about that,” he says, waving that off, “Maybe if we can prove to that toy that you’ve recovered and turn over a new leaf, that you can get your old job back. I mean you are a great dinosaur handler.”

“I... ah. I don’t know.”



“Amia... please,” he says, holding her close in a near kiss, “Kidnap me.”

She takes a step back in surprise, “W-what?”

He moves in closer, “I want to relive the experience. Kidnap me, please.”

“Do you know what you are saying?”

“I do.”

“After all that I’ve done, you still trust me?”

He smiles and nods, “I do.”

She moves in for a big deep hug, nuzzling and pressing her rubber body close against his, water squeezed out of her clothes, “I don’t know how to thank you. I just...” she says, looking into his eyes, reaching up to rub the back of his head, claw tracing along his muzzle, his frills extending out as she flicks some salty rain from under his eyes, “Is that why you picked a dilophosaurus?”

“Let’s just say I have a new appreciation for them,” he says with a nuzzle lick, tasting the salt on her cheek. I took a taxi here. So, if you want to be my ride back...” he says with a wink.

“You want to do it now?” she asks with a hint of restrained excitement in her voice.

“No time like the present, and this time I don’t have to go to the changing rooms, I have this suit on rental from an outside source. How about you?”

“The toy company gave this to me as a congratulations for finishing my customer service and for as I was told, “A very good long hard squeaky shiny job.” end quote. I thought it was a bit of a joke gift, but I’ll admit, I think it’s a fun addition to my collection. At least my own suits weren’t confiscated.”

“That’s good to hear, and I can only wonder who or what said that quote,” he remarks with a chuckle, giving her another quick hug, “Well, I’ve seen this park a few times. Shall we head out?”

She smiles, taking a deep breath, straightening herself out, “Yes, we shall,” she says, taking his hand, giving it a tight grip, pulling him along as they head out of the park, toward the very back of the parking lot.

“You parked pretty far; the lot isn’t half full.”

“A bit of a habit for when I worked here, and I didn’t want to be recognized by my car,” she explains as he knows exactly which car that is.

“I wonder... did they take everything you had?” he asks with a curious chirp.

With a devilish grin, she walks over to the trunk of her car, popping it open to reveal the sleek black vac bed and rubber body bag set up, “Apparently they never checked my trunk and stuff that was mine was returned,” she says, pulling out the rubber body bag, “Better still, I made some improvements, and I still have a supply of a certain exotic fire lizard that will just tantalize your mind on the way there. I know I did a number on you the first time. But if you’re okay with it I...”

Brian stops her rambling with a rubbery kiss, his claws running across her body, “I’d love too, but let me get out of this suit. I’d like the real me to be tied up and locked away.”

She lets out a little dilophosaurus chirp, “P-perfect,” she says, helping him slip out of the rubber suit, tossing it into the back seat. The human softly grunting and moaning as he feels the cool wet humid air across his sleek body. The polish he used on the inside makes his skin sleek, shiny, slippery. His dick beads pre-cum that stands from it and the suit’s cock sleeve.

Amia lets out a raptoric purr, “Oh, my, aren’t you just so happy to see me,” she says, giving the length a few tender squeezes.

The human moans, arching his back, bucking into her grip, “I am very happy to see you Mistress.” He shudders when she squeezes his dick a bit harder. He looks down at her, their eyes meeting, noticing they are glistening with delight, and he simply smiles in return.

“You know that’s not a banana in my pocket that I am happy to see you,” he says to break the moment of silence that fell between them.

She gives his dick a playful smack, “Funny and for that, I am going to put you in my special bag,” she says, pulling out a rolled up mat onto the ground, followed by the black rubber bondage bag, “Double layer of bondage and delight, with a gas mask to complete it,” she says with a grin, holding up the mask by a single claw, “Just the way I know you’ll like it. Oh... hmmm one more thing.”

Brian’s member is aching hard, his mind slipping into that pleasant state of submissiveness, but he manages to draw his thoughts away from the lovely abyss back to her, “What is it?”

“Safe word, what should it be?”

“Uh... pumpernickel?”

“Pumpernickel?”

“Yeah, what’s the odds I’ll say it otherwise.”

“Fair point, now get in,” she says, holding the bag open, “Or do you want it to get filled with water before you fill it?”

“No Mistress, I can’t let the water have all the fun.”

“Good boy,” she purrs, helping him slide in feet first. Inside is a pair of rubber leg binders that wrap around his legs, internal belts are tugged and pulled one strap at a time from the ankle up, leaving him to wiggle like a worm. His member is slipped into a cock sleeve that juts out from the center of the sack, “you’re doing so well.”

“It’s funny, that I’m letting you do this all over again,” he says with a groan, his arms pulled behind his back, slipping into a behind the back arm blinder that pulls his arms close together. The straps stiffening out his arms as his back is forced straight. The rubber creaks loudly around him, as he wiggles and squirms like a worm. His head resting on a rubber hood that he can feel something *thick* and around is hidden within it. He grunts, and moans as Amia tightens up the straps, giving them a few firm tugs.

She gives him a curious look, like saying “Really?” at the comment but eventually asks once he’s constrained with the sack, “How’s that feel?”

“Wonderful,” he moans, testing the restrictiveness of the bondage, his heart racing with a delight he’s missed for so long, but not too far off what it felt like when he was putting her in the same position.

“Good, also give at least three long hard moans and a short moan if you are having trouble breathing for this next part.”

“Yes Mistress,” he replies, the hot pink raptor, slipping his head into the faceless drone hood, that has a thick raptor cock shaped red dildo built within it. She guides the cock into his mouth, all the way in till it rests just shy of the back of his throat. He groans in delight as she takes a moment to push the nostril breathing tubes into place.

“Can you breathe just fine?” she asks, having sealed the hood around his face, delving him into total blissful darkness.

He nods vigorously, nostrils flared as he suckles hard on the thick dildo, imagining amia is the one that is stuffing him so fully. He swallows the dildo flavored mouth juices, as he drinks down the cause of his own lust with ever increasing needing vigor, his dick could only be described as diamond hard at this point.

Amia gently caresses the back of his head, the muffled sensation of the latex only adds to the teasing delight of the moment, “Such a good boy. Now the gas mask. Same thing if you have trouble breathing you let me know,” she informs, slipping the mask on, tightening the straps so it's nice and firm, taking the single solid thick breathing tube at the front of the mask, and slipping it through the bag, through a tight cut hole, that tightly squeezes the ribbed tube, creating an airtight seal. Brian’s nostril whistling breathing and muffled moans echo out of the tube as she picks him up like a husband carrying his bride into their house after a wedding. She places him within the trunk, connecting an air tube that is in the bottom corner of the bag, “I’ll be right back.”

Brian feel her claws run across his body, giving reassurances as he wiggles and squirms within the rubber, the cool water on the outside dripping down his sides, what was trapped in the bag within him moves about, then comes the rubber of her caw, a sudden pressure as the water and air is sucked out, squeezing and tightening the latex across his form. He moans and bucks into the air, wiggling like the helpless worm that he is. He huffs and tensely bites down on the dildo, out of sheer joy of the moment and there he can hear her muffled words as she pets along his body, giving his length a little playful flick.

“I’m back, are you doing alright?” she chirps and upon seeing him nod, she continues, guiding the breathing tube through the next hole in the vac bed, and attaching it to its end goal, and once locked in place it begins flooding Brian’s nostrils with the sweet intoxicating aroma of that certain devilish domineering reverse harem fire lizard, “Still good?”

Brian nods, a moment later feeling the next layer of the vac bed placed around him and the suction turned on, adding another layer of latex that grips his firm, leaving him helplessly suspended within the trunk, so when he thrusts into the air he can add to the bounce in some vain hopeful desire that his dick will hit the car to add some extra stimulation. She closes the trunk

with a heavy thud, something he can clearly feel, and then they are off, leaving him to sink into his blissful hungry state. The soft hypnotic undertones kicking up.

*“Good pet.”*

*“Obedient pet.”*

*“You love Mistress Amia.”*

*“You never want to leave Mistress Amia.”*

*“Good pets obey their Master.”*

*“You obey Master Amia.”*

*“You Love Master Amia.”*

The wonderful high returns to him. Amia has her car set up so she can monitor him, hearing his moans, and occasional muffled responses to the hypnosis. She smiles happily, seeing him bounce and squirm there, his cock outlined so eagerly against the latex that she can't help but dreamily sigh. But as she drives home, other thoughts snake their way into her head, *“Is this something I really should be doing? What if it's not him that wants it by any remaining hypnosis? Hypnosis that I am using again on him? How am I sure that he really loves what I am doing? Loves me? And I am just not making him do it?”*

When they get back to her home, pulling up right to the front, passing all the empty pastures, her mind thinking about the rubber dinos she had in them, how great it was, and yet a pit forms in her stomach, *“Am I really doing this for us? Or just me all over again?”* She gets out of the car opening the trunk, steadily removing the layers from him, the only light now is from the car's lights and the half moon up in the sky. She takes a deep breath, unzipping the last layer of constraints, help him out of the latex, “I hope you enjoyed,” she says nervously.

He looks at her in the eye, his cock aching so hard, body screaming for attention, but in this moment... “What's wrong?”

*“I just want to make sure you are enjoying yourself.”*

*“I'm having the time of my life, Mistress. I love this.”*

*“Do you really? Or is it because of what I've done to you?”*

He grabs her hand, pulling himself close to her smooth rubber body, “Relax. I want this. You want this. Nothing wrong with it. Okay? Now show me what you still have,” he says, giving her a kiss on the snout.

She lets out a little chirp, “I still have your anthro raptor outfit.”

His dick jumps, pressing up against her crotch.

“She looks down, a smile returning to her muzzle, “I see, come, let's get you into your new birthday suit,” she says with a wink, reaching down, gently caressing his length as she guides him by his leash into her home, the turning on the lights as they casually make their way back to her bedroom.

Brian climbs onto the bed, taking a bit of a puppy sitting pose, “You know, I have had dreams of getting back into the suit,” he says, as she takes the thick black rubber belted suit out of her closet, placing it on the side of the bed. The rubber is well-kept and polished, ready to be used at a moment's notice.

“You have?” she asks, with a bit of a smile.

“Yes... and while I was in the trunk, I had a thought, if you don't mind me asking Mistress.”

“Uh... please go ahead. I'd be happy to hear it. I need to listen to what you have to say. And not just my inner thoughts,” she says with a nervous chuckle.

“Would it be alright if *you* suited me back up? I want to be your raptor pet again. But I don't want just the forms you take, but you to do it.”

She stiffens, “W-what do you mean? You want me to get my female dilophosaurus suit out? I was thinking of doing so. I actually find this outfit a bit more... submissive. It's a Lovely submissive, but not right for what we are about to do.”

He shakes his head, “I mean you. The real you. The fleshy organic scaled person underneath. The person you hide behind your suits. I don't want to be just Amia's pet, but I want to be Adan's pet. And perhaps Lovely can be mine.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, “I-I don't know. Adan is just...”

“The person behind the mask that I fell in love with.”

“But you don't know him like I do. He's boring, not confident, just... afraid of the world. Afraid of rejection. Afraid of being...”

He reaches up and grabs her hand, “You are him. You've been strong, confident, in charge all this time. I know it's scary to expose yourself to another. To open up as it could lead you to be hurt. And that's scary. But I'm here, and I want to be with you. If I was going to do that, I'd have done it long before now. Please. Give me your trust like I have given to you. Let Adan do it.”

She takes a deep breath, and slowly releases it, nodding, “Alright, but then you'll need to help me undress.”

“With pleasure Mistress.”

“Please, for the moment, call me Master,” he says, showing his back to him.

“With pleasure Master Adan,” he responds, running his fingers along his back, unsealing the Toys-4-U press n seal technology. The rubber separating, revealing the brown scaled dilophosaurus underneath with its black stripes that gently turn to grey, and rather bland looking frills, lacking much of the distinct colors of others of his species. The only thing one could say he had going for him is his respectfully sized pink throbbing length.

Adan shudders at his pet's words, pushing through the doubt that is screaming the back of his mind, slipping out of the rubber, showing his true self to him, “I know you've seen me before, but, here I am, boring ol' me,” he replies in a soft yet still clearly masculine voice.

Brian takes him by the hand, pulling him close, “Master, you've never been boring. And it doesn't matter what you look like on the outside. Male, female, whatever you present yourself as. That never mattered to me. But you, the person you are. That is what makes you, you. Nothing else. And I could never find you boring.”

Tears swell up in his eyes, “Thank you pet. But that's not going to save you, you're still going to get into that suit and be my bitch raptor.”

He smiles, keeping his eyes locked onto his, reaching down to gently touch Adan's penis, feeling the warmth, and squirting some pre-cum right onto his hand so he can gently caress it, "Master, you act like that isn't what I wanted all this time."

He pulls away, calming himself, "Bad pet. Don't touch your Master's dick unless told to do so. I-I never touch it without rubber between, it's very sensitive, so much so that it..." he takes a deep breath, "The rubber makes it feel just right."

"I understand Master, sorry I didn't know."

He waves a claw, "It's fine, now lay down, legs up," he commands, doing his best to imagine himself still in the layer of protective latex, to quiet the part of his mind that keeps screaming, "*I can't believe I am doing this naked.*"

He grabs the thick latex suit, the rubber far thicker than it needs to be. The belts clatter against themselves as they are built into the rubber itself. He stretches the opening, pulling the suit over his legs, the latter half flops along Brian's chest as he happily groans, feeling the cool rubber run across his naked skin.

It squeaks loudly as he wiggles and spreads his legs, pushing up against Ada's pulls, his feet popping into place, so that his claws wiggle, the nubbed sickle claw showing off which flexes just a little bit when he curls his toes. The dinosaur's claws run across his legs, grabbing each belt and using them to tug nice and hard to smooth out the skin and provide a nice tight fit while the rubber rests lazily against his butt and chest. He runs his claws against the latex, without fear of cutting it in anyway, making sure the legs fit him perfectly. The crawl of the latex stops just short of his crotch.

"Stand," commands Adan, holding out his hand for him to grab.

"Yes Master," he replies taking the claw, being pulled onto his feet with surprising strength that the femboy-ish figure hides so well, so much so that he falls over into his Master's arms, "Ah, sorry, I guess I don't know your own strength," he says sheepishly.

The dilophosaurus' frills expand as he lets out a saurian chirp, "That's alright pet, Master is here to catch you," he responds, running his claws carefully along the human's skin, pulling away the moment he feels him squirm, "Sorry."

"It's quite alright Mistress... I mean Master," he says bashfully, enjoying the warmth of his scales against his soft ender skin, but quickly he regains his balances, standing tall as he grabs the suit pulling up, feeling the rattle of each belt around his legs,

"Don't worry," he says with a grin, reaching his hand into Brian's rubber pants, giving his cock a tender caress, his fingers in a position so his claws don't touch his junk, but if he pulled his hands back just a bit... they both know what danger that could bring, "Master forgives you this time," he says with a playful wink, guiding his bits into the chastity cover that will null his aching length in the latex "There we go, you won't be using that for a while."

Brian moans, "Thank you Master, I deserve that."

He responds with a smile, helping his human to slip his arms into the front of the suit. More belts rattle about as the latex caresses and squeezes the human's arms.

The extra weight of so many belts weigh onto the human with ever growing delight. He moans deeply, his cock twitching within its new cage, while the tail is whipped around him, the weight of it's very much felt. Each piece is pulled and tightened, the back is press sealed, leaving just his head free and the belts flapping about, ready to be tightened and locked, "This feels fantastic," he groans.

"And we're not even done yet," e replies, kneeling down, taking the first belt and tightening it up, squeezing the human's leg, the latex squeaks loudly as he locks the belt into place with a small physical golden lock that has a surprisingly loud audible click when it's put into place, "That's one, just fifty more to go."

"F-fifty? I didn't know there were that many," he says, shuddering as Adan tugs on the belt, jerking the human's rubber clad body just a little bit.

"I wanted a hundred but there are limits," he explains, locking the next belt into place.

The *click* of the lock. The tug, knowing he can't escape. It makes him squirm and moan, feeling like he could climax at a moment's notice. His toes curl within the suit, body creaking, latex squeaking. Ready to just sink into the tightness that surrounds him, yet knowing he could go deeper, so much deeper.

"How are you feeling pet?"

"I wish there were a hundred belts on me."

He sighs dreamily, "I know, but such is life. We work with our limitations, but its so much more fun when we succeed, don't you think?" he asks, grabbing the hood.

"I know, if only we could live in a world where anything was possible," he says with a dejected sigh.

"You and me both," he chuckles, getting in front of him, the dino's cock aching so hard as it presses up against the human's nulled crotch, leaving streaks of pre-cum in its wake, "Are you ready?"

"Born ready."

"Good boy," he chirps, slipping the hood over the human's head, hearing him moan as his mouth is to be filled by the dildo hidden within the muzzle. The tightly squeezing latex is tugged and pulled into place, as he then locks the belts around his muzzle, and neck, adding those locks. Watching his lovely pet jerk and moan with each audible click from the locks.

The micro-holes allow the human to see, and he can't help but stare into Adan's loving caring gaze. Something about it now is even better than before. Clearly, he's the same power hungry, driven dinosaur that he's fallen for. Wanting to protect him, care for him, enslave him to his will, but now there's even more love, care and respect than ever before. The lessons learned being applied, and it just makes the entire situation better, but he'd admit to anyone, the other way was nearly just as hot for him.

The loving embracing grip, the muffled sensation of his Master's claws against his latex and leather bound body. He can see the fear and concern of injuring him has completely faded as he runs the claws against his body, loving the smell of latex saturating every breath he takes, adding to his wonderful sexual high.

Adan smirks, “We are going to have so much fun tonight. And you aren’t going to get out of that number for a while... mainly I need to figure out where I put the keys... So many things are a complete mess after being combed through by the police... oh well, I don’t think you mind, do you?”

He huffs, groaning loudly humping and grinding against his Master’s needy cock, his own throbbing thrice as hard than it was just moments ago, shaking his head vigorously, the locks rattling along his body, feeling like fifty finger tips tapping against his body, each a reminder of just how *locked* he is.

He chuckles, “I didn’t think so.”

That was three months ago. Now he’s in a tight bondage cage, that is just tall enough to make him kneel and nothing more. The chains rattle as he shifts in his drone bondage anthro raptor suit. Each day has been like walking on cloud nine. He can’t describe the joy he has had being with his Mistress again. And when he hears her approach he jerks on his chains, turning his gaze in her direction.

Amia giggles, “Someone is happy to see me,” she says. Dressed in her female dilophosaurus attire, the sleek brown rubber scales, dazzling frills. Dressed in a domineering leather outfit that looks nearly identical to Dravnix's outfit.

Brian huffs, groaning happily, leaning against the side of the cage, eager for her to reach him and give him a gentle pet.

“Oh my, you’re showing me up of just how fun it is to be locked in that cage for hours on end, aren’t you?” she says, placing her hand on her hip.

He turns and gives her pleading, “No, that’s not it” eyes, forgetting that all she sees is the smooth drone-like face.

She reaches through the cage, her latex squeaking as she gently pets him under the chin, “Well, you did a good job, and for being a wonderful pet and not too shabby of a dom, I have something really special for you. It’s why I’ve been away for so long. After what you’ve done for me, getting my job back in just a few months, I knew exactly what I have to do for you,” she says, unlocking the cage, guiding him out.

He nuzzles into her hand, and obediently waits for the locks within the cage to be undone before he steps out, remaining low, on all fours, looking up at her, while his body aches in pleasant needy, soothing his mind, body and soul.

“I’m going to need you out of that, for it does require a little talk, okay?”

He reluctantly nods.

She smiles rubbing his muzzle, “I know, you wanted a few more days in it, but sacrifices must be made,” she says in a soothing comforting voice, giving him a few good pets, before starting the long process of unlocking every lock, loosening every belt, and pulling the rubber off of him, revealing the messy sweaty, yet still eager human underneath.



“What is it that you wanted to talk about?” he asks, shifting out of his submissive role and going back to be on equal footing with her, combing his hair back with his hand.

“Do you want to become a feral raptor again? And I mean really feral sort of like where I had you before it went... well you know,” she says, helping brush some of the hair from his eyes, her claws teasing his scalp.

“His heart skips a beat, head leaning into her touch, “I’d love nothing more than to slip back into that blissful, feral, careless mental state. The world felt so simple, elegant, and clear. I’d give anything to go back to it.”

She smiles, reaching down, and caresses his length, pulling him along by it, “Well I have some good news for you,” she says, feeling his member throb even harder in her claws, “I got a cleared version for us to use.”

“A cleared version?”

“I have to run what I can do by some certain people. To make sure I don’t over do it again. And they helped me create a version where you can sink in deep into a state like that, but still be brought back with a trigger word. Isn’t that great?”

He grinds himself into her claws, as they walk downstairs, “T-that’s wonderful. I can only imagine who... or what toy would be so helpful to help you create something like that again.”

She smirks, “Unfortunately, I am not allowed to tell anyone who my watchers are, so the world may never know,” she giggles, opening a thick steel door, with a series of locks, “I set up this room with a surprise that I think you’ll enjoy. At least I hope so,” she says with a soft chirp.

“Whatever it is, you put a great deal of thought behind it, and that is what matters,” he says with a sheepish grin.

“Awe, that’s so sweet. It won’t save you, but it’s almost as sweet as what I’ve set up,” she chuckles, the last lock clicking open, the door creaking open like a rusty old gate being open for the first time in years. “Tada,” she says, guiding him into the black rubber padded cell, with a rubber vac bed that’s hanging from the wall, with a headset, connected via wires to a computer with a random bouncy logo on the screen. “We’ll just get you set up in this, and in a week, you’ll be ready to be a good raptor.”

Brian’s attention for once wasn’t set on his future containment, but on the pair of feral rubber raptor suits on dress stands to show themselves in their full glory. The first is a solid black rubber raptor, with a matching length that’s out and ready. Cuffs on the ankles, and wrists, with a set of pony boots merged into the raptor feet that has a small chain locked to the sickle claw to keep it up and useless. A set of rubber mittens hang from the cuffs around the raptor’s rests, ready to be used and locked into place.

The other is of Lovely, the sleek rubber hot pink feral raptor. Her skin well-polished, shining, cuffs and collar around her neck of silver and purple band with engraved text that reads “Best Pet” on the tag and “Good Girl.” on the cuffs. The two suits are set up for the raptor to be

muzzling in the start of a kiss, their tails curved and touching at the ends and if looking straight on between the two it looks like a heart.

“Awe that is... so very sweet.”

“I told you, what you did wasn’t as sweet,” she says with a smirk, sliding up behind him, wrapping her hands around him, breasts pressing up against the small of his back, claws gently teasing his nipples, rubbing her muzzle along his cheek, “And now you get to see what you are going to be getting into, quite literally.”

“You really put thought into this, and well... us, didn’t you?” he asks, turning to her as she opens up the vac bed, revealing the internal rubber body harness that will help support him till the vac seal does its job.

She smiles, “Get into the bed so I can turn you into my fuck raptor toy.”

He returns the smile, his member twitching in the air, “Yes Mistress.” He walks up to her, slipping his arms into the internal rubber sleeves, while she helps guide his legs into the lower body harness.

“That’s a good pet,” she chirps, frills spreading, locking him nice and tight within the smooth rubber confines, “Enjoy your training,” she says with a playful giggle, giving him a smooch on the lips, “What am I saying, I know you will,” she adds, slipping the VR headset onto his head, locking it into place.

“Thank you, Mistress, love you,” he says with a groan, adjusting his position as she guides his length into a compartment for his aching bits, sliding the breathing tube into his mouth.

“Love you too,” she replies, giving one last kiss on the cheek, gently patting his length before sealing him up.

Air rushes out of the vac bed, squeezing every inch of his body. The human thrusts into the air when his Mistress’ tender claws run across his enthralled throbbing pleasure pillar, moaning into his breathing tube when he feels a ring slide down all the way to the base.

“Something to help keep you focused,” she says, her words muffled as a hypnotic spiral plays before his eyes, a gentle white noise playing in his ears, and after a few minutes of the soothing sounds the ring around his length vibrates matching the hypnotic beat.

Slowly, steadily, Amia’s voice whispers into his ear, sensual, loving, alluring, unable to ignore even if Brian wanted to. The commanding voice, spoke with flashes before the human’s eyes, words, concepts, related to what it meant to be a feral raptor.

“You are a feral raptor.”

“Feral raptors are good toys.”

“You want to be a feral raptor.”

“It’s good to obey your Mistress.”

“You are loyal to your pack.”

“Loyal to your alpha.”

“Mistress Amia is your Alpha.”

“If you ever need to snap out. Pumpnickel is your trigger.”

“Pumpnickel is your trigger to come back.”

“You love to obey.”

“You are a well-trained feral raptor.”

“Chirps, purrs, growls.”

“Good raptor.”

“Obedient raptor.”

“Eager raptor.”

Steadily he'll sink into the words, accept them into his mind, unlocking latent training that lingers in the back of his mind, the new programming building upon this base, molding it to better fit a healthier obedient feral raptor lifestyle. He'd simply sink in and out of consciousness. The cool air against the vac-bed keeps him tantalized, the gentle vibrations and milking of the ring around his length ensured he'd never grow soft and kept him focused on his task. The straps that wrap around his mind, binding his thoughts to Amia's will, another level of bondage that he only dreamt about since he was brought back to his original life.

Time loses meaning, be it because nothing changes except the soothing, conditioning hypnosis or that he dozes in and out of consciousness, letting the commands sink into the depths of his mind, building up the new personality for when he awakens the sleek, feral, powerful, domineering loving to be bound raptor suit.

He can imagine the chains attached to the cuffs, the rattling noise they make when he squirms, the chains to his collar that bind him to the base of the cage, keeping his head low for his Mistress, which he can only see her soft delicate rubber clad feet. His tail raised, locked into the top section of the cage, the tip of which sticks between the bars so he can't shift or move it side to side. His length out, throbbing, dribbling as its tenderly milked by a machine, the tube running between his legs within his field of viscous. The white milk of his essence flowing off for some other use. His claws twitch, the pony hooves doing their job, locking his deadly claws in place, while rubber mittens keep his hand claws helplessly bound and out of the way. When he flexes them, they harmlessly slide across the interior of the mitten. Feign sense of possible freedom but knowing deep down it's as much bound and helpless as any part of him. Nostrils flaring, enjoying the heavy aroma of rubber, arousal.

The soft dilophosaurus chirp draws him out of his mind prison. Going off instincts he tugs on the constraints, realizing that wasn't a dream, but reality. The chains rattling as Amia crouches before him, the feral raptor all bound up in his padded tight cage, “Ah, you're awake. I thought you'd snap out of it soon enough. How are you feeling? Good?”

He lets out a raptoric chirp, tugging on the constraints, less of a means to break free, but to reassure him of how bound he is, pressing his head against the cool metal bars with a whimpering need.

She gently caresses the tip of his muzzle, “What a good boy. Do you need to be snapped out of it?”

Brian shakes his head, the chains rattling.

She smiles, “Maybe in a few days or a week or two. I’m sure you wouldn’t mind having a *Lovely* time with me. But for now, I’ll let you relax and get used to your new body. Then we can go for walkies. How does that sound?”

The rubber bound raptor nods again with a soft raptoric chirp.

With a chirp and a gentle pet along his muzzle, her frills expanded out, “That’s what I thought. I’m going to run a few errands. I’ll be back. Are you comfortable?”

Another nod.

“Good boy, I’ll be back,” she says with a gentle kiss on the snout, pulling away, and walking off, leaving Brian to stew in his delight need, and the feral raptor stand for *Lovely* right there, body turned to show the tail hiked, head turned to look at him, tilted with that sense of “What are you waiting for.” Feral raptor porn, which adds to his stimulation. A squirt of pre-cum that’s quickly sucked away. Brian huffs, giving a few thrusts, enjoying the music of his rattling chains, knowing he can’t get out and that’s okay. Because now with his Mistress, he’s safe and sound, bound to her, forever. And he wouldn’t have it any other way.