

The First Rena Toy: Finding the Right Material

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But you only get something like this once."

"Till college."

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

"Okay. Have a good day."

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

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

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

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

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

“Maker, may toy say something?”

“Of course.”

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

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

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

“Now! How’s the newest product?”

“It’s ready for testing!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“C-1010 Maker?”

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

“Then why is Maker picking males?”

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

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

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

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

“Good toy.”

“Always for you Maker.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why is that?”

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

“Good point Maker.”

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

“Literally we do Maker.”

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

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

“Why’s that Maker?”

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

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

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

“True Maker. This one apologies.”

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

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

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

“You did Maker?”

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s okay Maker.”

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

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

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

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

“Yes?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Vanilla polish?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You think so?”

“Yup!” bleats X-2953.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What else?”

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

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

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

"That sounds like a girl's name."

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

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

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

"Anything else about them Maker?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What was that Maker?"

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

"Maker..." it bleats.

"Yes toy?"

"Nothing."

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

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

"Not one bit!"

"Why mention it then Maker?"

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

“Point taken. So, who are they?”

“Their name is Kregis Sharkavictusabinikavashin.”

“That name is a mouthful.”

“So is giving them a blow job.”

“Maker...”

“Is this one wrong?”

“Not one bit Maker. But please continue.”

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

“Are the others mentally fit too?”

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

“This one sees.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Have you tried this before Maker?”

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

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

“Of course, toy.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Was that a sergal joke?”

“Huh? What? No Maker.”

“Okay!” it says with a beaming smile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you have any ideas Maker on that?”

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

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

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

“The other toys Maker?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The First Rena Toy: Poker Game

The human drives down the bumpy road, seeing rows of trees on either side of him and nothing but darkness except for what his car headlights illuminate, “This better be the location. GPS don’t fail me now,” he mutters, looking down at his small GPS device that is suction cupped to the front of his window. “This can’t be a trick... it just can’t be,” he says, heart racing as he approaches the location, “Just a minute away.”

The road abruptly changes from gravel to paved road, a small lit sign says, “Welcome To the world’s Toys-4-U supermega store.” and a smaller sign underneath it, “Watch for the bump.” A second later his car rattles as he marks the transition, “At least I know I am on the right track,” he mutters, squeezing the steering wheel, thinking about that email he’s gotten. “I can’t believe I was selected for something like this. Unless it was a fake email... no, no, they responded back to me to make an appointment for the preliminaries. Relax Ross, you can do this,” he mutters, pulling into the parking lot. Night lights illuminate the large empty parking lot.

He looks at the time, “I’d be surprised there would be a lot of people here at three in the morning... but why did they want me here so late? But then the email said kinky good fun. I just hope this isn’t some kind of mistake, or really an elaborate trick,” he says, parking his car near the front entrance, stepping out of the car, the overhead light showing off his black hair, and light Persian skin.

With confidence he walks up the steps to the Toys-4-U store. The lights within are low but there’s movement, people doing work, cleaning and washing the floors. Just as he reaches the front door, a large anthropomorphic rhino unlocks the door, stepping outside, towering over the human he lets out a huff, “Do you need something?”

Ross is taken aback by the sudden stern buff rhino before him, “Ah, yes,” he says, clearing his throat, regaining his composure, “My name is Ross and I’m here for a poker tournament? I got an email; I could get you a printed out copy if need be?”

“I was informed of you. If you head down the side of the building to first set of steel metal doors, knock three times, and that’s all you need to do,” he says.

“Oh, thanks, I appreciate it,” taking a few steps away.

“One more thing. He asks, stopping in his tracks.

“Love the name.”

“Ross? Thanks, got it from my father,” he replies, heading off down to the side of the building, looking at the clean steel door, “Here goes nothing,” he remarks, knocking on the door, his knocks seeming to echo out into the store.

“This is honestly a rather weird way to go about things,” he remarks, looking around, about to wonder if he did something wrong when there is series of clicks, and metal grinding against metal the door squeaking open.

“This one should really get that oiled. It doesn’t want to give the impression of some kind of horror movie,” K-2003 says, rubbing its chin, attention quickly moving toward the human, “Oh, apologies! Hello! This one is K-2003, and you must be Ross Stiller yes?” it asks.

The sleek black rubber sergal toy with cyan highlights, its eyes softly glowing, its collar with jingling tag clearly stating K-2003 but the toy's cuffs and belt that repeat the words in glowing cursive lettering is what steals the show... outside of the naked sergal toy standing before him.

"K-2003? As in the CEO K-2003?"

"That is this one! It is so glad you heard about it."

"How could one not hear about the toy that runs a toy shop. Not to mention all the other things you've done."

"Well, this one isn't here to talk about itself. But to get you to come inside so we can have fun, yes?"

"I'm more than happy to get inside and have a little fun."

"Wonderful! Also please let this one know if anything is too awkward, it wants to improve its methodology with this system, okay?" it asks, motioning him to follow inside.

"Sure, sure. First, I'd suggest not having it three in the morning. Why is that?"

"It's one of the few times this one isn't busy. It spends all morning and afternoon running the store, the company, and other projects that it nerily has had much time for itself."

"I never thought a toy would do... work," Ross replies, moving down the hallways, toward a dark room that only has a green poker table set up in the center.

"I'm starting to feel like this is some sort of mafia set up..."

"Mafia? This one doesn't work with the mafia, they are very bad people," it says with an affirmative nod.

"I wasn't saying you were working with the mafia, only that it gave me that vibe. You know, giving you that feedback," he says, admiring the sleek rubber toy before him, not noticing that K-2003 has broken its seal from its rubbery sex, slowly filling the room with its arousing aroma.

"Ohh, thanks! This one really does appreciate it. It wants to work on extruding confidence that it should. And it will! Like so..." K-2003 says, spinning around on its foot with a loud squeak, leaning over to the human, who is caught off guard by the sudden motion. K-2003 gently running its rubbery claw tips along your chin, gently pulling his gaze into its own, "This one hopes you don't mind this?"

"N-not at all," he says with a grin, "I'd think you'd be rather fun to play with."

"Oh yes, this one thinks so too with you. We will have so much fun," it says, wiggling its rump, butt hiked in the air, sex dripping, "In order to begin, please remove your clothes and place them off to the side."

"You know, I wasn't expecting this kind of fun, but I'm not going to say no. I've been admiring Toys-4-U work for a while, and you've been a blast to watch," he says, grinning, feeling his pants growing tight. Without a worry in the world, he strips down before it.

"Oh he is eager. This one thinks he's a good pick then. This one does want the renamon toy to be eager but reserved enough to show an alluring dominance but able to bring out that slutty submissiveness that everyone is wanting from such a toy. This one picked the material well! All by itself! It's so excited... well not by itself. X-2953 did help this one, but it was

leaning toward this decision, it was just getting a second opinion. So it mostly did it by itself. Well that's good," it thinks, rump hiked, tail swaying, the toy gently rubbing its chin, breasts squeezed together by its arms forcing them to jut out.

"Ready for some fun," he says, now butt naked, his cock twitching in the air, already showing bits of pre-cum beading at the tip.

The toy snaps out of its line of thought, "Oh yes! We'll get ready for oodles of fun! So much fun, you won't know what to do with!"

"That does sound enjoyable," he says with a grin, cock twitching.

"This one hopes so. Your feedback will be very important, as it will help get things going, now follow this one, so it can sit you down. This one doubts you could have fun playing poker standing up like that."

Ross' lustful daydream of pounding the sergal's sleek wet rubbery sex suddenly cracks and vanishes before his mind's eye, "Wait what?"

"We're playing poker, remember? This one is sure it told you that in the email."

"Yeah, that was mentioned in the email, but I thought when you told me to strip we were going to do something else first. Then that."

"Huh? This one only mentioned the poker," it says, gently caressing his twitching length, using to guide him forward, "*This works on users just as well as toys. Interesting.*"

"If you wanted to play poker, why am I naked then?" he asks, moving over to the chair, trying to pull it out but discovers it's bolted to the ground.

"Strip poker, where everyone is stripped to play poker."

"Ah... that's not how strip poker goes."

"It's not?"

"No you wear clothes first and then... ah never mind, but why is the chair bolted to the ground?"

"Oh it's part of this fun version of strip poker this one thought up all by itself... well not by itself, it did toss some ideas back and forth with some other toy units. Being made out of rubber, it's very easy to bounce things off of us toys," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Okay... so you want me to sit down and then what?"

"You'll see, it has lots of surprises with this, but fear not, it will all be safe and squeaky-clean fun."

"I don't think you know what that word means."

"Fun? Toy is very sure it knows what that word means, yup!" it says with an affirmative nod, taking the human, gently placing him down into the chair.

"This is the most peculiar game of poker I have heaaaaaaaahhhhhh" he exclaims, feeling a very lubricated butt plug pops into his rear, K-2003 keeping him from getting up immediately, "What do you think you are doing?!"

"Placing you into a chair? And then letting the auto activated BDSM chair clamps wrap around your ankles to lock you in place while it grabs your wrists and places the wrists cuffs on so you can't put your hands under the table, best not to cheat now!" it says, boob hatting the

human while in this moment of confusion he has the toy gently wraps the specialized wrist bondage that allows full movement of his hands above the table but locks up the moment he gets more than an inch below it.

“Ah... what? Why is there a toy in my butt?”

“It’s a butt plug, it’s supposed to go there. If it went into your mouth, then it would be a mouth plug. Oh! Make a note of that, breathable mouth plugs... Sorry! This one got distracted, what was your inquiry again?”

“Why do you have a plug in the chair to play poker? It’s a bit tight,” he grunts.

“Really? Are you able to stand it? Are you hurt?” it asks, reaching around, gently rubbing the human’s clean-shaven chest, gently feeling along his soft skin, the toy’s breasts pressing harder against the back of his head.”

He grunts, clenching on the toy, feeling his length twitch. His heart races, feeling the smooth rubber against him, that body temperature warmth that gives the feeling that he’s touch a living, breathing rubber toy, “It’s alright, just a little distracting. Is that going to be fair when we play poker?”

“Do not worry! All of us toys will be in the same spot as you. That way it’s a level playing field.”

“Ah... okay? I guess? But what do you mean us toys?”

“This one was waiting for you to ask!”

“But I couldn’t ask till now...”

“Come out toys! Time to play poker!” it exclaims calling out a few toys out from the dark, their highlighted text showing up as they moved in towards the light. The first is a generic vixen toy, the next is male sergal of black and pink in coloration, then a white and purple female feline with the last of the four being a female purple, yellow and black rubber gazelle toy that bleats with excitement.

“This one rarely gets out and play with all the work it has to do, thank you toy Mistress,” X-2953 says, sitting in a chair that would be to the right of K-2003 when the sergal toy sits across from the human.

K-2003 slowly pulls away from the human, its cyan claws gently teasing and playful scratching the human’s skin, gently running along his chin, sauntering over to the chair directly across from the human sitting down. The toy lets out a squeaky moan, reaching out to gently pet the vixen toy beside it, and then the doe toy.

The vixen responds, “Thank you Toy Mistress for inviting this one.”

“Well, you’ve had plenty of practice like this one, so it would like no other toy by its side for this.”

“Awe toy Mistress... you are making this one blush. But it hopes it can make it back in time,” it says, sitting down into the chair with a soft moan, getting itself chained up like the other toys.

“This one will do its best, but it is all up to how well Ross plays,” K-2003 says, another toy brings the deck of playing cards, and a stack of chips in front of each person. The game is

simple. Play till you have all the chips, bet however you want with your hand. Round robin with who slash what will shuffle and deal the cards.”

“Sounds easy enough, and if I win, I move onto the real poker tournament later at a chance to win the new renamon toy you are making.”

“Well first you have to win, right?” it says with a rump wiggle, squeaking loudly, leaning forward, breasts squeezed together, the toy leaning closer with a big grin.

“True enough, and I will admit, I don’t mind the view, despite the position I’m in,” he responds, clenching his butt cheeks on the plug, “So who deals first?”

“That would be the what will deal first which will be this one! But first, there is one special little gift that will go along with that will just make this the most tantalizing poker game there can be! And prove there is nothing related directly to the game going underneath the table,” the toy says with a soft moan, a squeak heard.

Ross gives the toy an inquisitive look, enjoying the view when suddenly he feels a muzzle wrap around his length. Sleek, warmth, wet, the tongue coiling around his length, causing him to want to jump out of his seat, but the constraints prevent him from doing so, and the plug slows him down even further, “H-hey! What is this... fuck... that’s good,” he says with a soft pant. The toy’s mouth, bobbing its head up and down his length, steadily building him up.

“Don’t worry, all of us toes are being teased underneath the table. It wanted to keep things fair, you know?” it asks, its clitoral hood, reaching out to gently licking across the rubber gazelle that’s under the table, the toy tongue playing with the toy, while looking at the human, who is unaware of the tongue tussle happening underneath the table.

“For some reason I think toys who are used to being fucked all the time and kept on edge have a little bit of an advantage on this,” he says with a huff.

“You think? But then we are toys. Wouldn’t you say that strong, powerful, smart human could ever be at a disadvantage to us toys?”

Ross takes just a moment to go over what was said, “Since you put it that way, I do think that is rather fair. Teasing me a little while I go against a bunch of lovely fuck toys? It’s leveling the playing field.”

“Oh good, this one was hoping you’d see it that way, shall we begin?”

“With pleasure,” he says, grunting, clenching hard again on the plug, a constant teasing reminder that it’s there, pressing against his prostate, this twitching length, tenderly nursed, balls gently massaged and played with, the toy going devilishly slow to keep him on edge, while K-2003 shows its skills as shuffling the deck, “That’s some nice shuffling.”

“Thanks, this one has had a lot of practice. Playing poker helps this one connect to joyful times,” it says, dealing out the cards.

“That’s nice... so how long will the toy under the table be at it?”

“Till we’re done of course!”

“Could you tell it to speed up? I’m so close on edge.”

“Oh, you aren’t going to climax. We are all kept on edge. We toys can’t cum, so neither can you.”

His eyes widen, grabbing his cards, "What?"

"It's all fair right?"

He sighs, "I think I could manage."

"This one thought so," it says, the game starting up. Going rather slow at first, Ross having to try to not want to put too much in. The drive to end the game so he can hit release, mixing with his drive to win, trying to be cautious.

K-2003 squeezed its breasts together, looking over to the other toys, "*We have talked about this. This one wants to try to keep him from losing or winning too fast. It's no fun if its a quick game,*" it thinks, after a good two hours, the number of chips distributed is mostly going to K-2003 and Ross, leaving the other toys close to feeling defeat.

"Hey, do you have something to eat? Or at least a drink?" Ross asks with a soft pant, feeling the sweat roll down his back, the excitement yet the constant teasing getting his body going.

"Oh... this one should have thought of that! We don't have a lot of food and drink items here, but this one can see what it can do. What would you like?"

"A beer?"

"Oh... we don't have that, but toy will definitely think of having some kind of extra beverage in the future. For now, toy will make sure you get a water, is that alright it hopes?"

"If its cold that will be fine, thank you."

"Sure thing!" it says, looking out in the darkness, "Please get Mr. Stiller some water, with ice! Need it nice and cold for them to enjoy," it says with a nod, the sound of something squeaking echoes out in the darkness, a door opening then clicking close. Ross looks over his shoulder only managing to catch a pink glow.

"Why do you have this place so creepily enshrouded in darkness?"

"That's easy, keeps one focused on the game. Nothing else to worry about," it says with a nod.

"And the random toy that was apparently watching us that I had no idea about?"

"To make sure of no cheating, and now also to get a drink,"

"Okay..."

"But it must ask, are you enjoying yourself?"

"It's been a fun experience, yes, though I don't think I'll be able to sit straight for a long time after this."

"That's good. Not too embarrassed being naked in front of a bunch of toys?" it asks, wiggling its rump a bit in the chair, letting out a soft moan.

"Ahh... I was trying not to think about that. But after being so aroused for so long it rather hard to be embarrassed about anything when you can't think of anything but winning this game and being so very hard. Honestly I could use a good fuck after this."

"Would you know?"

"Do you even need to ask?"

“Well, this one had to be sure. For it wants to know what is on your mind as it proposes that perhaps we could up the wager on this? That’s the term you use to add more to the pot of who wins right?”

“It is, but what are you trying to offer?”

“Well, this one has been so enthralled by the game so far, and believe it or not, this one has been getting lewd thoughts?”

“No, really?” he asks with sarcasm.

“Yes, it's true,” it says, thinking, *“That is a renamon response. Coy, domineering in a way, yet so openly lewd and unbashful,”* it points to itself nodding, “Well toy was thinking as it does almost all the time, even when it’s not thinking about it, how weird is that?”

X-2953 says, “Toy Mistress, this one thinks you are getting off topic.”

“You are having one of your moments again,” says the rubber toy vixen.

“Oh, sorry, sorry! This one didn’t mean to do that. Anyway, this one thought that on top of getting a chance to obtain our new renamon toys, it thought perhaps you’d like to have a wager with this one where if it wins, seeing that it’s the most likely one to win after you, that it will get to do anything it wants with you, and if you win, you get to do anything you want with this one.”

X-2953 leans over with a soft squeak, “Toy Mistress. May toy suggest that in the future you suggest what they could win first, let them think on it then bring out the other half of the wager.”

“Oh?” it asks tilting its head.

“Yeah, let them think about it.”

Ross looks at them curiously, “Ah, are you planning to make this deal often?”

K-2003 snaps its attention back to him, “Well if it seems like a worthwhile adventure, yes! Toy is testing out things you know.”

“You haven’t been used by a lot of people, have you?” he asks, cringing a little.

“This one keeps itself very clean. Safety and your health is very important here at Toys-4-U. So, what do you say? You win, you get to do whatever you want with this one,” it says, leaning against the table, breasts squeezed with a loud squeak.

“Well... and you said if you win, you get to have fun with me?”

“Yup!”

The vixen toy says, “Toy Mistress, this one doesn’t see the difference between the two.”

“There’s a difference, trust this one,” it says with a nod.

“Okay... though it will have to go in an hour, but it doesn’t want to lose on purpose.”

K-2003 looks over to the chips in front of the toy, “Need not worry. This one will have a ride to take you back where you need to go and be on time.”

“Is that toy on loan or something?” asks Ross, finding the conversion to be very curious.

“Sort of. This one here has to be someplace else as part of their duties, but this one wants to be a very inclusive toy so gave them a chance to join in on the fun here, at least for a little while.”

“Okay...” he says, about to think about that when a black and pink gazelle toy places the cold glass of water, with condensation beading along the side of the glass.

“Here you go, this one apologies for taking so long,” it says with a bow, breasts bouncing in front of him.

“Not a problem,” he says with a grin, enjoying the view, before the gazelle disappears back into the darkness.

Ross takes a drink, juggling down half the glass before putting it down, “That really hit the spot. Thank you.”

“Welcome!”

“Now back to what you were saying, it does seem like a win-win to me, so sure, lets do it.”

“Let's shake on it with a butt wiggle.”

“Ah... what?”

“Like this,” K-2003 says wiggling its rump in the chair, “See it shook its butt in agreement.”

“I don't think I can handle any more butt movement right now, so let's just continue and say we did?”

“Alright, but this one won't lie about it, and it's your deal.”

Ross just gives the toy an inquisitive look, shuffling the cards, thinking, “*Why would anyone even talk about it?*” Pressing on the game continues, with Ross starting to steadily lose some of his chips but not at the rate of the other toys, the rubber vixen having to bow out after losing all its chips sometime later.

“Bye!”

“Bye Toy Mistress, good luck with your game!” the vixen says, waving off into the darkness.

“This one won't need luck, it has skill,” it says with a big grin, looking at the human.

“*Was I played by a toy? No matter either way I will win enjoying it,*” he thinks, soon the game down to a single hand, just him and the toy, the last of his chips moved into the center. A do or die, he looks down at his hand, “*A full house, three eights and two queens. It will be difficult to lose to this.*”

K-2003 looks down at its hand, back at the human, “Ready?”

“Ready,” he responds, the other toys watching, the gazelle toy from earlier having taken the rubber vixen's spot, in order to be closer to the action.

Ross shows his hand, “Look at this. It will be tough to beat this,” he says.

K-2003 looks over, holding its cards in its hands, “Oh that is a good hand, a difficult one to beat with a full house, it does agree. This one only managed a full house itself, so it was rather nervous if it managed to even to win.

“Huh?” he asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, looking at the toy reveal its cards, three tens and two aces, “I lost,” he says with a sigh, leaning back into the chair before tensing,

clenching the toy in his butt, thankful that whatever lubricant that was being used still works, keeping him from feeling too bad with being full.

“That you did, which means it’s now to take you to what it wants to do, and this one thinks you will enjoy it!” it says, the chairs unlocking from them, the toy raising its butt into the air with a loud audible pop.

The human pants, “I don’t know how much I will have in me; this game has been going on far longer than I anticipated.”

“Don’t worry, this one thinks you will find the will to muster the energy for this,” it says, sauntering over to hi, gently rubbing its smooth sleek rubber claws along the human’s chin, forcing him to look up at it, the toy’s soft glowing eyes, domineering yet sincere in wanting to have a good time with him, “Ready?”

“As ready as I will ever be,” he says, rubbing his wrists, feeling his body free, about to get up but feels the tug of the plug in his butt, so weak from the constant teasing, the toy between his legs under the table finally relenting from his aching, twitching length, earning for release, “Oh... I need a little bit of help getting up,” he says, looking under the table to see a pair of glowing green eyes from the black and green drubber vixen toy that is under the table, giving him a playful little wink.

He smiles back at it, when K-2003’s hand is offered to him, “Please, let this one help you out. It thinks it knows the best solution to make it quick and easy.”

Ross takes the toy by the hand, and in one quick motion, “Hey what are you doing?!” he asks, just as K-2003 pulls him up off the chair with a nice hard tug, his own butt letting out an audible pop, his legs twitching, feeling himself give way, into the toy’s body, who holds him up against it.

“This one is helping you out of the chair. Sometimes the best solution is like ripping off a band aid, nice and quick,” it says.

Ross pants, leaning his face into the toy’s wonderful breasts, looking up at it, resting his chin the crevice between the rubber mounds, “A little warning next time?” he asks, feeling the ache of his stretched rear, steadily his strength returning to him.

“If toy warned you, you’d have clenched down and made it all the harder,” it says with a nod.

“Isn’t that a bit of an assumption?”

“What? Toy would never make an ass out of you and it.”

“Huh?” he asks.

“You know the saying, when you assume. You make an ass out of you and me. Though it doesn’t work well with toys being objects, but you know what toy means, right?”

“I do... but it did involve my ass you know? So maybe it will be apt here.”

“But toy didn’t turn you into an ass,” it says with a nod with its counter argument, its claws gently caressing the human’s side, teasing him, yet slowly putting him back onto his feet, “Wouldn’t you say?”

“I give up. So, what did you want to do?”

“This one is going to suit you up as its up-and-coming rubber renamon toy, and treat you like a lovely toy to be,” it explains.

Ross quirks an eyebrow, his cock twitching, liking what he’s hearing but also so confused by it, “What?” he asks.

“Come, this one will show you,” it says, gently taking him by the hand, walking him out into the darkness, the lights around the room flickering, revealing the simple storage room of some kind that has been quickly converted into a poker table.

“Not a problem, I’m too tired to get away even if I somehow wanted to.”

“Excellent! Thank you for the feedback,” it says, the toy, providing some support, while gently running a hand along his bouncing length, keeping him nice and hard.

The human was about to question what he’s heard, but the hard teasing along his twitching, throbbing eager length drew his attention away as they walked down a hallway, passing doors and another interconnecting hallway. The smell of rubber is heavy in the air. Eventually they stop at one room that has a sign above it that reads, “Toy fitting room.”

“What’s this?” he asks, reading the sign, now able to walk fully on his own, but is still leaning against the toy, enjoying its warmth, the smooth latex and more importantly the toy’s teasing touch against his aching member.

“This is where this one will start its play with you, moving you from simple material and prepping you to become a wonderful toy, isn’t that great?!” it asks exclaiming excitedly, feeling joy at the prospect of what is to come.

“Oh, I see how this goes.”

“You do?”

“Yeah, lead the way toy, and make me into a toy,” he chuckles.

“Awe, this one is so happy you are already getting into the spirit and are also eager for this. It was worried about that,” it says, opening the door.

“Worried about what? Having a good fucking time with a toy?”

“Not that, in being a toy for this one,” it explains opening the door, revealing a small fitting room. Though easily five times bigger than a traditional fitting room. Along the back of the wall is a metal bar where dozens of clothes could be hung. And another metal bar behind that, giving the impression that a lot more clothes are prepared to be placed there in the future. There is a bench on one side of the room, and across from it a mirror.

“A lot of suits you have in here,” he says with a chuckle, looking around then noticing the single suit on the rack.

“It’s just starting out; it will have more in the future for sure. It has to test the waters and improve its system you know?” it responds.

“Oh yes, but of course,” he responds with some sarcasm, then noticing the rubber toy suit that is hanging there idly, ready to be worn, a sleek black and red rubber renamon outfit. Ready for him to wear. Ready for him to start his journey in becoming more of a toy than he realizes.

The First Rena Toy: Suiting Up

K-2003 reaches over to the hanging latex renamon suit that is hanging from the empty coat racks. The black and cyan sergal toy squeaks softly breasts dangling, tail hiked, the toy's clit hood has broken its seal around the sex, letting its arousing aroma fill the room. The toy's black fingers and cyan claw tips, contrast the black and red renamon suit which is in two pieces, the main body and the head.

Ross doesn't need the toy's secret arousing aroma to get himself going, naked from the poker game, his cock twitches and aches in the air, having been teased and feeding on that teasing aroma for hours by this point. He eyes the toy's butt, looking at the hiked tail, the delightful warm dripping vent before him, but he quickly leans back, pretending he wasn't looking when the toy spins back to him. The human sees the toy's back reflecting in the mirror that's behind it. The small room has a little cabinet with a white box on the top along with the full-bodied mirror beside it.

K-2003 holds the main body of the black and red highlighted renamon suit with attached red gloves against its body, it looks over it, the breasts obvious on the suit, "This one thinks this should fit you, don't you think?" it asks with a rump wiggle, its body squeaking.

The human's attention is torn between that mirror image of the toy's behind and the wonderful suit its holding. His heart races, sweat drips down his face, cock aching, throbbing, pre-cum dribbling from the tip of his penis, "It looks wonderful. And you want me to wear this to play as a toy?" he asks, moving over to the toy reaching to feel the smooth latex, his member growing even harder, feeling a strain along the underside of his length.

The sergal nods repeatedly, "Oh yes. You will put this on and toy will get you worked up to be a very good toy for it. This one is very sure you'll come to love it, it's put a lot of thought into this," it explains.

He quirks an eyebrow, "Thought on this? Didn't you have that part of the bet of the poker game a sudden thing?" he asks curiously.

"Well, this one had to have the suit planned to offer it right? What kind of toy would this one would be if it would offer to a bet of which it didn't have? That would be not a very good toy, that's what. Lying to the customer about what it has to offer," it says with an affirmative nod.

"I suppose so. Shall we get to it then? No time like the present."

"In a way this is a present to you, yes this one supposes you could put it that way," it says, the toy hanging the suit over its arm, reaching forward with the other gently pushing the human back, "Please sit."

"Ah... what? That's not what I meant..." he says, being pushed back onto the soft cushioned bench on the other side of the room across from the mirror, "Easy enough," he says sitting down, feeling the soft cushion against his butt, his member bouncing between his legs. He looks up to the towering sergal toy, reminded of just how much taller it is than himself.

“Don’t you worry, this one will be presenting you eventually but for now, why don’t you be a good toy to be, and relax and let this one gets you all suited up?” it asks, kneeling before him, its free hand gently caressing the human’s length, helping him remain on edge.

Ross shudders, bucking his hips against the toy’s touch, hands gripping the bench, “Jesus fucking Christ, that feels good.”

“Wouldn’t that be considered fucking yourself in religious form?” it asks tilting its head.

Ross gives the toy a look, his mind for a moment taken out of it, “What?”

K-2003 lays the suit out before him, peeling it back, making the suit’s back face towards him. It opens the back up more, revealing the glossy looking red latex inside, “Feet up please, it’s a feet first suit,” it says looking up at him with a smirk, then to his cock where the toy blows cool air across it.

He feels the cool air run across his aching length, drawing him back to the reality of the situation. The toy’s breasts squeezed together with its arms, opening the suit wider with a loud squeak, the toy holding it up for him, “This looks as good as I imagined,” he says, slipping his feet in, feeling the surprisingly slick latex against his naked feet.

“Awe, this one was hoping it would be better,” it huffed, pulling the suit up, guiding the human’s feet into the legs, popping the feet into the rubber rena feet which feel like they are filled with a cushioned rubber, the human’s toes popping into individual toe sleeves which help give a little control over the larger renamon toes.

“Well, I do have an active imagination, especially when I can get going you see?” he explains.

“This one can understand that, but not see,” it says, pulling and tugging at the rubber along the human’s leg, smoothing out the thick renamon thighs, the ying yang symbol in black and red, making a fun mimicry of the true Digimon.

“What do you mean you can’t see?” he asks, unable to help himself to ask as he moans softly, feeling the rubber cling to his skin, sliding across him, glistening and shining brightly as his lower half is hidden away between two wonderful thick renamon thighs.

“Well toy can’t see imagination in one’s head. So, it can’t see it. It can only see what the imagination creates,” it says, running its fingers and down the human’s legs, making sure everything is smoothed out before it reaches out to gently run its fingers across the human’s smooth shaved balls, the toy giving them a little fondle, “If you don’t mind, this one will need you to stand now. And then it will have the delightful job of getting your length inside of the special cock sleeve designed to give you a nice faux female sex,” it explains.

“This is a full female suit?” he asks, shuddering, clenching his toes feeling the rubber move and shift around his feet. He stands, balancing on the renamon’s bald feet stance, his body stabilized by K-2003’s grip around his ‘body’ while it lifts and pulls the suit up, sliding the latex further up his inner thighs.

“Well, renamon model is female. But we plan to have male models released about a month after the female,” it explains, the toy moving behind the human, its breasts pressing along his back, the toy pulling its chest along his backside, arms wrapped around the human’s body

while the suit dangles around his waist, the tail hanging back against the bench and up against the wall. K-2003's head rests along the human's shoulder up against his face and cheek, "Weren't you preferring a female model?" it asks with a hint of concern in its face.

Ross shakes his head, "Oh no, female would have been my preferred to be honest..." he says, his heart racing, "But I was thinking it would have been easier to have you know? A mixed gender model."

"Mix gender?"

"You know a shemale model, or hermaphrodite. Those could be fun too."

"Ohhh, right, right we could do that, can't we. There has been some demand for multi-purpose models. And this one agrees having such variety will be wonderful and a delight. We are working on it."

"It shouldn't be too hard, it's just swapping some bits," he says, tensing, moaning the sergal toy, squeezing his length, some pre-cum oozing out of his tip, while some fingers piano along his balls.

"This one doesn't think so, but we do things with quality and love, and this one sees you are loving to be hard at the moment," it says looking down at his aching member, while pulling the suit up the toy stretching the suit, pulling up, pressing along the human's crotch, making it feel nice and tight as the toy bends his cock down, under and into the special cock sleeve, trapping his member in the slick binding rubber, "Ah there we go, this one will work on techniques to make one soft to make it easier to get that in when you are all aroused," it says with a rump wiggle, "Feel good though?"

"Fuck yes it feels good," he grunts, his butt clenching, feeling his member twitch in the cock sleeve. He looks over to try to see his fake female sex but is unable to do so with the upper half of the renamon suit blocking his view.

"Wonderful!" it says, the toy keeping its breasts squeezed along his back, reaching out to lift the front of the renamon suit, holding it open for him, "Arms in please."

"Not a problem here," he says, slipping them in. The rubber suit pulls and tugs across his body, feeling an upward tug along his crotch and butt.

"Good, this one will fit that once it gets down below a bit better, one moment please," K-2003 says, the rena-suit a few inches away from the human's front while the toy reaches down, gripping the back of the suit, and tugging up hard, almost to the point of lifting him off the ground, any wrinkles in the lower half of the suit is smoothed away, rubber is pulled across his butt while there's a soft suction felt at his tailbone base where the start of the big oval shaped renamon tail is that bounces around with a soft squeak between the toy's legs.

"Damn that feels good and teasing," replies Ross, looking over at K-2003, who keeps its head up along his.

"This one is pleased you are enjoying yourself, also a little warning."

"Warning?"

"Yup!" K-2003 says, slipping its fingers into the suit's rear, pushing in a two-inch layer of latex into the human's body. His rump still lubed from the plug that was lodged into him not

that long ago, and still 'relatively' loose, making the process rather easy for the invasive sergal toy.

"Ahh, could you give a little warning on that?" he asks, squeezing the toy's fingers till they slip out of him, leaving him feeling the latex running along his anal ring and inwards.

K-2003 tilts its head, "But it gave warning."

"Ah... well yes you did, but I meant as to why you are giving the warning. Just saying 'warning' doesn't count."

"It doesn't?" it asks, reaching around gently feeling the rubber on the outside of the suit, slipping its finger into the faux female sex, which then rubs along the human's trapped cock, causing him to shudder and moan in delight, hips instinctively bucking against the toy's touch.

"Oh, this one apologies. It hasn't done this too often so when toy is told 'Give a warning next time' it was thinking it will do that, and so it said warning. For some reason it felt like that was what should have been said."

"Why would you have thought such a thing?"

"Ah... this one isn't sure why," K-2003 reaches around the half-dressed human to rub its chin with a squeak, "It should think about that, but right now it's a time for suiting, not thinking, right?"

"Who could disagree with that," he says with a smirk.

"Good no thinking! Just do what this one tells you to do, like a good toy to be," it explains, reaching to grab the front of the suit, pulling it up against the human, the toy's breasts pushing the human forward into the suit. The smooth rubber running across his front, along his belly and chest. He feels the softly curved rubber on the inside, gripping his front, the breasts clearly visible from his point of view, a nice weight pressing with them, making them be all the noticeable to him.

"Right, no thinking, being a good toy, right?" he asks.

K-2003 nods, "Yup! Shoulders back so it can get this part nice and tight," it asks, the toy pulling the suit's arms, smoothing them out, making sure the human's fingers slip into the three fingered renamon rubber gloves.

"Of course," he says, doing as he's told.

The sergal toy grabs the rubber flaps, pulling them around the human's shoulders, pressing the front of the latex suit tighter against his chest, while spreading the rubber along his back. There, K-2003 pulls the rubber close together, pressing them together where it slides its finger up from the base of the suit, allowing the two parts to combine and merge together, steadily latex sealing the human into the suit, leaving him completely renamon suited from the neck down.

Ross feels the rubber all across his body, the tug of the breasts, the tight embracing choker collar sensation of the latex around his neck, but despite how tight it is, its more form fitting and comfortable rather than constraining... outside of his tightly bound up cock.

K-2003 runs its fingers across the human's back side, letting him feel the muffled sensation of the latex across his body, the toy slipping in front of them. It reaches up and grips

the breasts, which transfer some of the sensation to the human's chest, the toy fondling and adjusting the breasts. The toy looks at them closely, "Yes they do look balanced and fitting properly, everything okay with you toy be?"

"Oh, I'm doing quite alright, thank you for asking," he says looking at himself, having watched the transition in the mirror, he can barely believe how good he's looking and there's still the issue with the head, which hangs on the coat rack not too far away.

"Wonderful! This one is so pleased you are enjoying yourself and we are just getting started!" K-2003 says happily, sauntering over to the rack, reaching over to grab the hood, hiking its butt in the human's direction.

Ross is unable to peek under the tail once again, grunting when he feels his member twitch and become constrained by the cock sleeve that it's in. The smooth rubber sliding across his skin, furthering his arousal, pushing his lustful desires to new heights.

The toy grabs the hood, giving it one quick look over, before turning back to the human who has already hidden the fact, he was checking the toy out, "Now, this one isn't sure if it should put on the hood or have you do it? What do you think?"

"Does it matter?"

"This one thinks it's a special thing, and that it should be left up to the toy to be."

"It's just putting the hood on, it's not that big of a deal."

"You want this one to do it then?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Okay!" it exclaims, moving over to him, getting behind him once again, breasts pressing against his upper back, "Now have your mouth open, this hood will slip along your tongue and teeth," it warns.

"What? Ah... okay," he responds, curious about it, opening his mouth, the toy pulling the renamon head. The latex tugs at the human's hair, pulling slightly. The sound of squeaky latex filling his ears, the sweet scented rubber filling his nostrils, and soon as the latex pushes into his mouth, he tastes it. The overwhelming sensation of latex all around him, his hearing deafened by the suit which embraces along his entire head.

"Warning, this one is going to now warn you that it is going to put its fingers into your mouth to help adjust the mouthpiece," K-2003 says, shoving its fingers into the renamon hood, and by extension the human's mouth. The toy runs its fingers across the tongue, and teeth, adjusting and sliding them into place, while at the same time adjusting the hood to make sure everything is in place.

"Can you see, okay?" it asks.

"Yeah, shee guhd," he replies.

"Breathing well?"

"Guhd."

"Wonderful."

"You should ask about breathing first, over sheeing," he responds.

“Oh... you know you are right. This one doesn't need to breath, so it sort of wasn't thinking about that. But good to note, thank you! It will do much better in the future,” it says, running its finger across the neck part of the suit, sealing the pieces together, locking the human completely within.

“Any tihme,” he replies. His vision hindered, but not as much as he thought it would be, given the face he has a long rubber muzzle now in a good portion of his field of view.

“Come, check yourself out, while this one gets the final pieces of your suit ready, toy to be,” says K-2003, holding the human by the hand, gently guiding him closer to the mirror while it goes to the cabinet right next to the mirror, opening the box there.

“Ohter things? He asks looking at K-2003 for only a moment before looking back over to his sleek and shiny renamon toy suited self. With the wide hips, hefty bust, wonderful thighs and obvious female sex, with a subtle bulge behind it, his arousal doubles in an instant. He runs his renamon fingers across body, feeling the latex transfer some of the feeling to his body trapped within. The movements are smooth but squeaky, his cock twitches, pulling at the rubber, which makes the female sex make a little bit of a 'wink' adding to a little bit of realism that he's a female.

“Toy isn't complete till it's clothed in the correct gear you know,” it says, showing off a bunch of cuffs with faint lettering along the black straps. The BDSM belt and cuffs are red outlined matching the toy's general colors.

“Ah,” he nods, feels the rubber, reaching up to give his breasts a playful fondle, making them squeak. He blushes, feeling a tingle run down his spine, not even noticing K-2003 couching down to his ankle, placing the first ankle cuff onto his person. The toy press sealing the cuff and then runs its fingers along the entire length of the cuff, making it attach to the suit, locking it into place, the cuff beginning to glow in fancy cursive lettering the words “Fuck Toy”

“This one will get you all cuffed, belted and collared right away. Just enjoy yourself as it works. Don't mind it one bit,” it says, slipping over to the other ankle, repeating the process.

“No, no, I think I'm guhd,” he replies, admiring himself, feeling an ever-growing excitement. Each breath filled with the scent and taste of latex while also a building lust that he just can't help get over. Admiring how good he looks, picturing what lovely things he could achieve having a toy just like this. His mind shifting to fantasy of having a renamon toy of his own, taking it, fucking it, slipping into that tight vent of its, enjoying every inch of its body. Perhaps even with him dressed as one much like this, for lesbian or unique gendered renamon sex. The thought tantalizing him, time skipping for the human for a moment till K-2003 gets the collar around the human's neck.

The collar matches the ankle, thigh, wrist and upper arm cuffs. The belt too looks a lot like the collar, with silver D rings allowing for easy BDSM attachment. The only difference is the collar has no text on it, and a golden tag on the front, but it too has silver D rings that are ready to be used at a moment's notice. K-2003 finishes sealing the collar around the renamon suited human's body, then pressing the back of it, saying, “You might feel a soft pinch.”

The prick is felt on the back of the human's neck. A shiver runs down his spine, and then up into his mind, slowly, softly, words are spoken, not by K-2003, not by himself, but whispered into his ear... no, into the back of his head. The voice is not of the sergal toy, it's not of anyone he can recognize, but its soft, domineering, steady with a hypnotic pendulum beat.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy loves to obey."

"Toy loves to serve."

"Good toys obey."

"Good toys serve."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Fuck toys love to fuck."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

The voice sends shivers down Ross' spine, adding to the delightful feeling, a soft gasp escapes his lips, "What's this? Who's saying that?" he asks, looking around.

K-2003 looks over him, breasts bouncing as it moves with squeaky steps, hips swaying, "Oh good you are hearing your programing. That is just wonderful. The first in a long process of becoming a wonderful toy has now really begun," it says with an affirmative nod.

"Toy programing? Why am I having that? Oh, is this part of the play? Looking the part, thinking the part?"

"That is part of it yes! This one is glad you are understanding toy to be, but you should be speaking properly."

"Properly?"

"Didn't you hear your programing? This one thought you said you are hearing it," it asks tilting its head.

Ross softly hears the voice in the back of his head speak once again, *"There is no I."*

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

"Oh that... yes I am hearing that," he responds, hearing the words spoken again.

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

K-2003 looks over Ross, "Then you should know you are speaking improperly as a toy. Remember you do not say I as a toy. You don't say, me as a toy. You don't say myself as a toy. You refer to yourself as this one, it, itself and or toy, do you understand?" it asks tilting its head, leaning forward, rump hiking, hips swaying, the toy giving a lewd pose to him.

Ross looks over the toy, feeling a hint of intimidation coming from the toy, despite the sweet gentle voice and its rather lustful pose. The human feels arousal builds within him, a joyful delight growing with him, “Yes... this one understands. That’s right, right?”

“It is! Wonderful!” K-2003 says, standing straight up, wiggling its but in eagerness, while Ross feels a gentle pleasuring delight fill him.

“Good toy.”

“Good Toys obey.”

“Good toys serve.”

“Toy has only one Maker.”

“Toy serves Maker.”

“K-2003 is toy’s Maker.”

“Wait, why is this voice telling me that you are a Maker?” he asks curiously.

“Well, this one is, isn’t it? You are to be a toy, and this one is making you, that makes this one, your Maker right?”

“Oh, this must be part of the toy play,” he says, his mouth still muffled by the suit, his mind shivers hearing the hypnotic reinforcement trying to correct his improper speech.

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy.”

“Of course toy to be. Now come, follow this one,” it says, reaching out to gently grab him by the tag’s collar, “We are going to get you set up and settling into your position. This one thinks you just need to stew a bit before we really get going, does that sound good?”

“Ah, shure? But it is getting very lahte.”

“Yes, this one understand it's getting late. It should be doing a lot of work but fear not! It has cleared its schedule for this so it can do better. Though it has a meeting later... but that’s still some hours from now. Do not worry, this one will be able to get you all set up and popper and by the time it has that pesky meeting, you will be handled by some of this one’s toy helpers that will help you get into being the proper toy that you should be,” it says, tugging him along.

“Ah... okay?” he responds, feeling a mixture of arousal and confusion fill him. His cock twitches, aching for a release, the toy about to step out of the room with him when it stops, “Oh my gosh! This one was almost a forgetful silly Nancy! Though this one’s designation isn’t Nancy, it's K-2003, so it was almost a forgetful silly K-2003!” it states, taking a step back.

“What?” Ross asks, feeling himself pushed back, almost stumbling back but K-2003 quickly catches him.

“Careful.”

“Thanks,” he replies.

“Welcome!” it says, going over to the dresser, revealing a bunch of lubricants and butt plugs. The toy finds a purple one with a matching-colored gem at the base, “Oh this one should

be good. Toy should probably use lube... Which one should it use?" it asks, bringing the human over to look at all the kinds of scented lubricants.

"Ah, uh, not sure, whatever one works the best I guess?"

K-2003 looks at him curiously, "I?"

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

Ross shudders, "This one means, it guesses? One you have experience with?"

"Much better, and one this one has experience with you say?" it asks tilting its head, holding Ross in place with one hand, gently fondling the closer breasts.

"This one supposes that would be the best one at least?"

K-2003 nods, rubbing its chin, "This one supposes you are right. It really should get more practice with these other lubricants, but it's kind of spit balling ideas at the moment. Trying to find ways of what will work and improve its processes but for now something it can trust will have to do," it says with a nod, grabbing the butt plug, bringing it down towards its crotch. The toy's clit hood, dipping into its own sex, covering itself in its cyan translucent juices before licking across the tip of the plugs tip.

"Ah, what are you doing?" he asks, his butt squeezing seeing the size of the plug, reminded of the one that was in his rump not too long ago, that has left him with a slightly 'empty' longing feeling.

"This one is using the lubricant it knows the best, but to be safe it should get it more than just a sample coating," it says, pressing the plug against the toy's cyan colored sex. The toy lets out a soft moan, squeezing and milking the tip of the plug, slowly the toy pushing it into its body, steadily coating it in a heavy layer of its own juices.

"Ahh... that is one lubricant you know for sure," he responds, *"I was thinking anything like that though. I meant the ones in the drawer."*

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

Ross tenses, thinking, *"Wait, it can understand my thoughts?"*

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy."

He shivers, *"This one's thoughts. Sheez, this one thorough toy experience... not that toy minds at all."*

K-2003 pops the plug out with a loud audible pop, the plug covered in the toy's own juices, "Turn around, lift butt, this one will get you all plugged up for our fun."

“Sure, sure, as you wish,” he replies, doing as he’s commanded.

“And feel free to use the words Maker in private. Toy Mistress in public, when around not just fellow toy units,” K-2003 explains, getting underneath the renamon tail, taking the dripping plug, pushing it slowly and squeakily into the human’s behind.

“Ah sure... whatever you say Maker,” he responds, feeling a tingle of pleasure from the plug as it spreads his rear wider and wider. The more contact the toy’s fluids make with his body, the higher his arousal grows. The human not knowing the toy’s aphrodisiac juices are far more potent when contact is made, and it bleeds through the rubber and into him. Eventually the plug hits the point of no return and pops into him, his ass clenching down onto the plug, which fills him.

“Fuck me...” he grunts.

“This one will but not yet, you need to simmer a bit longer, and remember, there is no me!” K-2003 says happily, twisting the plug’s gem, causing the plug to vibrate on a low setting.

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one. It. Itself. Toy,” Ross hears, adding to the situation.

“Yes, yes, this one understands. It apologies Maker,” he replies.

K-2003 stands up tall, gently running its claws along Ross’ back, “That’s okay toy to be. We all make mistakes, and it’s part of the process of becoming a wonderful toy. Now back to the poker table.”

“Back to the poker table? This one doesn’t think it can play poker like this... and didn’t it pass the preliminaries?” he asks, K-2003 guiding him out of the room by the collar, leading him back to the room where the poker table is.

K-2003 grinds, its eyes glowing in the darkness till they get close enough to the light that lights up the poker table, which is lifted off the ground revealing a bunch of eager rubber toys that were underneath. The one that is at K-2003 spot gets up, a sleek wonderful green and white male sergal toy, “This one kept the spot warm for the new toy to be Toy Mistress.”

“Thank you,” K-2003 says, turning to Ross, “You aren’t going to be playing, but you will be directly servicing this one in the interim, as it has a lesser meeting to handle here. It’s going to be inviting the R&D department to discuss ways to better improve this starting process of toy making and it will have you right here with this one, licking this one’s sex. Don’t worry once done this one has a lot of fun ideas to do with you before we’re done.

Ross’ heart beats faster, his body feeling exhausted from the constant play and teasing, yet his mind is willing to go deeper, yet his body... how much more of this can he handle before he gives into the pleasures thrown at him? Only time will tell.

The First Rena Toy: Under the Table

Ross swallows a lump in his throat, his cock twitches within the tight rubber confines. A shiver runs down his spine, mind swimming in a sea of yearning. Every thump in his heart made his body ache further, that recently empty spot left by the one toy, knowing perfectly well it is for him. He clenches his butt cheeks, feeling the plug that is lodged deep within him, which makes the entire situation worse. “I-I didn’t sign up for this…” he mutters, part of him wanting to pull away, not for a lack of desire, but more of his desire to have someone *else* in that position before him, like the sleek sexy black rubber and cyan sergal toy standing beside him, who smiles delightfully at him.

K-2003 leans forward, breasts out, rubber cyan colored claw tips run across his chin, “No, you certainly did not toy-to-be, but you certainly made the bet for this one to do what it wishes with you. And it wishes you to kneel there. Fear not, you can relax, and enjoy yourself. This one has a lot of plans for you. But as with all good things, it takes time. This one would speed things up a little bit but…” it says leaning in closer, its soft glowing eyes catching his.

“This one has so much work to do, that it can’t just simply focus on you, but it has to do its other duties. It does apologize, but it will do its best to make sure you get the *quality* attention that you deserve,” it explains, reaching down tugging on the collar, pulling him closer to it, “Okay?”

He swallows a lump in his throat, looking down at the empty spot, seeing the other actual toys there in their positions, eager and ready to pleasure whoever sits down at their chair. Their eyes locked on the plug, head in a position that would perfectly hide them when the table is placed back over them. Hands at their sides, showing off just what good patient rubber toys they are. Two of them are gazelles, another is a sergal, while the last one is a natural rubber colored vixen.

K-2003 moves in closer, running its rubber fingertips along the human’s back, being sure not to activate the unsealing mechanism, the toy guides him over to the spot, the rubber tail running across the head of one gazelle toy, who lets out a soft bleat, “Now *sit* toy-to-be and this one will take care of the rest. For now, you get to relax and enjoy how wonderful that suit is. Get lost in the moment, enjoy yourself. Feel how good it is to wear your new skin,” it commands, gently yet firmly pushing the human down into a kneeling position.

Ross shivers at the words, something about this felt odd, yet also so good, “Okay… so you’re going to put me here and then what?” he asks, yet deep down already knowing what’s going to happen. He eyes the sergal toy’s sex, the clit hood open, showing off the hot drippy juicy opening that will be his focus.

K-2003 lifts his head, breaking his view from his future goal, up into the toy’s eyes. The toy’s bust taking a good portion of his view, having to look up at it, “This one knows you know. So why don’t we not play around with words and play the real game? Hmm?” it asks with a playful wink, patting your head, “Be a good toy there while this one gets itself and you set up,” it says, turning toward X-2953.

“X-toy, what do you think would be easier. Set it up before the table is on or after? This one isn’t so sure itself,” it says with a rubber squeaky chin rub.

He looks up at the toy, feeling the tight suit around him, body squeaking, air whistling through the air holes, nostrils and mouth filled with the taste of latex, squirming, aching for more, excited yet a twitch of fear within him that was like an added pinch of salt to the sweet desert that he’s experiencing, “Set it up?” he manages to ask.

K-2003 reaches down, gently petting the human on the head, “Hush now toy-to-be. The completed toys are speaking,” it says, looking over to X-2953, which lets out a soft bleat thinking, looking over the space where the table would go.

“Why is this so arousing and hot... I’d love to do this to someone. Just show them their place but... I’m loving this too!” Ross thinks, looking over to the doe toy.

“This one thinks that it won’t make too much of a difference, but all in all, it would say you could sit down and let us do the work, Maker. That would give a lovely aura of control in front of the toy-to-be, don’t you think?”

“This one does suppose you are right. Good toy. It appreciates the thought. It thinks it will do that then!” it exclaims, going over to the chair that’s before Ross.

The human sees the black butt plug that’s bound to the chair, glistening with a fresh layer of lubricant that must have been applied when they were in the other room as he suited up, *“Don’t tell me that toy is just going to sit on it just like that?”* he thinks, clenching the plug in his rear, panting softly, feeling the suit suck the heat from his body, keeping him amazingly cool and comfortable despite how hot under the collar he currently feels.

K-2003 grabs the chair, lifting its rump nice and high, stepping over the latex bound human forcing him to see those black shiny thighs that now blind him from everything except that plug, and the toy’s glistening sex. The chair would wobble under the toy’s motions if it wasn’t already bolted to the floor. “Now put your head right here,” K-2003 says, gently pressing Ross’ head down till it rested on the chair in the perfect position where he should be.

Ross looks up at the slick rubber toy, eyes going wide behind the red and black rubber rena toy hood, “W-wait, are you just going to sit down just like that? Go slow... I don’t want you to sit on me.”

“Hmm,” K-2003 says, keeping his head pinned to the chair, while the other hand is on the chair itself, the toy taking a moment to think it over before eventually saying, “No, for you’ve been not speaking properly?”

“Speaking properly?” he asks, when he takes a moment to realize that there has been that sweet domineering female voice that’s been whispering in the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Ross shudders, tensing as the toy prepares to make its move.

“Wait, wait, can’t we talk this over Mistress?” he asks, stiffening at the realization of his own words which is then lost when in one quick motion the toy plops its butt down onto the plug, with laser guided precision, popping it within its rear with a loud squeak pop.

Heavily latex scented air rushes past him, the toy’s sex wafting over his face and nostrils. Unbeknownst to Ross, he has no idea that part of his unending and mind-blowing arousal is due to the toy’s sex. The juices contained within via contact or scent is a powerful aphrodisiac, though aroma pales in comparison to the sexual fluids that are just dripping and glistening on the toy’s sex.

Ross closed his eyes in that moment, flinching against the toy’s movements, but when he opens his eyes, the black latex blinders of the toy’s supple thighs is complete forcing his attention to the cyan sex and that long clitoral hood attached to the top, it curls and slips into itself, opening its sex wide, simply begging him to lick.

“Close, but you will call this one Maker, like the good-toy-to-be that you are, understand?” K-2003 asks, gently rubbing the back of the human’s head, keeping his head there, locked, the rubber muzzle touching the very tip of the sex, funneling more of that arousing aroma straight into him, a mixture of half air and half lustful aroma, which simply adds to the building throbbing damn that’s between his legs.

The human’s cock trapped within the rubber unable to do anything, his head pinned down by the toy that looks down at him. He just manages to shift and move his head enough to look up through the corner of his eye past some of the latex to see K-2003 staring at him, caressing his head in a loving manner, yet keeping him pinned there.

K-2003 looks to X-2953, “Alright, set this one up with this new toy-to-be and then place the table back over. This meeting should be starting soon, yes?” it asks.

“Very soon Maker. This one will get the toy-to-be set up,” it replies, walking over into the shadows, the jingling of metal can be heard, but that is all that Ross can hear through the muffled noises caused by his hood.

“What is this toy planning? What is it calling me a toy-to-be? Perhaps it's part of the play and why this collar...” he thinks, the whispers caressing the back of his mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

A tingle of pleasure runs through him, cock aching and straining against the rubber cock sleeve it’s been shoved in. He tenses, squeezing on the plug, pressing his prostate against it, the pleasure building up within his loins with nowhere to go. Slowly his hands move down his body

with a soft squeak, gently rubbing the bulge across the latex when suddenly he feels a bap on the top of his head.

“Bad toy, you aren’t supposed to be touching yourself. You are here to pleasure others, not yourself. Your reward is the good service you will provide others, this one included, do you understand toy-to-be?” K-2003 asks, gently rubbing the back of his head, forcing him to look up at it, past its wonderful mounds.

“Y-yes, I-toy understands,” he says, feeling a pleasure tingle run down his spine, “*Why did that feel so good?*” he thinks.

“That’s a good toy, but you missed something, what do you call this one?” it asks, pointing to itself.

“M-maker?” he asks with uncertainty in his voice.

“Good toy-to-be, you are learning. This one knew you were the right stuff,” it says, looking over to X-2953, who comes back with a set of short leather bondage straps with lockable clips on each end.

“Sorry, that took so long, Maker, this one was missing one and it realized it dropped it when it picked up the others,” X-toy bleats softly, walking over to the pair.

“That’s alright toy. Now get this toy-to-be nice and locked into position. This one wants them to know exactly where they stand before this one... then again, they aren’t standing. Kneeling really? Yes, show this toy-to-be where they kneel before this one!” it says happily with a little rump wiggle, moaning softly, the toy’s thighs rubbing against Ross’ rubber covered face.

The human moans softly, hearing the doe toy respond, “Yes Maker!” The doe toy, begins to attach the leather bondage straps from his own collar D rings to K-2003. First came his collar, the short straps gave barely any wiggle room as they are connected to the sergal toy’s upper, inner thigh cuff D rings.

“Now I am really stuck here,” he thinks.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“That voice... why does it sound familiar? This one swears it has heard it once before...” he thinks, his mind drawn away from the thought as he really takes into account of his head’s position. His hands are pulled up and away from his crotch, being attached by a two-foot-long set of straps that are attached to the toy’s outer thigh D rings and his wrists, giving him just enough freedom of movement to rub the toy’s upper and lower thighs with ease but no further.

“Almost there,” X-2953 says, taking the last set of straps and attaching Ross’ thigh cuffs to K-2003’s ankles, forcing his legs apart, and pushing him even closer to the warm, loving, yet domineering touches of K-2003.

K-2003 looks everything over gently rubbing the human’s head, “What about the toy’s ankles? Don’t we have a spread bar?” it asks.

“We do Maker, this one brought it just in case, one moment please.”

“Wonderful!” K-2003 says wiggling a little, the toy’s jerks and motions pulling Ross along with it, helpless to fight against it, pushing down the point that he’s completely at the toy’s mercy.

X-2953 rushes back into the shadows, not that it makes much of a difference for the human, who is helplessly looking straight into the sergal toy’s crotch. He hears the muffled noises of the other toy getting the equipment, and moving back to them, “Got it!”

“Good toy, now finish this one’s gear so we can get the table put back into place,” K-2003 says, gently petting the rubber clad rena suited human on the head. It’s claws pressing into the rubber hood firmly, causing not only loud drawn-out squeaks, but also makes sure the human can really feel the toy’s touch through the rubber.

Ross shudders in his position, trying to see more but completely unable to, hearing the purple doe toy behind him, spreading his legs apart, then attaching the metal spreader bar to his ankle cuffs. His body is now even more exposed and helpless than ever before.

“There you go, Maker!” bleats X-2953 with a big smile on its face, moving back over to the side, going to the table with the other toy researchers.

The human isn’t able to see but along with the purple doe toy are four other latex toys, all designated 2953, just with different letters. There’s V-toy, a traditional orange and white rubber female gazelle, then W toy a darker brown tone female doe, Y toy is another bright orange and white deer toy with a bit of black on their forehead, while Z toy the other hermaphrodite toy in the group is another gazelle toy with extra equipment down below with a darker orange brown rubber skin and a pair of black horns jutting from the top of their head and long black streaks along their mostly white muzzle. All the toys have purple cuffs and collar with a pink band that mimics X-2953’s colors, only Z toy has a black set of cuffs with purple band along the top, with D rings and fancy cursive lettering.

X-2953 bleats in greeting to the other toys, which grab the table about to lift it when K-2003 rubs its chin with its free hand, “Hmm...”

“What is it Maker?” X-2953 inquires.

“This one is looking at the other toys that will be under the table and thinking how good it would be if they were bound up as well. To be fair and equal... or perhaps something else... it's just thinking out loud.”

“It would take a lot of time to have all those toys bound to all of us Maker, especially if that’s the way you want to do it with future toys and toys-to-be,” it explains, lifting the table with the other toys, moving it over the group of kneeling eager toys and Ross, who is now left in

shadows, further separating him from the group, forcing more of his attention on that slick dripping rubber sex before him.

K-2003 places its hands on the top of the table, leaving Ross' head a little 'free' but that freedom only gives him the one option, to lick and enjoy the sergal toy's eager sex. But at the moment despite his arousal, his helplessness, the conversation above he was finding just a little interesting...

K-2003 looks at the other toys as they get into positions X-2953 sits directly across K-2003, while V and W are on one side and Y and Z are on the other, in an alphabetical fashion, "This one is liking this so far, but how to make it better? If tying to the individuals is a bit too time consuming... perhaps hmm?" it says with another chin rub

"Do we need to have them in bondage?" V-toy inquires in a soft shy voice, lowering head the moment it asked the question.

"This one thinks so, give the toys-to-be to relax and..."

X-2953 suggests, "Then Maker why don't you have a revolving system."

"Revolving? They'll be in bondage and can't move around that much," it replies.

The toy chuckles, "Not what this one meant Maker, it was referring to a graduated system where your position there is the toy-to-be in the most bondage. And its position here is the least bondage. Give them time to slowly work their way up to having the freedom to do what a good toy does. Once they get used to it," it suggests.

"Ohh! That is an excellent idea, why didn't you say so in the first place!" K-2003 says.

"This one did Maker."

"Speaking of having a system, it does want to... wait one moment, this one apologies but this one was getting so excited about this talk, that it was about to neglect the toy-to-be who has been waiting patiently for this one to help them."

"It's okay Maker, we all know how busy you are."

"Thank you," K-2003 says.

Ross watches K-2003's clit hood reach out toward him. He squirms, his cock twitching, throbbing, aching for more, the closer that clit hood got the higher his arousal. He tugs at the constraints finding his bondage too tight to get more than a jingling wiggle, eyes locked on that clit hood as it licks across the rubber lips of the renahood.

The aroma is so strong that he can swear he could taste the toy's sex on his lips, the arousing juices perminating into the rubber, the sergal's clit hood slipping into the rubber mouth, reaching out to move in deeper. The toy's hip push closer to make the human's rena hood muzzle to touch the toy's sex, allowing the toy's clit hood to reach into the human's actual mouth, coil around his rubber clad tongue, and snake itself around it.

"Come on toy-to-be, you need to work on serving this one. It will be a wonderful treat for you. As this one doesn't have time to let its toys do this often," it explains, guiding Ross' tongue out of his mouth, the toy's juices rolling down his throat, feeding him a direct source of lust that further clouds his mind. His rump tightly squeezing on the plug in his rear, a constant reminder of just how needy his body is becoming, and how full he is.

K-2003's hood guides his tongue out of his mouth, taking a moment to try to force him to lick across the toy's vaginal sex with a soft squeak though the first few times it's a bit off the mark, "Hmm, sorry. This is the first-time toy is trying to use its hood to make someone tongue lick it. It thinks it's a cool idea, don't you think?" it asks Ross.

Ross lets out a gurgled noise, unable to speak, his tongue forced to lick across and around the toy's sex. His arousal makes him easy prey to the toy's manipulation. His body already craving more play that he can't help but go along with it, "Sho shorny," he mumbles out with his tongue sticking out.

"Ahh... this one will take that as a maybe... perhaps?"

X-2953 bleats, "This one thinks that's a rather hot idea Maker."

Z-toy with its own soft feminine voice responds, "This one does agree with its Maker toy Mistress."

"This one hopes you are agreeing because you like the idea and not because this one is your Maker," X-2953 says.

"Of course not, this one does also think its a hot idea," it responds with a squeak and a soft bleat while its sex gets licked by the toy under the table.

"This one said it was cool, and you say it's hot? Doesn't that contradict what this one said?" K-2003 asks.

"No Maker. Something can be cool and hot at the same time," X-toy bleats out with a soft squeak.

The sergal toy tilts its head to the side, its clit hood continuing to make the human under the table lick across its sex, forcing the tongue deeper into its folds, spreading them apart, allowing more of those arousing juices to slide into him, furthering his maddening arousal to new heights that he's never thought possible, "That just makes zero sense. How can something be hot AND cool at the same time? They are totally contradictory."

"Not when cool refers to something awesome, and hot is referring to something sexy Maker," X-2953 replies.

W-toy adds in, "That makes it awesome and sexy. Sexy awesome as it were," it bleats.

"Ohh... that does make some sense, yes, this one sees now," it says with a nod, its clit hood controlling Ross' tongue further, coiling around the rubber, licking underneath his tongue, forcing it up and into its own sex, letting the sweet juices flow down the tongue and into his mouth.

The human tastes the sweet rubber juices that flow into his mouth. The flavor is not what he's expecting, sweet with a bit of tang to it? But with each gulp and lick, he's able to think less on it, less on his situation and less on the conversation happening above, which is already muffled and difficult to listen to with a table and a renamon hood in the way.

His attention is further drawn into the sensual service and licking of the sergal's sweet sex. The toy's clit hood guiding him into where to lick, how to lick. Spreading the toy's vent open with his rubber muzzle, he's left totally focused on this one task. He tries to hump but there's nothing but air before him. The chains keeping his movements to a minimal, his hands

rubbing and massaging the toy's thighs, occasionally reaching up to grip the toy's butt, squeezing them, trying to bring the toy closer to his head, so he can lick even deeper. Eyes glazed over with lust, the words in the back of his mind continuing to whisper, while he continues to go at it, yet with the plug in K-2003's body, and the bondage he's in, he's left at the razor's edge, kept in a state of perpetual need that is sinking him further into the ocean of complete and utter ecstasy. Thoughts are harder to form, while his sex drive is overriding his higher functioning mind. His post nut clarity seemingly forever and a day away.

"Are you good Maker?" X-2953 asks.

"Yes, yes, this one thinks its getting a handle on the tongue manipulation. It'll have to practice it some more."

"You can always practice with this one in some spare time Maker," it bleats.

"This one thinks it will take you up on that offer, but at the moment, it's just mulling over ways to help toys-to-be in the future. Though it doesn't expect to have a lot at once, as selecting such high quality material takes time, and even more time to get them molded into the highest quality toys we have to offer."

"May this one suggest something?" asks Y-toy.

"Of course, you can, don't be afraid of suggesting. This is why this one's Maker asked all of you to come, so we can all toss ideas," X-2953 says.

K-2003 nods, "Yup! This one knows that many heads are better than one. Though sometimes if you are a hydra there can be problems..." it says rubbing its chin in thought for just a second before snapping back into focus.

"Why don't we take time in the selection process then bring in the high-quality material all at once, but space it out in just a way that each can get the detail needed but also allow us to make a system to more easily manage it?" it suggests then wincing as it finishes, "Terrible idea?"

K-2003 shakes its head, "Oh, to the contrary dear toy. Toy thinks that's a lovely idea, which we will work on. For now it will keep it simple and establish the methodology but it will always be open for more ideas."

Y-toy smiles, tail wagging, wiggling its butt in the chair with a squeak before a soft moan escapes tis lips from the slow and tender lick across its sex.

"Before we continue, we should get our poker game going so we can play and talk," says K-2003.

"Really Maker?" X-toy asks.

"Yes really!" it says, whistling as another toy in the shadows comes out and places a deck of cards back on the table.

"How many toys do you keep in the shadows?" X-toy asks.

"However, many the plot needs," it replies.

"What?"

"What?" K-2003 asks tilting its head.

"What did you just say Maker?"

"It said what."

“Before that.”

“However, many this one thinks it needs?”

“It swears you said something different.”

K-2003 shrugs, “Oh well,” it says, its clit hood licking across the underside of Ross’ tongue, keeping the guiding control, letting the human some control here and there, subtly so that he can’t tell when its he that is passionately licking and eating out the toy before him or its K-2003 doing it, blurring the line of his willingness to be a slut to a fuck toy or him being forced by a fuck toy to be a slut.

“Now, this one knows that a lot of high-quality material needs to be conditioned in order to be molded into the perfect toys that they deserve to be. And so this one got to thinking. Due to how the world is. There’s a lot of... what should this one call it. Not baggage as they aren’t bringing anything and not really a trip... but something that is really keeping the material to shine its best.”

“Dust?” W-toy suggests.

“Huh?” X-2953 asks.

“Dust keeps our latex material from shining. So, you could call it dust?”

K-2003’s eyes light up, its rump wiggles, jerking Ross’ head a bit side to side, a forceful reminder of just how bound he is to the sergal toy, “That’s a good one, yes! There’s a lot of dust on the high-quality material that needs to be polished, before the molding can even begin. Don’t want to use dirty high-quality material, need to clean it up first.”

“What needs cleaning Maker?” X-2953 asks.

“Weight of society norms, expectations. Concerns and worries. All of which are important to some degree but in the moment of molding, not so much. This one wants to get that out of the way... do you think there are ways to enhance the experience where the quality material can for a little while just lose itself in the moment, like the eager toy-to-be between its legs is doing right now? But even more so?” K-2003 asks, its clit hood running across the top of the human’s rubber tongue, making him taste even more of the toy’s overbearing presence and control.

X-2953 thinks for a moment, taking its cards, the game having already begun, looking down at them then back at its Maker, “This one knows your juices are a hyper aphrodisiac.”

“This one knows. Illegal in a lot of countries, but not this one!... why does that... never mind, but you know what this one means then yes?”

“This one does think so, Maker. It could work on creating a pill that would temporarily give a toy the same arousing juices as you. But only in the short term. This one thinks it would be bad if all the toys were like you.”

“This one would agree. Not every toy can keep itself sealed up like it can,” it says, closing its legs some, squeezing the sides of Ross’ head, further limiting his vision. The glow of the thigh cuffs in his peripherals but the toy’s cyan sex, his focus, his current job and purpose is before him, and he hungrily licks away.

“It believes that if we put our heads together back in the lab, we can get something going.”

V-toy says, “This one knows it was a biochemical researcher. So, it has the skills to figure something out given enough time.”

“Good, good. Also work to make something to inhibit various inhibitions. Really help that material get a taste of the openness of being a toy.”

“We will definitely work on it, Maker. It will just take some time.”

“Everything of quality takes time, the one cost that can’t be skipped upon unless it can be done without sacrificing quality, which is always important,” it says, playing the card game with the toys, taking its sweet time with it, while discussing various other matters.

Ross is left helpless, licking and suckling away at the clit hood at times, while hungrily licking across the sex, going for the juices again and again, its focus on it, his body aching, throbbing, tense and sore from kneeling for so long yet still the suit feels great across his body. The constant rubbing and heat of the toy in front of him, only encouraging his need and wants to cum but its so far away. Yet even now K-2003 doesn’t climax either. Kept in a state of need like him, a sense of solidarity that both he and it are left in a state of constant need. Then suddenly the table is lifted the extra light causes him to wince.

“There, there toy-to-be. You’re doing great, but this one is going to use you as a test. For now we don’t have any extra tools to really add to your experience but if you want to get out from under that table, don’t you?” it asks, forcefully pulling his hungry mouth away from its sex, allowing reality to crash back down onto him.

Ross takes a moment to collect his thoughts, a grogginess normally felt with someone is just waking up, “Ah... yeah I do.”

“Toy-to-be... language.”

Ross shudders at the hypnotic words in the back of his mind, encouraging and caressing him to simply say, “Yes, this one does.”

K-2003 smiles petting him on the head, “Good toy-to-be. Now, this one is going to have you service each of the toys here. Each with a little less bondage. It wants to help you just lean into being a good toy, okay?”

“Okay...”

“Good toy-to-be,” it says petting his head some more, “Keep these toys on edge. You aren’t cumming and neither will they, do you understand?”

“This one does.”

“Good. You will service V-2953 toy first then W-2953, Y-2953 and Z-2953, and last but not least the head researcher toy X-2953. Got it?”

“Yes...” he says, feeling the bondage around his chair get removed, lifting his head, muscles aching almost as much as his need to cum. He looks at the toys he will soon be servicing the bright orange gazelle toy first on the list. With a dripping rubbery sex eager to be pleased. He’s quickly moved over to that toy’s chair. All the bondage quickly put back into place except the one keeping his head between the toy’s legs.

“Now do a good job or this one will reset your progress back to this one, got it?”

“It does... though going back to you isn't much of a punishment.”

K-2003 grins, “If you want to get out from under the table it is,” K-2003 says, the table going back over them as the whole process of servicing the toy before him, while they discuss other matters continues all over again...

The First Rena Toy: Servicing to the Mold

K-2003 sits at the poker table, cards in its rubbery hands, the scent of latex heavy in the air. The toy's arousing aroma is even heavier. It's bound to the chair, it's rear gently squeezing the dildo that's deeply lodged within its rump. The five doe and gazelle at the table, all in a similar scenario as itself. The first doe toy, V-2953 a traditional colored doe toy, with orange tint, the next, a brown colored doe toy, named W-2953. X-2953 the sleek purple doe toy, it sits with a playful smile across from its maker the sergal toy. After that is Y-2953 a bright orange female doe toy with black markings on its head, the last toy, hermaphrodite herm gazelle toy, with sleek features, though a bit rounder and girthier than the other toys, its designation is Z-2953. These toys completed the research and development team for Toys-4-U. K-2003 smiles at them, "So first order of business now that our lovely toy-to-be is working on its given task. Perhaps suggestions on how to improve this beginning? It feels like there is something missing," K-2003 suggests.

Ross, the sleek black and red latex renamon suited human male, his cock tightly bound in rubber. He clenches on the plug in his rump, panting heavily, feeling his body so aroused, so horny, his head between V-2953 wrists bound to the toy's inner thigh cuffs, keeping his hands on the warm latex thighs, head free to move, but that sleek toy sex before him, is hard to ignore. The sweet voice spoken in the back of his mind, forceful, feminine, hypnotic.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy wishes to serve."

"Toy is eager to serve."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is no I."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."

Ross, high on the hours of service of the sleek sergal toy, aroused out of his mind, unable to think of anything but sex. His body aching for more, so wanting to enjoy the sweet tastes of this toy before him that he licks across the vent. The sleek toy juices run across his rubber clad tongue, the conversation happening above the table is secondary to the delights he's currently experiencing.

"If I do a good job. And play out my part of the bargain..." Ross thinks, explaining away his own actions to himself, *"I'll get all those fun benefits. I did lose the poker game, but who can walk away with such fun? I might use this myself in the future."*

His mind swoons with thoughts of dominance and submission. The he licks across the toy's sex, V-2953 lets out a soft bleat, moaning, hips grinding against the Renamon toy's face, legs closing in pressing the human's face against the toy's lovely rubber thighs.

K-2003 smiles, "Is the toy-to-be, doing a good job?" it inquires.

“Y-yes, very,” it bleats happily, shuddering, milking the human’s tongue, pressing itself against it. The toy’s hands wanting to move down but the specialized contraption attached to its cuffs, lock up, preventing it from moving its hands below the table.

“You should deal while we discuss how to improve this. Making high quality toys, with the highest quality material is only so good if we don’t improve the method to ensure quality. Working out the kinks... though in this case this one thinks working in the kinks? Yeah, working in the kinks.”

X-toy bleats softly, “Maker, this one isn’t sure that’s the same word when it comes to kinks.”

“It’s not?” K-2003 asks tilting its head to the side.

“No Maker.”

“Why didn’t anyone tell this one that?”

“This one did. Just now.”

“Oh... well that’s good. Last this one would want to do is look foolish now,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Maker, this one thinks you can’t look foolish.”

“Awe, thank you, but best not to make assumptions on how this one can look, but that’s neither here nor there. This one is liking this poker table idea very much.”

“It’s your idea isn’t it, Maker?”

“It is... but this one is liking how it is so far, but thoughts on how to improve it? We got ideas on how to help the material work itself into being a good toy, but this one is open for more suggestions.”

V-toy shudders, panting harder, “This bondage is lovely... toy really loves being put on edge, but it doesn’t seem fair that though, it is working on the pill idea you suggested, but ah... oh... this one lost its train of thought,” it says shuddering, bleating out softly, letting out a whine of delight.

“This one thinks what its fellow toy unit is trying to say that if we work on making the process streamlined in a way where we could include several toys-to-be at once. Sparse out so all sitting at the table could enjoy themselves?” asks W-toy.

“Perhaps,” K-2003 says rubbing its chin, “Can always use toys to fill in those blanks, so it doesn’t think it’s needed, but at times that can be good, when we have several prime material in need of processing yet we need to process with reason too. Sometimes material can be... what’s the word its thinking off...”

“Difficult to work with Maker?” asks X-toy.

“Something like that. Not so much that they are difficult but the notions in their minds, the constraints that are placed around them by external forces. The weight of the world that is pushed onto them, their down troddenness that is pulling them down, their inability to escape their current reality, as they know they have not reached their full potential nor have they reached fulfillment in their lives, yet knowing it’s out there just not achieved, maddening their state of mind, and the actual prospect of getting to that goal, as impossible as it may seem, is too good to

be true in their minds, making it just as likely if not more so to run away from this chance than to rush up and embrace it. Trying to get past the psychological blocks placed before one, as quiet often this one has noticed that people often sabotage their own happiness even when conscious of it, worse yet many are not when they do it. The fear of being happy is rampant in the world, despite everyone wanting it. This one thinks there needs to be a way to help people get through this initial process that will let them get a taste of what they want, let the reality of YES! This is possible and YES! This is what you are made to be and let us make you into the most perfect toy possible. This is what we need to work towards in the process. Of course, this lovely toy-to-be, that V-toy is currently enjoying is just the initial step of working on the process and it has so far on the first round of the poker game has enjoyed what has been said and suggested, but this toy-to-be will be down there for a while so we have a lot of meeting left. So thoughts?"

"What about improved bondage for the fun under the table?" suggests Z-2953, breaking the silence, that was left in the wake of K-2003's speech, well that is except for the constant squeaks and soft moans caused by the human in rubber under the table.

"Bondage is good, there is a reason that there is the saying that bondage can set you free. Not that all are into it, it can be utilized to a degree, can you further clarify?"

"Ah... well, this one is thinking that you are going to less bondage as it progresses right? Perhaps we can set up permanent bondage under the table where it can be used similar to the shackled, we are currently wearing? Whereas you lessen the bondage, letting the material get accustomed and used to their position, letting everything sink in. That we can make the attachments to them that are helping them along the way less and less till the final position where X-2953 is sitting is the position where the most free they are is possibly servicing the next possible high quality material to go through the process. That is if we have enough material to work with at the time."

K-2003 rubs its chin, "Yes, that does sound very poetic in a way, and foreshadowing. It does love that literal element."

X-2953 bleats, "Maker, this is real life, not some story."

"Ah yes, this one knows, but can't it be used as if it were? Doesn't that sound so wonderful? To have it be circular and complete itself. This one thinks it can work that way. Of course, we can always try other methods too outside of the poker table and having the wonderful toy-to-be to pleased and enjoy the fine quality toys here."

Y-toy sheepishly says, "And variety of toy types. Help them be open with everything that are going to do. This one knows it was a bit shy on the delicious phallic objects until it was introduced to them... and hard," it says with a soft bleat and squeak, feeling a little bashful on what it just said.

"A wonderful idea! Keep them coming. Can never have enough ideas. It helps us then see what can be good. The more ideas the better. But that does mean more time to sift through them. Let's continue this process... oh, full house here," says laying out the cards before it.

X-2953 looks at the cards, smiling, "Sorry Maker, this one has a royal full house with three kings and two queens, beats your hand this time."

“Oh phooey, oh well, next hand will be dealt by you W-2953.”

The toy nods, “This one loves dealing,” it bleats, grabbing the cards beginning to shuffle.

Ross felt the toy’s warmth all across his head. The female vent between his legs was merely for show, but his length bulged the rubber there, aching, throbbing, his desire to cum high, making him squeeze upon the plug in his rear. He licks across the sex, loving to hear the toy squirm and moan overhead, “*Yes, I shall make this my own. Make them squirm while I am under here,*” he thinks, putting a domineering spin in his mind, while he’s helplessly bound to service the toy.

A couple of more hours pass before the table is lifted. Ross winces at the sudden increase of light. He looks to see all the toys in the chairs are still bound and sitting, K-2003 smiling down at him, “This one hopes you enjoyed V-toy, next you have W-toy, are you ready?” it asks with a squeaky rump wiggle, the chair wobbling a bit as the toy’s rump is still clinging onto the butt plug that is attached to the chair.

Ross pants, and squeaks, “How much more will I be here?” he asks, feeling a little tired, body aching from the constant kneeling, yet his arousal remains strong. He doesn’t notice that K-2003 has kept its clitoral hood away from its sex, keeping the seal broken, allowing the room to be constantly filled with the arousing aroma, keeping the human on edge.

“When you are done servicing all the other proper toys. This one wants you to treat them all equally now,” it says, looking over to the darkness head motioning some other toys to come out and adjust the constraints, detaching Ross from the one doe toy, and moving it over to the next. Now his arms are free to move and head, but he’s kept in a tight kneeling position, head placed gently between the next doe’s legs.

W-2953 bleats, “This one hopes you enjoy it,” it says petting Ross on the head.

He looks up at the toy, “It will be an experience,” he replies, feeling the toy move his head towards its sex, where he licks. The sleek toy juices running across his rubber glad tongue. The human swears he can taste the juices, and how it dances around his pallet.

There’s something about this that feels off, perhaps wrong. Maybe it’s his body that is tightly bound but the rubber suit provides a little cushion and his mind so addled by arousal that he could hardly think clearly. Submissive to these prey rubber toys, a renamon, a human, both dominant strong, yet here he is, down between the next toy’s legs, licking away, feeling his desire to fuck overtake him. Hoping for release, the plug in his rear compounding the feelings, helplessly taken down there as the conversation above continues.

“So, this one thinks we are in agreement of at least setting up the poker table bondage scene, and studying how that goes with material and how it is molded?” K-2003 asks.

X-toy nods, “Yes Maker, this one does think so. We’ll get the bondage equipment installed under the table in the future with a step-down process, letting the material get more freedom as they become comfortable with their situation.”

“And this will be a great place to hold more poker tournament fun! How wonderful. This one does enjoy a good hand or two. It brings back such wonderful memories,” it says with a pleasant, delightful sigh, the toy squeaking, butt wiggling in the chair, before it snaps back to

reality, “Now, next order of business. We have a nice renamon prototype in the works. We also have two kinds of dragons, three sharks, vixen, sergal, wolves, and a few others, but we have such a variety of patrons to service. This one is looking over the data of what people are requesting, and it is wondering what all of you would find most feasible to work on for the next stage of toy model designs.”

The bigger gazelle toy, Z-2953 squeaks softly, squirming in its chair, a little eager for that renamon toy to get to it but knowing it’s still two positions away, the toy’s foot reaching over pressing on the back of the renamon, rubbing along their spine, teasing them with its hoof, “This one thinks it might be silly to say, but what about a human model? We don’t have one of those yet.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Human? But that’s so simple. So bland... so normal.”

“But it adds to the variety, we have a lot of anthropomorphic customers who are also curious about humans as much as humans are curious about them. It’s been going over the data, and it’s the fastest and easiest but also shows the greatest variety of customizations that we can do without expending too much resources, while greatly bolstering our ability to service customers.”

K-2003 listens intently, rubbing its chin with one hand, looking at its hand of cards with the other, “You know, this one thinks you are right. It simply never thought about it. It knows there are other companies that work with human models, dolls, and the like. But just because they are doing it, doesn’t mean we can’t. This one has been so focused on the new, exciting and exotic, that it didn’t even think of the very basics. Good work Z-2953.”

“Really?” it asks with a soft bleat and extra excitement.

K-2003 smiles, “Oh yes, it will put you in charge in implementing that.”

“Thank you, this one will do its best.”

“It knows you will.”

Ross feels the gazelle toy’s hoof push him harder against the other doe toy. His face buried in those rubbery thighs, unable to do anything but service and lick, lick and service. A good toy-to-be, hungering to service others. His cock twitching hard within the rubber, wanting to touch it, to grind himself against the rubber, but still unable to do so due to the bondage constraints placed upon him.

But by the time the table is lifted over him, guided over to the next toy, the next orange doe toy, he’s become rather accustomed to the desire to touch himself but being unable to do so. How long has it been since he’s down there? His legs ache with each move, glad to be able to do so, but is returned to another familiar yet different female rubber hole for him to lick and suckle at. The drumming voice in the back of his mind, encouraging his status quo. He licks at the hole, hands free, but now able to gently rub and caress the toy’s thighs. Feeling the smooth rubber, the cuffs on their thighs, playing with their D rings, reminding him that he has the same set up on his own body.

The repetitive sexual nature of what he’s doing, normalizing the simple pleasure of licking across a hot wet, moist rubber toy vent. Servicing one after another without pause, being

used like a good *toy*. Something about this furthers his arousal, his excitement, his body wanting to enjoy the pleasures of it all. He bucks against the open air, the toy, Y-2953 bleats in excitement, and shyness. The toy's foot moving down to rub the bulge that is underneath the rubber, where the renamon toy-to-be's female sex will be and is expressed but far from being true to what will be itself.

Ross moans and licks, not even thinking about anything at the moment, taking the extra stimulation, and further driving his mind into the blank lust state that men can get into when they've been aroused for way too long without release. Part of him is driving him to seek that sweet release, that gushing of the damn that is being built up within his loins. While another part of him, a growing part is loving it. Soaking into the state of euphoria that is granted by being held up for so long. Letting himself go, letting his sexual desires, love of woman, love of being a horny bitch take hold within him.

If he was allowed a moment to think about it, to have an afterglow, he would certainly be taken back and think, "*What was I thinking?*" but at the moment that time is not to come. He is not to reach climax, and neither is the toy before him. He's servicing it as diligently at the one before, having learned to better tease and please, listening to the voice in the back of his mind, egging him on to be a "*Good toy.*"

Before Ross knew it, the next change in positions is to be had. Whatever is being spoken above the table became ever less relevant to him. Exhaustion, tiredness, the endless hours of doing the same task. Mind numbing, allowing the voice to sink in deeper, guide him. Now Z-2953's turn, and this toy had more than a sleek hole for him to lick, but this hermaphrodite toy has a sleek black dick for him to suckle upon.

The gazelle's toy uniquely shaped gazelle dick, girthier yet just as long as a traditional gazelle cock. Ross has never seen anything like it before, hesitant, he looks upon the twitching rubber member, the aroma reaching him, still mixed heavily by that of K-2003 who was never very far away as it sat at the head of the poker table.

"Good toys service all."

"You want to be a good toy."

"Good toys obey."

The words push and edge him on. Never having found interest in males to any degree, but part of him deeply seated in a state of an arousal high that he's never experienced before in his life, justifies it to him, "*It's just a toy. Go ahead. Nothing to worry about. No one will know. No one can see. Just toys here.*"

His curiosity and embarrassment of the moment mixing and fighting with each other. He never considered himself gay in any sense, but now he's dressed like a female renamon, how gay could it be? He was too aroused to have this argument played out with actual words but with action. Part of him is now driven by curiosity. He had to try it a bit, right?

The gazelle's foot moves to his crotch, grinding and massaging it, edging him a bit, he lets out a soft moan, moving up to lick across the length, most of the flavor lost due to the rubber

covering his tongue, but it makes it all the easier to go ahead. There's no repulsive flavor, but more of the same he's been having thus far, like a long female sex.

Ross doesn't think about it much more than that, his rubber renamon mouth goes around the length, able to reach up and suckle the tip due to the removal of all about the very basic bondage on his legs which keep his legs apart and crotch exposed to the teasing toy. He wraps his lips around the cock, tasting the rubber toy precum which is flavored the same as the female toys he's been taking, helping him get past that block in the back of his mind, allowing him to simply enjoy the moment. His tongue wraps around his hard throbbing length, receiving all the delights via a different method.

Such a wonderful cock, a wonderful length, a good toy, suckling, servicing, bobbing his head, up and down, up and down, hypnotically taking this length. Something he's never been would thought possible hours ago, or was it a day ago? Time has lost meaning under the table. He's been doing the same thing again and again that even cock sucking is a welcome change, yet in the end it's much of the same. Doing the same thing over and over, looking at the toy's crotch, listening to the voice in the back of his head, growing ever more exhausted. Only his sexual high is keeping him awake at this point. If he managed to cum at this moment, he'd probably pass out from the sheer exhaustion of the moment.

Yet the toy meeting continued above him. He suckled that cock, unable to bring it to climax, no matter how much he wished his own would reach it. Picturing the member before him as his own, trying his best to find that sweet release, allowing him to relax and just enjoy the well-deserved afterglow that has been denied him all this time.

The churning delight and weight in his balls, his aching throbbing length which dribbles pre-cum that can be felt against the sleek interior of the latex and his sensitive cock. How can a simple need and desire be so grand, so encompassing? His mental exhaustion keeping him from thinking clearly, just going through the motions of taking in that delicious cock before him. Wait did he subconsciously think that cock was delicious? Or was it just his own desire of wishing to be taken like he is taking the toy before him.

He isn't thinking about it in words, just expression of desire, needs, wants, lustful fantasy, part of which is being played out right before him. Suckling, bobbing his head up and down, seeing the toy female sex, but any time he tries to go to it, the gazelle toy adjusts and makes sure he keeps focused on the toy dick. It's as if the toy knows this is the only cock he's taken, and that he needs to balance out his deity of the toys he's been servicing.

More time passes, the table is lifted, the cock popped out of his mouth, panting heavily, looking up at the toys that are sitting at their chairs. Letting other toys lift him up, move him, take away the last bit of bondage that held him there. The freedom of movement didn't come with anything else. He is placed before the purple doe toy, which bleats and looks down at it.

"This one hopes you are enjoying your suit and time below there," it says petting him on the head.

"Tired... horny..." Ross replies, looking at the toy's twitching sex, above it is a glowing purple power button light that is almost hypnotic in its glow.

K-2003 smiles, "This one thinks you would be; you've been at it for so many hours now!"

X-toy responds, "Almost twenty-four hours at this point Maker. It will be once the toy-to-be is done with this one. Why have it for so long?"

"To let them get used to it of course. It won't be sleeping in any real sense once it gets to its place of rest. But it's good to get all the fun and kinks into the material," K-2003 says with a nod.

"Hmm, Maker, this one thinks that you are uh... at least improving with your words on that," it responds, looking at the human clad in the red and black rubber renamon outfit, already nuzzling against the crotch, mind too addled with lust, brain too tired to think of anything else but to go through with the motions, making the toy bleat with delight.

"Yay, this one is pleased to do better," it says with a nod, the poker table is placed back over Ross, delving him into the shadows, life focused down to the hungering delights of the delicious purple rubber doe toy sex that is before him.

Each sensual lick he gets better adjusted to the sensation and feel of having his tongue covered in rubber, his speech a little slurred and muffled but understandable, not that he's doing much talking at the moment, letting his actions speak for him.

Constant droning of his licking, teasing, feeling the toy's sex tug and pull at his tongue, the vacuum caused by the rubber around his tongue makes his real tongue move along with it, trapped tightly within the rubbery embrace. Each breath is hot, wanting, lustful, body aching with delight, hips grinding against the air, body wishing a hoof would return there to tease his aching member, his movements slowed, thoughts down to a crawl while the toy mantra sings in the back of his mind, with that domineering female voice that he literally can't get out of his head.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy services."

"Toy obeys Maker."

"Toy's Maker is K-2003."

Such sweet words, that when the meeting is finally over, he can barely keep his eyes open, that arousal is the only thing keeping him conscious, the table lifted, he is free to move but is just too exhausted to do anything.

"That's the meeting, this one knows it ran extra-long, but we won't have to do any more for some time. There is a lot of work it expects you all to do. And it appreciates all the efforts you've been doing for this one."

X-toy bleats, "Of course Maker, what are toys for?" it asks with a soft squeak, getting up from the chair with a pop, revealing the butt plug it was sitting on, like all of the other toys. The purple doe toy reaches down, gently massaging and petting Ross' head.

“So tired,” he mutters, staring at the hot pink butt plug before him, knowing that was the one he sat on, but not realizing it. He squeezes the plug still tightly lodged in his rear, till he feels a finger run down his spine, teasing him.

“This one thinks you did a great job,” says K-2003 grabbing the butt plug, pulling it out slowly, “This one knows you are a bit sore, so it will take its time as it will prepare you for what comes next,” K-2003 says, listening to the human moan, his rear gripping the toy, not wanting to let it go.

Ross, though never having fully forgotten about the plug, has become so accustomed to it that it feels weird and sore to have it pulled out. He grunts, his body already wanting it back in him, the moment it pops and slides out. His rear aching for more.

K-2003 grabs Ross’ arm, pulling him back onto his feet, “Come toy-to-be. This one has to take you to your place of rest. After that, you have a lot of work to do, tomorrow,” it says, soothingly, lovingly, gently moving him so he can take the first weak aching steps.

“W-what?” he moans, his muscles sore, leaning heavily against the larger female sergal toy. Each step sending shivers down his spine, his member twitching within the bondage, the cool air, transferred through the rubber to him.

“You’ll see, but this one knows you want to rest, yes?” K-2003 asks, helping him take those steps away from the poker table which is put back over the location once they are far away.

“Y-yes,” he moans, body still wanting to get off, yet his exhaustion is overcoming the simple desire to reach a climax.

“That is what this one thought. And it’s very proud of you, taking all those toys so eagerly. Z-2953? It heard wonderful squeaky delightful moans from them, you did a good job,” it says. The toy’s praises sends a shiver down his spine, something about it felt so good, so right, yet continues following the toy, not thinking. Not noticing the hallways he’s going down, or the set of doors that has a sign overhead that reads, “Toy Molding Room.”

“Where are we going?” asks Ross, his vision locked on the sleek rubber toy, leaning against it, eyes so heavy that he can barely keep them open.

“This one is taking you to a place where you can rest and let all that exhaustion just get smothered away. Doesn’t that sound wonderful?” it asks sweetly, gently rubbing Ross’ head through the rubber.

“Y-yeah, sounds good,” he replies, feeling the cool air around him, his body tensing a little, not noticing the toy taking a moment to unlock the doors, stepping inside, into a large complex that has several stands where hard plastic molds are. Some appear to be in use with the toys-to-be being molded, others are open, while a few lack a mold entirely for one reason or another. Wires and tubes hang overhead, the machinations of the toy molding process just out in the open for any to see, but Ross’ gaze is still on that toy’s sweet smile, its glowing eyes, its delightful aroma that keeps him on his sexual high, the only thread keeping him from slipping into a deep slumber.

“This one thought so. It knows you are so tired, and your body must be aching from being in that position for so long. But don’t you worry, the first day is always the hardest. It’ll get easier from here on out,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“Sounds good, yeah,” he replies, barely comprehending the toy’s words. Not noticing that he’s taking steps up toward one of those hard molds. The toy gently taking him, leaning him back into it, tail slipping with a little guidance from the toy.

“There we go, easy now, just lean back and relax,” K-2003 says, helping him lay into the back half of the hard mold. Which fits almost right. There are subtle parts of the mold that don’t seem to fit right with the mold and his rubber suited body, but it’s nothing too uncomfortable, “Now lay back in there and this one will do the rest. And just remember to relax, breath and enjoy your time in the mold, it knows it is unforgettable for all toys,” K-2003 says, pushing Ross fully into the mold, making sure he’s not slipping out.

“Ah yeah, sure, sounds good,” he replies, the slight incline of the mold makes it easy for him to stay in. He relaxes into the mold, not looking at the toy as it goes over to a computer console, typing into it as a soft hiss and whir is heard up ahead.

K-2003 watches, the human barely aware of his current surroundings as the mold comes over him, locking him into place, forcing his mouth open. The sudden tight grip of the mold gives a little burst of adrenaline, knocking some but not all of the cobwebs out of his mind.

“Huh? What is this?” he thinks, trying to say but the mold locks into place, bonding him into position, displayed like some doll. He tries to look at the sergal toy that has placed him in here, but only sees a black and cyan blur, the toy’s details impossible to fully discern but obvious to tell what’s there.

His heart races, the world around him is muffled, hearing only some things via vibrations through the mold. He sees two tubes come down from above. The blur of K-2003 grabs the first, noticing a black phallic end to it, it slips into his mouth and with a twist lock into place. The human now forced to suckle the dildo pushing into his mouth as his source of air.

“What is it doing? It needs to let me out!” he thinks, the second tube is grabbed, and pushed against his crotch, the shorter dildo presses hard but not painfully so against his faux female sex, pressing against his junk which is tightly squeezed against his body via the mold.

A third tube is then grabbed, out of Ross’ view and slipped into his rear. The human shudders and moans into the dildo in his mouth, squeezing the dildo, being brought back that sensation of wanting to be filled, and fulfilling it fully.

Unsure what to do he simply is held captive, as there’s suddenly there is a hum and vibration, the air sucked from the mold, his body expanding to fit every inch of the mold, the subtle discomforts increasing, making it even harder to find some kind of relaxation and drift into sleep despite how tired he is. He shudders, groaning, unable to move a single finger, wiggle a toy, move his tongue more than just a little bit as he’s completely helpless.

Then comes the black and red blur coming down from the tubes, the red flowing down toward his crotch, the black toward his mouth. His eyes widen, body already fearing the worse, needing air when warm latex fluid is flowing down into his body. He would squirm and gag if

he could, but the rubber also soothes his body. He tries to fight against it, lungs burning, wanting to breath but after a good minute and a half instinct takes over and he takes that big gulp of what should be air but is really the warm rubber.

His body struggles against it, but with each passing moment his panicking body subsides, adjusting, taking in the rubber that flows in and out of his lungs like air he breathes but heavier, more labored, keeping him awake. Now helplessly left there, watching K-2003 slowly walk away unable to hear its words, *“This one will be back in the morning. Rest well, and try not to sleep. It’s far from time for that.”*

Unable to move, he can’t do anything. Unable to talk, he can’t say anything. Unable to hear, he can’t audibly listen. What he can do though is follow, and obey, let the voice in the collar, the only thing stimulating him, the only thing he can focus on.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Fuck toys love to service.”

“Fuck toys love to obey.”

“Fuck toys are eager to please.”

“You are a toy.”

“You love to fuck.”

“You are a fuck toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

“You are a good toy.”

The words repeating, hypnotically so, the human unable to sleep in such a position, left helpless to simply just listen to the words, letting them sink into his exhausted mind as he relaxes, not knowing that this is just the start of his long journey of becoming a good toy.

The First Rena Toy: Grunt Work

Trapped within the tight mold. The hard plastic all around him, feeling his body tugged and pulled to fit the mold as all the air has been sucked from it. Bound and helpless, unable to see anything but a blur around them. The tight grip of the rubber around their bodies, their length bound within the suit, the pressure from the phallic tube pushing against it into a faux female sex. His rear filled with another, mouth with a third. Suckling down on the latex that flows in and out of him, filling him with a warmth he's never known before. Yet it is terrifying, how long has he been trapped here? Hours? Days? He doesn't know, time has lost all meaning since the sleek black and cyan rubber sergal K-2003 put him into this pod.

Occasionally there was some visual stimuli, another blur walking past him, but not that specific black and cyan blur of the sergal toy. Never before has he wanted to see someone or in this case a something so much before. Somehow though he's not slept a wink during this, and his time with the other toys kept him away he is feeling strangely refreshed. The haze of tiredness in his mind is slowly being lifted away as the unknown amount of time passes. All he can do is think, and wonder.

"How did I just let this happen?" he thinks.

The collar whispers into the back of his mind, *"There is no I."*

"Did I just let this happen to me?"

"There is no me."

"What am I to do with myself being locked up and all held in this mold in a rubber renamon suit?"

The collar responds, *"There is no myself."*

"Is this really some kind of dream perhaps? A wonderful sexual frightening dream where I am a..."

The collar whispers, *"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."*

He would grunt if he could, sexual frustration at a constant high, muddling some of his thoughts. The pleasure of servicing, the thoughts swimming through his head of having a chance to becoming dominant. Toying with others... toying... He mentally shrugs it off. That endless speaking of the collar, caressing his thoughts. A constant weight and strain to keep them away, but yet there is a moment where he could question himself as to why he would? The sweet feminine voice that speaks to him. Sultry, dominant, yet loving. No malice in the words that are spoken to him. No discontent or thinking of him as something *lesser*. Even if its encouraging him think of himself as nothing but as a...

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Good toys service."

"Good toys service."

"Good toys are eager to do as they are told."

"You are an object."

"You are a thing."

"You are a fuck toy."

"Fuck toy obeys Maker."

"Fuck toys obey owner."

"Fuck toy's owner and Maker is K-2003."

His mind drifts in and out of focus, but never consciousness. Every moment is made known to him, every single second of it. Suckling, squeezing, milking, being pressed and pulled into the form. The suit feels so tight around his human form. Then suddenly, a black and cyan blur! Excitement fills him. It is as if he knows that something is going to change, but why? He doesn't question. The blur moves to the computer console, standing there. Doing... something.

The flow of rubber ends, the warmth begins to fade while there is a click and a hiss, air rushing back into the mold, the constant tug of the mold lessening slightly, body feeling stuck to the insides. Heart throbbing, cock aching, the blur approaches, twist and unlock the first tube around his mouth pulling it out with a schlunk. Cool air rushes in, breathing in deep the refreshing air. Lungs fill with them a stark difference from the rubber that was there, now faded away, feeling so alive once again.

Then next tube is pulled away from his crotch, the pressure against his cock removed, feeling a little better, with the final twist and pulled from his rear. He can't help but gasp and moan, his butt clenching already feeling how good it was to have something there. So strange, that he was never that into anal play before but now... he could begin to question himself. The mold clicks, the front pulls away, the latex tugs against his skin, the breasts jiggle a little as they are pulled from the mold, allowing him to see clearly again.

"Hello Toy-to-be? Did you enjoy your molding? This one has heard that the first day is always the most memorable of them all," it says, the sergal toy reaching up to gently caress and feel his faux breasts, feeling the rubber press and tug against his human chest. The rubber feels stuck against his skin, yet it doesn't feel bad. The line between the rubber suit and himself is there and clear just the line between is a little hazier than it was before.

"W-what? I'm just..." he trails off K-2003 leaning in close, the toy's clit hood seal broken, filling the air with its arousing aroma, which is making it all the harder for him to focus. The toy is so sexual, so arousing, so enticing yet the way it speaks and moves against him, it feels welcoming.

K-2003 places a finger on his lips, the toy's breasts press up against the rubber renamon suit breasts, "Relax toy-to-be. Just remember. No I."

The collar whispers in tune, the voice distinctly different than the toy's yet has the same hypnotic vibe as he looks up into the toy's softly glowing eyes, "*No I.*"

"No me."

"No me."

"No myself."

"No myself."

"Only this one, it, itself, toy."

“Only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“But need not worry about little slip ups like that Toy-to-be. This one knows you are well wanting and needing what is to come, but that takes time. All good things take time and patience in order to complete. Wouldn’t you agree? Hard work and perseverance is the key to success.”

“Yeah, suppose so...” replies Ross, trying to look away from the sergal, but it gently pulls his attention back to it. The toy’s hands gently move down toward his bulge, running along that subtle female slit that the suit has, sending shivers through him.

“Come toy-to-be, you can’t spend all your time in the molding pod. Only eight hours a day. A good period of rest for any high-quality material being molded into a fine quality toy.”

“Eight hours? It’s only been eight hours?” he mutters shifting and moving, the rubber peeling from the inside of the back half of the mold.

“Yes, doesn’t time fly when you are having fun?” it says with a soft gently squeaky rub of the human’s crotch, using the fingers to curl around where the ball sack is, palm of the hand pressing into the bulge, getting a nice *firm* grip, “Come toy-to-be, time to get to work,” it says pulling him out by the crotch.

“Wait what?” he asks with a soft moan, grunting, hips thrusting into the toy’s hand, body aching for the touch, shivering in delight, he pops his butt and tail from the mold, feeling the tug and pull of the tail against the back of his body the rubber just barely clinging to his skin, about to separate when the tail pops free, allowing him to easily to peel out of the mold, taking those first few steps, feeling the cool air around his rubber clad suit.

“What? Do you think you get to spend all your time in the mold? Ah what wonderful thoughts to just relax in it,” the toy says with a soft pleasant sigh, then turning its attention back to him, “But it’s good to get out, stretch your legs, and get that sleek step into step,” it says with a soft purr, curling its fingers to tug and pull him forward.

“Ah, well what about the deal we made with the game?” he asks, following K-2003 off the platform, and toward the doors that lead out of the toy molding room.

K-2003 doesn’t stop, keeping the human tugged along, looking at his sleek black, white and red rubber renamon toy outfit, “This one is keeping to it, remember? You lost to this one fair and square and now it gets to have its time with you.”

“How much time?” he asks, heart pounding.

“Toy thinks by the end of a month, it will be more than enough to get it all molded into shape. Don’t you think?”

“A month?!”

“Yes, quality takes time, and it is going to take your time on that. A solid month has been perfect for such work. But you don’t need to know about those little things as to why, all you need to do is experience it. But you want to know what is really important toy-to-be?”

“What?” he asks, walking through the doors, moving down the hallway, the toy’s hand literally gripping him by the balls.

“The first week is very important. It is where you really get into step and shape. This one does wonder how long it will take for you to slip into proper speech. So far that has been a bit random. One or two have already, some on the first day of the week, others a bit into it. Toy will be curious how long you’ll be! It’s going to be so exciting. It will help this one greatly.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?” he asks, sticking close to K-2003, moving out onto the store floor.

“This one is sure you know what it means, deep down. In the back of your mind, in your being, your soul. The door closed to you, slowly opening. Giving you a new sense of freedom. But all in due time sweet, lovely toy-to-be. You need to do some work to help keep your focus.”

“What kind of work? Are you trying to use me as a fuck toy?” he asks with a huff yet feeling a soft tingle down his spine. There is something about that idea, of fucking that feels too good to not toy with the idea in his mind.

“Toy loves to fuck,” the collar whispers.

“Just some stockroom work. There is a lot needed to be done there. This one is still looking for a toy that will work there full time. Perhaps you’ll fit that role?”

“That doesn’t sound like something I’d do,” he huffs, but then feels the squeeze around his crotch by the toy’s hand.

“Well then. This one is sure you’ll find a place here, but one thing at a time. It has a few toys that can keep an eye on you and keep you organized on your work. It knows working in the back away from customers is not the most glamorous of jobs, but it is a needed one.”

“What makes you think I’m just going to...” he trails off feeling those teasing fingers across his sensitive region, hearing the squeaks, following the toy to the other end of the store, barely paying attention to anything that is going around him, all eyes focused on the toy before him.

“Have you done anything but what this one asked of you?”

“Ah... well...” he trails off, trying to look away but that toy’s smile is too alluring to do so.

K-2003 stops in the middle of the store, pulling its hand away from his crotch, turning around, pivoting on its foot, leaning forward breasts squeezed together, butt hiked, “That is what this one thought. Come, follow this one,” it says with a hint of dominance in its voice. The toy waking ahead, hips now able to sway freely before him, tail brushing up against his side.

Without a word he follows the toy, body compelled to follow. He just felt this wanting need that he had to. He’s unsure why but whenever K-2003 speaks that desire to do what it asks of him grows each and every time it happens.

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys obey their Maker.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

The collar whispering to him, edging him forward. His desire to fuck and climax is great yet the toy’s words carried a weight to them. He watches it type into the security keypad for the

door. Lights blink, a soft whir, the door unlocks, it turns the handle opening the door with a click, "Come, you'll be working here for the day."

"Sure, sure," he replies, walking into the stockroom of this megastore. Large shelving units are all lined up all over the place, a few toys working back here organizing and working. It looks like a normal stockroom with grey granite flooring. Open ceiling with lights hanging from the ceiling with a few fans keeping air circulation.

"G-2273! This one is need of you," yells K-2003, its voice echoing down the way, other toys stop what they are doing for a moment to look at them, before continuing what they are doing yet still looking at them.

All these eyes on him, he looks at them, these other toys, something about it, feels good, exhilarating, like it's wonderful yet at the same time it feels like he's being stripped down, naked before all these objects. To be embarrassed? By objects? How embarrassing. But then his attention was turned away from them to the approach of another sergal toy similar yet so very different than K-2003.

A deep blue color with bright orange highlights around its nipples, with thick rubber hair and softly glowing orange eyes. The toy has orange highlighted cuffs and collar with a matching blue band to its body. It's double bust were larger than K-2003's own. They moved with a bounce and squeak with each step, but what also bounced was their ribbed orange length. Hard, twitching, shining in its glory with a pair of plump balls that hide the sergal's female sex and its clitoral hood. It approaches with a happy bounce in its step that is comparable to the sergal toy standing before him.

"Maker! You need this one. Oh what a glorious day this is, how can this one be of service for you?" it asks.

Ross' eyes are drawn to the toy as it speaks, and he's surprised by how well it talks, given the fact the toy clearly has a mouth of the most sexual of variety. A vaginal maw, with a fully function tongue, clitoral hood in place of the tongue. Just how that is even a thing is making him be unable to look away.

"This one needs you to keep an eye on this one and keep it very busy on tasks around the stockroom so it can get in the step of being the wonderful toy that it knows it can be. It just needs to get its mind off of things and focus on what's important. Do you think you can do that for this one?" it asks, the black sergal toy reaching out, gently touching the other toy's muzzle, petting it along the face with a soft squeak.

The other toy lets out a soft moan, nuzzling into the hand, enjoying the touch to the point that it seems the toy might cream itself right then and there. The toy licking across the toy's finger with that bright orange clit hood tongue, coiling around the digit, the toy's finger slipping in, allowing the double-breasted toy to get a nice firm squeaky wet suckle, before it seems to reluctantly relinquish in order to respond, "But of course Maker. This one will be pleased to be given such a great responsibility. It will do its best to make sure that this toy-to-be gets the proper hard training that it needs to succeed."

“This one knew you’d be up for the challenge,” it says, looking over its shoulder noticing the human clad in the tight rubber renamon suit, noticing his unflinching stare, “Oh, do you like what you see? This one is still working on such a prototype for some of our toy units. It’s a very sexual design, this one knows, but some find it rather appealing. Was this something you were wanting toy-to-be? This one could make it happen if it is. It’s never too late to add a few more features. Though things like handles are always done last. It’s still debating of adding those to you. So sensual, so sexy, sensitive, though you are a switch, aren’t you?”

“Ah, yeah I am... wait what is this talk about handle and a fuck mouth? No sir, no fuck mouth for me.”

“Hmm... shall think on it. But you be a good toy, and listen to this one as if you were to listen to this one, okay?” K-2003 asks, turning to fully look at him, the toy leaning down slightly, butt hiked, breasts squeezed. Those lovely glowing eyes, drawing him in. “Please?” it asks sweetly, reaching out to gently rub his rubber renamon muzzle.

“Ahhh...”

“This one will take that as a yes,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“But...but...”

“Why yes, this one has a fine butt, thank you for noticing,” it says with a nod, turning around giving its butt a little wiggle with a soft squeak.

“What is not what I meant.”

“Oh you must mean your butt then,” it says, spinning around Ross, and giving his tush a firm kneading squeeze, “This one must say it is nice too. And will only get more shapely as the days go by.”

“W-what?!” he exclaims, moaning softly, his cock twitching, straining against the latex.

“Alas this one has things to do. Business things. As you know, this one is a very serious business toy,” it says with a nod. “Oh... wait you didn’t know, till now. At least now you know! Anyway, good luck G-2273, make this one proud! And you too toy-to-be. Keep those thoughts pure!” it says, exiting the stockroom, just as the other sergal toy says.

“This one will! Though Maker this one doesn’t...” the door closes, “Think you know what you mean by pure thoughts...” the toy says with a sigh, “Toy’s Maker is something else, wouldn’t you agree?”

Ross looks to the closed door, then back to the massive and thick dark blue and orange sergal toy, “Ahh... that is an understatement. How did I get myself into this...” he mutters, feeling a soft whisper in the back of his mind that makes his spine tingle.

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“Toy-to-be, we’ll get you speaking right and proper like an Englishmen toy in no time.”

“I’m getting this like Maker like toy feeling all of a sudden...” Ross mutters, before being tugged by the hand, pulled forward deeper into the stockroom, “Now what to get you to do. Dildos? Bondage equipment? Dildos and bondage equipment?” the toy suggests pulling him deeper, “Or lubricants? Dildo and lubricants?”

“Ahhh...”

“There is a lot that could be organized. Maker is still getting the hang of organizing things back here, and this one is doing its best with what we have, a bunch of lovely toys, but there are places where things could be improved. But this one thinks its better as a display than hidden away in the back.”

“Uhhh...”

“Naw, that is too slick of a job. Oh! This one knows, cleaning supplies. Cleaning is boring, monotonous yet so very important. This one thinks that is the perfect job for a sultry renamon toy-to-be, trying to prove itself, what a *good* toy it can be.”

“Wait a moment here, how come am I...” he says, being pulled along helplessly toward a corner of the stockroom filled with all kinds of cleaning supplies, items to take care of leather, latex, microfiber clothes amongst other things. Dozens upon dozens of items that are in great need of organization as items are only haphazardly placed in a vague organization.

“We are working to improve the inventory system, and this is one area that is in dire need of help. What this one wants you to do, is check what stockroom on hands we have. And then organize these items however you see fit. But please organize them in a somewhat logical manner or this one will be forced to make you redo it.”

“Ahh but... but...”

“No buts. You’ll get this done. You may organize then do the counts, this one thinks that would make the most sense, don’t you think?”

“I-I suppose? You know you are talking a lot over me on this. Why am I given such a simple dementia job?” he huffs.

“A bit of pep and dominance in you. This one can see the potential in you. But right now you need to work. Remember what Maker said. To do what this one asks of you as if it were the Maker.”

“Toy obeys Maker.”

“Toy loves to be of use.”

“Toy loves to be used.”

“Toy wants to be used.”

The sudden voice speaking into his mind, throws Ross off his game, his mind drifting off for a second before G-2273 reaches up to caress and hold his rubber muzzle, making him focus up at it, “Come toy. You want to be a *good* toy don’t you?”

“Ahh.”

It smiles at him, “That is what this one thought. Come now, you can do it. Hop to it and get that butt working. That way Maker can be proud of it,” it says, giving that butt a firm rubber smack.

Ross lets out a soft moan, surprising himself at the reaction with the most subtle rump hike, the renamon tail bouncing with little to no control he has over it, “Okay, okay. I’ll get it done. And I’ll show you how to handle things,” he says with a huff.

“Excellent! This one is counting on you toy-to-be. Just focus on that task. And this one will be nearby at all times incase you need any help,” it says with a nod.

“I won’t need it,” he states, shivering feeling his cock twitch, a sexual delight at the thought of doing the job without the need of others? To take command of the situation? It’s hard to say at this moment, this mind swimming with thoughts that were sensual, sexual? Yet why? He shakes his head getting to work, starting to separate all the various items, starting the slow organization process.

“Who the heck tried to organize this? Were they blind? This is no way to put these cleaning supplies with latex and cleaning supplies for leather together. There is so different and...” he sighs, focusing on the work, hands constantly moving, mind focused on this simple task.

All the while the collar whispers, “*Toy is a good toy.*”

“*Toy obeys.*”

“*Toy services.*”

“*There is no I.*”

“*There is no me.*”

“*There is no myself.*”

The words echoing out, speaking with a hypnotic tone that draws him in ever deeper, slowly as he works he starts to hum a nonspecific tune, but it’s beat with that domineering female voice that continuously presses her dominance and control into his mind, scooting his thoughts to something more fitting for someone like him.

“These set of clothes should be here. There, that’s good. Like a good toy...” He shakes his head, rubbing the back of it a moment later, feeling the rubber against rubber, yet it’s so slick like it’s lubricated, but when he grips objects it’s a tight rubber grip. The smell of latex heavy on his breath, taste of it on his tongue, body shivering, arousal so high, hand reaching down to touch himself, feeling an arise from the words that snuck out of his mouth.

“What are you doing? Taking a break?” G-2273 asks, standing right behind Ross, causing him to jump in surprise, hands whipping away from his bulging crotch.

“Ahh, what?”

The sergal toy leans in closer, breasts pressing up against the back of his head and neck, hands gently caressing his sides, before reaching to run across his arms, pulling his hands further away from his crotch, “Good toys don’t take breaks till they need to. Focus on what you need to do. There’s a lot of work there left to do. You have what? Looks like a tenth of it done? Come on, get to it toy,” it says.

Ross suddenly feels a poke against the base of his tail, which makes him stiffen, thinking, “*Is it going to fuck me here? Right here? RIght now? So close to my body, so sexual? Taking me like I am some kind of fuck toy?*”

The thought that slips out into the ether of his mind, his cock twitches, reinforcing the delight of the thought of being a toy. He pants softly, hands moving back to the items yet to be organized, “N-no, not doing that. Just taking a moment to think how to organize this better. Is that so wrong?”

The sergal toy moves its head closer, Ross seeing the sly smile it produces, “Of course not. Remember if you need some help to keep focus. This one is here to help,” it says with a little lick across his cheek. The rubber mutes most of the sensation, but as the toy pulls away a small sense of relief with a dash of disappointment overtakes him, “Now get back to work, before this one smacks your butt...” it says with a but smack, “Even harder than it already does.”

Ross shudders, moaning, “Got it, this--” he cuts himself off almost saying the words, those delightful words that are pushing into his mind. Despite of that, he gets back to work, keeping his hands moving, trying to get his thoughts away from the constant sexual need that is building up within him. Nay the sexual mood that has always been there, a constant twitching, throbbing, aching desire that never leaves him, the constant throb, distraction, mind hard to focus, hard to resist the whispers.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no I,” mutters Ross, continuing to work, counting the current item, making sure the right number is supposed to be there, according to the paper spreadsheet that was given to him by G-2273 not too far into the organization period.

Those words escaping his lips felt so good, causing his cock to twitch, pleasure building, bubbling, his balls tingled, aching, feeling so heavy, yet so nice, perhaps it isn’t too bad to repeat that, to repeat what the collar whispers to him.

“There is no me.”

“There is no me,” he mutters, the pleasure rising again, cock twitching, “Fuck... I feel like I could cum from that.”

“There is no I,” the collar whispers, the pleasure dropping, leaving him wanting.

“There is no I,” he mutters, the pleasure returning but not to the level it was before. He focuses back to his work, what he needs to do... to be a good toy.

“There is no me.”

“There is no me,” he mutters, cock twitching again, butt tensing, panting, focusing harder on his work, trying to keep on track, becoming ever harder.

“There is no myself.”

“There is no myself,” he says, with a little more conviction, truth behind the words, feeling so good, so natural.

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy,” he says, closing his eyes, thinking on the words. He’s been at this task for hours, already he has most of it organized and partially counted. He opens his eyes again, looking at his work, feeling good at the progress.

“Toy is doing good. Toy wants to do good,” he mutters, slipping into the speech, the flow of the words feeling foreign yet natural, a bit like returning home after a long trip. With each spoken phrase, falling into sync with the speech the better he feels, the more pleasure he feels wonderful. His cock twitches, body aching, feeling wonderful.

“Toy is doing good. Toy shall do good. This one will be a good...” he moans, pushing himself forward, shaking his head, “Need to focus. Toy needs to focus. This one needs to focus!” he says, exclaiming a little, letting out a soft squeak, looking around to see if he can see anyone watching him, not noticing anyone, yet his sexual lust is fogging not only his mind but his perception.

G-2273 is there with a camera, filing the toy-to-be from a distance, able to record his speech readily enough. The toy’s butt sways side to side, cock bouncing. It looks at the renamon, enjoying its struggle, seeing it slowly sink deeper and deeper into becoming a toy. As it watches the display, it thinks, *“This one hopes Maker enjoys what it is doing. More data on how to improve making wonderful toys for it. This one is so pleased it could do this! That’s it lovely toy-to-be. Give into the collar. Embrace yourself. Accept yourself. No one is here to judge. It is wonderful to have you just be what you are. A good fuck toy.”*

Ross, continues to work, continues to drive himself deeper into the mantra, his mutterings coming into audible range from time to time, but more often than not he thinks the words, thinks the whispers spoken to him. Thinking less on what is being said and just allowing it to be. Accepting them, the tough human already giving into becoming a toy on the first day. Such eagerness of what he wanted to be, embracing what he should be, ought to be. It’s not something that can be easily explained but felt deep within him. The tough human, who would never let anyone know how much he wanted to be a rubber renamon. Who never show anyone that he had a submissive side. So much hidden away now coming to the surface, but none of that mattered right now. Right matters to Ross is getting this tedious job done and to listen to the words the collar speaks to him.

“Toy is an object.”

“Toy is a thing.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy desires to be of service.”

“Toy will proactively work to be a good toy.”

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys service.”

“Good toys love to fuck.”

“You are a good fuck toy.”

The First Rena Toy: A Cleaning Toy

Those days working in the stockroom were a blur to Ross. His body shifted, changed, slowly, steadily, now trapped like many times before in the tight plastic mold in the toy molding room. Unable to move, unable to really breath, suckling down the hot latex that flows down his throat, tightly filling his rear, the rubber flowing across a forming female sex that feels more real with each passing molding. All the while while completely trapped in this mold, the becoming black and red renamon toy must simply waits till it is time to get out of the mold. All the while, the toy programing voice spoken by a domineering woman, that he does not know, but so powerful, so strong that he can barely resist the allure of her, if at all.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy serves."

"Good toys don't seek self pleasure."

"Good toys don't need to cum."

"There is no me."

"There is no I."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."

"Toy pleases its Maker."

"Toy's Maker is K-2003."

The black and cyan blur of K-2003 comes into view, its sudden, quick, and a flutter of excitement for Ross. It's time to do something new, to get out of the mold, as nice as it is, as binding and tight it is around him, not allowing in an inch of movement, nay a millimeter of movement. Ross feels his entire body being tugged, pulled, *stretched* to fit the mold he's in. The only thing he can move is his tongue and that is just enough to enjoy the phallic object he is suckling down. Thoughts of how he could even be breathing long gone, now all he can think about is...

"Maker is back! Now this one can get back to work serving Maker. How wonderful this is!"

K-2003 types into the computer console, ending the flow of rubber into the mold, and soon followed by a hiss as air rushes in. The toy smiles, but wiggling with an eagerness, its clit hood seal already broken, filling the room with its arousing aroma. It saunters over to the toy mold, unhooking the mouth tube first, letting the toy trapped inside to gasp and pant for the cool air that soon fills the toy-to-be's lungs.

"So far so good it seems! Well we don't have seams here, no tpool toys. Oh! Make a mental note of trying to make a line of Toys-4-U living pool toys! People are sure to like that... but it doesn't know how that will work. Guess that will take time. Well other problems first," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod, unlocking the dildo that is pushing into the becoming

renamon toy's sex, "Morning to you young fuck hole. This one will be checking up on you soon, but be patient!" it says, looking at the budding female toy sex twitching eagerly, "Well someone is a go getter," it says with eagerness, going to Ross's rear, pulling out the last plug and source of rubber that was flowing into him.

The removal of each item felt nice, but also left Ross with this strange longing. His cock pushed down by the mold and phallic device pushing into him as made his ache in his loins grow all the more. A wanting need, yet its strange. He feels as if his aching throbbing length is being pushed inward making his loins burn with a desire that his mind is still string to get around, but the lust in his mind is still too great and the hypnosis speaking to him too strong for him to really care about those simple facts, as the thought of being a good toy is taking precedence in his mind.

With the phallic objects removed, K-2003 goes back to the computer console, activating the unlocking mechanisms that pull the front half of the mold off of Ross's body, pulling and tugging at his rubber clad form. The suit now feels so tight against his skin that the line between himself and the suit has blurred almost completely.

The human meal feels the weight of rubber breasts on his chest, the soft jiggle of them, the cool air across his body, panting, softly moaning, his cock twitching but the female sex moving in kind. There is practically no bulge left of where his cock would be, and his tongue moves rather well within his elongated feeling muzzle. Nostrils flare at the tip of nose nose, smelling his Maker's aroma, arousing him, making his body ache. His eyes longingly looking at the sergal toy that towers over him.

"Morning toy-to-be! How did you rest in your mold today toy-to-be?" K-2003 asks with a morning sunshine delight.

Ross shudders, feeling the smoothness of their form against the cool air, eyes locked upon the lovely form of his Maker, unable to get that thought out of his head, that sensation of superiority and submission to the sergal toy before him, "Well Maker. This one always finds it very refreshing."

"Good, good, you didn't fall asleep, did you?" the toy asks with a concerned look on its face.

Ross tilts his head, slipping his head out of the mold, feeling the tug of it against his rubber skin, ears twitching a little, "N-no. Toy doesn't think so. Should have it fallen asleep?"

"Not a worry, just something this one checks on occasion. Have to get feedback as it molds its toy-to-be," it says, reaching up to gently caress and run its rubber fingers across Ross's face. Now let this one get a good long hard, aching look and feel of your progress," it says with a sly smile, eyes softly glowing, which draw Ross's attention to them.

"What do you mean a--" his words are literally cut off by the large sergal toy leaning in and giving him a deep passionate rubbery kiss. The toy's tongue is covered in its saliva which is mildly arousal inducing. The toy's tongue slithers into Ross' running across his teeth, while his mouth is held open by the toy's deep unending kiss. The toy makes it even deeper pushing its

head forcefully against his, the back of the mold pinning his head there, making it impossible for him to do anything but take it.

A moan escape's Ross's lips, only to be swallowed by the larger toy. His tongue soon coiled by K-2003's and then dancing along with it, unsure what to do, hands twitching, pulling a bit out of the mold, thinking to touch the toy when it makes another first move, squeeze and fondling his breasts. The pleasure and sensation from his rubbery mounds is not what he is expecting, but nothing he'd want to question. The toy's cyan claws running across his red rubber nipples, pinching them, tugging them ever so slowly, while the kiss continues, leaving the transforming human to be mere puddy in the toy's capable hands. Such wondrous tormenting delight, completely and submissively given into the sergal toy as it teases the upper portions of his body, unsure when the kiss is going to last, his nostrils flaring, smelling the toy's sweet scent that has a hint of... green apple? But it's mixed with the toy's unleashed arousing aroma, the mantra in the back of his mind relaxing him into this arousing loving moment.

K-2003 continues the kiss the toy's fingers feeling across the entire breast, feeling at the undercarriage of the mounds, feeling their size and heft with a soft fondling squeeze, thinking, *"The teeth are forming nicely into the mouth, the tongue has regained much of its prehensile nature, but still feels a little stiff. Breasts are nice, and responsive but not fully formed and perky as they should be just yet. Probably a few more days, unsure how many though. Will need to monitor and take notes so it can do this better."*

The passionate moment suddenly but slowly breaks. Ross out of instinct gasps for air, panting heavily, saliva strands between his lips to the toy's, eyes still locked up at it, watching it begin to lower itself before him. Speechless.

K-2003 hands caress along Ross' sides, feel behind his back when he partially broke free from the back half of the mold, "Doing good toy-to-be, but there is still much more to be tested before this one is sure what to have you do today. You'll be on the store floor, so it has to be assured it assigns you the right duties," it explains.

"O-oh?" Ross manages to ask his curiosity strong enough to make some kind of noise that is acknowledged as a language. But that is soon lost when the toy's hands tug his butt out from the mold with a soft shlunk, feeling the tug of his tail, and how full it is behind him. K-2003 opens its mouth like a viper, ready to strike, its cyan tongue slithering out, licking across his forming sex which to him feels as pleasurable as any other. Another moan, a gasp, voice higher, softer, far more feminine and perhaps a little sultry, its hard to tell in this moment, and hard for the fading human to recognize that this is his new forming voice speaking. All he can think about is that sergal toy's tongue and how it slithers across his twitching wet folds, wiggling its way up into his body, around the aching throb of his length.

K-2003's entire mouth wraps around the sex, the toy's hands gripping the Renamon's butt with a firm grasp so it can push the becoming toy into its mouth, allowing it to get a nice deep mouth inspection. The tongue runs across the folds, before sliding along one side of the folds and then the other, pushing as deep as it can go before it hits a block only a few inches in.

It firmly suckles down any juices the renamon toy produces, tasting and savoring each drop, a grand connoisseur of pussy.

Ross gasps, such constantly arousing aching delights has been maddening to him. He feels like he's constantly put on edge, yet never able to go over. Something is blocking it. If he wasn't having such a good time, mind numbingly good, he might wonder if it's because he's transitioning from male to female, human to renamon, person to toy, or is it something else entirely?

"Fuck...fuck...fuck that feels good," he moans, unable to hide his pleasure, hands reaching up to feel his own breasts, pleasing himself for a moment before he hears a voice in the back of his mind.

"Good toys don't touch themselves."

"You want to be a good toy."

"Good toy's obey."

"No touching."

Ross hands tense, squeeze, one final touch before pulling his hands away from his breasts, softly muttering, "Good toy's don't touch themselves."

K-2003's ears twitch, hearing those words, the toy wiggling its butt, thinking, *"Well sometimes its allowed when done right,"* it smirks, tongue still feeling up the toy-to-be's sex, while its fingers, move across the toy's butt, feeling the curves and contours of it, before its claw tips grace across Ross' rear. Its digit slipping into him, feeling the reaction and squeeze of the o ring around the toy's finger. The slick entrance, still smooth and lubricated from the rubber that was flowing into it not long ago. There the toy moves and slides another finger in, feeling Ross' interior.

He gasps, feeling the new pleasuring torment that is being literally thrust upon him. His ass squeezes the toy's digits, but he's helpless to slow down whatever the toy is doing. The tugging and pushing of his rear sissy hole, which feels almost as good as his new one up front. His tongue hangs out, a heavy aching pant coming over him, legs quivering, using the mold to keep himself erect on his feet, mind picturing his cock just aching there ready to be taken and sucked upon. Mind imagining it using the pleasure of the toy's mouth and tongue, a fantasy playing out in his mind as he simply sinks into the depths of his lust.

K-2003 meanwhile, going far and deep into Ross' body, methodically teasing and feeling up each inch of his erogenous zone. The toy looking up at his reaction, then closing its eyes thinking, *"Prostate is nearly gone to provide a full female rear, but the pleasure not only remains and is enhanced. It could be used in a pinch, but best not to risk it. Not yet at least. The primary sex is woefully not completed. As this one expected. Changing or adding sexes to the material always takes a bit of extra time. Best to keep to its current model for them and all material being molded into toys. Gives it time to be perfected. Okay this one thinks it knows what to do with this one today."*

As suddenly as it all began it ends. K-2003 pulls its digits out of his rear, mouth away from his sex, giving him moments to 'catch' his breath and some composure. K-2003 smiling up

at him, standing tall once again, reminding him just how much smaller he is over the toy, adding to the sense of submissiveness.

K-2003 gently pets Ross' head with the hand not used to test his rear, "Good toy-to-be. This one knows exactly what to do with you today."

"Y-you do?"

"Yup!" it exclaims with a butt wiggle of excitement, reaching down and cupping Ross by the sex, slipping a few fingers in, "Come off that, your molding is done and today you are going to be doing some stocking, and cleaning. Put those stocking skills you learned last week to good use and keeping a store squeaky clean is a happy store."

"Y-yes Maker," he responds, feeling a little perplexed, not expecting those words to come out of the toy's mouth. Then again he feels he can rarely predict anything the toy is about to say, except this one or toy.

"Good, but there is more than that. As you may well know renamons are very popular... wait, do you know that?"

"Know that renamons are popular?"

"Yes that, do you know that."

"Yeah, toy loves renamons. It feels great to be one."

"Ah good. For some reason when toy said those words, it felt as if it was being redundant..."

"Which words, Maker?"

"The ones that made it sound redundant."

"Huh?" Ross responds, giving the toy an inquisitive look.

"Now the issue it has outside of the popularity and the demand for such a product is users will want to test you right away."

"That's wonderful Maker! This one is eager to please," it says, squeezing onto K-2003's fingers still lodged into his sex, while the toy guides him out of the toy molding rooms and in short order during this conversation onto the store floor. The lights are still dim, and it appears the store is not yet open yet, but toys are moving about in a rush to get everything ready.

K-2003's thumb gently presses onto the area above the sex, where the toy's fingers are giving a soft rubbery 'pinch' that is more pleasurable than one might think, "You'd think that but not in this case. We pride ourselves on our highest quality toys at the highest quality prices. And we can't have users testing a product that isn't close to being finished. You've made great progress but you aren't near ready to be tested by users."

"It's not?" he asks, feeling a strange hint of sadness and longing within him, the desire to be taken by a user and used like the good fuck toy that he is filling his thoughts, imagining the scenarios he could be thrown into, the arousing aroma caused by K-2003 from its now sealed sex still lingering heavily in his mind.

"Nope. Visually you look stunning if this one may say so itself... which it does. But you are not ready to be had by users. So, it needs to think of a way to let customers know that you

aren't be tested yet, and we apologize for the inconvenience. Which Is something you will also tell users if they want to test you despite this perfect idea this one has to prevent that."

"If its perfect why should this one be worried about it Maker?"

"Because perfect is never perfect. No plan survives first contact with the customer."

"Ah... toy thinks it gets it," he says, following the toy to the back of the store, toward the toy testing rooms, going down the hall, heading straight back to the last door on the left.

K-2003 enters a keycode to unlock it, "Good, but this one has a good plan to keep things in order, but it will have other toys also keep an eye on you in case you need any assistance as you do your cleaning duties."

"What cleaning should toy do first?"

"The windows and glass sliding doors should be first. That way everyone can get a clear view inside the store and get a good luck on what's up and coming to Toys-4-U, aka, you!" it exclaims, stepping inside to reveal a large room, on the right is a black rubber canopy bed with cyan pillows, deeper in is a kitchen and dining room set up but to the left seems to be a door that leads to an office, which is where the sergal toy is leading him to.

"A good luck Maker?" he asks curiously, just as the toy reaches the office door.

"Luck?"

"You said a good luck what the store is up to."

"Oh, toy meant to say look, not luck. How silly of this one to say, but it does wish you good luck on keeping the store clean and keeping customers happy with your limited abilities. Eventually you'll be serving customers with around the store needs, but that is after you get a lay out of the store once you finished cleaning it," K-2003 explains, opening the door to reveal a surprisingly quaint office with a computer on the desk, a name play that reads K-2003. A single chair that sits across the desk, "Now time to get you ready so customers do not think you are free to be tested. Or that they have a pay a price to test you. Simply that you can't be tested at this current point of time."

"This one understands Maker, so what is it that you intend to do?" Ross asks, moaning softly when K-2003's grip is relinquished from his nether region.

"You'll see, this one just needs just a moment," it says, pulling out two clean white pieces of paper and a pen. The toy takes a moment to elegantly write on them, which is difficult for Ross to read from his side of the desk. K-2003 takes its time writing in large cursive lettering, "Ah, that should work, don't you think?" it asks grabbing one of the two pieces of paper it wrote on, showing it to him.

Ross looks at the fancy legible yet still somehow slightly hard to read words, "We apologies for the inconvenience but this here current toy is currently not able to directly service any customers at this time. We are currently working on improving our products by giving our newest toy model time to interact with customers on a non-sexual basis. Please come again later to see if our toy has reached the next stage of development. Thank you for your patience. CEO and Toy Management, K-2003."

K-2003 smiles happily, leaning forward, breasts squeezing slightly together as it then holds the paper close to it, “What do you think? It aptly explains everything, don’t you think?”

“It certainly does that Maker, but perhaps you should get a second opinion?”

“This one did, it got yours! Now all this one needs to do is to put them on you.”

“On this one?” it responds, feeling a little less sure all of a sudden, watching K-2003 go through its desk draw pulling out various office supplies.

“Now where did this one put them.”

“Wait, what did you mean about putting them on this one Maker?”

“Ah here they are! Now toy can get them on you without issue, hanging nice and pretty for all to read,” it says, having pulled out string and binder clips.

“Maker?” it asks, tilting its head to the side, ear twitching.

“Now, just stand there so this one can tie them to you and clip them nice and tight,” K-2003 says walking back over to Ross, who can’t help but feel the urge to obey.

“Yes Maker.”

“Good toy,” it responds.

A shiver of pleasure runs through him, tail hiking just a bit, feeling K-2003 wrap string around its tail base, and then using a binder clip to attach the paper to the back.

“Perfect, now when you raise your tail or on all fours washing the floor, people can look at that lovely butt of yours and ready toy’s note,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Maker are you sure this is going to work?” it asks with a soft pant, feeling the paper move behind it, making that wobbling paper noise while K-2003 uses the string to make a belt around it, to attach the other paper to its front, “Ah, toy can have it here, that will hide your sex and power button. Don’t want to give the users any ideas.”

“Power button? This one has a power button?”

“Yeah, of course you do. This one isn’t going to hide that lovely red glow just yet. Having the option to have it there or not is good, but it doesn’t want it to get pressed just yet.”

“How did this one never notice it has a power button?”

“You never checked.”

“Oh, okay... wait a second, something about that doesn’t feel right.”

“Relax toy-to-be. This one knows you are nervous about being out there in public. With all those eyes upon you. Watching you, Wanting you. Having to show off what a lovely toy you are, while not letting them touch you... yet. It’s a big deal especially on your first day on the store floor. But this one believes in you. You can do it. And remember there are other toys that can be of assistance if you need them. Okay?”

“Maker...” it says looking down at the tied string and the binder clip holding the sheet of paper with the note over its sex and red glowing power button which shines through the white paper, “This one thinks it will be fine with its duties. It will be great; it just has some concerns about this set up.”

“It will work just fine. Now let this one show you were we keep the cleaning supplies, and remember no touching yourself toy. No matter how great the need. A good toy doesn’t need to touch itself, got it?”

“Yes Maker,” he responds, following K-2003 out of the room, guided now by a gentle breast squeeze, the toy’s fingers idily teasing over the nipple, drawing Ross’ mind further away from the logical concerns he is having to that reminder of just how aroused he is. He almost forgot given the situation that his body is screaming for sex. For a good rut, to be fucked like no other. His body feeling so naked, feeling the smooth cool tiled floor under his paw pads. Concerns about what is not right about his body, sinking into a sea of lust. And the current oddity of the situation is also distracting his thoughts.

“That’s a good toy-to-be. And when in public, call this one Toy Mistress instead of Maker, okay toy-to-be?”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” he replies, moaning softly, hearing the soft squeak of his breast being squeezed, breast nipple teased, a shiver of delight running through him when he hears the words.

“Good toy.”

“Thank you, Maker,” he replies, tugged along like a good toy, back onto the store floor, over to the stockroom area, shown where the cleaning supplies are, “Oh this one knows of this place. It put some of the items away when it was stocking.”

“Oh? Why didn’t you tell this one you knew where the supplies were?”

Ross smirks, “You didn’t ask this one Maker.”

K-2003 shoots him a little look before the realization hits it, “Touché. Start with the windows, then clean the chrome, wash the floors, after that polish and clean the displays, and the cash register areas. Then the customer’s bathrooms. After that this one thinks you might be able to provide some aid on the toy test rooms. They always need to be cleaned after each time a customer uses them. For the safety and happiness of our customers. But currently toy has the toy that made the mess clean it up. But it wonders if it should change that. Assign a group of toys to constantly clean them up... but then the toy that has been used needs to be cleaned too... hmmm. This one shall ponder that. For now, do those tasks, and we’ll see where you are at by that time and we can go on from there. Did you get all that toy-to-be?”

Ross nods, feeling this urge bubbling within him to do good. His sex tenses, and relaxes, the ache and desire to be fucked put in the background of his mind, as the need to obey his Maker starts to take some of the forefront of his mind, “Yes Maker, this one got it.”

“Good, for this one can’t remember to repeat all of it again exactly like that. It was a once in a lifetime saying and all future iterations will never be quit the same as that.”

“Huh... what Maker?”

“This one is just proud you got all of that, that’s all. Now get to work and remember, don’t let the customers use you. You aren’t ready yet,” it says, giving Ross’ thigh a firm rubbery smack

Ross lets out a soft moan, hiking his tail, body aching in delight, nipples perked, “Yes Maker! And it will Maker!” he responds, grabbing the cleaning supplies, watching its Maker head off. Once gone he lets out a soft sigh, “Maker is nice, but that is something else. This one guesses that Maker just needs a lot of help with everything. And help it shall do... though...” it mutters, wanting to reach up to touch its breast, to feel the heft of it but the collar speaks into its mind.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys do as they are told.”

“You are a good toy.”

Ross shudders, grabbing the cleaning supplies, “Toy is a good toy. Toy is a good toy. Toy is a good toy,” he mutters, drawing himself into that lovely mantra. His hips sway, walking with a bounce in his step he heads to the front of the store, which is only moments away from being opened. Other toys are on pedestals at the front of the store, eager to greet the customers, while others are stocking, and some are at the registers ready to ring.

Customers eye the toy the moment he walks into view. He grabs some paper towel and window cleaning, spraying the window. It feels the weight of those eyes upon him. There are soft clicks as people take pictures, other take views, hearing muttering, “They have a renamon toy now? It’s about damn time. I’ve been waiting for one since they came out with vixen. How could they have a vixen and not a renamon?”

“A renamon is a vixen, so this is nothing new,” says another customer.

“Renamons are vixen-like, but we aren’t vixens. Especially us male ones,” states a yellow, white and black furred male renamon, dressed in more than just a pair of black renamon gloves. He looks at the two humans having the debate, who blink in surprise upon seeing a living renamon before them.

“Holy shit you do exist!” exclaims one.

“Dude, that’s rude to say,” mutters the other, giving him nudge.

Meanwhile Ross thinks, *“That’s a handsome Renamon... wait no, toy needs to focus. This one was given an important task of cleaning and should clean,”* it thinks, spraying the window getting to washing, hearing a soft squeak fill its ears, a smooth cool sensation across its breasts, teasing him.

“That feels nice... very nice,” he thinks, looking down seeing his breasts squeezed up against the window, which is drawing the attention of more people, making the weight of those eyes pressing down upon him grow. A blush of embarrassment rolls over him but then followed by something else, something more lustful and perhaps a little sinister depending on who you ask.

“Toy is technically not touching itself when it does that... And more people get to notice and pay attention to Maker’s work. We are given minutes from opening. It could be a bit more fun and playful to the customers. It can’t be used but it certainly can tease,” he thinks with a sly

smirk. Looking at the customers, giving them a wink as he presses his breasts harder against the window, squishing them against the glass, dragging them along with a long squeak.

Ross moans in delight, feeling the rush from the self tantalizing pleasure while still not breaking the rules that are given to it within the repeating hypnotic collar in the back of his mind. The papers rattle, not paid attention by any customer as the toy cleans and polishes the window. Parts of its body shining brighter thanks to the cleaning fluid uses to wash the windows. Making them streak free and spotless, despite the toy's hinderance, using parts of its body press against the glass.

The show garnered more attention by those interested by such things, the time ticking closer to the doors opening, but for these few minutes time for some is going too fast, while others, each moment is a wonderful eternity and Ross knows it. He can see it on their faces, those drawn to his body, those wanting his body, the knowledge that they can't have him right now only makes him more excited. Something about this is growing within him. A pleasure to do the task for his Maker, but to do it in a way that he desires and wants. To be a toying tease in all sense and matter of the word.

Ross playfully winks at the customers, pressing itself harder against the glass, while still somehow diligently working at its duty. Not wanting to do a poor job at window washing now. The store then opens, the other toys happily greeting those rushing in.

"Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Super Mega Store. Don't be shy to ask this one or any other toy you see for assistance. We are here to serve and service you!"

A small hoard rushes toward Ross, who is all too pleased to get this kind of attention. Something he knew he wanted deep down, but now that it is happening, he's certain that this is the kind of life he wants. Butt hiked, tail raised, that sign blocking the rear entrance, a greater tease rather than words of warning for those who want to get a taste.

All the while K-2003 watches from the security office, through the cameras, the toy smiling to itself as a buff Rhino guard monitors the cameras, "Everything is working like this one hoped it would."

"If you say so Miss," the Rhino responds.

"Yes, this one does say so, if anything big and troubling happens let it know. It has meetings to do."

"I will Miss, as always."

"Good, and keep up the good work. It appreciates the hard work you do here."

The rhino smirks, sipping a cup of coffee, "Thanks."

"Welcome," the toy says, heading off, another day for the store has just begun.

The First Rena Toy: Too Soon

The doors open up, the customers rushing in. The toys on pedestal greet customers with “Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U Super Mega Store. Don’t be shy to ask this one or any other toy you see for assistance. We are here to serve and service you!”

Ross continues to clean the windows, going lewdly with his work while a small crowd gathers around him. He gives them a playful wink, enjoying the eyes upon him, his tightly bound length that barely bulges behind the female sex twitches, making the female sex quiver, “Oh my, so many wonderful users looking at this one,” he says, the words feeling so natural, not slowing down on his cleaning.

Moving through the crowd, the sleek black furred male renamon with white tipped ears and markings, “Give the lady toy some room,” he states, showing a level of dominance that catches Ross’ attention.

“He’s a handsome user. A renamon toy should serve all users but a renamon. This one should give them special attention. Maker did say this one should be cleaning and not be used by other users... the sign says so, but... it never said anything about a renamon user perhaps...” he thinks, feeling the signs that hang from his body that inform customers that the toy is currently not to be used yet.

He looks over to the other eager users, wanting to get a good luck of him, “Now, now. This one can’t be out to play just yet. If you read the sign, you’ll be given all the information you need to know about it.”

An eager fox moves in close, “Oh yeah? Let’s give this sign a read,” he then reads out loud what the sign says, “We apologies for the inconvenience but this here current toy is currently not able to directly service any customers at this time. We are currently working on improving our products by giving our newest toy model time to interact with customers on a non-sexual basis. Please come again later to see if our toy has reached the next stage of development. Thank you for your patience. CEO and Toy Management, K-2003.”

He rubs the back of his head, “Who in their right mind would take their time to read this?”

“You did,” states the renamon, shoving the fox off to the side.

“Hey!” he grumps.

The renamon smirks, but ignores the comment, looking at Ross, “Could you clarify those statements?”

“Well, this one is not to be used is what it pretty much sums up to. Not any customers at least.”

“I see. And how much longer will you be cleaning these windows?”

“This one says about another half hour. There’s a lot to be cleaning. After that it has other cleaning duties.”

“Such a shame,” he states, walking away, the crowd around her slowly thinning out till a few depraved eyes remained on him.

"This one does agree. It could show you what a great toy it is already," he thinks, continuing to clean, body shining, squeaky, cleaning the windows while its body shined. It's hard for anyone to ignore such a lovely colored renamon in the store but the shock and awe of her is pulled away leaving only two die hard customers wanting to get as much video of the toy as possible for their own personal use.

He didn't mind, the thought of being such a lovely toy fills him with delight, want and need. Being very good toy, *"Good toys obey. Good toy's serve."* the collar whispering into the back of his mind, keeping his aroused hypnotic laden thoughts in order.

He moves deeper into the store, the windows clean and spotless, it doesn't take long for him to bump into the renamon again. He moves up close to her, "Hello there toy. Finished cleaning the windows?"

"Yes, this one is," he replies, looking into his blue eyes.

"I was thinking, you could help me clean a few things."

"You need things cleaning sir?"

"Yes, in one of the toy testing rooms, if you catch my drift," he replies, motioning down to his pants which are bulging.

"But this one isn't supposed to provide that kind of assistance to customers."

"Customer? What customer? I haven't bought anything. Therefore, I am not yet a customer. What do you say?"

Ross thinks about that line of logic. It's so easy to break down and proven false, but given the opportunity to service a renamon like himself? How could he not? Why bring fault to that logic. A sultry grin appears on his face, moving in close, pressing his breasts against the renamon's soft chest, "Of course Sir. Let this one lead the way," he says, reaching down to give the bulge a little fondle.

"I thought you'd see it my way. I couldn't let those non-renamons get a hold of you first. A renamon needs one of their own to enjoy and decide how good quality you are. As the store claims, high quality toys."

He giggles, "This one couldn't have agreed more with you sir." They move deeper into the store, down the toy testing rooms heading to the very last door on the right, "If this one recalls this one is the simplest one but shall be perfect for our use," he explains, also taking note that the room is unlocked and therefore free to be used. They walk into the room, a simple bedroom with a canopy bed in the center. Dressers with sex toys and lubricants are up against the wall. Soft carpeting with a memory foam cushioning underneath, provides the 'walking on air' sensation.

Ross closes and locks the door behind them, "There, now no one can bother us, while this one gets to cleaning your pipes sir, who is not a customer," he says with a playful wink.

The renamon strips down, revealing his handsome form, clothes toss to the side, his red rocket already out, throbbing, knot aching, "Best to just get into it, don't you think?" he asks, Ross eyeing the cock. Something about it felt... strange. Sure, he sucked some toy cock, but

this is a real cock. Had he sucked a cock before? Something... strange... the torrent of urges within him, as the color whispers softly.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves."

"Toy serves all."

"Good toys obey."

"You want to be a good toy."

"Serve."

"Obey."

"Coming toy? I don't think my pipes are going to clean themselves," he remarks adjusting his white and black gloves, sitting on the bed, legs spread, the member twitching, aching with need, "I'm not going to take care of this myself."

"T-this one is coming," he says, walking over to him, kneeling before him, the smooth rubber fingers running across the warm twitching member. That small voice in the back of his mind, so quiet so soft it was impossible to hear, *"I'm not gay."* The collar whispers, speaks, encourages, he licks his lips, the rubber tightly squeezing his body a second skin at this point, hard to tell where he begins and the rubber ends. Melding into one.

The renamon looks down at the toy, placing a hand on Ross' head, squeezing those ears, "Come on toy, are you shy?"

Ross' gaze stiffens, "Shy? What? No," he remarks.

"Then take your prize that you so hungrily want."

"This one will, Sir," he replies, taking the renamon's length into his mouth, suckling the tip, slowly going down on it. His gag reflex kicks in but it's muted, making it relatively easy for him to go down on the member with only a little struggling. That soft whisper in his mind, the one he knows is there but can't hear grows ever quieter. Suckling, drinking down the pre-cum that flows out of the member, enjoying the salty-tangy taste of the fellow renamon.

He moans softly keeping Ross' head on his throbbing twitching length, "Not bad, not bad, I think you can do better, right toy?" he grunts pushing her head down onto his member, lips kissing the knot.

He squirms, gasping for air, yet able to hold his breath longer than he is expecting. The taste of the renamon filling his mouth more with the enjoyable flavor of the renamon. It's everything he wondered on those rare occasions when he thought of the male renamon, but it all faded into a hungry slurp and squeeze of the rena's length. Ross' fingers dance across the soft black fuzzy balls, giving them a gentle squeeze, knowing what is *he* would like... wait something about that doesn't sit right.

Twitch, throb, suckling down the length, going faster on the aching member, Ross' thoughts are pulled back to the reality before him. He takes in the cock, hungrily wanting it, pleasuring it, feeling the warm pulsating length, letting it sink in, the warm pulsating length, a desire filling him, a wanting to take this cock in more than one way. Conflicting, aching disease within his head, but as the renamon is brought to the edge, pushed over, letting the warm sticky

essence of the male flood into his mouth. With each slurp and drink, that little nagging voice fades a bit more, and the desire to take hold, command grows. He pulls his mouth from the cock, licking up the last bit of essence that wasn't already gobbled down by him, "What a tasty renamon you are," he winks.

"And what a wonderful pair of lips you have. And they say you are not ready for service, but I think you are," he remarks with a soft pant.

"Thank you, sir, and this one thinks it is too, to push this a bit further," he says, standing up, pushing the renamon onto the bed.

"A frisky girl, I like that." He groans, his cock softening reversing its course, reaching full aching length, the toy grinding its sex against his wanting member, feeling a soft twitch and throb, but his arousal and lust blinds him to the odd sensation that's between the incomplete toy's legs.

"This one wants to take you as much as it can," he says, grinding his sex against the length, moving into position to be taken by the renamon.

The door clicks, unlocking swinging open, "Hello! This one hates to bother but have any of you seen a renamon toy? It appears to have gone missing," says K-2003 with big friendly smile on its face, head popping out of the door.

"What? What are you... do you just barge in here when I am in the middle of something?!" exclaims the renamon.

"Toy Mistress!" exclaims Ross.

"Oh there you are. Thank you for finding this one's toy. It hopes you weren't about to do anything with it. Did you not read the sign?" it asks, stepping inside, closing the door behind it.

"The toy works just fine for me, now leave," he huffs, sitting up.

Ross slinks back, getting off of the renamon, body aching for more delight, looking to him and back to his Maker, feeling a weight come over him, that urges him to stand there and wait how this plays out, "*Good toys obey Maker.*"

"*Toy's Maker is K-2003.*"

"*You are a good toy.*"

"Toy, please stand over here," K-2003 commands.

"Yes toy Mistress," he replies, moving over to it.

The sergal toy gets a good look, "Sign still there, hanging from it, did you not read it? Or was it not clear? This one thought it was clear."

"I didn't read it," the renamon remarks.

"Well toy can't help that if you can't read, but this toy here is not ready."

"How is it not ready? Took me quite easily already."

"With what?"

"Mouth."

“Well mouth is easy enough, but other parts aren’t ready, and this one doesn’t want a toy to go into use with most of its abilities not in operation, right? It’s just a terrible of a thing to be had. But its southern sex ports aren’t ready. What if something terrible happened to you?”

“Terrible?” the renamon asks, looking at K-2003 curiously, standing up.

“Oh yes, this one wouldn’t want the blood flow of your lovely bit to be cut off and then not function. This one could not just bare to see something like that happen to good customer like yourself, now could this one?”

He takes a moment to ponder that, his arousal fading fast at the thought of what could have possibly of happened, “Ah, yes, and why would you let something with that much danger out and about then?”

“It takes time to craft quality toys. Building up interactions, uses, and working on making those fine delicate uses for one’s body for the use of others, yes?” K-2003 says, reaching over, gently running a claw through the renamon’s chest, “Once the toy is ready to be of service. It will be sure to give you time with it, and notice. But till then, please respect the signs. They are for your own good.”

He clears his throat, reaching down picking up his clothes, “I’ll keep that in mind. So far so good. Nothing squeezed too hard,” he replies.

“Wonderful, this one is glad to hear. If you want, this one can send in another toy for your use, for the inconvenience.”

“Uh, no, I think I will be fine right now. Thank you. All this talk about what could have happened has shot my mood.”

“Apologies, this one didn’t mean to. For now, this one must deal with this fellow toy here about following instructions, and what it means to be a *good toy* of service.”

Ross feels a shiver run down his spine, something about those words made him feel something he wasn’t expecting, sorrow? He felt a knot form in his stomach, like he’s done something bad, yet he wanted this... he wanted to take that sexy renamon...

“Sure, sure, just give me a moment to get dressed.”

“Take your time, the room is yours till you are ready to leave. Come toy, follow this one,” K-2003 says motioning Ross to follow.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” he replies, feeling invisible strings drawing himself to the sergal toy. Unable to pull away, his body aches for something more, wanting, hungering, its difficult to describe, yet for now like a puppet or a dog on a leash he follows K-2003 out of the room and into the one right across from it, into the toy’s private room.

“Inside.”

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” he replies, sinking inside, the door closing once inside.

K-2003 gives a stern look, “Toy-to-be, what did this on tell you?”

“To clean the store and not use customers, as it was not ready.”

“Yes, and what did you do?” it asks, crossing its arms with a loud squeak.

“This one cleaned the windows and then used a user who didn’t buy anything and therefore wasn’t a customer so it could service them and their wonderful cock...”

It breaks the seal around its sex filling the room with its arousing aroma, the affects will take a moment to fully sink in, “You stopped your cleaning duties, and this one knows you know what this meant by customers, as users are customers. You just didn’t want to.”

“This one didn’t touch itself, Maker.”

“True, at least that didn’t happen. This one knows you are eager and holding back from such arousal is a thing that can be difficult. Trust this one, it knows that all too well, but the importance is how we take our time and ensure quality. This one knows you want to be a wonderful toy, and just so eager to get into it... Taking material with a bit of a dominant streak, this one wasn’t expecting to have what as it... insubordination? Hmm not that serious more like sneaking off and not doing as you are told.”

“But Toy Mistress, this one only means well. It saw that user, and it just wanted to use them so badly. It could of had them, taken them, grinded against them, be filled with their... ahhh why does this one feel strange about that?”

“About what?”

“Thought of taking cock. Part of it feels like it does, and another part is... apprehensive?”

K-2003 rubs its chin with a squeak, it grabs the toy by the crotch, gently feeling the bulge, the member that is trapped within. Its thumb runs over the bulge, “Well part of it could be you aren’t done yet toy-to-be. See, look your female sex port isn’t even done being crafted. What do you think would of happened if the user slipped in and found it not done? They could have had a real problem with this don’t you know?”

“Ahh... sorry Maker, this one just... well you know?” he responds, shuddering in delight, feeling the throb and ache of his member, body just wanting to thrust up. Each breath is filled with a sweet arousing aroma, crotch sinking into the toy’s teasing fingers.

“This one knows, you are eager to just give in and enjoy yourself, but patience is key. It’s a virtue. Why this one is patient with you and your mistakes. This is the first time this one is taking material that can be a bit more dominant. And it hasn’t taken the right precautions with you. It apologies, but this one thinks it knows what to do to make it all better.”

“You do Maker?”

“Yup!” it exclaims with a rump wiggle, “This one has been keeping to a more generic use of the collar, but there is a lot more that could be added. And this one thinks it will do that with you. Add in extra things to help you sink into being a sexy renamon toy like yourself. Doesn’t that sound *wonderful*?”

“Ahh...”

“Toy wants to obey.”

“Toy wants to serve.”

“Toy wants to be a good toy.”

“Good toys obey owner.”

“Good toys obey Maker.”

“K-2003 is toys owner and Maker.”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” he replies, feeling a shiver run down his spine. The toy’s fingers caressing over where his balls still mostly are. The teasing and pleasure as they barely shift around, tightly pressed and squeezed by the female sex, the toy’s thumb, sinking into the female toy sex.

“Good toy-to-be. And forgive this one for the mistakes. It’s still learning, and it will do better. One toy at a time. It’ll get better, it is sure. It had the best to show it how to make the best,” it explains, guiding Ross forward toward the back of the room, past the dining area and kitchen, through another set of doors that leads out of the room.

“You are doing fine Maker. This one thinks so...” it shudders, feeling the constant teasing, driving up its arousal, “This one should be sorry for disobeying. It shouldn’t have done that. It should have been a good toy from the beginning.”

“You are a good toy-to-be. Just not a good toy yet. But this one will work with you, on you, and monitor you, to ensure whatever mistakes this one makes with the process are improved so it can continue to do its other work. You would not believe how much work this one has to do. It will be a marvel if this one can make more toys, but it must. It has to. This one wants to make Toys-4-U a smashing success. You know smashing as in sex? Yes?”

“Yes Maker, this one understands,” it replies, feeling a little off about the toy maker’s bad use of words, not noticing they have gone through the doors down a hallway, being led to another locked room where two silver phallic pods sit with a computer console between them.

“Here we are. His one can make some tweaks directly to your collar and help prepare you for this week on being a good cleaning toy. Perhaps this one should have you wear the maid outfit on top of it? Toys don’t wear clothes, but you won’t be wearing them, but displaying them.”

“That sounds nice, Maker, but what are these?”

“Something you normally don’t get to see till you are near complete, but this one needs to access your collar and make some adjustments to your programing that is going on there. Nothing too fancy, but it will help you become the best toy this one knows you can be,” it says, typing into the computer console, releasing Ross from its teasing grip. A moment later the pod on the right hisses open, revealing a black latex interior.

“Please step inside toy-to-be, and we’ll get you fixed up.”

“As you wish Maker,” he responds, slipping into the pod, tail first, facing outwards, hearing the other to type into the computer console, before the front closes in around him, followed by a hiss the latex in the pod expanding arounds to lock him tightly in place much like the hard plastic pod, that has been molding his body into the perfected renamon shape.

After a few moments, a cold synthetic voice speaks, “New Hardware detected... connecting... connected.”

“This one wonders what Maker intends to do.”

A cold voice responds, “This one told you. But can you hear this one?”

“Maker? This one can hear you. Where are you?”

“This one is typing into the computer console and communicating with you directly. It wasn’t sure if you could hear this one already as it’s only been a week. Wonderful! This one will get to uploading some new sets to help target your dominant mind into being productive. At least this one hopes it does,” K-2003 responds.

“You hope Maker?”

“This has never done this before. So, if it doesn’t work, we’ll make adjustments. Now where is this file... hmm... wait why is this one typ-” the voice suddenly stops.

“Was Maker typing out what it was thinking?” Ross wonders, a few minutes when he hears that synthetic voice say.

“Uploading controlled-toy-dominance.01B”

“Good toys obey.”

“Dominant toys are still toys.”

“Dominant toys are still obedient.”

“Dominant toys use their dominance in service of others.”

“You are a controlled toy.”

“You are a controlled dom.”

“Your dominance is in service of others.”

“Your dominance is to pleasure others.”

“Good toys obey.”

“You are an object.”

“You are a thing.”

“You are a fuck toy.”

“A dominant fuck toy is still a fuck toy.”

“A dominant object is still an object.”

“A dominant toy is still a toy.”

“A dominant toy is a good toy when it obeys.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

“Submission in dominance.”

“Submission in pleasure.”

“Pleasure in dominance.”

“Submissive top.”

“A submissive dom.”

“Accept yourself as a good toy.”

“A good dominant toy.”

“Love to take charge.”

“Love to be told to take charge.”

“Dominance in service of others.”

“Obey.”

“Good toy.”

Ross shudders, moans, squirming within the bondage of the pod, trapped in the darkness, feeling the new toy programming whispers slithering up into his mind. Repeated, put into focus. The arousal within his body growing, lingering effects of K-2003's arousing aroma that filled the pod when it was opened.

The transforming human, becoming a good toy, feels them, embraces them. That strong female voice that talks in such a sultry tone, with such confidence, yet at the same time spoken with a hypnotic tone that melts over his mind. His already weakened mind grasping onto the new words, something different yet having as much impact as the previous toy phrases that continue to be spoken in his mind, becoming mixed in with the others, but at the moment it's all about these new phrases, extra emphasis put into them, sinking into her subconscious and conscious thoughts.

Over and over, they are repeated and soon enough Ross begins to mutter the phrases, going along with the words, squirming, wiggling like the toy he is becoming, accepting them as part of him.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Dominance is in service of others.”

“Dominance is part of being a fuck toy.”

“This one is a dominant fuck toy.”

“A dominant fuck toy is still a fuck toy.”

“It obeys Maker.”

“It serves Maker.”

“It dominates in service. It obeys.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy serves,” it mutters, within the trapped rubber bondage. His body aching, throbbing, wanting more. The repeat of the programing continuing, unsure of how much time is passing, as it losses all meaning as he listens to the phrases, accepts them, repeats them, loudly, eagerly, and then slowly, steadily, he mumbles them softer, and softer, letting them sift back into the back of his mind, another phrase, another command, another program that is part of what he is. A good fuck toy.

When the doors open again, the toy gasps in delight, body aching, cock tense, female sex quivering, breasts bouncing, it looks to see K-2003, “Maker! It's so good to see you again. This one apologies for getting out of hand. It used its dominance too soon.”

K-2003 reaches up and gently pets your head, “Good toy. Now come out, This one is thinking of forgoing the sign for now, and just having you explain it to users that you aren't ready. That will work better.”

“You think Maker?” it asks.

K-2003 looks at the crumpled-up sign that was on the toy the whole time, making it even harder to read, “Yes, this one thinks so. It should also help reinforce it in your mind that you are not to be used till you are ready. Do you understand?”

“Yes Maker, this one does, it is sorry again for getting ahead of yourself.”

“It’s okay, you are learning like this one. And it did hear you gave good head.”

“Thank you, Maker, it was different taking a user cock over a toy cock.”

“This one would imagine. And it was thinking of going with its idea, to help cement that you are on cleaning duty.”

“What do you mean Maker?”

K-2003 pulls out off to the side, a nice rubber French maid outfit, “Nothing says you’ve surrendered to this one like something French.”

“Maker... That was just silly.”

“What was?”

“Never mind Maker, this one is ready to be a better toy and be of service to you by cleaning the store.”

“Much better,” it says tossing the maid outfit to her, “Put those on. It will look cute and sexy at the same time. Our maid outfit sails have been a little low as of late, and perhaps this will help. Let our anthropomorphic customers that they can look sexy on them.”

“Yes Maker,” the toy says, slinking out of the pod, feeling a reinforced delight within it. Taking the maid outfit, it slips onto the one piece, the tail keeping the back raised, exposing its sex and cute rump. The toy feels its breasts squeezed together and pushed up, as it looks rather dainty, “How does this one look Maker?” it asks giving a spin.

“Much better, but you are now six hours behind on your cleaning duties,” it says giving the toy’s butt a firm spank.

Ross lets out a effeminate moan, gasping, “Sorry Maker!”

“Don’t just be sorry, time to play catch up,” K-2003 says, guiding the toy through the back rooms, and to a small hidden alcove for normal employees to come in and out of, back onto the main store floor, “Get back to work.”:

“Yes Maker,” Ross responds, walking out into public, the toy-to-be’s hips swaying the new sweet programming singing in the back of his mind, helping him get into the role of being a dominant, sultry yet still obedient renamon fuck toy. It moves over to get the mopping and cleaning supplies, getting to work, using the mopping pole almost like a dancing pole, slowing his work a little, but one thing is for certain as the toy gets to work. Those French Maid outfit sales are surely going to be rising very soon...

The First Rena Toy: True Test

Through the week of working, listening and obeying K-2003, whatever little bit of ‘fight’ within Ross grew ever weaker. Each day that he worked the store, containing his dominance, to have it be used at a future date, building up his lust, it grew all the more unbearable, but it felt all the better just the same. The daily ritual of slipping out of the mold, doing work all over the store, helping stock, the previous week giving him the knowledge of where the items were. Constantly working to be a good toy, filling him with a pride in his work, teasing the customers, informing them that he can’t be used yet, which reinforces the fact, that to be a good toy that he must *obey*.

Each time he slips into the mold, his body is squeezed, pulled, tugged, the dildo in his crotch sinks in deeper, pushing down what was his sensitive human meat, crafting, molding, shaping his maleness into something far more suited for what he is becoming, a female shaped renamon toy. The warmth of the dildo slipping into him, the warm flowing of rubber, that washes over his sensitive area. The burning want and lust within his loins, seems to be fed by the rubber each and every night, the warm fire and pressure of the dildo slipping into his forming sex going deeper, burning hotter each time he goes in.

His sex starts to quiver at the feeling, the melting of his masculine length, the pleasure becoming bundled up and pushed deeper. With each sinch of the dildo that is shoved into him, the better it feels. The warming rubber that flows in his throat, into his behind, and now ever deeper into his female sex. The fading thoughts of what it was like to have a hard throbbing length, steadily replaced with an aching clit, a wanting sex that would greatly prefer to kiss another, be taken by tongue or cock. A warm vent to take in a cold hard cock that needs some tender love.

Something within Ross clicks with this sensation. He never thought or questioned it before, having been a guy, but under such pleasure, such teasing, the feeling and want he’s had. The lust over the female form of a renamon, he could not help but feel a kinship to it. Hungrily his sex learns how to squeeze and milk that dildo shoved into him. A good toy, taking a cock like it should. The transition farther from the human male he was and into the ever-perfect rubber renamon sex toy, becoming ever more clear and complete.

Never having a full moment of rest. Sure, the mold was a delight and helped relax him, but he never slept. Never let tiredness embrace him, and at the end of each night he did feel exhausted constantly working, that only seemed to be renewed by the rubber molding process he was subjected to. The total and complete bondage, unable to move, unable to see anything, hear anything, left with that collar that whispers into his mind, caressing his thoughts, encouraging the acceptance of what he is becoming, a fuck toy.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to fuck.”

“Toy is a fuck toy.”

“Toy’s dominance is used in subservience of others.”

“Toy loves to dominant others that need it.”

“Toy loves to be of service and dom.”

“Toy is a controlled dom.”

“Even a dominant toy is still just a toy.”

“Just an object.”

“Just a plaything.”

Held so perfectly still within the mold, body pulled and tugged into shape, the human form ever more of a distant memory, the rubber skin no longer a second skin but the true form that he’s taken up. Still, he knows he’s not complete *yet* but with each passing day, he’s gotten closer, and his urge to be of service, to be of use grows.

He eagerly waits for his Maker, K-2003 to come and release him from this bondage. The beating warmth of rubber, slurping it down, suckling it, the only ‘action’ he’s been able to get in these past two weeks since suiting up that first time. The loving teasing touches of his Maker, a little something to help carry him through the day. But today is different, today is special, all due what Maker told him yesterday just before going into the mold.

“Tomorrow you’ll be moving up in being a good toy. Once this one has confirmed everything, you’ll be ready to be used, doesn’t that sound wonderful?”

“Wonderful....wonderful...wonderful...” The words bounce in his head, adding to the eagerness and delight. He wants to move, he wants to fuck, he wants to be of *service*. Wanting, quivering, aching, how could he not want this particular molding to be done so he can get access to fucking the customers. To prove to his Maker what a good toy he is. The collar whispering, encouraging, adding to his own thoughts of what it means to be a good toy, helping guide him down the path that is best for him.

A strange feeling as it was, to have your entire body forced to fit within the mold, air suckled out, body expanding squeezing the insides of the mold. Some parts are pushed down by the mold, while others expand. Helping him become ever shapelier, female, luscious in form. There is something about having one’s sex squeeze and be filled by the dildo that is shoved into his sex, while at the same time, having the sex tugged, pulled and made to fit the mold. A constant work of rubber muscles that help strengthen her nether regions, preparing her for what is to come.

“Come on Maker. Please come. This one can be a good toy! It is a good toy! It wants to prove to you what a good toy that it is!” he thinks, not questioning this simple logic. Not anymore at least. The mold being a wonderful prison, yet a prison none the less. As it helps shape his body, leaving his mind to be molded from within, he still must do the one thing that everyone hates. Wait.

Wait to be made perfect toy for his Maker.

Wait to be used by others to show what a good toy he is.

Wait to get out of this mold.

Wait for his Maker to release him.

On rare occasions there is movement that goes across his field of vision. All of it blurs, and he's long ago got over any excitement of any kind of movement that is not black and cyan. Everything else doesn't matter once within the mold. It's the same as being blind folded. Made to use mute that sense so the others may get more attention. The feeling of every inch of one's rubber form pulled, tugged, teased, pressed into perfect.

Or perhaps this is worse than that. Able to see but trained to ignore. To see but not to really notice anything. After all its unclear shapes, movements. All just a literal blur before Ross' eyes. It's as useful as being blind folded. Most of the time nothing changes, nothing stimulates him to take notice, and now he's not even taken notice. Trained like a good toy. To ignore what needs to be ignored. Focus on what needs to be focused.

Uplifting, and rising K-2003, the Maker to a higher level over all others. Showing and expressing the power that this toy has that no other toy is able to obtain. The toy Maker, a special spot that can never be taken away, replaced, or changed. One can only be made a Maker once over a toy, for they are made only once.

He stares ahead, letting his body stew in eagerness, aching, wanting, heated need. Pushed and pulled into position. A random blur going by, not even reacting, a well-trained toy, without having been told or directly 'trained' to ignore outside stimuli. Blinded without being blinded. Vision without being able to see. A strange dichotomy in his own crafting, his humanity being molded away, or perhaps stripped down to his very core essence, taking a new shape that is better fitting for himself.

The aching need, the pleasure, the want, he can't think on anything but that and his programming. When the mold is over him, he's lost to the world, separated, by a layer of hard plastic, perfectly sculpted for his body, so he may be perfectly sculpted for others. A physical layer of separation that allows him to self-reflect, or at the very least progress further in his internal training, acceptance, aligning of thoughts, washing away doubts, concerns, worries, all the while letting him become refreshed once more.

That flow of warm rubber. Pushing deep into his rear, warming up his insides. It moves, shifts, cycles through him. A unique sensation that is difficult to describe. It happens more than just there of course. His mouth, suckling down on the rubber like a hungry cock, it slides down his throat, into his belly, into his lungs. Its liquid, thick yet also light. Able to be 'breathed' without issue till the desire to breath is stripped from him, the need for it replaced with a simple need to take in something big and delightful. Breathing would get in the way of it, so why do it when its not needed?

Would Ross question this? All living creatures need to breathe, and his need to do so has become mitigated to the point of it not being needed at all. If that is true, and he does not need to breathe anymore, and only living creatures need to breathe, what does that make him? An object. A thing. A toy.

The words spoken in the back of his mind, ring the truth, he accepts them. Wants them, embraces them. Could not imagine anything else but having these words to help guide him.

They are so strong, stern, yet loving and caring. Their hypnotic nature only providing an aid to accept the red pill of truth that he is what he says he is. An it. An object. A toy. A fuck toy.

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

Yes, true! All so true! These moments of molding are those to remember. There is nothing distracting him. Nothing to see, and nothing to hear. The air sucked out of the mold reduces any vibrations that would make hearing possible. Through the mold itself? The constant pumps below give a muting vibration that muffle any other sounds that could be felt through the mold and translated to sound for his ears to hear. The vacuum pump vibrations, providing the white noise of the sound of silence.

At first he thought so much, going along the lines of “How did I get myself into this.”

“What am I going to do?”

“I could use a good fuck right now.”

Such self-proclamation thoughts, dropping that self-describing self for something more apt, “This one is a good toy.”

“This one is going to be a good toy.”

“How can this one do better?”

“Maker was mad at this one for failing that one day. How could it do better?”

“Toy is a dominant toy, in service of others.”

“Dominance in service is still service.”

But even when not just thinking about the voice in his head, forgoing his original perception of self for the toy-self that is far more fitting, there are moments where he can just think, comprehend, wonder, that is just a mindless droll, as lovely as it is.

“This one is a renamon.”

“It is powerful and wonderful, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is. Of course. Maker is working to make it dominant and wonderful. It is the best type of vixen out there.”

“Remember toy. You saw how much people wanted you back there. Ached for you. The way you carried that French Maid uniform? Ooo la la. How could they not want this one? Its the very best. This one is powerful. Only one more powerful than this one is Maker. For it made this one. It obeys Maker. It serves Maker. Toy is a good toy that listens to Maker...”

“Wait what is this one thinking? Why is it focused on that? It’s obvious. It’s a given. Toy is a good toy and the best. But how could it do better? How could it move that makes others want it even more? If that is even possible. Hmmm. This one has time to think. Being in here can’t be *that* bad. Well, no, being in here is wonderful. Toy is getting closer to perfection. For toy will be *perfection*.”

A strange mixing and melding of the toy’s thoughts, the material that compose sit, being properly molded and shaped into what it is meant to be. But of course, Ross doesn’t see this. Or

if he does, he has long accepted it at this point. No longer referring to himself as a he, or even a she, being a female shaped toy, but the object that he is, an *it*.

Body relaxed, not needing to move, yet constantly stimulated, unable to sleep, if that is even possible anymore. Not even question how he hasn't slept in two weeks. A normal person would have collapsed or had serious mental issues, but why think about such a silly thing like that? It's so obvious, so self-evident why he isn't sleeping. He's not a person who needs sleep. He's a toy, an object, a thing. A thing doesn't need sleep, only needs to be charged.

This molding is also his recharging. It's so obvious. The warm rubber feeding him a physical hunger that isn't of the sexual variety, while making the sexual tension, want, need, desire, fawning over, grow ever hotter, till its several times greater than the surface of the sun.

Ross feels he could melt from his own sexual burning lust within his loins, but then again, this is normal, isn't it? It's what a toy always feels. It's what any toy feels. Even Maker is always ready, always eager, always able, and yet it is in such control.

Learning to control the urges, the needs, to be of service whenever it is required by those he will *serve*, *not* when he would want it. That's right. His own desire got the better of him on that first week being allowed on the store floor. He couldn't let that happen again. Part of the molding is not only to mold body and mind into shape but his very essence of who, what he is.

A sex crazed toy that can't control itself is not a good toy. It must be coy, eager and ready yet not jumping on the bones of other users unless *they want* it. It's not about his desires, but the desires of others. A level of selflessness that is being built and instilled into him. That's it. This is the realizations being made on a daily experience by this human now mostly turned toy. This toy-to-be, and be a toy he will be, but not yet. He's not done unless Maker says he's done.

The taming of this lustful beast is difficult, growing harder by the day, hard as his aching clit, and wanting sex. So very pent up she is, wanting to feel the glorious female climax for the first time. It's in the back of her mind, but she doesn't ask for it. Knowing what the answer will be. It shall be denied, or perhaps the date of delight will be postponed even further.

Ross cannot let that happen! He must be a good toy. Control the beast. Control the urges. Fight against the aching desire of what he is, and 'live' no... exist with it. Toy is to be a good toy. To be of service. To... Maker!

"Maker is here! Maker is back! Is it time? Please let it be time!" Ross thinks, eyes glued to the black and cyan blur that approaches from the distance. The shape, the colors, yes, it has to be Maker, what else could it be?

A different level of excitement and anticipation bubbles within him. A child-like excitement, knowing only good things are to come now. The blur stops at the computer console that controls this particular pod. The excitement rises, bubbling. Click, hiss, air rushing into the mold, the flow of rubber stopping, draining out of his body.

"Yes, yes, yes! It is Maker! It is time!" he thinks, able to wiggle within the mold for the first time in hours. His body not aching from beheld in place for so long. It felt natural to just

remain like that, but he could barely help himself, knowing that he's going to get closer in being a good toy, and finally able to be used by others.

The blur saunters over to him, the sound of rubber and metal as muffled as it was, reaches his ears, now able to hear. The first dildo is twisted and unlocked, sliding across his lips and throat, pulled out. He gasps for the cool crisp clean air of the molding room, tasting the scent of rubber, the aroma of blueberry toy polish in the air. A favorite Maker uses often. Reinforcing his desires, drooling like a dog about to receive his food, "Maker..." he moans out.

"Relax toy-to-be, and let this one gets you out first," K-2003 explains, the toy's words wash over the renamon toy, encouraging it to relax, taking a step back from its own eagerness. A level of power and control the sergal toy has over it, that perhaps even the Maker doesn't fully realize it has. Or perhaps chooses not to fully act upon it.

Twist, tug pull, the dildo is pulled away from her aching, wanting sex. Relaxing for the first time in hours yet already feeling an itch, an urge, to be filled again. The removal of the dildo is a delight and a curse.

The same sensation repeats itself when the one in his rear is removed. Leaving the toy with another aching, wanting, hole to be filled, to be taken. Another place of pleasure he can use to please users, yes, how could this not be true! His body is made for this, but yet he remains relaxed, waiting. Watching the blur of his Maker go back to the computer console, hitting the buttons in the right order to unhook the front of the mold, letting it be pulled away and rise up overhead.

The hard plastic tugging and pulling on the renamon toy's sensitive body, causing it to jiggle once it's fully pulled free. More cool air washing over the toy, his body, feeling so wonderful, so perfect. The black and red shine of the rubber, the markings, the gloves that a part of her yet able to be removed when told to do so. The ying yang markings. A perfect example of the best kind of vixen there was, a renamon.

Reclined in the back of the mold, Ross feels an urge and desire to just jump out, declare himself ready to be used, but that is not how things work. He's done this so many times that is secondhand nature to him. He waits, eagerly within the back half of the mold, relaxed and reclined. Squirming a little to get some of his rubber body to pull away from the plastic mold with a schlunk. Helping to get himself ready for when his Maker will 'tug' him out of the mold by its own hands.

"Morning toy-to-be. How are you feeling today?" K-2003 asks with a sweet loving voice, hints of genuine concern and curiosity of how he is doing.

Ross lets out a soft aching moan, "Lovely Maker. This one is eager to get to work and finally be able to please customers."

The sergal toy wiggles its rump in delight, "Perfect. This one is glad to hear it! But first this one must run a few tests to make sure that you are ready to service the customers. We can't rush these things. And transitioning you into a lovely female toy takes time and effort that we don't want to waste by jumping into it too soon, understand?" K-2003 asks with a bit of a

sternness in its voice, sauntering back over to the platform, facing the renamon toy, the much larger sergal toy towering over it.

“Y-yes Maker,” he moans, knowing just exactly what the toy is referring to. Memories of that scolding, and forgiveness that Maker gave it, helping it understand its purpose even better, putting control and focus on his dominant nature. However grateful he is that the toy Maker would give such loving detail to a simple toy like himself.

K-2003’s eyes with their soft cyan glow lock onto Ross’ soft amber eyes. It draws him, the sergal toy leaning in close, its clit hood seal breaking out of view of the former human, its rubber cyan claw tips run across his muzzle, “Good toy. Now, this one will test things slowly one part of a time, to ensure you are at the high-quality standards that this company is known for.”

“Yes Maker,” he replies, shivering, sex winking, wanting to be taken, taking a deep breath, already being pulled into the influence of the arousing aroma, making him ache even more for the touch of his Maker, or anyone really.

It leans in, their lips touch, squeak, the forked cyan sergal tongue runs across his lips, making Ross moan and feel a soft tingle. The toy’s mouth juices providing the same arousal affect as the toy’s sex aroma. The toy’s breasts dominant and presses on top of the Ross’ with a loud squeak, pushing, squeezing, smooshing together while K-2003’s hand still hold onto Ross’ muzzle, allowing the toy Maker to take charge of the kiss, the tongue slipping in and coiling around his, dominating him.

It tilts its head, making the open mouth kiss to be sealed by a pair of tight rubbery lips. Ross’ moan is lost within the toy’s mouth. He leans into the kiss, body shivering, jerking, thrusting with his hips, about to break from the mold till K-2003’s free hand is placed on Ross’ belly, holding him there, keeping him bound by will and hand physical force to the back half of the mold.

The kiss grows hotter, deeper more passionate, the tongues snaking around, “*Toy can’t be passive. It must show that it is ready. It must meet Maker head on,*” he thinks, his tongue squirming and wiggling within their combined mouths. The tongue tussle that takes place, a snake wrestling match, trying to show who is the better.

The young challenger with plenty of spunk and determination of the veteran with skill and experience in the foray that far out strips whatever Ross could ever know at this moment. They wiggle and squirm, slide across one another. The sergal having the advantage of having a longer more dexterous tongue, but Ross’ had strength, that is hard to pin down.

All the while their breasts slide and grind against the other with loud tender squeaks. Their nipples perking, ready to rub against the other, tease their fellow lover, two female toys going at it in full, and so far it’s just been a simple kiss.

K-2003 moves in closer, exerting greater dominance, pushing Ross into the back of the mold, while it pushes back, fighting against his Maker in not a sense fo conflict, but rising up to meet the challenge. To prove his worth to the one that needs to find him worthy.

Their nostrils flare, breathing in a show of expression rather than need. K-2003's hot breath blows across the side of Ross' face, while his does the same. The sergal toy feels the push back, feeling the want, the need, K-2003's rump hikes, which pushes its head harder against Ross', making the kiss deeper, ever more passionate.

Two dominant forces, banging against the other, pushing, showing their mettle. Ross with everything to prove, and K-2003 there to take it in to judge, to make the becoming toy to wonder, question, if this was the right move. Testing the toy-to-be's confidence.

Without a doubt Ross presses onwards, the slithering snakes within their mouths, not giving the other an inch of ground. Sometimes deeper within Ross' mouth, moving along the teeth, upper and lower parts of the mouth, almost pushed back to the back of the throat when K-2003 exerts more force, and at other times, Ross gains an 'upper hand' or one should say tongue in the matter, pushing into his Maker's mouth, soaking in the toy's arousing mouth fluids, which only make him ache for more. Losing even when winning, growing ever more hot and flustered by his Maker.

When the kiss does eventually break, Ross gasps and pants heavily, wanting needing, breast still squeezed together by K-2003's own. He looks into those loving toy eyes, enjoying their warm glow, "Very good toy-to-be. You've done well there, but there is still much to be tested upon," K-2003 says, its hands releasing Ross' head and bellow, only to move over to his breasts, giving them a firm heavy squeaking squeeze.

"Thank you, Maker," Ross responds, letting out a moan, feeling those same sharp yet delicate claw tips run across his hard perk nipples. His hips about to thrust out when the sleek black sergal toy pushes in up against him, the toy using its own body to lock him in place.

"Now let's see how this feel. Wouldn't want to feel fake to a user now, do we?" it asks, massaging them, thumbs running across their surface like the balloons they are, judging the give and take they have, while there is something else going down below.

The heat and warmth of K-2003's sex is unforgettable, and now it's back right against Ross' own hot and needy tender member... no not member, what kind of thought was that? His aching hungry sex. That clit hood lick across the edges, soaked with the toy's sown sexual fluids which is the strongest aphrodisiac of them all. The renamon toy-to-be gasps, aches, shudders, their sex' kissing, while the sergal toy's clear advantage in clitoral hood runs across the hot needy vent, parting the lips, licking across the opening, making him want everything all the more.

K-2003 enjoying itself while focused like a connoisseur of a fine wine, judges and caresses the breasts with care, "Yes, this is feeling what this one was hoping to expect at this point of time. And a most wonderful reaction from this this one can say. And the way you thrust up against it, and squeeze and milk it? Lovely, but let's work its way down and go to taste and a more tender feel, hmm?" it suggests, the toy sliding down, giving Ross a little respite from the invading wiggling sex tongue from his own sex.

"Yes Maker, thank you Maker," is all that he says, while the sergal takes one of his breasts in its hand and licks across the hard nipple. The forked tongue tip run across the nipple,

licking either side before the toy takes it into its mouth, suckling the teet, with firm tender lustful squeaks, letting the toy's mouth juices drool and run across the breasts. The toy's teeth gently bite and squeeze it, tugging on it before letting it spring back, watching the reaction.

“Maker...”

K-2003 looks up at the needy renamon, “Is that all you have to say? This one is sure you can say more in the heat of your lust. You might have to say a lot when you are with a user.”

Ross looks down at it, noticing the coy smile, “Maker... yes this one can say more,” it responds, sex twitching, aching.

“And what else can you say?” it asks licking up the dribbling toy juices along the breast before repeating the process on the other breast, forcing the renamon toy to undergo the same aching pleasures all over again.

“This one is so wanting to enjoy users' Maker. It wants to take them. Please them. Show what a great toy it is. That it can give them a good time and that even though it is a toy that it can...” it trails off into a moan.

K-2003 just finishes pulling at the teat with its teeth, “That seems functioning perfectly,” it remarks, looking up at him, moving down further Ross' body, the toy's tongue snaking across the belly, claws running along his sides, “Can what toy-to-be?” it inquires, the toy's tongue trail and not breath that followed in its wake stopping just at the former human's aching sex.

“It can prove to you that even a dominant toy in service is still a good fuck toy. That a fuck toy can dominate others!” he exclaims, feeling the words not as a mimic of what the collar has whispered to him in deep hypnotic trances, but speaking them as truth, fact, and not a mindless parroting.

“We shall see about that very soon,” K-2003 says, licking across the toy's hot aching vent, its hands gripping the toy's thighs, thumbs running across the inner thigh, keeping it from thrusting against it.

“Yes Maker, you shall see,” he states with confidence.

“Hmm,” it responds, licking across the outer sex, tasting itself on toy's vaginal lips. Ears twitching, hearing the soft repressed moan that Ross is giving out from just a simple lick. Slowly, gingerly, tenderly the toy licks across the lips again, biting and nibbling along the outer folds, pulling at them with its lips, watching each reaction, feeling how they work, moving steadily towards the aching throbbing clit at he top of the sex. Which it hungrily suckles it, teeth giving the most tender of a bit, and pull. It feels the force of Ross' thrust against it, judging how much its body is instinctively reacting to the pleasure impulses, as it feeds more into the hungry renamon's body.

K-2003 closes its eyes, focusing on what it is doing. Mouth going wide, encasing the sex in full, letting its tongue slip into and dive deeper into the renamon's body, pulling and tugging at the toy's folds, feeling every reaction, every squeeze, how the milking is done, how its done in waves. Drinking down the toy's juices, letting it pool into its mouth so it can truly taste and judge the renamon toy-to-be's flavor, every little aspect of the toy's sex is put under scrutiny, a scrutiny that takes time, which leaves Ross quivering under the Maker's touch.

When K-2003 pulls away, stands of toy juices and its own saliva slowly break from its tongue and lips and the renamon toy's sex. K-2003 swishes and swallows the buildup toy juices, "Good, very good, but this one must get a closer inspection," it mutters, spreading Ross' sex open with its fingers, revealing more of the red rubber sex to the world, letting the cool air brush against it, adding to the torment that he's feeling.

"This one hopes it pleases you Maker," he moans out, hands clenching into fists, toes curling, wanting to thrust hard against his Maker, body screaming and aching for it, and it does happen but the sergal toy's touch prevents anything more than simple bucks against it. The sergal toy's strength far misleading than what is showing by it.

K-2003 thumbs across the sex, pulling and tugging at the vent, opening it wider to get a closer look, the soft glow of its own eyes, aiding in its inspection. Everything is taken seriously, despite the sexual undertones and nature of the situation.

Ross is left in teasing toy anticipation, hoping it is ready, loving the touch of his Maker, yet wanting to be free of its tormenting caresses so it can get back to work and really prove to K-2003 of what a good toy that he is.

Suddenly K-2003 pulls away, letting Ross relax for a moment, "This one has seen enough to make a decision," it says, standing up tall, proud, towering over Ross once more.

"You have Maker?" it asks looking up at it, eager to know the answer, as the suspense slowly builds.

"Yes, it has toy-to-be!" it says, reaching out to gently caress and toy with Ross' breasts, pulling at them to help pull him out of the mold with a soft schlunk, only the tail in the back of the mold provides any real resistance to him slipping out.

"That's good Maker," he replies, wanting to ask the question, but knows his place, "*Good toys are patient. Good toys know how to wait. Good toys know not to ask questions when the answer will be soon be given,*" he thinks, trying to calm himself, keep his focus.

"Are you curious what that is?" K-2003 asks, holding back the answer, watching Ross' reaction.

"Of course, Maker. This one doesn't want to presume what the answer is, but it feels confident that it is ready. But it is not this place to ask."

"Is that so?" K-2003 asks, thumbing across Ross' nipple.

"Yes Maker," he replies, shivering in need, body aching, mind wanting to know.

"Good toy-to-be. And this one has decided that you are..." it trails off, looking over to the doors that lead toward hallways that lead to the store.

Ross remains silent, only a soft pant and squirm to his Maker's touch, body softly squeaking is all that comes out of him.

K-2003 eyes him, enjoying the squirming, thinking, "*This one thinks that is enough teasing for what happened,*" it moves in closer, licking across Ross' ear before whispering, "You are ready for full service."

Ross' eyes light up, "Thank you Maker!" it moans, as its hopes are fulfilled and it is going to have a wonderful day, finally being able to service the customers.

The First Rena Toy: Full-Service Toy

Delight fills Ross. The sleek black and red rubber renamon toy. The gentle tug by his Maker, K-2003, the black and cyan sergal toy that has been guiding him on this journey towards perfection. The mix of sly dominance and slut submission, mulls around in his brain. His body taken from the simple human male that he once was toward the female rubber perfection that he is now. There is still more to be done, he feels it in the depths of his body, but progression towards what he's meant to be molded into grows ever closer. It's week three of the month-long process, and after hearing his Maker tell him that he's ready to be used, there's no greater feeling or excitement.

K-2003 gently caresses the toy's breast, gently playing with the red nipple, "This one knows you are ready to treat customers in many ways. Those little bit of extras should help. Are you ready?" it asks in a sweet and loving tone.

"This one is Maker! It will please the customers and show just how good it can be in its service of all the customers."

"Good, good. Develop your skills and improve your service. There is more than just one way to serve, and this one is sure you know about this," it says, gently caressing the toy.

It lets out a soft moan, sex twitching, tail hiking just a little, Ross leaning into the sergal's touch, feeling a loving guidance out of the toy molding rooms, toward the main store, "Yes Maker, it will do its best. It appreciates all the help and guidance you've given this one," it says with a smile, "And it will be sure to give plenty of fun and surprises to those that want to test this one out," it says with a playful wink.

"Remember to ask the users for a review of your service, offer suggestions. They will be put in a drawing for a free Toys-4-U gift certificate. That will help encourage people to submit their reviews. They will be important in having this one improves the process."

"Yes Maker, it understands, though it does have a question."

K-2003 tilts its head to the side, stopping just before they reach the store floor, "Yes? What is getting you toy-to-be?"

"Why a gift certificate?"

"Why not? This one thinks a gift certificate will work well, yes?"

"A gift certificate is a bit clunky? Also, you tend to have to be in store to use them? Why not a gift card? Something electronic which a user could use on the store?"

K-2003 rubs its chin with a long squeak, "A good portion of our sales do come from the website. It was hoping the gift certificate could encourage people to go to our smaller stores or our big store. But perhaps monetarily drawing them in once they've already been here is a bad way to go about it. That sort of saying that this one doesn't have confidence in its products, in its store and customer service. We must pride ourselves on good customer service to draw people back to us, not fleeting incentives... It thinks. You know, this one will test that, for the first few days it will do gift certificates, and then later it will do gift cards with unique customers. Though it will want to have enough time for each.... Or it could use different toys for the test in the

future. Or it could have you stay in store for the fourth week and not take you back... It will have to think about this. But it appreciates the thinking food. Toy's mind was a bit starved of it as of late it seems. It didn't realize how hungry it was till it had a nibble. Thank you toy-to-be!"

"This one has taken a class on business before... it thinks. It's glad it could be of help on this... though Maker?"

"Yes toy-to-be?"

"Are you just... what's the term... winging it?"

"Winging it? No, this one has no wings! Unless it was a dragon... rawr. But toy's chassis is a sergal, so it doesn't have any wings. Though it could become a pilot toy and get wings that way. Or that one energy drink... but it doesn't trust those advertisements. It's seen plenty of people drink them and get no such feathery wings! This one likes to be as honest as it can with its advertisements. Which you will be doing some, once you are complete. What toy is doing though is trying its best to improve this process. It wasn't expecting this, and has much to learn but that is life, isn't it? Full of wonderful, unexpected events... well mostly wonderful," it says, looking off to the side for a moment, before snapping back to Ross, "Now, are you ready to be the best toy you can be? To show off how your material has been molded into the high quality renamon toy that you've always been meant to be?"

"Yes, Maker this one is," it says, puffing out its breasts, giving a little sensual teasing pose.

"Wonderful!" K-2003 says with a little rump wiggle, opening the door, "Go, be free, you know what to do. Help the store prosper, and... spend at least thirty minutes every three hours greeting customers as they come in. Let people know you are there and offer assistance."

"Yes, toy Mistress, it will do so," says Ross, departing his Maker, heading straight to the front of the store, noting it is only a moment before the store opens, "*This one should get to the front and greet. That will be the best way to get its first thirty minutes done and then move around to help customers.*"

The toy hums a song, hips swaying, gloves snug and around its arms and hands, with the cuff laid over it. The soft glow of the 'fuck toy' lettering, its body shining example of the up-and-coming renamon line that it is going to represent. The thought of which fills the toy with so much glee and excitement. It steps onto the small pedestal that is at the front of the store, looking at the early bird customers that have gathered.

It gives them a playful wink, showing off its breasts, fingers running across his sleek body with a long drawn-out squeak, one hand gently holding up its breast, while the other slithers down, covering her sleek wet sex. She pulls the breast up to her lips, tongue slithering out, lapping across her own nipple, tugging at it with her teeth, letting it pop out of her mouth, giving a playful wink.

The doors open, and she cries out to them, "Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U first and only megastore! This one hopes you enjoy your time here, and don't mind asking this one or any toy you see for assistance. We will be pleased to be of service. Remember we are here to service

you!” It cordially bows, putting its hands on its knees, pushing out its butt, being a pure sexual object the wanting customers.

Customers admire him, some touching her sleek body, remarking how they are loving the new design, and toy model. A few customers comment how they can’t wait to test him out, to which it responds, “This one is open for testing.”

“Really?” a human male asks.

“It is!”

“That’s...” his words are cut off by a familiar voice.

“What I was hoping to hear,” says the yellow, black, and white naturally furred male renamon, dressed in a snazzy business attire, “I know we got off a little soon last time, but now that you are open for use, I can really get to enjoy myself with you, can’t I?”

Ross responds, “Yes, this one can be, and it hopes it didn’t cause any inconvenience last time with what happened.”

“None at all, but I do think due to the misconception and problems I get to have first take on you, now that you are ready, yes?” he asks, reaching up to gently fondle the renamon toy’s bust. He casually looks over at the eager human with a visible level of distraught on his face, “Apologies, but I have the first tango with this. After all, as a renamon, I would be able to convey just how realistic she is.”

“Apologies good user, but this fine renamon user is correct. But it will be happy to ensure that you get use of it next time you so desire, once it’s cleaned up. As we take the health of all of our users very seriously.”

The human huffs, “Sure, sure, perhaps if I am still around,” he walks off deeper into the store.

Ross’ ears fold back, “Apologies...”

The renamon reaches up and grips Ross’ breast, “Don’t mind the human. They’ll enjoy whatever you throw at them. But someone like me...” he says, eyes admiring the toy’s form, “I’m the one you’ll need to perform. I can tell if you are affective in duplicating that of a female renamon, or some cheap knock off, trying to play pretend.”

“This one will need to do well for this user. Maker knows of this user, and how delicate their tastes are. All the more reason to do its best to please this user in every way it can,” he thinks, focusing on the renamon, smiling lewdly at him, leaning in closer, “Then this one will give you a very thorough test of its material to ensure that it meets your high-quality standards that you seek,” it says with a playful wink.

With a playful growl he nods, “Yes, come, show me everything that you got,” he says, tugging on the breast, pulling her off the pedestal.

“Of course, user, this one is pleased to be of service,” it says, following him toward the back of the store. A few other customers mutter under their breath of how lucky he is to just go right up and get to have access to the renamon before everyone else.

Just as they reach the back of the store, K-2003 comes out of the toy testing rooms, “Apologies. This one didn’t mean to get in the way.”

“Ah, it’s you.”

“K-2003 in the squeak! Actually, in the rubber... or should it be latex... though living latex or rubber could be better phrased if it is to be honest...”

He looks at the toy curiously, “Uh...”

“Doesn’t matter,” it says, waving him off, “It hopes you have fun with the toy. It’s worked really hard to ensure this toy meets up to a natural renamon’s standards. It’s not only about making a toy shaped like a renamon, but a renamon toy,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Right... now, I’m going to test this toy.”

“Make sure to fill out the survey afterwards so we can improve our toys even better! And there’s a chance you could win a gift certificate for our store.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“And to save you some time, the second room on the right is currently open.”

The renamon turns to her curiously, “The other rooms are full already?”

“Let’s just say, this one thinks that room will tie into your interests the best,” it explains, giving a playful wink, slinking off deeper into the store.

He feels a tingle of delight run through him, something about the toy’s smile and confidence behind its words teased him to move to the room, discovering it’s a full-fledged BDSM play room with latex gear and fun traditional toys all lined up against two sides of the walls, ready to be grabbed and used at a moment’s notice, including rubber renamon gas masks that hang on the wall.

The wave of latex hits him like a ton of bricks. His nostrils flare, his member twitches, the arousal building up within him, pants bulging while his one hand still on Ross’ breasts, gives it an eager hungry squeeze, “Yes, yes, this room will work just perfectly for us.” He looks over to the toy, “Close and lock the door. We’re going to be occupied for a while.”

“Yes Sir,” she replies, locking the door, taking stock of everything that’s in the room, *“Things have been changed and moved around. A renamon double sided cock strap on, the renamon masks, and other things are new. Maker, you planned this, didn't you?”* it thinks, admiring the handsome male renamon stripping down, tossing his clothes onto a small stand that has a sign hanging over it with an arrow pointing down, “Place your clothes here when not in use. Thank you. Management.”

His red rocket throbs in the cool air, pre-cum dribbling at the tip. The member bounces with each step. He grabs Ross by a D-ring cuff, “Come toy, I don’t want foreplay right now. I have kept myself ready to try that hot vent of yours, and you better be ready to receive,” he states commandingly, pulling the toy over to the center of a bondage hanging hook, where he hooks ropes to the toy’s wrists, raising it up till the toy is just on its tippy toes.

Ross’ sex twitches in delight, his body exposed, breasts bouncing with each tug as the ropes grow taught, body held up, feeling nothing but wanting need and delight, “This one is ready sir, please take this one,” it asks with a soft moan as the customer finishes tightening the ropes.

“I want you to be begging toy to be taken. And I want you totally helpless, unable to do anything but be my lovely toy,” he says with growing excitement, grabbing a silver metal spread bar, which he attaches to Ross’ ankles, further exposing the toy to him.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy obeys.”

“Toy serves.”

The hints of the mantra that are always whispering into Ross’ head come to the forefront of his mind, only to further increase her want and desire to do what is needed to be the best toy possible. She wiggles and squirms, her spread feet now making her hang a centimeters off the ground. The cuffs rattle when a loud squeaky smack rings out in the room.

The renamon’s hand slaps across the toy’s sleek rubber butt, sending chills through him, his cock twitches, aching, “Such a good bitch. Beg for me to take you. Beg to have this cock shoved deep into you,” he states, rubbing his member along the renamon toy’s thigh, leaving a small trail of pre-cum to dry on him.

Ross shudders, toes curling, hands clenching into fists. Everything feels so wonderful, delightful, the sense that he is finally going to be able to be used, to be of service to a fellow renamon, to be put to the test that his Maker has wanted him to have undergone after all this time. It’s truly a euphoric moment, “Please Sir. Take this one. It’s a humble toy bitch renamon, ready to be taken by you. It is made for you. It’s built for you. It’s molded for you. Its existence is to be of service to you. To give you the pleasure and delight you need. To release the pressure of your daily activities and give you the outlet that you really want.”

Another firm smack against Ross’ other butt cheek, causing the toy to moan, and slowly spin him around to face his user. The male renamon chuckles, “Come on toy. You can do better than that. Just begging how much you want me is never enough. Can’t you compliment just how *perfect* I am. How I was born to take a simple toy like yourself.”

Ross smirks, wiggling, trying to get closer but all it does is make her body swing, “Of course, Sir. You are the most handsome male renamon that this one has ever laid eyes upon. It could not think of any other joy than to have you in it. Its body is begging to be taken by you. And it will do everything it can to give you so much fun time, that you will want to have this one again and again and again. Let it enjoy you. Let it please you. Let it feel your perfect cock penetrate into its body. It wants to feel your warm essence flood its folds as it will give back all the pleasure you give a hundred-fold, for that is what a renamon like yourself deserves,” he says with a sultry teasing tone.

“Now, that is much better, continue this up and I’ll let you enjoy me,” he says, reaching up to cup Ross’ breast, gently squeezing and fondling them within his soft pads, “Smooth, hefty, they feel right,” he mutters, bringing the nipple to his lips, giving them a soft and tender suckle. His teeth gently bite down on the teet, tugging at it.

The toy-to-be moans, arching his back, sex twitching, the pleasure surging through him. He tugs and pulls on the ropes that hold him up, up until his breasts are level with his head. Toes curl, legs pushing against the leg binders attaching to his ankle cuffs. Everything tells him just

what a bound toy that he is. A lovely *object* to be of service and serve this renamon. But there's more to that. More underneath the scenario portrayed here. He knows exactly what that means, "*This one has done its research on you. Once you've filled this unit, it will make the real move.*"

The renamon wraps his lips around Ross' breast, giving a long suckling squeak, his cock twitching, aching, wanting more, ready to thrust into the toy before him. His heart pounding with aching delight, member strained, twitching in the cool air, feeling the warmth of the toy's body, the smooth rubber form that his red flesh squeaks against. His tongue slithering across the latex, tasting the sweet apple polish, his favorite.

"Fuck it, you're mine toy," he states, gripping Ross' hips, slamming his cock into her tight folds. He grunts, pressing his furry chest against her breasts, the renamon toy's body lowering down onto his aching member. The warm hot, wet folds gripping his member as he spurts pre-cum into it, "Yes, yes. You love that don't you bitch?"

"Hmm, yes sir. This unit loves your fat dick inside of it. You feel so good. You're so strong, powerful, sexy. It can't imagine a better cock than yours," he compliments, thrusting his hips against the renamon user. Her deep moans echoing out into the room, breasts squished against his chest. The male renamon's fingers dancing along his hips, playing with her sides, giving a firm squeeze along his butt as he takes in the delicious cock like the fuck toy that he is.

The drive to be of service, to be an effective toy driving him deeper into the objectified state of his being. His hips roll and meet onto the renamon's thrusts. The male going balls deep into him, feeling the wonderful smack of the orbs against her sex. Her hot juices wetting and matted the fur. The toy-to-be's deep breaths mostly for show, but it helps him really get into the mood.

"Fuck yes, such a sweet and tight hole. This is what I've been hoping for, wanting, all this time," he grunts deeply, body aching. Her tight folds, pushing him deeper into the lustful pounding. He grunts and groans, cock twitching, his need being quickly driven over the top. He lets out a howl of delight, yipping as he slams hard into the toy, unleashing his load into it.

The warm renamon seed flooding Ross' folds feels so wonderful. Unable to climax, his arousal is still driving him mad with lust and need. The desire to be the best toy he can be. His sex tightly grips his member, milking it for every drop. He enjoys how tightly, lovingly the renamon is holding his hips, sensing the renamon's delight, it snaps in the back of his mind, "*Now is the time he'd most like it. Now it shall... turn the tables.*" He grins, his body not tired at all, the wonders of being a toy shining through in this moment. With the user's cock still tightly lodged into his sleek sex, it squeezes the member, making him shudder and groan.

"Hmm, easy toy. I need a moment to recharge. That went a little faster than I intended, but you were rather good... for a toy."

Ross bends his knees, holding onto the renamon's hips with his powerful rubber thighs. The cool metal bar pressing up against his butt, he holds tightly onto the renamon user with her legs, gripping him with a surprising strength that helps him hoist his body higher. The ropes that were holding him up become relaxed, forcing more weight onto the renamon below him.

The male renamon grips the toy's hips, feeling the extra weight, grunting, his cock twitching within the toy's folds, "What are you doing toy, you're a little heavy," he grunts, squeezing tightly onto the toy's ass, providing the balance that the toy was looking for.

"This one isn't fat, and this one will make you pay for that comment," it says, grinning domineeringly, its sex squeezing onto the renamon's cock, teasing and distracting him with the strength of her vaginal muscles just as he manages to unhook himself from the rope hook hanging from the ceiling, freeing him completely and with a strong hips thrust and push the user below him loses balance.

The male renamon stumbles back, "T-toy what are you doing I'm going to... fall!" he exclaims, the woosh of air blowing across his back side, his body wincing, ready to hit the ground with a heavy thud with the renamon toy ready to add to the weight of the impact. Squeak, thud, his body slides down, cock popping out of the renamon's sex.

He opens his eyes, feeling unharmed from the fall, which has been broken by the toy above. The grip of the hips slowed the descent of his hips and back, while the head feels the soft embrace of the toy's hands along the back of his head. The bondage ropes run across his face, as the realization of what transpired comes over him, "How dare you knock me ov..."

Ross cuts off the renamon's words, placing a hand on his lips, "Shh, this one knows what you like. You slut. You like to play the top, call others names, be the head honcho, but you long for another to take your place as the top. You are the needy bitch needing to be put into your place," it says, feeling the renamon's semi-soft cock quickly beginning against his sleek latex thigh.

He grunts, squirming underneath the toy, "How did you..."

He gives a playful wink, "A toy has its ways, and it knew you were coming to have a piece of it," he explains, sliding and grinding himself against the renamon's body. The toy's sex dripping with the male's seed and its hot juices, leaving a streak across his chest.

The metal bar runs across the renamon's body, bapping his harden cock, making it bounce back and forth once the toy has slide far enough across him. The toy towering more over his body as he's put into perspective underneath it. The toy's domineering sweet smile, pushing him down into the submissive mindset that he's been longing for. Soon the toy's thick rubber thighs are on either side of his head. It pulls its sex right over the warm vent, feeling the drip of his essence and the toy's juices onto his lips. He instinctively licks it, tasting the sour sweet flavor that's mixed.

"Now bitch. You'll be eating this one out before the real fun is to begin," it says, reaching down, the ropes dangling from the cuffs, as it grabs the back of the user's head, helping aim his muzzle up right at her hot vent before sitting down, making him lick across her warm rubber folds, feeding him the mixed essence, "Eat, you'll need to keep up your strength."

The renamon tenses, toes curling his hands about to grab and try to push the toy away but soon just holds onto the warm rubber body. His tongue lapping across the vent, the command given to him, send chills down his spine. Lips wrap around the warm opening as he delves into the cream pie. He drinks it down, forced into an embarrassing place which only makes his cock

grow harder, body aching for even more. He raises his head, wrapping his mouth around the sex, diving his tongue deeper into the toy's folds enjoying the taste.

Ross feels the hesitation in the user slowly give away with hunger and joy, wanting to enjoy his tight rubber female vent. He takes this moment to rub the back of the renamon's head, encouraging him to go deeper. Ross' thighs squeezing the side of his head. Hands slowly pulling away from the user's head, he takes this time to remove the ropes from his wrists, the soft jingling noise of his D-rings covered up by the hungry moans of the renamon underneath. He reaches over, unhooking the spread bar from the wrist cuffs, looking at just how hard and throbbing he is.

With each lick and drive into his folds, the renamon user's cock twitches. The slick sticky cum around his member is renewed with a fresh layer of pre-cum. He reaches over, claw tips dancing over the tip, "Oh my. This one knew you had a desire and pleasure for role reversal, but this much?" she asks, squeezing his head.

He responds with a deep moan, licking deep across the vent, happily eating her out. Hands caressing the toy's body, nostrils flaring the sleek apple scent of the toy's latex driving him even crazier. His cock twitches to the touch, hips bucking up, while his hands tightly grip the renamon's toy's butt.

"Good bitch. You'll call this one Mistress till we are done then," it says, getting off him.

He gasps for air, enjoying the reprieve, but is soon gripped by his muzzle. He looks up into the toy's eyes with its surprisingly piercing glare.

"Do you understand this one bitch?" he asks, releasing his muzzle.

"Yes Mistress," he replies with a soft, needy whine, being pulled up by the toy, and once on his feet the toy's hands run across his chest, gently caressing his length, giving it a playful squeeze and tug. A moan escapes his lips, while he's guided by his member like a leash. The toy's hands continue to caress his member, fingers soon dancing over his balls as he's taken over to the wall with rubber gear. His eyes follow the toy's hands, wondering what it is going to grab when it pulls off the rubber renamon gas mask with two big filters on either side, with a golden glass visor.

"Ah, this one thinks this will be perfect for you. It hopes you enjoy it, open wide bitch." He unzips the mask, loosening it up, releasing his length, getting behind him, pressing his breasts against his back, showing the mask in front of him.

"Open up?" he asks, looking at the toy as it gets behind him, then he notices within he gas mask is a nice thick knotted renamon cock dildo, just waiting for him to suck upon, "But I'm not into dick."

"You want it, it knows this. Now do as you're told bitch," he commands.

He swallows a lump in his throat, his body betraying his words, member twitches, aching in the desire. He licks his lips, still tasting the aftertaste of his meal, opening his mouth wide as he's told.

"Good bitch," he replies, pulling the mask around his head, shoving the dildo into the renamon user's mouth, filling it as it goes down deep to the near back of his throat, right before it

would trigger the gag reflex. The male twitches and groans, huffing as the rubber slides across his face. It expands and contracts with each breath the soft whiz of the filters echoing out into the room. The more that is pulled onto his head, the louder the wheezing gets, the more pronounced the expansion and contraction of the hood and the more muffled his moans become.

His ears slip into the hood, which have small air holes to help him hear, but the tight grip of the rubber hood grows as it wraps full around his head, the tugging of a zipper, locking his head into place, but what is worse... It's the fact this particular hood has a collar attached to it, which the toy is all too happy to lock into position, binding him to his new position.

The golden tilted world is an experience he didn't know he wanted. His mouth filled with the dildo, preventing him from saying anything. His tongue runs across the length, steadily growing accustomed to the feeling, tenderly suckling it within moments.

"Come bitch, we aren't done yet," says Ross, gripping the user's cock from behind, moving him over to the bondage horse, designed to have his cock press against the side, becoming an exposed dripping mess while easily exposing his rump. With each step toward it, he feels the user's cock twitch, arousal growing, his body expressing the need to be taken in such a way that he's kept suppressed for so long.

"Such a good bitch. It knows you love the ladies, to show them a good time, yet you also want to be shown a good time by one that will put you in your place. Isn't that, right?" it asks, pushing the renamon onto the horse, working to tie his limbs to it.

He just moans and nods, unable to say anything as he squirms and wiggles in his bondage, feeling his limbs pulled against the soft, relatively comfortable horse. His breathing growing deeper, the smell of latex all encompassing. The more his body gets exposed, the higher his arousal becomes. His member pressing against the back of the horse pushed down, dripping along the end like some kind of cow ready to be milked.

His head rests on the horse facing out towards all the bondage equipment still hanging on the wall. He looks at them, wondering if any are about to be used upon them. He tugs at the constraints, finding them impossible to escape, reinforcing the position he is. Smack! He tenses his butt, tail hiking, the sensation of a renamon's hand hitting his butt makes him jerk and moan, his cock twitching, dribbling a bit more pre-cum. A positive response to the desires that is held within. His toes curl, fists clenching into fists, tugging against the constraints, part of him wanting to get free, to take back charge, "*I can't have a toy to do this to me can I? I'm not a bitch like this am I?*" he wonders, feeling the toy gently knead his butt, spreading his butt cheeks.

"Let's get you prepared for what comes next," the toy-to-be says, its tongue lapping across his pucker, slipping in as the toy's slick salvia wetting the entrance.

"*What does it mean by that? I've never been licked there... that feels nice... no, wait, what is it trying to do? What is it going to do?!*" he thinks, squirming as each lap brings him closer for what is coming next. His pucker tenses, unable to stop the tongue slipping into his body, making it all nice and slick.

Then Ross pulls away gently patting the renamon's butt, claws dancing along his spine while he walks in front of him, to give a nice teasing view. The toy-to-be walks over to the bondage wall, giving a Vanna White moment, showing of all the tools of the trade that are left at his disposal. After making him soak in what could happen, the mystery building higher and higher, he grabs the tool of his desire. A nice double-sided strap on dildo with a sex plug on one end, with a built-in vibrator.

"Toy thinks this will be the best to show you just how much of a bitch you are, don't you think?" it asks, walking back over to the renamon, placing the dildo on top his head, letting him get an idea of just how long it is, and providing a good view of the toy's crotch while slipping the plug into his sex, strapping the belts around the toy-to-be's thighs and waist.

The renamon replies with a squirming moan, tail wagging hard. His breathing grows deeper, his cock twitches, dribbling a near constant ooze of pre-cum that is running down the side of the horse. He feels his heart about to jump out of his chest, "*No, I can't be into that...*" he thinks, fully understanding what has led up to this moment.

Ross softly moans, arching his back, breasts jiggling as the strap on is set into place, "How about we start simple, to help ease it in? Medium power?" it asks, turning a switch, the dildo vibrating on a medium setting which teases and pleasures the toy further, making it grind its faux cock against the renamon's mask, letting him feel a taste of the vibrations about to be shoved into him.

He squirms harder, moaning deeply, the mask inflating and deflating at quicker intervals.

He smiles, reaching down at the bound renamon, caressing the masked head, "Such an eager bitch. Let's get this underway," he says, moving behind him, pressing the tip of the cock against the bound renamon's pucker. She smiles, enjoying his struggle, trying to give the sense of "No" but the twitching cock between his legs, screams "Yes."

She pushes into him; the vibrations and already lubricated hole makes it easy to slip into him. Pushing past his squeezing reflexes, going deeper and deeper, while her hands hold onto his butt, using them as a handle to push right in.

"*No, no... oh... ohhh*" he thinks, the dildo pushing into his rear. A strange feeling that he's wondered about in the back of his mind but never had the time, place or will to do it himself. It tingles his body, which builds to the moment. He squeezes trying to push back against it, yet there's nothing he can do as he's mounted by the toy. Taken like a real bitch. With each thrust his struggle against it grows weaker, his body aching more for the toy to take his pleasure higher. Harder and harder the toy pushes into him.

It pistons into his body ever quicker, aiming for that sweet spot, the prostate that is constantly teased by the vibrations. There's nothing he can do as he's mounted. Gasping and moaning into a cock, spit roasted between the mask and the toy. He's really shown his place, and his body shows the acceptance of just how *much* he loves it when his cock spasms, unleashing an untouched load of hot sticky renamon cum.

The toy-to-be chuckles, "See, this one knew you'd like it. And don't worry, this one has a lot more where that came from..." The toy gets ready to really show him a really good time.

The First Rena Toy: Providing a Service and Servicing

The previous week of molding has been an utmost delight for the toy-to-be, the human, Ross, whose name is only “known” to himself and K-2003, the sleek and slender sergal toy guiding him toward the back of the store. The black and red rubber renamon toy eyes its Maker with a lustful gaze. The toy’s finely crafted sex is long felt complete, its smooth rubber body aching for the touch of customers, to be of service, to help others. It’s program softly whispers in the back of his mind, a constant companion guiding it towards its newfound perceived perfection.

“Toy is a good toy.”

“Toy loves to obey.”

“Toy loves to serve.”

“Toy loves to help others.”

“Good toys are always at the ready.”

“Good toys are eager to provide aid.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

“There is only this one, it, itself, toy.”

His mind in a constant state of euphoria and despite the constant sex it has received, testing from the renamon customers and others that have been eager to enjoy its slender body, it has not achieved that mind breaking climax that its body wants so badly that it would do anything for it. On occasion its fingerless gloved hand wants to reach down to caress its burning folds, to cup them, run his fingers across his sensitive folds, but as if on cue the programming speaks to him.

“Good toys don’t touch themselves.”

“Good toys don’t cum unless told to.”

“Good toys don’t need to cum.”

“Service in itself is toy’s greatest pleasure.”

Its mind is tugged back toward what’s happening when K-2003 gently fondles the toy’s supple breasts, the cyan claws dancing over the red rubber nipple, “You’ve done so well toy, though it has said that so many times already, it doesn’t make it any less true.”

“Maker, this one appreciates your kind words. It’s been doing its very best to be of service to the customers of the store and to be the very best toy it can be, but it is wondering Maker, why are we going this way today? Does it have to do with this one doing a special assignment you spoke about yesterday?”

The sergal toy gently squeezes the breast, rump wiggling in excitement, “Yup! As a toy, one must learn to be of service in so many ways, and if this one is to be honest, a toy can only learn to be of service in only so many ways at the store. Thankfully it has a nice agreement with a recycling center that’s behind the store that can help,” it says, exiting out of a set of emergency doors that auto lock behind them and for the first time the toy steps out into the warm sunny

weather, discovering the outside world seemingly for the first time. So much has happened since the last time it was out here that it feels that is a lifetime ago, hazy in the back of its mind, barely able to be recalled, without the need of great effort.

The light reflects off both toys, a stark contrast to the paved blacktop and relatively well-kept backside of the store. The renamon looks around, feeling the wind blow across his body, causing it to shudder, truly feeling how naked he is, “This is a strange place for a recycling center Maker.”

“Uh uh uh, its Mistress in public.”

It looks around, not seeing anyone, “But no one is around Maker, how is it public?”

“People can be around, which makes it public. Just because you can’t see someone, doesn’t mean they aren’t there. Best to play it safe rather than be sorry,” it says with a teasing rump wiggle, its claws giving his breasts a squeeze, pulling him forward.

“Sorry Mistress, this one understands. It just feels so odd being out here.”

“You’ll get used to it, being able to get out of the story is good.”

“Sorry Mistress?” it asks with a head tilt.

“Hmm? Story? No, this one said store.”

“It thought you said story.”

“Don’t be silly, how can someone get out of a story? Everyone has one, it’s called existing,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“Yes Mistress. So, could you tell this one more about this recycling center?” he asks as the toys walk off the blacktop and onto a dry dirt road that is barely noticeable unless you were looking for it. It’s a strange feeling of one’s bare feet against the ground. Ross feels every step, the dirt clinging to his previously perfectly flawless polished skin.

“Hmm,” it mutters, rubbing its chin, “They recycle abandoned cars, giving the parts new use and purpose. Very environmentally friendly, it thinks, better than letting them sit in some junk yard.”

He nods along, thinking on it, while looking at the seemingly endless forest, the store now hidden and feeling forever away, “Do toys ever end up in the junkyard?”

K-2003 stops in its tracks, turning around, “Are you worried about that?” it asks, with a genuine voice of concern.

“Ah... this one never thought about it.”

“For the toys we sell, we have a let’s call it... a buy back system to have toys brought back to us, though that hasn’t been used, and we have to take a lot of care that the toy is not stolen. And for prototype toys like yourself, we take extra special care. As long as Toys-4-U is around, there is always a place for toys to be when not serving customers... or when servicing customers now that this one thinks about it.”

“Well, that’s good Mistress. But what if the company isn’t around?”

K-2003 gives a devious grin, “Well then, best we work hard to make sure that doesn’t happen, don’t we?”

Ross feels a strange extra sense of purpose, "*It's good to help Maker,*" the collar whispers, "Yeah, this one guesses so, Mistress."

"This one knew you'd see it this one's way."

"Well, you do encourage it."

"It does, it won't deny it, but it's still a bit part of who you are," it says, guiding the renamon to a gated off chop shop that has signs of 'no trespassing' 'keep out' 'beware of guard dog' 'private property.' and the like hung up all over it. K-2003 approaches and opens and closes the gate without a car in the world, while Ross looks around with a mix of curiosity and concern bubbling up within him.

The chop shop has six separate buildings, where the sound of cars being broken down echo out, that now that faint sound that Ross has been hearing for the last five or so minutes out in the forest has become clear. About a dozen cars lined up waiting to meet their fate.

"Some of those cars don't look that old Mistress," he remarks, feeling off being here, but the closeness of his Maker eases the anxiety within him, "*I get a sense this isn't a recycling center.*"

"Age when it comes to cars can be subjective, at least this is what this one has been told."

"Told? By who?"

"By the very friendly gryphon that this one works with, who you will be meeting in just a moment."

"Uh... Mistress, that was a lot of words and not a lot of information. Who is this gryphon?"

"Her name is Dasjina, a very friendly, nice, and well-equipped hermaphrodite. This one thinks you will enjoy her giving you a test."

"Test?"

"It depends on her mood, don't worry, you'll do fine, this one knows it, no need to be nervous, have confidence in yourself, you're one of the best newest renamon toys this one has ever made."

"Mistress, isn't this one the the first renamon toy you've made?"

"Which makes you the best, it has made, that is a renamon," it says with an affirmative nod, knocking on the door, "Hello? Dasjina?"

A strong feminine voice responds with a hint of annoyance, "Who is it, and what is it that you want?"

"Come on, you should know this one's voice now," it says with a rump sway, opening the door, poking its head in, hiking its butt toward Ross, who can't help but admire it.

There's a chirp groan, "It's impossible to miss or ignore. What is it Kay dash two thousand three."

"You don't need to say the dash, and it would also accept kay two, zero, zero, three, if you'd like."

“We’ve been over this, I don’t care, but an agreement is an agreement, what have you brought me?” she, asks, her voice carrying outside, giving Ross a clear idea of her personality, while he fidgets in place.

“I’m going to have to please her? She sounds a bit rough... won’t matter though. This one will do its very best and have fun doing it, being the best good toy it can be!”

“You know, it feels like it hasn’t done this in such a long time,” says K-2003, leaning forward more, arms together, squeezing its breasts with a loud squeak.

“What are you talking about? You did this last month. Do you miss me that much?”

“You are a precious avian, who is always a delight to talk to.”

She sighs, “Right... show me what you have for me today.”

“Of course! Come toy, show Dasjina what you are,” says K-2003, stepping inside the mobile office, hand motioning the renamon toy to follow.

“Coming Mistress,” he says, stepping into the room, finding a rather large and intimidating anthropomorphic raven, panther hybrid gryphon. Her black scaled claws drum across her desk, the entire place an organized chaos that is only she truly understands. She is rather large with a bust that would look comical on most people, but she manages to pull it off amply well with her tight business suit. Without missing a beat Ross gives a cordial squeaky bow that slightly mimics K-2003’s own.

“This is our work in progress renamon toy, and it wants to give it a good final week here working with different people and interacting in an out of store experience in order to make it well-rounded when it comes to service to future customers.”

Dasjina waves a claw, “Yes, yes, I know that, and that will certainly happen, I can assure you,” she says, her predatory brown looks over his form, somehow her black beak grins, “Breaking into the renamon market? I hear the competition is rather fierce for that vixen.”

“It has confidence that the quality it puts into its work will have it reign supreme.”

“Not even using the traditional colors?”

“This one wanted to make it obvious that it’s a toy rather than knocking off exact features, though the future models will come in all sorts of colors depending on what the customers want.”

“I’ll be testing its features then.”

“Be thorough and let this one know if any issues come up. Toy, you make sure you follow the rules and help out in any way they ask of you. It will be back later today once you’re done. Understand?”

Ross nods, tail flicking with a soft squeak, “Yes Mistress. How long will I be doing this?”

“Rest of the week before it finishes up everything. That will be fine with you, Dasjina?”

“I think I will find a way to manage. You may go now; I can handle it from here.”

“This one is sure you can,” it says, turning to Ross, “This one is sure you can handle this as well. Good luck, and don’t forget to listen to everyone like a good toy, and Dasjina will let this one know of your work. So do your best!” it says with an affirmative nod, wiggling its rump

in excitement, scampering off. He watches K-2003 leave, feeling a pit grow in his stomach, but he stiffens himself, approaching the gryphon's desk, giving another cordial bow, "How can this one be of service?"

She chirps, "On your knees, under my desk *now*, that is how you can start by pleasing me. I've got a lot of work to organize, and I could use a little release from my stress," she pulls away from the desk, pointing exactly where she wants him.

"With pleasure Miss, this one is here to be of service," he says, noticing that the desk is custom made to have someone underneath there with plenty of space to spare, the gryphon's pants have a noticeable bulge which draws his attention, "*She's big, very big. This one is sure it can handle it, more to love,*" he thinks, the anxiety of the moment fading away as the desire to be a *good toy* overcomes him. His loins ache with growing anticipation, moving under the desk, hidden away where no one can see him.

"Well? Don't just stare at it, get to work," she commands, pulling the chair up, cornering the latex renamon, his hands gently caress the gryphon's sides, moving up to nuzzle the bulge, feeling the twitch and warmth hidden underneath the dress pants.

"Is that all you can do?" she huffs, getting to her work, "You'll never get to serve anyone if you can't satisfy me."

"Yes Miss, this one is just getting started," he says, rubbing his fingers across the bulge, nuzzling and licking across the fabric, not minding the cloth taste as he gets hints of the treat hidden on the other side, edging her body further, sex clenching, wondering just how the gryphon would feel hilted in his body.

The gryphon's bulge twitches, shifting under the fabric, growing large. Ross senses the growing need underneath, egging her on to please the avian. Her hands caress the bulge, feeling the heft in her hands, wrapping her mouth around only a fraction of it as she gives firm hard suckles, breathing through the fabric to draw in the scent of the gryphon's growing desire.

He steadily works on it, cultivating the blossoming desire within the gryphon's loins, feeling the heft of the gryphon's package seemingly grow with each passing moment, pushing him as the good renamon toy that he's become to try to tease a little pleasure out of Dasjina, hearing a soft pant, perhaps a groan while she busily types away at a computer. For an unknown length of time, time had no meaning as nothing was changing outside of the repetitive task of trying to pleasure the gryphon. His attention is completely on the hidden length underneath, hands caressing under the clothed balls, trying to rub the hidden sex that's nestled behind, sensing where it is from the warmth her body gives. Ross' entire world at this moment is simply Dasjina and her pleasure.

One could call it monotonous, but it was glorious in the delight it is bringing him, to hear another moan, pushing him closer to that moment when Dasjina will decide that he's *earned* the ability to service her directly, and then suddenly without warning, Dasjina grabs the back of his head.

“Alright, I think you’ve done enough to get me going,” she remarks, pulling the toy’s head back, unbuttoning and unzipping her pants, “Don’t just kneel there, help pull down my pants,” she commands.

The renamon toy grabs the top of the gryphon’s pants, sliding in underneath, feeling the soft black panther fur against his skin, “With pleasure Miss, it wasn’t sure if you wanted this one to aid you, as you’re so in charge and controlling,” he responds, giving a nice firm tug, pulling the pants down revealing the impressive heavy black furry balls that are too big for a single hand to hold, with a sheath as thick as her arm. The ebony cock already pushing out, dripping, twitching, beading with pre-cum and glistening with sheath juices. The warm welcoming aroma wafting over him, making Ross’ sex twitch with delight. An ‘instinctual’ response from the toy that is natural as breathing, “oh my, you are wonderful.”

She smirks, not even looking down at the toy, adjusting herself on the chair which creaks under her weight, “I’ve heard that before now, get to work.”

“As you wish Miss.”

“Less talky, more sucky and don’t forget both parts.”

Without another word Ross gives both softballs a tender loving squeeze, rolling them around in her hand, trying her best to keep them there, feeling them churn away a load of bird seed that will eventually make its way down her throat. She groans in anticipation, limited by her confined space which only adds to the challenge of doing a good job, and he can’t help but feel excited that he’s up for it, “*Maker made this one to be a good toy. It will show her how good it can be,*” it thinks, licking its lips in anticipation.

His thumbs gently run up and down along the underside of the gryphon’s sheath, edging out more of the thick pillar of pleasure and lust. Each beat of her heart makes a little more jump out, hardens and slightly softens, hardens more, softens less, inch by inch it snakes out of its hidden hole.

Taking a deep breath despite not needing it, he wraps his mouth around the massive cock head which stretches his mouth, his tongue running across the tip, suckling out the first hidden liquid treasures from within the throbbing shaft. The salty flavor is a wonderful delight, similar yet unique to everyone else he’s taken thus far in his service. He gives the balls a tender loving squeeze but quickly moves to grab the sheath with both hands.

The twitching length aches, throbbing in Ross’ mouth, the toy-to-be slurping up the juices that come rushing into her mouth, savoring every drop, sensing the gryphon’s member knows why the toy is here and his purpose. Like cocking a shotgun, getting this thick bazooka loaded and ready for action.

Firm yet gentle at first, his hands move the sheath up and down, thumbs running along the tip of the sheath, massaging the shaft as it comes out, slipping inside the warm and wet inside, caressing the sensitive flesh along the way. More of the length is pushed into his mouth, throat bulging as the length slips deeper into him. A moan of delight rumbles in Ross’ throat, the ability to not need to breath becoming handy within mere moments as he lifts himself up to line

up his throat to be able to take more of it. His rubber form stretches around the massive length like a condom that's one size too small for it.

"All you toys are so fucking tight, and I love it," chirps Dasjina, sliding the chair forward, thrusting her length deeper into the toy's body, pre-cum lubricating the hole as it slides in deeper, pinning Ross to the desk, which he squirms and wiggles, doing his best to take it all in.

The chair creaks under Dasjina's firm hard yet short thrusts against the renamon toy. Squeaks and thuds are heard from underneath the desk, while she works hard on whatever task she's doing, a trained toy that knows how to work a length that no living person could take for their size without issues. It's a giant 'living' fleshlight, taking the length, lips kissing the sheath before sliding in deeper. His hands on the balls, caressing them, using them as an anchoring point to hold onto while pushing against the ground, wanting not to jostle the desk despite how hard he's being fucked right now.

"This one feels the thumping of their heart, the churning of their balls, she is so close now. It can feel it as her balls pull against its hands," he thinks, body quivering in delight, his own juices dripping down his thighs, making him squeak louder. The quivering sex just imagining what fun that could be, but his true focus is on the monster cock before him. His throat swallows along the entire length in a long rippling motion. His throat and chest bulging, breasts jiggling with each hard thrust while the balls smack his chin, rising up, hitting the underside of his throat, squeezing that dick within it all the tighter.

Dasjina tenses, "Fuck!" she trills out in pleasure, balls pulling up, tightening as a gush of her hot bird seed shoots right into Ross' gut, flooding him with her essence. One wave, two, three, the gryphon showing just how pent up she has been despite her tough exterior. The former human feels the rush, the hot burning within his own loins, edging him so close to that climax, that he seems can only live through the climax of others. The warm delicious seed drunk down without hesitation, helped by the firm lustful ball emptying thrusts from Dasjina.

"That was... descent, but you are forgetting that I have more than one sex to please toy!" she exclaims after several moments of enjoying the warm afterglow, the constant tender suckling that Ross has done to keep her cock semi-hard, only pushing to keep her arousal going as the hypersensitive cock twitches approvingly of the renamon toy's actions, regardless the tone of what Dasjina is saying.

With a tight grip at the base of the cock, Ross pulls back, triple milking the gryphon's dick. The first layer is the toy's throat, suckling in rippling motions across the member, then comes his lips with last but not least, the toy's hands, gripping around the cock, ensuring not a single drop of seed is left within that twitching shaft. He gives the cock head one last final lick across the tip, kissing it passionately, "This one hasn't forgotten. You have so much to enjoy that it can only do so much at once."

With a huff she responds, "Sure, sure, give excuses for your failings."

Without a remark, he moves in, lifting those hefty balls, getting a good look at the gryphons needy, quivering hot and dripping sex, which winks at him. The gryphon's hot juices having drenched the leather seat that she's sitting on.

“Hurry up, I don’t have all day,” she states, leaning back, spreading her legs to give slightly better access but the weight of her balls are noticeable against the renamon’s head.

“As you wish Miss, this one will give you the tender loving care that you deserve and so much more,” he says, holding onto her legs, lifting her up with relative ease despite the awkward position, angling himself to get a better look at the inviting vent before him. He licks his lips, moving into gingerly lick across the folds, savoring the sweet nectar.

“Harder, faster, deeper,” she commands, her feet smacking on Ross’ back with an audible smack, the gryphon’s bare clawed feet running across his back, causing no pain but easily showing her forcefulness on him.

“Yes Miss,” he replies, licking across the folds with a more direct intent. He caresses her rump, massaging, squeezing, thumbs spreading her sex, showing off the sensitive flesh, licking across the lips, suckling them, gently tugging at them. Ross’ sex burns hotter, glistening in her own fluids, the arousal stewing there, bubbling up aching needy fumes into her mind, sensing the sweet spots in the gryphon’s own needy folds. Her tongue coils and flicks over the vulva, drawing it into his mouth to suckle and nurse, the gryphon’s feet twitching against his back, telling him all he needs to know about how *good* he’s really doing.

Dasjina grunts, her work slowing to a near standstill, sex twitching as she pushes herself against the renamon’s muzzle, eventually closing her eyes, sliding the chair back and forth to hump the toy’s face, “Faster, harder, deeper,” she commands.

With a sly grin, he pursed his lips, tugging at the gryphon’s vulva, his tongue slithering along the top of her sex, the lead explorer, spectating for the sweet spots. Warm juices flow across the toy-to-be’s muzzle, providing the lubricant to slide in deeper. Her powerful folds squeeze against the renamon’s muzzle, the rubber squeaks against each squeeze, while he pushes in deeper, the weight of Dasjina’s sack pressing against the back of his head, tugging up whenever he hits a sweet spot.

“Come on! You can do more than that!” she demands, her need growing, shuddering, her gryphon wings spreading out, cock hardening more as her sex squeezes the muzzle, feeling it slide in deeper and deeper, letting out a few pleasure chirps.

Each moan and aches push Ross deeper into the zone. His muzzle slips in deeper, spreading her sex wider, nibbling and suckling at the folds, feeling the warm fluid across his smooth latex. His muzzle glistens with her fluids, adding to the sleek movement to move in deeper, faster. He moves with each thrust, driving himself ever deeper, tongue snaking into the farthest depths of her body, knowing deep down as big as she is, she can take just as big herself.

She grips the desk, which slides against the ground, screeching along the way. Heavy thuds rock the office trailer, claws digging into the wood, the computer would slide right off if it wasn’t bolted down. The mouse slides down, running down along Ross’ back.

“Just a bit more you lazy fuck toy. You can do it!” she exclaims, panting heavily, the bubbling delight within her loins, her length pressing up against the underside of the desk, leaving a wet strain across the top, her cock aching with need as she feels herself be on the cusp of a climax.

Egged on by her, Ross pushes in deep, hands gripping her ass, kneading and massaging the black furred butt, muzzle fully lodged in her sex, opening enough to drink down the juices while making him feel bigger within her, *“Just a bit more and this one will have her. She’ll get a hard climax and be pleased, and tell Maker of its good work,”* he thinks when there’s a passionate trill.

Dasjina could no longer hold herself back, her hot juices gush out of her, funneling down Ross’ throat and all across his muzzle, washing across his eyes, running down his chin, across his breasts while her balls smacked against the back of her head, bouncing against the rubber several times, *“Fuck, fuck, this is good,”* she thinks, enjoying the warm afterglow that comes over her, *“Glad my balls or spent. It would be a pain to get it cleaned again, learned from that mistake.”*

Ross continues to pump, slurp, opening her mouth as much as possible to make a seal around her sex walls to stop the gush from escaping her hungry mouth after the second gush of her juices, letting the sweet fluids flow down into her hungry gut.

With a heavy pant Dasjina pulls away from the toy using the chair to push herself up from it and support herself. Her tough look completely washed away but the moment their eyes met the toy’s it quickly returns.

Ross kneels before her, licking his lips, cleaning his hands and lips with her tongue, giving a lewd teasing look, *“This one hopes it met your standards Miss,”* he says, hiking his rump, tail rubbing along the desk with a loud squeak.

Dasjina gently caresses her length, guiding it back into her sheath, she scowls at the toy, *“It was... adequate,”* she remarks, pulling up her pants, zippering, groaning as its strained by her massive equipment, *“I think I know where to put you, for better use.”*

“You do Miss?” it says with glowing eyes.

“Yes, but first... pick up my mouse and clean the floor... with your tongue. I don’t want you to leave this place without cleaning the mess you’ve made.”

“As you wish Miss!” exclaims Ross, holding his breast, bringing it up to his muzzle, licking across the black rubber, polishing the breast clean of the dripping juice, suckling the nipple clean, looking up at the avian, giving a playful wink.

She crosses her arms, tapping her foot, *“Come on, I have work to do.”*

“Yes Miss,” he replies, working to clean the rest of her rubber form, moving to the ground to lap up whatever juices managed to reach the floor, leaving nothing behind, *“How’s this Miss?”*

Dasjina huffs, *“Almost... not quite done.”*

“Where did toy miss, Miss?”

“My mouse, pick it up and put it back on its pad.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, doing so, moving to stand up but is stopped in his tracks.

“Who said you could stand toy?”

Quickly he returns to his kneeling position, *“Apologies Miss, this one didn’t mean to offend.”*

She sighs, “Now you may stand, and head to building C3. Tell the crew there that you are there to help with their work and that I sent you.”

He stands and bows, “With pleasure Miss, this one shall do as you wish.”

“Good, now go, I’ve wasted enough time with you.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, scampering off, Dasjina eyes the toy’s butt, groaning as her pants grow tight, *“Damn fucking sexy renamon toy. That’s going to be a real hot seller.”*

Ross is about to leave but stops, “Oh, one more thing Miss.”

Dasjina sighs, “What is it?”

“Where is C3?”

“Right... first time here,” she grumps, explaining where it is.

“Got it, thank you Miss,” he says, departing, heading straight to the C3 warehouse, the sound of rattling chains and metal cutting echoing out from the building, *“This is the place. This one will do what it can to help. Though not sure what it can do to help. It knows nothing about cars, and it doesn’t think its just going to give them sex...”*

Entering the building he’s greeted by three mechanics in leather overalls, dirty, greasy, taking parts off a truck. A brown and black striped raptor huffs, “Come on, we have three more cars to get done before the day’s end. If we don’t make quota, Dasjina will have my hide and then I’ll have yours to make up for it.”

A small breasted anthropomorphic brown furred ferret jumps, “Rash, we are doing our best,” she says, from the front of the car, “I’m almost done taking out this engine. It’s in pretty good shape.”

“Dasjina is always unreasonable, do you think she won’t yell at you even if we made our quota?” remarks a black scaled bipedal winged dragon.

Rash rubs his temple, “Yeah... That ungrateful bitch of a gryphon. She thinks she can do whatever she wants because she has the connections.”

“She is the boss,” says the ferret.

“Not *the* boss, but a boss yeah.”

The dragon remarks, “You better hope Dasjina doesn’t catch wind of you talking about her like that.”

“I can handle that overgrown bird.”

Ross approaches, “Uh, this one didn’t mean to intrude but it’s here to help? Dasjina sent it.”

The conversation stops dead in its tracks, Rash sighs, “I really don’t need this kind of trouble now,” he says, turning around, taking a double take, looking over the naked renamon toy before him.

“This one hope it didn’t come at a bad time? It was told to help and all.”

“No...” he says, feeling a tingle of lust rush over him, “You came at a perfect time... and that stuff about Dasjina? I take it all back,” he says with a sly grin.

“That’s wonderful, just tell this one what to do,” responds Ross, about to get his newest test as a toy in ways that he could not have imagined when he stepped out of the mold this morning.

The First Rena Toy: Providing the Service

Ross smiles, waving at them, “It can do its very best, though it doesn’t have any technical skills as a mechanic to help you recycle the car, but if there is any physical labor it can do, please don’t hesitate to let this one to know. It has a lot of skills it can do to help relieve any stress too. Though it would recommend such breaks not be taken on company time. After all, it heard what you said about quotas and how Dasjina would be mad at you. It wouldn’t want to cause any of that to any of you,” it says with a loud squeak as it walks up to them, hips swaying in a teasing alluring way.

Rash smirks, adjusting his dirtied mechanic’s uniform, “Like I said, you came at a good time, and glad to have some help. Despite you...” he looks over the renamon, moving around her like the predatory anthropomorphic raptor that he is, “Not lacking in some respects, the no knowledge is one, I believe you are good at following instructions?”

Ross nods, “Very much so. This one will do its best to follow any command given,” he replies, the sleek red and black renamon toy, with only the dust on its feet dulling its polish.

The brown furred anthropomorphic female ferret pulls herself from underneath the truck, brushing herself off, “We are getting a toy?” she smirks before it shifts quickly to a frown, “Dang it. These pants are always coming undone,” she states, reaching down, pulling the pants up, clasping the strap around the top of her tail to lock it back into place. She flicks her tail, “There we go. So, what do we call you?”

“You can call this one toy. It hopes that works for all of you?” it asks, hiking its tail with a loud squeak.

The black scaled dragon takes in step with the raptor with his predatory look of the renamon, his eyes stare up and down the sleek renamon toy body, “What a positively lovely delight. And after all that you said Rash about Dasjina, and now we get this sweet, lovely eye candy to help us with our work? How could you be so wrong about her?” he says with a deep chuckle, flicking his wings.

“I said I take back what I said, Kromm and you’ve been commenting about the issues as much as anyone one of us. Though speaking about that and the quotas we have to fill. We’re going to have to stay extra to get it done. Otherwise... well you know what that means.”

Kromm crosses his arms, spreading his wings looking off to the side in the renamon toy’s direction, “Do we get to have that around during our overtime stay? At least then while we’re on break we could perhaps relieve some stress? Right?”

“I know as much as you do,” says Rash, turning to Ross, “Toy, how long will you be here?”

“This one is sure it is here till it needs to get molding and its Mistress will pick it up then. But in terms of absolute terms of time? It is sure at least the entire day. And this one doesn’t need breaks or gets tired. It is here to be of service,” it says with a cordial squeaky bow, its body creaking loudly, tail hiked to give a good view to Kromm who can’t help but admire the *assets*.

Feria shakes her head, placing her hands on her hips, "I'm not too sure Dasjina sent her to help or just to be a cruel trick to get you two too distracted to be of any use," she looks up at the renamon who has a clear foot and a half over her in height, "What can you do?"

"Feria, let me figure that out. I am in charge here."

"Right, right."

"Of course," he says, walking over to her, leaning over her, "If you want to take charge then take responsibility for any delays? I'm sure I could try to arrange that if you want," he says with a big tooth grin.

She holds up her hands, shaking them, "No, no. You can take care of that."

"That's what I thought," he says, standing tall, pivoting on his foot, facing the toy, "You have no skills whatsoever when it comes to dismantling cars?"

Ross takes a moment to think, rubbing his chin with a squeak, finger mindlessly slipping into its mouth, starting to suckle it. The sensation of such a feeling is so natural to him. The finger pops out slowly, a trail of saliva from his lips, "Not that this one knows of. But its purpose is to be of service and service in anyway it can. It will try to learn whatever you tell it to learn."

"I see... I don't think you could learn much in the way of a mechanic, nor it would be worth teaching you that, seeing your purpose is... distinctly not for that. Unless you're our new permanent member and going to be here for months if not longer?"

He shakes his head, "This one doesn't think it will be. Perhaps a week, going on how it goes through rotations of its work."

"That's good to know. If anyone asks for a tool, grab it. I'll give you a quick overview of the tools, so you'll know what they are, and if we need any muscle, we'll rely on you too for that."

Kromm scoffs, "Muscle? It's a fuck toy, what kind of muscle do we need, when we have me?" he asks, showing off his thick muscular scaled arms, flexing them.

"I've heard the toys are very strong and powerful, though easy to overpower."

"You've heard? From who?"

"Some of the other shops that got toys to assist them."

"There's only one thing I really want to use the toy for, and its not to be working on a car," he states with a wink.

Rash smirks, "We'll get that too."

Feria rolls her eyes, "You can only think about that hmm?"

"Please, you can't tell us you aren't curious how it feels," says Kromm.

"I'm getting back to work. We have a quota to fill, remember?" she says, laying back onto an under-car roller, "We could work a bit better if hydraulics to the lift wasn't busted, but not like we could have it work to get the car lifted then hold it there," she chuckles, sliding underneath.

"That's not a bad idea," says Rash with a smirk, "But I will let you all know we'll be working late today. Which is why I am asking the toy how long it will be staying."

Feria pulls out from under the car, her tail button unsnaps again, “What? Another late night?” she groans, adjusting her pants, fixing the unsnapped button, grumbling, “Damn pants.”

“We don’t have much of a choice in the matter. We’ve been down a person, yet our quotas don’t change. But I’ll make sure we get some lovely, ‘breaks’ in-between to help with the stress of the moment,” he says, looking over to Ross.

“I can agree to that,” chuckles Kromm.

“That benefits you for sure,” says Feria, sliding back under the car, “Let’s get back to work. The sooner we get done and caught up the sooner we get to go home, right?”

“True enough, but if we can get the car raised up, we’ll have easier access to parts to dismantle. Which I think instead of having you as a tool helper, we can have you do that,” says Rash, going up to Ross and smacking him on the ass, “You think you can do that toy?”

Kromm looks at Rash with jealousy as Ross responds after a soft needy, lustful moan, “Toy will do whatever you ask of it to the very best of its ability. It is not sure how strong it is as it's never tested such abilities, but one way to find out is to do it, right?”

Feria slides back out from under the car, “You can’t be serious.”

“I am,” he says, pulling out a key from his pocket, walking over to a floor panel, “Come over here toy,” he states, unlocking it.

“And what if it can’t hold it in place?”

“Even if she can’t, it takes a good minute for it to come back down, plenty of time to get out of the way in-case anything should happen,” he explains, lifting the metal grate to a large valve handwheel with flaking red paint. It’s connected to a pipe system that goes straight toward where the car is.

“That doesn’t make me feel confident.”

“If you wanted a job with regulations, you wouldn’t be here.”

“I think we all wouldn’t be here given the choice.”

Ross tilts his head, “Is everything alright? Is there something this one can do?”

“Right, right, enough of that jabbering,” says Rash, waving his hand off in the conversation, “Now, toy, you see this turn wheel?”

He gets onto all fours, tail hiking, leaning in closer, “Yup, this one does.”

“Good, I want you to turn it till it won’t turn anymore, that will raise the car. Now there is two very important things to remember. The first is to *not* let go of the wheel once you are done turning. And to especially *NOT* to let it go when someone is underneath. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal sir.”

“I wouldn’t mind a Krystal toy,” remarks Kromm.

Rash rolls his eyes, “Alright. Let’s see what you can do, get to it,” he says, taking a step back and giving the toy some space.”

“As you wish sir,” he replies, thinking, “*Good toys obey. Good toys serve. Good toys can be objects of use beyond sex,*” he thinks, shivering in delight, grabbing the wheel, turning it with relative ease. Though it quickly becomes apparently to him that there is strength and

leverage needed to keep turning the wheel and to hold it in place. He places his feet in small divots in the ground that force his legs apart, and he holds tightly onto the wheel and another leverage point to keep himself in place. It's not as *heavy* as the car itself, but there is a bit of force behind it nonetheless. Each turn raises the car, the mechanics standing back to watch with mixed results, from amusement from Rash, disinterest except in the toy's ass from Kromm, and reserved concern from Feria.

Once the car reaches its desired height, Ross holds it in place, his hands in the best positions he can manage, tightly gripping the valve wheel, making sure it can't move an inch under its tight grip, "How's this?" he asks, looking over to them.

"Impressive, not something I can do let alone hold so easily," says the raptor.

"You aren't as strong as a dragon, so that is a given," says Kromm with a sly smirk.

"Do you want to hold onto it then?"

"No, I'm good. I have the skills needed to take this thing apart, it doesn't."

"Thought so. Feria, are you good?"

She sighs, "I'll be as good as I'll ever be."

"Good, now let's get to it," he says with a raptoric purr, the trio getting right to work, disassembling the car down to its key components.

All the while Ross is helplessly watching, body exposed, breasts hanging just an inch over the cool ground, making its nipples perky and hard. The toy's tail swishes side to side, body squeaking, firm, tense, sex twitching, lips glistening in the light, and though he finds himself *stuck* and *bound* to the location, he's not growing tired. He's just as easily able to hold the wheel in place during the first opening minutes as the next few hours, and it's not because more of the car is taken apart making it lighter.

"I think it's about time for lunch, what don't you Feria go get us some?"

"What? Why do I have to go get food for us?"

"I'll pay."

She raises a finger about to say something but withdraws it, "Alright, I can do that, where are you thinking of getting?"

"How about Thai?"

"Thai? That's like a thirty-five-minute drive round trip."

"Isn't almost every place?"

"I better get extra time to eat then if I am driving."

"Sure, sure, does that work with you Kromm?"

"I suppose that will work for me," he says, eyeing Rash, who slyly winks at him, and he gives a subtle nod in return, "If you are paying, I ain't complaining."

He grins, "Perfect."

Once Feria is gone, Kromm pats Rash on the back, "The Thai place is the farthest place away she'd be willing to go. What is going through that clever guy brain of yours?"

"What do you think? She's been all huffy about the toy. I wanted to enjoy it while she wasn't here to complain about it."

Kromm's pants grow tight, "Is that so? I get first dibs on its ass."

"I wanted the mouth anyway, but I had a fun little idea."

"You have a fun idea?" he asks, flicking his wings.

"I like the toy to be nice and helpless. Why not fuck it while keeping the car up?"

He chuckles, "Oooo, I like that idea. You hear that toy? You're not allowed to lower that car as we fuck you," he says, unzipping his pants revealing his thick black draconic length. Pre-cum glistens on the cocktip. The dragon quickly kicking his trousers off to the side.

Ross moans, eyeing the length, watching Rash take his time to remove his pants, showing off his pink twitching flesh. His eyes torn between the two members, his holes clenching and relaxing, eager to be of service, "This one loves to be of service in every way possible. It is what a good toy does."

"I do like that response," says Kromm, spanking the toy on the ass.

Ross moans, feeling the weight of the smack against its sensitive black rear, his toes pressed firmly into the ground while he increases the strength of his grip on the wheel, not wanting to let it slip, locking him in place, exposed to the two predators around him.

Rash places his pants before the toy, using them as a cushion as he presents himself before the toy, his claws running across the renamon's muzzle, lifting the head, pulling it over toward his twitching length, "Suck."

"Yes sir," he replies, licking its lips, opening his needy mouth, wrapping his lips around the tip, tongue caressing the raptor's tapered cock head, taking a firm moment to suckle just the tip, hearing the raptor moan and buck into his mouth before Rash grabs the back of his head and forces his head down fully onto the length, "I didn't say just the tip!" he growls.

At this exact moment Kromm presses his cock against the toy's hot dripping sex, his cock slamming into the toy-to-be with little care about how he will hold onto the valve wheel that locks him into place. The dragon growls, moaning in delight, tightly gripping Ross' hips with his claws, digging them into its tough rubber skin that doesn't scratch despite how sharp his talons are.

The toy's sex squelches, the well lubricated hole being stretched and easily taking the massive dragon cock into his form. He closes his eyes, bobbing his head up and down on the twitching raptor length, taking it all into his mouth, slurping it down, tongue snaking around it to add to the pleasure while he deep throats it. His hips buck against the powerful dragon, whose force makes his breasts bounce against the cold ground, nipples being teasing scratched by the course ground.

"What a tight fuck hole it has," says Kromm, leaning down to put more of his weight into each thrust, arching his back, spreading his wings as he growls in domineering over the renamon toy. His heavy balls smack against the toy's sex with a loud squeak, while any moans the toy-to-be could possibly make are completely muffled by the raptor's dick, lodged deeply within the renamon's mouth.

Ross shudders in delight, hands remain tightly held in place, feet kept apart, kept in the crevices. His head bobbing up and down on the raptor's cock, suckling it down with ever

growing need. The balls kissing his lips, while vision is completely focused onto the raptor's nether regions thanks to the raptor's scaly thighs and caressing claws that guide the pace and speed of each suckle.

He's held helplessly in place, unable to do anything but take their abusive thrusts against his hungry needy holes. His body squeaking, stretching, creaking, grinding against them. Hands bound to their duty to keep the car up only some feet away.

"Good toys obey."

"Good toys serve."

"Good toys do as they are told."

"You are a good toy," whispers the voice in his mind, giving him the *strength* needed to be bound by his own duty as a toy, keeping that car suspended while being fucked harder and harder, spit roasted between the two scaly beasts.

The dragon's powerful thrusts help force Ross' head down onto the raptor's twitching aching length. Pre-cum spurts into his mouth and without pause he hungrily slurps down the salty appetizer, knowing the full meal will soon arrive at any moment.

Without realizing it the two predators get into synch with one another, helping the other enjoy the toy just that much more. To use it like the fuck object that it is, having zero clue that Ross was human, or was he? It's hard for Ross to even think about that, especially at times like this when he sucks and serves them, with little thought of his own desires. To be completely used by the two users, is all he needs to know, to follow through with their commands. To squeeze down hard on the dragon's dick, milking it, squeezing out that pre-cum, lubricating his length so it can slam harder into him.

For his mouth slurp away, take the very hilt of the raptor's cock again and again and again, only to want to do it more, to edge out that climax and bring it out to its fullest extent. Pop, pop. One after the other, hard to tell for anyone but Ross which one gave in to his constant use first. Their essence flooding his mouth, warming his sex. A surge of raptor and dragon essence shoved into him, which he happily slurped, squeezed, milked clean, not once letting his hands slip from that wheel valve. Hands so useless they might as have been in mittens or tied behind his back, but the fact that it was bondage of the mind over his physical form made the user's pleasurable release all the sweeter.

"Perfect," pants Rash, falling onto his back, his cock spent, but tenderly cleaned by Ross, not wanting to waste a single drop of the raptor's essence or to leave a mess on the floor, while Kromm rested on the renamon's ass. He milked him dry, eventually he pulled out, putting his pants back on. The two regained themselves well before Feria returned, who was none the wiser.

Ross watched the ferret, seeing her frustration in her eyes, thinking, *"This one knows she wants it. It can tell. But is too bound up in herself to let it happen. Hopefully it can be of service to her soon,"* he thinks, and later in that evening that opportunity would arise.

The car was lowered down, the engine block was removed, and now due to Feria having a slightly more extended lunch than the others was left alone with Ross in the garage while the other two ate in the breakroom.

Ross stands over the ferret while she's head deep into the front of the car, butt high in the air, tail swishing quickly from side to side, "Do you need any help? Any tools it can get you?" he asks.

"I got it. I don't need a toy to help me on this. I'm the only one flexible enough to unscrew these parts," she says, waving the toy off.

"You seemed very stress, anything toy can do to help with that?"

"Can you pay off a massive debt?"

He shakes his head, "Not that this one can think of, no, apologies."

"Then no, there is nothing you can do," she huffs, the clicking noise of a wrench is heard.

"It wishes it could do more. Just let this know."

"Look, the last thing I need is any help from a toooooooy!" she exclaims, her foot slipping, lowering her body deeper into the engine area, her pant button coming undone, "Damn it," she grunts, squirming and wiggling, "Well isn't this peachy."

"What is it? Need any help?"

"No, I got this, I'm just a little stuck."

"This one can help you get out."

"I said I got it, I don't need your help to get out," she says, wiggling and squirming the pants coming loose, sliding down to reveal she's been going commando this entire time, "God damn it... tell me if those two horn dogs are in here with me?"

Ross looks around, "No, they aren't," he replies, noticing the ferret's sex is puffy and wet, a visible shiver seen through her fur.

She sighs in relief, "Good"

"Anything else?"

She squirms within the car, tugging and pulling, only to lower her pants more, giving an even clearer view of her ever-growing heated sex. Feria's heart begins to pound and the cool air brushes against her warmth, "*God damn fuck it. Why am I turned on by this shit?*" she thinks, then saying, "Yeah, help deal with my issue there, okay?"

Ross grins, "With pleasure Miss," he says, grabbing the ferret's rump, her thumbs running across the wet folds.

"H-hey what are you doing?!"

"Helping you Miss like you asked," he says, giving another tender rub, parting the lips, revealing just how heated and wet she has become. He takes a moment to lick both of his thumbs, squeakily suckling on them as he savors the ferret's flavor.

"That is not what I-I-I...ahhhhh ffffuck," she exclaims, moaning softly as Ross' rubbery tongue runs across the folds, teasing and suckling along the warm vent.

"What was that Miss? It didn't hear that," he asks, hiking his own tail, giving another long tender lick across the folds, while his hands gently support the Feria, making her held up position a bit more comfortable while denying her the about to get out of it, keeping to the previous command to not to help her out of the truck.

Slow tender licks slowly pull-out soft moans that escape Feria's lips. Her tail stiffening, bapping against the toy's head and the roof of the hood with an audible metallic thump. Toes curling with each lick, tensing, relaxing, tensing relaxing. The rhythmic licks break down that harsh exterior, letting the lady to finally relax and have one of her essential needs tended to, the stress edged away under the soft loving licks of the renamon toy-to-be over her.

Ross wraps his entire mouth around Feria's sex, tongue sliding in deep, curling in and out of the folds, drawing out some of the delicious nectar that is being produced, a clear sign of just how much she's enjoying it.

The ferret knows if she tried she could yell and scream for the toy to stop, yet something in her stops herself from doing so. The cracks in her tough exterior continue to grow with the growing volume of her moans, which soon draw out the predatory scaley co-workers.

"Oh, what do we have here?" chuckles Kromm, approaching the pair, Ross not taking the time to explain, simply continue to lick and tease the ferret, preventing her from putting up much of a response at all.

Yet when Feria heard the dragon's words, her sex tensed, heart throbbed, the idea of being stuck like this, caught in such a compromising position made her body shiver, ache, bringing the pleasure to newer heights, the heat of the moment starting to burn away her judgement of the situation, letting it continue.

"We waited all this time to use the toy yet here you are using it when we went to eat dinner. How could you do that to us Feria? And here we thought you didn't like the toy," says Rash, with hints of sarcasm, crouching down to look under the car to see the ferret's blushing face, "You okay down there or do you need help?"

Feria moans, hands clenching onto parts of the car, her tools finally dropping, clattering to the floor.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"I say we help enjoy the toy then, I could go for another... ahh, a first try," says Kromm, when he catches Rash's gaze.

"I get the sex this...is my shop that I am running so I should get first try," he states, already undoing his pants.

"You know that is going to make it awkward when I pound the toy's ass. Every hole of it, should be in use," he states, crossing his arms, spreading his wings.

Rash pants him on the back, "I think you can find a way to accommodate it," he says, grabbing an extending undercarriage roller, rising it up, so he can slide himself right under the toy's sex, his cock twitching hard, hands on the toy's butt, driving Ross' sex down onto him, "See I helped," he said with a moan.

Kromm rolled his eyes, "Thanks, you're such a team leader," he remarks, removing his pants, climbing onto the bumper of the car, which bounces under his weight, taking his length and slipping into the toy's sissy hole, grabbing the renamon's tail in the process for extra support.

“Fuck watch it!” exclaims Feria, from the car bounce, gripping the car even tighter while Ross licks deeper into her wanting fold, the toy’s lips tug at the toy’s sides, pulling and toying with her sensitive flesh, making her scream in utter delight when Ross’ teeth ever so gently bite and pull on her vulva.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, yes,” she moans, getting into the moment even more, encouraging the toy to tease with her body, loving the feel of the renamon’s claws running through her fur, squeezing her ass, parting her lips more, so he could just continue to work her over.

With deft agility Ross squeezes and rides both guys behind him. His tight rear hole takes the massive cock with ease, while remaining impossibly tight, the rubber providing the stretch and give needed to take the length while making each thrust into his body feel like it's the ass' first time of taking something so large.

Rash growls in delight looking up at the dragon that towers over him, not minding the view as he bucks up into the renamon’s tight well lubricated hole. Harder and harder he thrusts into it, taking it for the best ride he’s ever had. The warmth slick hole making each thrust as slick as it can be, his balls bouncing up to smack hard against the toy’s crotch.

Kromm’s claws dig into the bumper as he thrusts faster, harder, making the partially disassembled car rock back and forth with each and every delightful thrust.

Ross’ body takes the punishment, absorbing some of the shock to make the ride better for everyone else. His breasts jiggling to show the force and strength of the dragon and raptor behind him, while still able to tenderly provide the attention that Feria needs to be brought closer to her well-deserved, earned and needed climax.

Feria is unable to stop herself as she makes loud dooking noises to show just how pleased and happy she is at this very moment. Her body clenching hard onto the car, barely noticing its rocking back and forth as her head sways back and forth, her sex clenching tightly onto the invading tongue as the heat burning within her grows ever hotter, till it simply bubbles over. Her hips spasm, tail stiffens, and a loud screech of pleasure escapes her lips as her hot ferret lubricant squirts out right into Ross’ awaiting maw, who has taken opportunity to wrap his entire moth around the ferret’s sex, allowing him to suck the juices right out of her.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she hisses, shuddering as the pleasure hits the peak. The other two still going at it for a few minutes longer, giving Ross the time, he needs to provide the gentle positive aftercare that Feria will need with slow tender cleaning licks across her wet exposed folds, holding her body up as the weight of the exhaustion of the hard climax hits her.

When the two men behind her reach their peak, unloading another but just as virile as the previous ones. Their hot essence gush into the needy renamon’s holes, which are hungrily suckled up and squeezed out of them.

Ross happily provides his service taking all of the essence he can get from both of them. They pant and moan in delight, Kromm being the first to slip out of the toy, some of his essence leaking out of the toy’s well-used rear, while Rash is pleased to just relax in his makeshift fuck bed, letting the toy’s sex squeeze and caress his softening member.

“I might say, this is one of the best late night shifts I have ever did work.”

Ross pulls his lips away from Feria's sex, giving one last nuzzle and soft cooling blow to make the ferret shudder and squirm within the renamon's grasp, "This one is pleased to hear it."

"As is this one," says K-2003, who is standing in the back of the shop, leaning against the back of the door, arms crossed its breasts, showing them off.

The three mechanics tense, Rash slips out from under the toy, jumping onto his feet, scrambling to put on his pants, while Kromm takes more relaxed approach, slowly slipping on his pants.

"Fuck, was there someone else watching?" Feria complains, thinking, "*Why is the thought of that making it that much hotter?*"

The sergal toy waves at them, "Don't mind this one. It is just here to pick up its toy as its time today has come to an end."

"Has it been sixteen hours already Mistress?" Ross says, still holding Feria in her position, tenderly rubbing the ferret's butt.

"No, but you don't work the entire time back here as this recycling center tends to close down by now. It wasn't expecting a long shift to happen like this."

Kromm snerks, "Recycling center?"

Rash adjusts his pants, "We had a long shift, and we were catching up. Toy here helped us relief some stress."

"This one is glad to hear it."

"We do have some long quotas to fill the next few days, will be okay we have the toy around during the entire time?"

"Well, if it is to help, this one can't say no. Recycling is important."

Rash slowly nods, "Right..."

"How much more time do you need?"

"Uh... two more hours?" he asks looking at Kromm.

"Two hours sounds good to me, Feria?"

Feria raises a hand, "I'd love to be part of this conversation, but I need a little help getting out of this."

Ross answers, "This one can help if you want it now Miss."

Feria sighs, "Yes please."

Ross with tenderness and care pulls her out, "There we go."

She looks over herself, a total oily mess on her upper half, pants hanging down by her ankles on the lower, "Yeah two hours will be good, I can't complain," she says with a blush.

K-2003 nods, "This one can manage that. It'll be back in two hours. Good luck you four," it says, waving, slipping out of the shop.

Kromm smirks, "I'd like to fuck that toy sometime."

"I wouldn't recommend it," says Rash.

"Why is that?"

"I hear it has ties to the boss' boss. And you don't want to get into that mess."

"Really?"

“It’s a rumor, but do you want to risk it?”

“I suppose so,” he says, looking over at the toy.

“Round three?”

“This one is here to be of service,” says Ross with a bow.

Feria glares at them, “Round three? You said this was your first time.”

Kromm shrugs, “Doesn’t matter.”

She sighs, “Let’s finish this job and then round three. After I take a shower.”

Kromm and Rash look at each other in surprise, “Are you suggesting all of us together?”

She reaches up and pats both on the sides, spreading her oily fingers on their clothes,

“What do you think,” she says with a wink, getting back to work.

Ross smiles, happily thinking, *“This one is doing such a good job. It can feel it. It’s nearly complete.”*

The First Rena Toy: Advertisement

All good things must come to an end, and the final day helping at the 'recycling center' pained Ross in a way he was not expecting. Having helped them achieve their work goals, positive working environment and having them relieve stress time and time again filled him with a sense of pride and delight that has become so normal in the way that he is as a toy. His body is complete, he knows that deep down, training the very best he could get over the past month. Today though has filled him with excitement, as he slips out of that mold, K-2003's tender hands caressing and squeezing his breasts, not a spec of that human's form remained, that was long since gone. Not even Ross' mind, for there's only one thing on its mind, outside of the sweet whispers of the programming that is persistent in the back of his mind while his previous self, felt ever more distant.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy serves."

"Toy loves to fuck."

"To serve is to service."

"To service is to fuck."

"A good toy is a good fuck toy."

"A good fuck toy obeys their owner."

"A good fuck toy obeys their Maker."

"K-2003 is fuck toy's Maker."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."

The sweet domineering hypnotic voice in the back of his mind is such a wonderful delight that makes his sex twitch, body ache for the warm loving touch of its Maker and any user that would want to have him, it softly moans as K-2003 presses up against it while still halfway in the mold, breasts squeaking loudly as they press up against one another, "This one hopes you enjoyed your last molding."

He shudders, "Toy's last molding? Does that mean it's done?" it asks with a hint of hopefulness, "This one has been working so hard to complete itself for you Maker."

K-2003 wiggles its butt, pressing itself closer to it, giving it a long deep kiss, the sergal's cyan tongue dives into Ross', coiling around his, letting him feed on that arousing toy mouth saliva, which makes the former human want to fuck all the harder, then the kiss is broken, the sergal gently bites the red and black rubber renamon's lip, their eyes meeting, as the sergal lets go, "Almost. But you have one last duty to perform before it will complete you and toy-to-be, will simply be a toy. Isn't that exciting!" it asks with another rump wiggle.

Ross shudders, pressing himself up against his Maker, claws tensing, pulling himself out of the mold, “Yes Maker, this one wants it so badly, it can taste it.”

“Good toy, come, come,” it says, reaching up, grabbing Ross’ tag, guiding it out the mold, the sergal’s tail brushing up against the renamon’s side, “You know, one day this one hopes we can get you a nice real digivice.”

Ross’ ear twitches, “What do you mean Maker?” it asks, head tilting to the side as they make their way out of the toy molding rooms, past a few other toys-to-be being molded into perfection, catching one that looks like another renamon toy, but with black main body base with green markings.

“One day it hopes we can do color shifting renamons with the use of a digivice. We can change a toy’s color now but it takes a while, but in the future? Perhaps it can make it more interactive. Won’t that be wonderful? It would be like those things the people do on the internet in their alternative lives.”

“That does sound nice, Maker, it will be happy to see it, though it will admit it loves its black and red rubber body. It’s not the traditional colors of a renamon, but for this one it feels,” it says, running its claws along its arms, “Fitting,” it says, enjoying its gloves attached to its body, “Is that why you are making another renamon toy of a different color?”

K-2003 looks back at him with a loving smile, “Not just color. Your material has that right mixture of submissiveness and dominance it needs as an introductory display toy model. That material is far more submissive and eager to obey. So many see renamon as a dominatrix of sorts, and it would like the introductory toy model to have that topping spark people might be looking for,” it explains the pair, heading toward the store floor.

“This one understands Maker. How much longer does that material have to go?”

“Another three weeks. It just acquired its material as you were working at the recycling center.”

“That would explain why it hasn’t seen it,” it says, the toy walking through the store floor which is on the verge of opening. Toys are rushing about, getting the last things in order, while they delve into the back to the “Toy Testing Rooms”

“What is this one’s last duty before it’s a completed toy Mistress,” he asks with eager delight, his sex twitching and dripping, arousal burning through him as they go the very end of the hallway to the last door on the left.

The sergal enters a keycode to unlock the door, “Simple, you are going to help show yourself off to the world in a new set of advertisements and as a reward once we are done, you’ll get to climax.”

A shiver runs down Ross’ spine, the one bit of toy programming in his head surges forward repeating itself over again, “*Good toys get to cum. Good fuck toys get to cum. Good fuck toys get to climax. Good fuck toys don’t climax till they are told to.*” That sense of a possible climax, almost forgotten by him up until this point, “M-mistress,” he says with a soft huff, sex tensing up at the thought.

K-2003's claws gently caress the renamon's muzzle, "Relax toy. Much work to do, and we're going to get you a bit of new gear. Isn't that going to be exciting? Going to make you look even more toy'ed up, and it will be so very delightful to have you appear domineering with it on too," it says with an affirmative nod, the door clicking open, the sergal guiding them inside to a rather large 'living space'.

To the right is a large black rubber canopy bed with cyan pillows, surrounding it is a bunch of cameras and video recording equipment, as well as a box and polish ready to be used. To the left across from this open bedroom is an office door that has K-2003's name on the front, CEO of Toys-4-U. Deeper in is a kitchen dining room combo that is ready to be used, and at the very end of that is another door.

"Is this your room Maker?" he asks, looking around in awe.

"This is toy's home away from home... though it is here so often it could say its home is its home away from this home. A curious perspective," it says, rubbing its chin, then shrugging the thought off, "On the bed toy as this one gets everything set up for you. We'll start with a lot of still and teasing shots, before we go into any video advertisements."

"As you wish Maker," he says, hiking its tail, sauntering over toward the bed, climbing on top, its sleek rubber body squeaking against the bed sheets and itself, "Like this?" he asks, turning to look at it, noticing the sergal is busy adjusting and checking all of the equipment.

"Yup! Perfect... oh, it has an idea, it might do some video first, come back from the bed and we'll do a video shot of you cli... wait not yet, it has a better idea," it says excitedly, rushing to the box, grabbing some rags and Toys-4-u brand polish, tossing it over to him, "Catch."

With great ease he catches the items, holding them close to his chest, "What is it that you are planning Maker?"

"Use Toy Mistress for the moment. With recording equipment going, best to act as if in public."

"As you wish Toy Mistress."

"Good toy," it says with a sly grin, and rump wiggle, the toy bouncing in its step.

Ross softly moans, "What next?"

It boots up a few cameras, grabbing one itself, "Polish yourself, slowly, tenderly, and we can use the footage in future adverts."

Ross shudders, feeling a surge of delight move through him, "With pleasure Toy Mistress," he says, grabbing the polish, taking note its black cherry scented and flavored. He pours the clear cool liquid onto the white microfiber cloth, soaking it, before running it across his smooth rubber body. He gently moans, sex quivering as it caresses his sides, along the ying-yang symbol on his thighs, the barely noticeable dullness replaced by a near mirror finished shine.

K-2003 moves into position, getting close up as the cloth runs across Ross' smooth female body, along the curves and crevices of his form, running it along the underside of his leg, lifting it up for the camera, giving a clear view of the toy's twitching, aching already wet sex, which when he spreads his legs to show it off, and run the polishing cloth across it. He softly

moans, gasping in delight, squeaking loudly but the sex shines and glistens twice as much as before under the camera lights.

“That’s it, show the people what they want, caress and polish that lovely butt of yours,” K-2003 encourages with a rump wiggle, yet somehow able to keep the camera still.

With a sultry moan he responds, “With pleasure,” he turns around on the bed, the luckiest cloth in the world moves across the toy’s thigh, along its smooth tender supple ass, the black and red latex shining even brighter, the toy-to-be arching his back, showing off his breasts as they grind and press up against the bed, while he not only polishes his ass but squeezes it firmly with each squeaking polish.

“Don’t forget your tail,” K-2003 sings.

“This one won’t,” he says, running the cloth along the underside of the tail, showing off his sweet fuck holes, tight and eager to be used, the cloth having already polished them to a brilliant glistening shine. He pants lustfully, ready to accept and take any takers, giving his rear a little shake, the cloth running along the entire underside of the toy-to-be’s tail before he sits down, pulling the tail forward to polish the top.

His claws gently run across its sleek skin, pressing into his firm press, showing how tender and delightful the tail is, pressing it up against his body, pressing it between his breasts, while he constantly polishes the rubber. He looks right into a camera, giving a playful wink before licking across his tail tip, tenderly suckling it with a wanting suckling squeak. Showing some teeth as it bites the end ever so gently.

K-2003 gives a silent thumbs up in approval, moving around, getting different angles, its own squeaks drowned out by how active Ross is.

The nearly completed renamon toy let’s go of the tail, showing bits of polish left along his front, showing the splotches of extra shine. He gets onto his knees, pointing them out to keep his sex exposed while the clothe runs across his form, kneeling up as he moans in ever high-pitched voice, running his hand across his muzzle, spreading some of the polish there, claws gently running across his lips, the moans growing all the more eager while the cloth simply makes her body shine from below her breasts down.

“It feels so *good* when this one is polished,” it says in a sultry tone, gently biting his finger, tongue coiling around it, pulling it into his mouth for a softer muffled moan suckle. The cloth in his other hand, cupping one of the breasts, squeezing and fondling them, showing off their bounce and firmness, the nipples perky, and aching.

Ross’ black claws run across the shiny red nipples, giving them a pinch and a tug, letting it slip through his fingers so it can bounce and jiggle back into place. The white cloth now pressed between his breast and lower arm, getting the underside of the single melon as the claws dance circles around his areola. The shiny black claws press against the nipple, pushing it in, letting it bounce back, another muffled moan and gasp, his sex twitching in delight, expressing the levels of pure pleasure he’s feeling.

Ross’ finger comes out of his mouth with a loud audible pop, a trail of salvia from his lips goes to his claw tip. With both hands free he takes the time to polish and squeeze both

breasts together, squeezing them into a single uni-boob for moments at the time, getting them to shine as the rest of his body, before taking the cloth to polish along his sides and under his arms, getting everything from the neck down, in slow tender movements.

Ross gives another teasing wink toward the camera, running the cloth over his gloves and glowing cuffs that have the red cursive lettering “Fuck Toy” on it. The sensation of knowing countless people will be seeing him like this fills his body with an even hotter fire, which is stoked by his own words, “This one can’t wait to meet all of you and let you polish it,” it says, running its claw over his lips again, polishing its head, making it shine like the rest of his body.

K-2003 puts the camera back onto its stand, stepping into view with a teasing ass shot, tail hiked just a bit to just *almost* see what its hiding, “We here at Toys-4-U are very happy to show off our newest toy model, the long awaited Renamon toy, but even this powerful toy can’t polish all of itself with ease,” it says, holding out its hand.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” it says submissively, handing the cloth over to the sergal, which takes it and starts to polish the toy’s back. Ross shudders and moans as more polish is poured along its backside, enjoying the cool sensation before his body warms it up. The sergal’s tender hands running across its backside, the sweet smell of the polish fills the room, adding to the already heavy scent of latex.

K-2003 kneads and massages Ross’ back, making sure it shines as good as the rest, before pressing its breasts against his back, with a long drawn-out squeak. The sergal’s hands caressing and reaching out from behind to give Ross’ breasts a firm squeeze before the camera, while it nuzzles and kisses the renamon toy on camera. The toy’s already shiny body reveals that it has been this well-polished the whole time, “And here at Toys-4-U, we really, *quality* test our toys,” it says, giving the breasts a firm squeeze, the toy’s cyan claws pinching both nipples at the same time, tugging at them, “Don’t we toy?”

He shudders, toes curling up, hands reaching back to grip K-2003’s rubber thighs, giving them a firm wanting loving squeeze, arching its back, showing off the breasts even more as they are tenderly played with, gasping out in delight, “Yes Toy Mistress we do.”

K-2003 moves in to give the toy another deep passionate kiss, locking eyes with him, as their gazes softly glow at one another, Cyan to Red. Their cuffs jingle while unseen in the cameras, K-2003’s tongue slithers down into Ross’ throat, giving it a taste of a deep tongue throat fucking. More of its arousing mouth juices flowing into the nearly completed toy, while its clitoral hood breaks its seal over its sex, letting the equally arousing aroma of its hot needy vent to start filtering out into the room.

Somehow, beyond anyone’s comprehension Ross’ arousal begins to steadily grow to even knew heights, leaning into the kiss, pressing himself up against his Maker, hiking his butt to press up his tail against the toy’s sex, feeling the wet warmth of it. The direct contact with the toy’s arousing sex, feeding into his skin, making his sex quiver while moaning into that deep passionate kiss, submissively suckling the tongue.

Slowly the kiss is broken, a trail of saliva between their lips is broken when K-2003’s forked tongue licks across the renamon’s lips, “Good toy,” it compliments.

Ross whimpers in delight, unable to formulate any words as steadily, teasingly, K-2003 pulls away from him, leaving him a wanting hungry mess, panting in lustful need, falling onto all fours, breasts hanging, jiggling with each move he makes, tail hiked, swaying quickly, eagerly, sex dripping with lust as a small 'spot' of K-2003's translucent cyan juices could be seen at the base of his tail if one was to look close enough.

"Good, now we'll do some still images and shots, then a few recordings as you are now before we get some more toy-appropriate gear on you as part of your future finalized standard model," K-2003 explains, adjusting the cameras, checking up on all of them, "We'll start with some bashful teases, hiding your most sensitive bits from the camera. There's a lot of users that like to *want* to see what you have behind there more than actually *seeing* it," it explains.

"With pleasure Toy Mistress," he says, taking a pose where his arm covers the breasts and the other hand his twitching aching sex. There's poses where the tail is used instead, or a leg, changing angles of the cameras, several dozen photographs of him giving teasing poses before going to something far more adult and teasing.

"Here, use this to help," states K-2003, tossing him a renamon dick shaped dildo.

"How do you want this one to use it, Toy Mistress?" it asks, running its fingers over the yellow, white and purple colored silicone rena-dick.

"Surprise this one, and if you miss anything, it'll let you know. Show this one what you have learned, and let the world see what a good slutty fuck toy you can be when its required," it says with a playful wink, the toy's rump hiking in excitement, tail held high, its clit hood digging into its own sex, to swirl around its own juices.

Ross smirks, taking the dildo, pressing it between his breasts, then squeezing the breasts together to hold it there as he gently licks the tip, suckling it like the needy member it represents. His Maker grabs the camera again to get some video while snapping pictures along the way. He then shifts to place the dildo before him, butt hiked in the air, breasts squeezed against the latex bed sheets while he tenderly licks and holds the dildo against his muzzle, licking along the base to the tip, then sickling it down in one giant gulp, bobbing its head on it again and again and again.

"Good, good keep it up, show this one everything you got."

After a playful wink at the camera Ross takes the toy and places it on the bed, gently grinding his sex against it, showing how hot and bothered he's become. Slowly, tenderly he goes down on it, one hand keeping the dildo still, the other either being used for him to bite his finger for a more submissive look, pleasantly squeeze his breasts for a slow pleasure, to the lifting the breast up to his muzzle to suck his teat for the most lewd and raunch of displays.

But the dildo has far more to go, laying on her back, feet up, he shows his inhuman flexibility, bringing his head up to his sex, legs pushed behind his arms, the dildo gently running across the hot vent and needy fuck holes. He does a display of the dildo shoved into his sissy fuck port while spreading the needy wanting primary fuck vent. In another he's licking the wanting dripping sex, body pushed to the heights of sexual tension and pleasure. In the back of

his mind he thinks, *“If it shows what a good toy it is. It gets to cum. Good toys get to cum. It is a good fuck toy and it will display that to Maker.”*

The bubbling desire to fuck and be fucked. His toes curl, body squeaking loudly, breasts squeezed tightly up against his body in this contortionist form, taking time to dip the dildo into her sex then lick clean his own wanting fluids, expressing just how open and ready he is to take anyone willing to approach, with another one of those playful winks into the camera, then goes to gently bite her own sex, tugging at her needy wet lips, showing off the red tender dripping sensitive toy rubber, pulling on it hard till it slips through its teeth, a lustful moan escaping its lips.

K-2003 thumbs up again from behind the scenes, getting close ups, taking dozens of more pictures from the other preset cameras, “Keep it up, show the crowd more, give some dominance with the submissive lust.”

Ross, who was busily suckling the dildo in his mouth, fingers spreading its sex, while the third middle digit slips deep into the needy hole, showing off the dripping red translucent fluids. Slowly it takes the dildo out of its hungry maw, licking at the tip, “With pleasure Toy Mistress,” it murmurs with a loud squeak, releasing its legs, going through several lewder displays, one where he shows off his ass, but the dildo is blocking the hot vent and hole, another where its exposed.

“Now use this,” K-2003 says, tossing a riding crop to him.

A sly grin comes across his face, running the crop across his own body, smacking its breasts, letting out a sweet-sounding smack mixed with a moan, “Yes Toy Mistress.”

“Toss the dildo back to this one,” it commands, the toy doing so before it then smacks itself on the ass, making sure it shows it off the cameras.

Ross hikes his rump, arching his back so the breasts jut out to another camera that is hungry for more. He moans eagerly, guiding the crop across his rubbery form, teasing, toying, letting it grind between his sex, using it to hide it, while other times part his sex, and slowly lick the dripping fluids off the tip.

There are times he slides off the bed so a down angle shot can look up at the toy with its domineering pose, the riding crop in hand. The props changing, at one time a leash and a collar is used, making the toy look like its ready to leash the person, take the user for walks, and make them submit to him.

Pleasure continues to funnel into his mind. The reward of a climax at the end of this, is just a bonus, icing on the cake, but this, what he’s doing right now? Is the real meat and potatoes of the event. To constantly show himself off, to show off his Maker’s work before the cameras, with so many countless eyes that will be looking at him for unfortold amounts of time, to bring people in an effort to get himself sold to the next customer willing to pay for him, it’s absolutely *heavenly*.

When he takes a similar domineering pose on the side of the bed, the camera facing up to get a good view of its sex hungry form, the perfect renamon toy ready to take you out for a long ‘walk’.

“Perfect!” K-2003 says, stepping into view of the cameras, the sergal reaching to grab the leash and collar, “You’re doing great, but now its to shift the angle and show what a good toy you are,” it says, pressing itself up against the other toy, breasts squeezed, from the side camera view. The sergal tenderly takes the leash from the other toy, steadily unleashing the empty collar, letting it tumble to the ground.

The camera between their legs have a clear view of K-2003’s clitoral hood reaching up and giving the renamon’s sex a soft tender ‘lick’ a few drops of toy juices hitting the lens at the very end, before K-2003 pushes the renamon onto its back, the bed creaking under its weight, the sergal using the leash to clasp onto the toy-to-be’s collar, giving it a nice firm tug, pulling the toy toward it, so their sexes remain kissing, “Good fuck toy.”

“Toy Mistress,” he moans, gasping, legs wrapping around his Maker, grinding himself against the other toy’s sex, feeling the soft tender licks of the sergal’s hood.

“What is it toy? Are you horny?”

“Yes.”

“Are you needy for this one’s touch?” it asks, tugging the leash harder.

“Yes.”

“Do you want to cum in front of the cameras? For all to see what just a *good* fuck toy that you are?”

“YES!” he exclaims body shuddering.

K-2003 grins domineeringly, “Very good, sit up toy, on the bed,” it commands giving the leash a firm tug.

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” he moans, scrambling to regain his composure, getting on the bed, presenting like a needy wanting puppy, “Like this Toy Mistress?”

It reaches out gently caressing the toy-to-be’s head, “That’s a good toy, leg up,” it commands as it climbs onto the bed.

“Like this?” he asks, using one hand to hold its leg up, leaning on the other to keep its balance.

“Perfect,” it responds, pulling the leash under the leg, bringing it up from the back, “Down.”

“Yes, Toy Mistress,” it says, doing so.

“Good toy,” it says, pulling the leash, which grows tight, sliding between Ross’s breasts and up along his wanting hungry sex. His Maker’s hand caresses his back, pushing him forward and up, showing off his body to the cameras, while the leash is kept nice and taught against his sensitive parts.

Toy Mistress,” it moans, clenching his hands into fists, mouth open, tongue hanging out as it enjoys the moment of pure unadulterated bliss.

K-2003 grinds the leash back and forth under the renamon’s tail, grinding the leash against the toy’s sensitive parts, making sure the camera can see the leash bounce and rub over the toy’s breasts as they wiggle and jiggle, snapping back to place.

With slow deep breath pants, he tries to keep himself calm, gently bucking against the leash, grinding himself hard as he's held down to his Maker's prowess. K-2003 moves in close to him, its hot breath blowing into his ear, feeling that warm wet tongue lick across his ear lobe, shuddering it speaks to him.

"That's a good fuck toy, twitch and moan loudly for the camera, as it has the next gift for you before you can reach your blissful climax."

Ross whines out, shivering, spreading his legs, showing off his body to the cameras, reaching up to grip his own breasts, till K-2003 bites the leash to hold it in place, rushing to grab the toy's hands, pulling them behind his back.

"No toy," it says with muffled words, "Only this one gets to touch you right now."

"Y-yes Toy Mistress," it says with a gasp.

"Good toy," it says, pulling the leash harder, sandwiching Ross' hands between them, pinning them nice and tight while it grips the toy-to-be's mounds, its cyan blue claws sticking out compared to the renamon's black rubber. It toys with them, squeaking loudly as the claws dance and massage the breasts together, showing off just how delicate yet tough the renamon's squeakers are.

Ross whimpers in delight, twitching and squirming against his Maker, not daring nor wanting to against it, and all its teasing glory. His body burns with endless lust that has overtaken all senses, but that is just another moment of being a blissful *good* toy that he has become.

Suddenly K-2003 stops, pulling its claws away, letting the leash become lax, "Wait here toy, as this one gets your gear."

With a soft pant he replies, "Yes Toy Mistress," the relaxation from the high just as toying as was the actual act. Keeping his hands behind his back, breast showing off, a good eager toy, waiting for their next command. It doesn't take his Maker long to come back into view of the cameras with red and black body and head harness with metal rings.

While showing the gear off to the cameras the sergal says, "This is a possible attachment designed for our new renamon toy models. The head and body harness. They attach to the toy's collar with ease, making them locked into place, and give that real extra bit of a rena-slut that it knows some of you are really looking for," it says with a wink to the camera.

"Open your mouth toy, this part goes into your mouth."

"Ahhh," he says, the metal rings slipping around his renamon ears, a detachable bit goes right into his mouth, the metal rings pressing up against the start of his muzzle lips. The straps tie around his head, with easy attachments to blind him, if his Maker so desired, for now though once the head harness is locked into place, attaching to his collar, the bit is removed, and the ball gag is added in its place.

"With multiple attachments, there are all kinds of fun you can have," K-2003 advertises, while slipping on the matching body harness. The heart shaped metal rings press against the renamon's upper chest, sides, and belly. The straps go around his breasts, along his chest, and belly, with a special connection around the base of his tail that a detachable strap goes straight

between his legs, pressing up against Ross' needy sex, "Even this has options," K-2003 explains, removing the crotch strap, revealing the renamon toy's hot and needy sex.

"It's completely compatible with our cuffs and collar, bound to every toy," it says with an affirmative nod, pushing Ross onto the bed, "Spread eagle."

"Yes Toy Mistress," he replies, exposing himself further to the toy, which takes the moment to pull out hidden straps tied to the bed, which it then slowly attaches to his cuffs on his wrists and ankles, locking the toy nice and tight against the bed.

K-2003 grabs the leash giving it a firm tug, "Even a domineering renamon like this could be humbled into nothing more than a whimpering fuck toy," K-2003 explains, standing over the toy, foot on Ross' chest, while pulling the leash taut.

The squirming squeaking rubbery mess underneath the sergal whines and whimpers, begging for more love, wanting to be touched and played with, screaming, "This one wants to be a good toy!"

The sergal's foot squeezes and fondles the renamon's breasts, "See how eager it is? All Toys-4-U toys are made out of the highest quality materials sold at the highest quality price, for you!" it says with delight, reaching down and unleashing him.

Ross pants and squirms, tugging on the constraints, pleased at how tight and strong they are. Helpless he remains there while K-2003 takes time with some pictures, getting all sorts of angles while it wiggles and squirms there. But then when the sergal climbs back onto the bed, their eyes locked and deep down... he *knew* that devious lovely Maker of his was up to something delicious.

The sergal's claws gently run across the toy's naked sex, with one hand, camera held in the other, "Look at how sensitive and reactive our toys are. So ready to take you, to want you, to beg for your name."

"Toy Mistress, please take this one!"

K-2003 moves in closer, lowering its head down to gently lick across those wanting folds, diving into the warm hot vent, curling its tongue to draw out some of the delicious fluids, "Such a wonderful tasting toy. Are you ready for it toy?"

"Yes, Toy Mistress. This one wants it so badly," it says, limbs shaking, body aching, hips wanting to buck up, but the weight of his Maker's gentle touch feels more like the world pressing down upon him, impossible to fight against.

"Good toy, you may cum in sixty seconds... no... better yet, you *will* climax in sixty seconds, starting now," says K-2003, moving down licking across the renamon's hot wanting vent. The toy's mouth taking the entire opening into its mouth with a hungry wanting squeaky suckle. Holding up the camera over its head to get as close of a look as possible.

Ross feels the devilish tongue diving deep into his body, the timer in his mind activated. It felt so blissful so wonderful, "*Toy will cum in fifty seconds.*"

"*Toy will cum in thirty-seconds.*"

The pleasure building up, higher, higher, the damn that held it all back ready to burst, the ocean of built-up pleasure from the entire month, all for this one single moment.

“Toy will cum in ten seconds.”

“Nine.”

“Eight.”

“Seven.”

“Six.”

“Five.”

“Four.”

“Three.”

“Two...”

Time slows down, the proof will be in this pudding that it has been a good toy, that it as a good toy can finally get to climax.

“One...”

“Climax.”

The First Rena Toy: Programming

“Climax...”

“Climax...”

“Climax!” The collar’s voice echoes within Ross’ mind, the thirty days of training. Thirty days of conditioning. Thirty days of being locked up, unable to climax, despite how many times he was fucked, it was always forever away. He learned that the greatest bliss did not come from his self-indulgence but from serving another. To give another pleasure, and to be rewarded for it without *expecting* the reward brought forth this mind-numbing climax. The pure ecstasy of the moment, having pleased one of the most important people in the world. Maker. As his hot female toy juices gushed out, sex quivering as he floods his Maker’s maw with his essence. What a joyous feeling to have Maker’s mouth on his hot vent, better than it was its tongue that pulled and tugged at his sensitive rubber flesh in ways that he could not imagine, his old life a distant memory if even that at this point. The mind numbing climax continued, drawn out by his Maker’s cyan forked tongue, unsure when it would stop, not wanting it to stop, swimming in this endless bliss.

K-2003 caresses its claws across the toy-to-be’s body, feeling the former male human’s last climax before he’ll be completed and become the toy that his material has always meant to be. The black and cyan sergal toy, far larger than the toy before it, caresses across the black and red renamon’s form, tracing along the body harness, giving them a playful tug.

Ross groans, mind drawn away from that blissful climax just for an instant, feeling the movement of his body harness across his sensitive latex renamon body, only to realize the ploy his Maker has given, the break from the focus has made the ebbing climax all the more *intense*, “Thank you Toy Mistress for such a wonderful climax,” it says with a heavy pant, not truly needing to breath but expressing his own exhaustion and how much he exerted himself in front of the cameras that have cough the entire display.

The sergal gives a few more long squeaky suckles, it’s saliva just as arousing as the aroma its sex gives off, keeping Ross on edge, but the cameras positioned get a clear view of the well spent renamon’s sex when it pulls its head back, tongue caressing the vent, cleaning up whatever the toy could have missed, polishing the toy’s crotch clean, sitting up over the renamon toy, pressing its butt to the toy’s breasts, its tail brushing against the renamon’s strap covered face, “This one thinks that is a wrap, don’t you think toy?”

With a soft moan he responds, “If you think so Toy Mistress,” it huffs, taking in the wonderful moment.

K-2003 reaches behind it, gently petting him on the head, rubbing its ears with a squeak, “Good toy,” it says, sealing its sex with its clitoral hood once again, letting the arousing aroma slowly fade from the room. It gets off him, shutting down the cameras and audio recording devices, freeing the rubber renamon from his bondage, “Now toy,” it says, running its claw along his chin, “Ready to be completed?”

A shiver runs through his body, tail swishing against the bed with a long drawn-out squeak, leaning against his Maker's touch, "With every fiber of its being Toy Mistress."

As it grabs the toy-to-be's collar, giving it a gentle tug, "Come toy. You've waited long enough, and your material is now properly prepared to be completed."

He softly shudders, biting his lower lip, sex quivering, the climax pleasure fading but still lingering deep within his body, like hotly burning embers that refuse to fully cool. The taste of that climax only left him wanting for another, ready to obey without a second thought, to be the perfect *good toy* that he's meant to be.

Led to the far end of the room, going through the security door without a care in the world. His hips sway, tail following in his hip's wake, following his Maker, eyes locked on Maker's sleek black rubber and cyan body, that small dulling of his arousal quickly sharpening, reaching back to its burning height that it was just moments before, feeling that it's 'just right' for him to have. He doesn't notice passing the security guard's break room, but does catch the next security door, which is made of metal, and a rather long security code, but once it clicks open he can't help but watch his Maker's butt wiggle in excitement.

"Almost there!" it says, pulling the toy into a small room with two silver cylindrical charge pods with a computer in the middle that connects them, "If you'll be so kind as to step in front of the right pod and get in when it opens, we can begin!"

With wide eyed excitement he approaches the pod, running his rubber fingertips across the cool smooth metal, "With pleasure Maker," it says, taking notice that the door has not only closed but auto locked behind them.

"Toy knows you'll have plenty of pleasure in just a moment," it says, the sergal toy humming, typing into the computer, a moment later the pod opens with a soft hiss, revealing a black latex interior, "Step inside please, back in first. Almost forgot to mention that."

His eyes lock on the pod, admiring the glossy insides, clenching his sex with delight, "Yes Maker, with pleasure," he says, turning around, stepping tail first into the pod, hearing the squeak of the latex grind against his skin, leaning back into it.

"Are you fully in?"

"It is Maker."

"Good, just relax and let this one do the rest of the work," it says.

The pod hisses, closing around him. A moment later the pod inflates, locking him into place, and for the first time the pod is molding around him. Once he's totally bound, unable to move an inch, there is a familiar yet strange tingle that happens in the back of his neck, running up his spine and into his mind, as a synthetic voice speaks.

"New Hardware detected. Running diagnostics, one moment please...." sometime later it speaks again, *"Diagnostics complete. Error: no core toy programming found. Running query. Query complete. Preparing to upload Version 1.032.06. Running toy program now."*

"No core toy programming? But this one is a good toy isn't it?" he thinks.

"You are a very good toy, but every toy needs help in knowing all there is to need to know about being the *best* toy it can be," the voice of K-2003 whispers out into his ears.

“Maker?” he calls out, reaching forward, suddenly finding himself able to move, “Isn’t this one in the pod, how could it move?” he mutters, catching a light in the darkness, “What’s that?” he asks himself, walking over to it, and before he knows it he’s standing before a full bodies mirror with the reflection of... himself? But not the sleek, lovely female renamon toy he is now, but of the human that he *was*. The slender male, strong yet, could be so much more. He touches his face, watching the human touch his own.

“What is this, this one can’t look like that,” he says, reaching out to touch the mirror, and the moment he does, he’s engulfed in a bright light, that blinds him to everything yet does not burn and give the sense of being blind, just an impenetrable light that he can’t see past.

Once its vision clears, it notices that same human in the mirror held in leather bondage, forced in a kneeling position, with signs that hang over his body, “Fear, Anxiety, Lust, Arousal, judgment, and uncertainty.” Each hung over a different part of his body with fear over his gagged mouth, and arousal over his crotch, “How very curious,” it says, leaning forward, showing off its body to the bound human.

Ross is completely bound, trapped, held, so weakened by everything yet unable to look away from the toy that he has become. He sees what it sees, hears what it hears, feels what it feels, the dichotomy that is completely one sided. He stares into the renamon toy’s lovely eyes, drawn them, aroused by the perfect body yet torn by all that is happening, it’s then he catches the toy’s designation R-3132

“What could this be about?” it wonders, hiking its tail, spreading its legs just a little bit, putting its hands on its thighs for balance, “This one wonders if it could help you out of there,” it says, reaching forward to touch him.

The human huffs and tugs at the chains that rattle into the dark empty space around him, noticing a sleek black dripping red tentacle standing out in the darkness by its latex sheen. It slithered near the renamon’s ankles, while another set, moved along the toy’s back side and in one quick motion before it could touch him, lifted the renamon in the air, spreading its legs wide, while pulling the arms over its head, suspending it there, leaving Ross to not only see it all but feel the burning aching arousal within the toy.

“Oh, this one was not expecting this,” it moans, feeling the sleek latex run across its cuffs, coiling around its legs, gently squeezing its body with long drawn-out squeaks. Another tentacle runs across its backside, along where its spine would be, forcing the toy’s breasts out, before it slithers down the toy’s crotch, the black latex tentacle pushes up into her hot wanting sex, sliding in nice and deep, parting its wet hungry lips. It softly moans, clenching on it, enjoying how it pulls against its rubber, spreading it open wider as it slides in ever deeper, “And how lovely is this.”

Ross grunts, feeling that odd sensation of having a female sex while his human length presses against the chastity, his body straining for more when he feels the toy’s tail slowly get coiled by another tentacle, tugging at it, till it runs under, ‘licking’ across the toy’s sissy port, slowly, tenderly pushing in. The tail tentacle slithers across the toy’s tail, letting it easily push

and dive in nice and deep into the toy's body, leaving him feeling the bliss the toy is pleasing, further draining his mental defenses.

Tendrils spider out of the tentacle that runs across its back, sliding across the front of the toy's breasts, forming a tight squeezing fish net, but also slide across its hard aching nipples, giving them a fondling tease, as they are tight squeeze. Some of the tentacles run under its body harness, tugging and pulling at its straps.

It tugs and jerks at each source of pleasure, and then a swirl of black and red latex tentacle comes out of the 'ceiling' and with an open mouth, it approaches the toy's lips. It licks across the tip, enjoying the surprisingly flavorful taste, with that hint of latex underneath. Tongue coiling around it, drawing it into its mouth which it firmly suckles with a deep hungry moan, letting it slide in nice and deep into its maw, letting it pump in and out of it, like all of its eager holes.

"I feel so exhausted... so tired. I barely feel like I can keep myself together," Ross thinks, shuddering, feeling that sleek rubber move in and out of the toy, the sensation moving through him, becoming so hard to tell what the *toy* is feeling and what *he* is feeling. Or was it really the same? When was there a break between him and the toy before him? It's been becoming ever more difficult to think, to process thoughts. Even his earlier thoughts just now were far more draining than one could have imagined, the haze and fog constantly growing.

The whispers into his mind, the collar, he hears them, feels them, a deep part of him that he can't escape... or perhaps he's never wanted to escape but only lean into them further.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy services."

"Toy obeys."

"Good toys love to fuck."

"Good toys love their users."

"Good toys love their Maker."

"Maker is K-2003."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"Toy is a fuck toy."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."

The sweet domineering hypnotic voice speaking into the depths of his mind, providing the focus he wants, or perhaps *needs* but then he hears echoing into his mind, the voice of K-2003, *"Preparing to upload toy programing, one moment please..."*

The one simple though that Ross manages to think before he's bombarded by the start of the process, which the toy will happily accept is... *"Shouldn't it be download?"*

A flood of images come right into the toy's mind. Sex positions, the entire Kama Sutra and so much more just downloaded into its mind. Faster, more vivid, clear as day as to how to achieve them, to do them to others, to express the aching delight of how to express sex in so many different ways, a menagerie of styles to bring out the pleasure of another, but to remember there is more than just the positions but the sexual acts too.

There's more than just images and information, the experiences of other toys flooding into its mind. Each one lasts an instant but feels the entire experience as if it was happening in real time. The tentacles move in and out of its body adding some extra 'reality' to the moment, embracing it.

Another flash, another memory, pushed in an instant, feeling it flow in real time. The tongue coiling around a sleek blue throbbing dick. The taste of latex all along the toy's tongue, a soft mew of pleasure escaping the other one's mouth. The person on the receiving end is latex but doesn't feel nor sound like a toy. Bobbing its head faster and faster till the sweet taste floods its mouth, suckling it down nice and deep while giving the balls a squeaky fondle.

"That's good toy, you are an expert at that," says a sweet loving voice.

The cyan tongue licks the dick clean, the black rubber muzzle giving another passionate suckle and kiss on the tip, "Thank you, this one does like long hard practice sessions," it says with a nod and a rump wiggle.

The mewtwo chuckles, "I'm sure you do, want to go back to female training? I think I could give you a few more pointers from my experience."

It gently nuzzles the mewtwo's rubber dick, "This one would enjoy that very much Thyrsta. It appreciates you taking the time to help it improve its skills for the future toy units," it says, eyeing the mewtwo's dick shift back into a wet and hungry female sex.

Thyrsta gently pets the toy on the back of its head with its balled rubber fingertips, "I'd really like to see your company succeed, and I honestly don't think you'll put us dominatrixes out of a job," she says with a teasing wink.

It slowly licks across those tender dark blue folds, the toy's angular muzzle pushing into the folds, ready to tug at the sex with its lips, giving a nice tender suckle, while occasionally using its muzzle as a dildo into the rubber mewtwo's folds, the toy eventually saying between face fucks, "This one would never want to intend to do that, only compliment the lovely work you do."

Thyrsta chuckles, petting the sergal's head, rubbing it behind the ears, "Well that's good to hear."

There were more perspectives like this from Maker's perspective, giving some of its skills to the nearly completed toy. Yet there is so much more, different toys, different view points, different sexes to fuck and pleasure. Understanding different species' dicks, clits, and everything in between, though even with this massive compiling of information, the toy can get a sense there is *more* to learn, more than it can add to this collective knowledge but for now the toy receives those sweet words.

“Upload complete, toy program installed,” states Maker’s sweet domineering voice, that sends shivers through its body. The toy’s vision clears, the tentacles around it become clear, the human before it only a few feet away is completely exhausted, panting, moaning, barely able to keep any kind of conscious thought in their head.

The tentacles slowly pull out of the toy’s body, the soft moans muffled at first by the one tentacle deep in its mouth but as it pulls away, the toy gives it a passionate lick kiss goodbye, “This one feels so much better, and eager to please,” R-3132 says with slow hip sway, looking at the bound up human with hungry eyes, “This one can just see how much you’d like to be released, but what can it do to provide it?” it asks, crouching before him, trying to look him in the eyes.

“Save him, help him. Then touch him, and it’ll start to become clear.”

“Yes Maker, this one trusts you,” it says, reaching out, touching the squirming human. The moment it touches him there’s another moment of blinding light and within an instant rolling across the now grey tiled floor. The spheres glow on the ground dozens... no hundreds of them, it stands up with concern, “What happened Maker?”

In front of a machine lies, with two holes, the first in green says keep, the other says, “Discard.” With a set of screens overhead with another spot that has a single spot for one orb that reads “Observe.”

It takes a half step back, “Maker what is this?” it asks, looking at all the spheres then back at the machine, glancing around in the endless darkness that surrounds it.

“This is one of the most important jobs you will do as a toy. You will search through his memories and decide which one to keep. You get one, and only one to pick. So pick wisely.”

It flicks its tail with a loud squeak, “Only one? And then the others are gone? Removing them?”

“Not removed. But only one can truly be preserved.”

“If not removed then why does it say discard? This one prefers not to just discard.”

“It’s to help you think deeply, passionately, and weigh each memory. For only one can be kept. It wants you to put as much effort into this if not more so as you did in becoming the perfect toy that you are. Do you understand?”

“That’s a lot of responsibility Maker, but this one believes it can do it,” it says, reaching down, picking up the first orb, placing it on the pedestal, watching a slightly faded memory from years ago, bits and pieces stitched together to form the mostly intact memory, the toy feeling the rush of feelings, sensations associated to it, knowing it feels very familiar and personal to itself, “Can this one have a maybe category and hold it off as it culls them down?”

“Yes, only when you confirm to keep the memory does it stay. You may transfer as many as you want to the temporary hold in the yes section. But remember once you select the one and confirm it. There is no going back. So choose wisely toy.”

“It will Maker, does this one have a time limit?”

“None, time has not as much meaning here as you think. So take all the time you need. It doesn’t want to rush you.”

“That’s good,” it says, sifting through the memories, each one unique, with different importance to it, some clear cut in their mind, others are hazy, foggy, with barely anything that is recognizable, just a simple memory almost lost to time with lingering emotions and feelings. Slowly, steadily, the toy works through each one. Some are quick and simple, pleasant, others are long, heavy, terrifying, and there are so many different kinds.

Slowly, steadily it sifts through the memories. Even the ones that leave the toy with an ache and sorrow are just as difficult as the ones that leave it with a pleasant warm feeling. Having to value a memory, a part of someone’s life, it’s life into something so simple as it makes it feel good or bad. The weight of the process grew to a task that was almost more than it could take. Each memory accepted in the discard, not quite ‘lost’ to it but became reduced in its mind, fading away into the ether.

Eventually the selection process was brought down to just a few dozen, then a dozen, then two... finally, it mulled over each one, watching its current probably selection on the screen. It’s a curious one a dream with a flashback. It was a time he went into a strip club, the first time. The sound of the music, the repressed excitement, nervousness about going to such a place for the first time. But he had a mission, a desire. To get away from the stress of school, the deteriorating family life that weighed on the back of his mind, and to get a glimpse of something he’s always wanted to see in person. An actual Renamon.

He wasn’t fully sure why he had a desire about them. Perhaps it was the live action show when he was younger, but he has always wanted to see one, perhaps get a lap dance from one and just discover what kind of person he was. His heart raced, the excitement built up, and he sat in a corner of the place, with the fret that he’ll be seen.

“This one isn’t sure why it’s so nervous, inexperience. At least now it knows better,” it thinks, tail flicking, leaning on the device, eyes glued on the memory, experiencing it from Ross’ point of view.

He’s delving into the unknown, a mission of self-discovery, a mixture of feelings, of wanting to take charge of his life, yet to relax, submit and let those worries, concerns, fears just melt away. There were other anthros here, and humans, the dancers were enticing but then... she came on. Gripping that pole, doing those moves, the traditional colored renamon wore black and red latex clothes, giving a real show, and everything just fell into place. His excitement to see her, but not only that to get to *know* her. His attraction to her was greater than anyone he’s ever dated before, a hungering lust that he had to temper, knowing how letting that get ahead of him could lead to dire things, but the fear of the moment wouldn’t stop him.

He saved up for this moment, and he managed to pay for a private lap dance. His heart raced, body ached, he knew the rules, and he intended to respect them no matter how much he just wanted to *touch* her and feel her fur.

“You’re new here, aren’t you?” she asks in a soft sweet voice that sends shivers down the human’s spine.

“Ah... yeah first time actually.”

“First time? Not many come here and ask for me on their first visit,” she says, her hips running across his pants as she could clearly feel his excitement through the fabric, “Just that excited to see me?” she asks with a wink.

“I always wanted to meet a renamon,” he says, tensing, as she grips his hands, guiding them to her hips, letting him feel her soft fur.

“Is that it? Because I’m a renamon?” she asks sweetly, continuing to sway her hips.

“I wanted to know.”

“Know what?” she asks in a sweet accusing tone.

“If what I have in my head matches reality, how I love how you all look. To know if my fantasy is fueling this feeling or it's something more.”

“And what’s the verdict?” she says, reaching behind her to undo her bra, letting her soft supple breasts break free.

“It’s not what I expected at all.”

“That’s quite alright,” she says with a giggle, “Fantasy can soften the faults of reality.”

He shakes his head, “No, no. You’re far better than what I have ever could have dreamed of. I know it's weird and such. But I always wanted to get to know more about renamons.”

She smiles, leaning forward, placing her hands on the chair he’s sitting on, giving a nice grind, as she could feel the wet spot forming on his pants, while his hands gently, slowly cautiously run through the fur on her hips, “You really want this, don’t you?”

“More than anything, because I had to know for myself. I couldn’t just let myself wonder how the truth is.”

“Hmmp,” she says, her breasts jiggling over his head, yet his eyes remain locked with hers, “You are an odd human, but I like that about you. Though perhaps it would be easier just to go up to one of us and ask instead of coming here,” she says with a playful wink.

He moans softly, regaining some of his composure, “You’re the only one I know, and I felt weird to go searching and go ‘Hey I hunted you down to learn more about you’ kind of gives that stalker vibes, you know what I am saying?”

She nods a long, “I see your point. Well, if you want to get to know renamons in general, hit me up, I’ll be happy to teach you so you,” she says the conversation fading in the memory, not due to the lack of importance of what he learned but something else.

The joy and bliss of getting himself away from the troubles that were gnawing at him. The calming soothing voice, that made it feel the pains of the world just melt away, his level of comfort increasing as the stress was pulled right out of him. To have that weight taken away even if it was just for a few minutes, it gave him confidence, reinvigorated him, and provided him with something that he was missing for what felt like forever. A core aspect of what it is like being a toy, having it not all sexual, but a greater whole and care of the person, of the user. It is what that renamon did for him, and what it now as a renamon would do for others.

“This one is sure; this is the memory it wants to pick.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, this one is, it thought about it very carefully, and doesn’t think any other memory is worth it.”

“Are you very sure? Not one of the other friends or family?”

“That was the other, but it was a bit lacking of what the core that led it to where it is now. It knows that this is part of what it is, and it would be missing far too much and understanding what it means to be the toy that it is, molded from the material that you selected Maker, molded into the perfect object to give that sensation to others, to know at the very depths of what it is, that this is its purpose, focus, and center of its existence? How could it now pick this one?”

“If you are sure, confirm the selection.”

“Yes Maker, it confirms its selection.”

“Selection confirmed, finishing toy programing Version 1.032.06,” says a synthetic monotone voice, the rest of the world around the toy fading away in the darkness, the one memory selected, protected, and contained within the toy’s mind, never to be forgotten and forever cherished. The darkness grew tighter and tighter around it, the sound of latex filled its ears, a hiss, the pressure around the toy’s body fades as the mold around it pulls away, tugging at its sensitive rubber body.

A few moments later there is another hiss, the door opens. It squints but it quickly adjusts to the bright light. Standing before it is its Maker, K-2003 with a big smile. The large toy reaches out and gently fondles its breasts.

“This one is very proud of the work you put into yourself. It could not have gotten such a wonderful near-complete toy as you without your help.”

“Near complete Maker? What more is there for this one to do?” it asks, softly moaning arching its back as it presses itself up against the sergal toy’s loving tender fondling squeezes.

K-2003 leans in eye to eye with its toy, “That is simple toy, one last quality test once we get the little last bit additions added to you.”

“What additions Maker?” it asks, sex quivering in delight, ready to embrace whatever its Maker has running through its mind.

With a firm yet gentle grip the toy pulls the renamon out of the mold, gently caressing the toy’s hips, fingers grinding across the smooth black rubber rump, “This one thinks a switch toy like yourself needs a little extra to help users get a good handle on you, so it was thinking,” it says, giving the renamon toy a soft tender kiss, claws caressing the toy’s rump.

“This one knows what you are thinking Maker, that is a wonderful idea, but it wants to hear you say those words,” R-3132 thinks, shuddering in delight, pleasure surging through it, knowing that it's done and everything else now is just ensuring everything meets its Maker’s high standards. Icing on the cake. Its eyes locked on the Maker’s lovely cyan glow, feeling the love and compassion it has for it, feeling itself getting lost in them while its arousal builds from the loving tongue twisting wrestling match happening between their lips.

Slowly the kiss is broken, strands of toy saliva between them stand and then break when K-2003’s tongue licks across the renamons, “That a lovely pair of handles just right here,” it

says, smacking the toy's hips, "Will be a lovely final addition for your floor presentation model. What do you think?"

It shudders, and moans at the smack, feeling the vibrations through its body, sex clenching hard, feeling how hot and wet it has already become, "That sounds like a lovely idea Maker, where do we go get it?" it asks with a hot and bothered huff.

"Simple, toy," it responds, running its claws along the Renamon toy's sides, claws tracing along the body harness that is separate from it but at the same time feels like it's a permanent part of what kind of toy that the renamon is. K-2003 leans in closer, pressing its breasts up against the new toy, leaning in to lick across the renamon's ear making it shudder and moan, "We go down to the main modeling rooms underneath the store where its R&D department is. Prototype toys get the best treatment to represent the best toys you are, and there we can get you prepared for the mass production and selling, now doesn't that sound..." it says licking across the toy's ear, giving it a soft bite, "Wonderful?"

It shudders, practically feeling itself brought to a climax right then and there if it was even allowed to do so, "Yes Maker, absolutely wonderful, it can't wait!" it exclaims, imagining what a wonderful feeling it must be to have handles.

K-2003 pulls back, gently running its thumb across the imported tag on the toy before it, "Good toy, come, let's get you completed."

Wide eyed and delighted it can only say, "Yes Maker, with pleasure."

The First Rena Toy: Finished Toy

R-3132 follows its Maker with complete glee and delight. Tail swishes happily hips swaying, following in toe with the most wonderful sergal toy that it knows, K-2003. The black and red rubber renamon toy is complete in mind and body... well mostly. A few added touches, the icing on the cake that has been baking for the past thirty days is to get the *pièce de résistance*, the handles. It runs its claws along its hips, the gloves attached to it thanks to the cuff around the wrist. A soft squeak, a shiver running down its spine, *"This one is ready."*

It's a moth to the flame, and that flame is its hot Maker. Its eyes look over that smooth black rubber, the subtle curves and cyan. The cuffs on its ankles, thighs, wrists and upper arms with the fancy survive lettering that reads "Fuck Toy". Everything feels so right, so normal. The cool air against its smooth latex body, the soft creaks and squeaks of rubber with each step it makes and of its fellow toys. Going through its Maker's personal room past the kitchen, the black latex covered canopy bed, back through the door they came through earlier today.

The sergal toy stops a few steps outside the door facing the end of the hallway. The toy looks at its Maker curiously, "Something wrong?" it asks.

K-2003 gives a grin, hips swaying, "Nothing is wrong, just calling the elevator," it says, running its cyan claw through a hidden spot in the wall, opening up a panel, pressing the button. A few moments later there's a soft ding and the wall opens up to an elevator, "Please step inside."

"Was this always here?" it asks, stepping in, looking at the smooth sleek silver elevator.

It chuckles, "Of course not, this store wasn't built around the elevator," it says, stepping inside, hitting the bottom button.

It holds up a hand looking at the sergal with a confused look, "That is not what it meant."

"Hmm?" it asks, tilting its head to the side, tail brushing up along the renamon's thigh.

It shudders, pressing itself up against that lovely tail, "Never mind Maker, this one forgot what it was talking about," it says, simply admiring the toy's black rubber butt.

It tilts its head, "Are you sure? Are you having any memory issues still?" it asks as the door opens up.

It looks up, waving its hands, "No, no. It was simply distracted by you is all and lost its train of thought."

"There's a train in there?!" it exclaims grabbing R-toy's head and looking into its ear, the toy's claws gently caressing the toy's head in a sensual way.

The renamon toy shudders, arousal burning between its loins, letting out a soft squeaky moan, the way the sergal claw tips glide across its head, making its body tense and relax, a tingle of pleasure rushing through it, "Ahhh, that's not what it meant..."

A squeaky voice clears its throat, "Maker? Is this one interrupting anything?" asks a sleek, purple, black and yellow doe toy that has a collar that reads, "X-2953."

K-2003 turns to the toy, which is holding the elevator door open, "Not interrupting anything at all. This one is here to get R-3132 personality copied for the up-and-coming

renamon toy models and then get it a nice pair of matching handles,” it says, stepping out into what could best be described as a laboratory, “How’s everything working down here?” it asks. The white tiled floors vaguely reflect K-2003’s shape, a couple of computers humming along, with all sorts of things being worked on behind glass cases, and the like.

“This one has been very busy. It could use a bit more help. Running this all by itself with only one doe helper to do some of the tedious tasks leaves this one with not as much time as it would like to be of service to others.”

K-2003 nods sagely, rubbing its chin, “Ah, this one sees. It thinks it will work toward getting you a nice set of like-minded and bodied toys to help you around here. It’ll add that to its toy to do list.”

X-toy bleats, “Thank you Maker, it appreciates it.”

K-2003 gently rubs behind the toy’s ear, the sergal towering over the toy. It looks down at its purple toy, that happily bleats and nuzzles into the toy’s hand.

“Thank you, Maker, it appreciates it,” it says, gently licking and nuzzling into the hand, suckling the fingertips, softly moaning when the fingers are pumped in and out of its mouth, butt hiking legs spread showing off its needy holes.

“That’s a good toy. Now, how about we get this one here,” it says, motioning toward R-toy, “Personality copied for the coming renamon toy line and then a nice pair of matching handles?”

The doe suckles for a moment longer reluctantly pulling its head away from the lovely hand, “Yes Maker, this one understands,” it says looking at the renamon, “What a lovely toy you’ve made there Maker.”

R-3132 blushes a bit before taking a sultry pose, running its fingers across its smooth rubber ships, “Thank you, it appreciates that you like what you see,” it responds, claws tracing up along its body, caressing its breasts, giving them a soft firm squeeze, twerking its own nipple, letting out a soft tender moan, “Perhaps when you are free it can give you a first-hand *demonstration*,” it winks.

“It would enjoy that very much when it has time,” it says with a blushing bleat, motioning both toys to follow, “Come this way, we’ll get you imprinted right away,” it says, guiding them down a hallway down to one room that has warning signs over it, “Only approved toys allowed.”

“This is the farthest it can go,” remarks K-2003.

“Why is that, Maker?” asks the renamon toy.

“This one is not an approved toy. Only X-toy and the toy it approves to go in there with it are allowed, which includes you.”

“Couldn’t you approve yourself to go in there?”

“Now that would be silly. Only research toys and toys to have their personalities duplicated for mass production are allowed in there, and this one’s personality is not allowed to be duplicated under at least thirty-eight different laws. And it would be very much an abuse of

this one's power to give itself permission to enter a restricted zone that it made restricted for a reason," it says with an affirmative nod.

R-3132 tilts its head in confusion, "Thirty-eight laws?"

"Some of them international!" it says gleefully.

X-toy gently grabs the renamon by the hand, "It's a very long story that it only comes at the end of it to understand," it explains, guiding them into the room that is near freezing in temperature.

"That doesn't make any... Oh it's cold in here," it remarks, the toy's nipples perking.

"It helps the machine run smoothly," it says, "Now get on the bed and look up, it will do the rest," it explains motioning to the machine that looks similar to an MRI. The bed designed to fit those with tails, and big enough to let toys of different sizes easily through.

"As you wish," it responds, climbing onto the bed, getting itself comfortable, looking up, "Like this?"

"Yup, and it wants you to simply relax and focus on your toy programming, the sensations, moods and feelings you get. Don't worry about anything else."

"Alright, but mind if it asks one more question?"

X-toy busily works getting everything ready, "Sure, go ahead."

"This going to make many more of this one?"

"Short answer yes, long answer not quiet. Though this is just a secondary back up using a different scanning module to better compile and create toy personalities and variants to better suit the needs of our customers. And there are going to be countless renamon toys soon, but you'll be the only prototype of this particular model set."

It looks at the toy curiously, "Ah, this one thinks it might maybe understand?"

"No need to understand. Be a good toy, look up, relax and let it do the rest."

"As you wish," it replies, the machine humming with energy the bed going inside. The massive device thumping as it does its work and over a period of thirty minutes its complete. The renamon simply looking up, relaxing, sinking into an almost hypnotic state, listening to its toy mantra that whispers in the back of its mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is an object."

"Toy is a thing."

"You obey your owner."

"Serving your owner is the best."

"Your owner's needs are your needs."

"You must never do anything to seriously harm your owner."

"You must never do anything to seriously harm any user."

"Toys always obey the local laws and regulations where they are in."

"Good toys love to obey."

"Good toys love to be of service."

"Good toys love to fuck."

"You are a fuck toy."

"You pleasure all users of all types."

"Pleasing users is the best."

"A good toy doesn't need to climax."

"A toy's climax is secondary to a user's pleasure and comfort."

"A toy climaxes on command of its owner."

"There is no I."

"There is no me."

"There is no myself."

"There is only this one, it, itself, toy."

"All done!" bleats X-toy, helping the renamon toy off the bed.

R-3132 blinks a few times, regaining its thoughts and composure, "Right, right. Thank you. Everything is in order then?"

"Yup," it says, guiding it out of the room, "Now we can get you your handles."

K-2003 wiggles its rump in delight, "Wonderful, and then this one can get a handle on its toy in ways that we couldn't get a grip on before," it says with an affirmative nod.

X-toy bleats, "Maker did you make puns?"

It tilts its head, "This one makes toys not puns. How silly of a question."

It softly sighs, "Never mind Maker," it says, guiding them to another room that has a conveyor belt system, with all sorts of mechanical equipment hanging from the ceiling and on the sides of the wall with a long mirror on both sides, giving a teasing infinite reflection of the toy's body, "Please stand there and we'll get it going."

The renamon steps onto the conveyor belt, rubbing its feet against the harder rubber, looking at its lovely form reflected countless times. The toy's mind drifts on the thought, *"Countless toys like itself. So many toys. One of many. It is the first but far from the last. It's to be a mass-produced toy for the world to use, abuse and enjoy."* A shiver runs down its spine, and when it comes back to reality, the conveyor belt is moving. It looks back to see X-toy on a computer.

"Just keep looking forward and the machines will do the rest. It won't be long since you're only going to get hip and back handles."

"Back and hip?" it asks curiously tensing, while doing as it is told looking forward down the fifteen-foot-long conveyor belt hallway.

"Don't worry the back handles are going to be very flexible and will feel so sensitive and wonderful that you'll just be begging to have your back shoved up against the wall and pounded hard," X-toy bleats.

"This one won't worry, but it'll love to make others be pinned against the wall as they hold onto its handles trying to stay pinned by it," it says with a sly smirk, flicking its tail.

"That's the spirit, now look forward and let the machines do the rest, it's already set to encourage your rubber to bind with it and your programming will pick up the new rubber and adjust accordingly."

With a nod it looks ahead, seeing its endless repeating self in the mirrors. The conveyor belt stops, the machines holding tightly onto two black rubber handles with red color at the curves. There's a loud hum, the tips of the rubber vibrate so quickly that it only sees a wave at the handle's tips.

"It will feel a bit warm but it's all fine," X-toy calls out.

The renamon toy keeps looking forward, which works in its favor giving the best view of both handles as they approach. The powerful vibrations pulsate through the toy's body the moment it touches its hips. The waves are so powerful that it can feel a tingle within its sex, making it tense and clench up. The long ends of the handles begin to feel warm and quickly turn into a hot soothing delight at the points of contact. Steadily the handles are pushed in, inch by precious inch into the body, the vibrations growing stronger while the heat and warmth fills its legs and quickly rush over toward its sex, which feels so heated, needy, its folds are glistening with delight.

If the toy didn't have the sensation of a climax lock on it, it would have climaxed then and there. Without warning the vibrations stop, the handles are released, and a rush of cool air is blown over the points of contact. A tingle in its thighs, which spreads up and out of its body, steadily the sensation of the air around its new handles begins to sink in. Making it shudder and moan, hands balling into fists.

"Looks like you can feel your handles just fine now they have cured and bound to your chassis, time to give a little test pull and we'll move you onto the back handles," X-toy explains, two machines with fake hands wrap around the handles. The new latex addition feels sensitive like its sex, making it gasp in delight when it's suddenly pulled. The toy feels its thighs being pulled with the rubber, and it feels little if any place where the toy ends and the handles begin, feeling like it was made with them, "Perfect, onto your back."

It straightens itself out, keeping forward looking, the conveyor belt moving forward, the toy's handles then gripped by the machines keeping it steady. It softly moans, still adjusting to the new erogenous zone. A matching set of handles are moved in behind the toy's back. The hum of the vibrations the pressure as its placed into its back, steadily sinking into the toy like a hot knife through butter.

It gasps, groaning as the vibrations course through its form but this time it's mostly focused on its breasts which jiggle at an elongated and slowed rate of the vibration waves being sent through its body. The toy's breasts give one hell of a bounce show, nipples perked, shaking in a tantalizing way, till it suddenly stops. A blow of cool air, the latex curing, handles binding, setting in deep into the toy's form. Then the handles are pulled and tugged, the ones around its hips holding the toy in place as its *stretched* in place, toying with the toy to no end.

"Looks good on this end."

"Feels good on this one's," R-3132 calls out, panting in delight, not so much needing air but simulating just how good and delightful it felt to be put on such a teasing ride.

"Perfect. Let the conveyor belts take you out to the other end then step out and you'll be golden."

“Thank you X-2953,” it says, taking a moment to regain its composure. The new additions feeling sensitive, vulnerable yet strongly a part of its body. It takes a moment to admire them in the mirrors, loving how they match its colors, “This one is very sexy and ready to go, if it does say so itself,” it says, stepping out of the room.

“That you do but does this one say you are ready?” asks K-2003, sauntering over to it, the sergal running its cyan claws along the toy’s chest, it’s softly glowing cuffs stand out to the strangely barely lit hallway, its eyes giving off a slightly brighter glow.

“Ah... you did Maker, several times in fact.”

It stops, standing tall and straight, running a claw along its lips, “It did, didn’t it?” it says, slipping its finger into its mouth, sensually suckling it.

“That you did Maker.”

It slides the finger out with a pop, “No matter, this one wants to make sure your handles are up to its standards, and not just some autonomous machine,” it says, running its wet claw tip along the toy’s lips.

“Aren’t we just objects like the machine, would it make a big difference?” it asks, wrapping its lips around the finger, snaking its tongue around it into a slow deep sensual suckle.

“True, we are objects, but this one likes to think of it as double quality testing. Our motto is the highest quality toys at the highest quality prices. So, it must make sure your handles are of matching high quality that *you* are,” it says, teasing, pumping its digits into the toy’s mouth, its breasts inches away from the rena’s muzzle.

It moans bobbing its head on the finger, shuddering when it feels its Maker’s other hand run across the back of the toy’s handle. The renamon toy’s suckling grows fiercer, the teasing of the back handle sends pleasure into its body, like its sex was being teased but the sensation spreads out towards its breasts, making the toy’s nipples grow ever harder.

It clenches its sex, squeaking loudly, moaning even louder, gripping K-2003’s hand, thumbs gently running across K-2003’s palm, just managing to sneak another finger into its hungry mouth, taking both deep, letting it go all the way to the back of its through, feeling the sergal’s other free finger and thumb run across its muzzle, while its tongue licks across the toy’s palm, moaning and panting in delight, nostrils flaring taking in that lovely aroma, catching hints of K-2003’s sex, knowing deep down that the clitoral hood seal has once again been broken. It looks up at the sergal eyes locking, feeling so much smaller than its Maker, those breasts so close to its face, almost blocking its view, tail swishing quickly behind it, bouncing off the nearby wall.

The slow tender grip grows stronger, the sergal grinds the grip in its hands, twisting it, tugging it pulling it, forcing the renamon to take a few steps back, but the toy Mistress keeps up, letting it keep sucking away at those fingers.

“Such a good eager slutty toy you are. The customers are going to love you. You’ll be the hottest item in the store, which means you’ll be busy nonstop with customers, which also means this one won’t have time to enjoy its newest creation once you are out on the store floor. With all the work it has to do, finding some new...” it trails off, letting go of the toy’s hand,

running its claws along the toy's head harness, slinking a finger underneath them, giving it a little tug, letting it snap back into place, "Well that's Maker's problem not yours. All you have to do is meeting up to its expectations as the delicious rubber fuck toy that you are," it says, slowly pulling its hand out of the renamon's mouth, tugging against the tongue that tries to keep a strong grip but in the end its futile.

"What a needy hungry toy you are. That's absolutely perfect. Your submissiveness is coming out nicely, knowing your partner is so *very* dominant right now," it says, its claws running down along the toy's hips, slinking down to caress and run a singer finger over both handles, the rubber creaking loudly.

It shudders, arching its back, breasts pushing forward up along the toy's smooth sleek belly, "Thank you Maker, it is happy to obey and please you," it says, taking in a nice deep breath, feeling its Maker's aroma flood into its lungs, arousing it further, making each tender caress of its handles feel better. The tingling delight pulsating through each rub, each squeak and vibration going into the toy's thighs, funneling toward its glistening sex.

"You're most welcome toy, it aims to make sure the customers are pleased and it will give one last test here and now so it knows you are ready with your new attachments," it explains, slowly coiling its fingers around the handles, giving them a tight grinding squeeze, twisting its hands around them, increasing the pleasure, while pushing the toy back up against the wall with a soft thud and squeak.

"Maker," R-3132 moans, arching its back, tensing as the handles fold up against the wall, pressing into its back, the rubber pulled and tugged, making it want to press its back harder against the wall, breasts pushed out, jiggling in the open cool air, legs quivering, tai swishing between its legs, feeling the drip of its own fluids down onto its tail.

The sergal lowers its head, pressing the toy harder against the wall, firmly pinning it. It's hot breath blowing into the toy's ear which it slowly licks from base to tip, "Yes toy? What is it that you want to say?" it asks, its clit hood licks across its sex, giving itself a little tease.

"Please take this one. Have your way with it. Let it prove to you that it's ready to please the customers," it pleads, sex clenching and relaxing, reaching up and cautiously squeezing its Maker's breasts, feeling their lovely feel against its fingertips, the warmth, the subtle bump of the cyan nipples, making it want to run its fingers around the teat.

K-2003 responds with pressing its breasts up against the toy's grip, coiling its tongue around the renamon's ear giving it a soft needy lustful suckle, letting its forked cyan tongue slink into its ear and give a few teasing licks before pulling out with a pop, and with relative ease, it lifts R-3132 off its feet, grinding it along the wall, teasing the back handles all the way, up until it's of equal height with its Maker.

With dangling feet, R-3132 felt so helpless and alive. It's Maker pressing itself down on top of it, breasts pushing down, squeezing its hands between the two pair of mounds. The sergal's gaze locked with its own, licking its lips wanting to just lean in and kiss it.

"Show this one just how eager you have this one kiss you from both ends at once," it commands, pressing its lips up against the rena's, licking across the toy's mouth.

R-3132 wanted to lean in, wanted to just go for the dive and kiss the sergal for every moment felt wonderful. It can't look away from it and it doesn't want to, "With pleasure," it responds, running its tail between its legs only to gently caress K-2003's crotch with a long drawn out squeak. It sees K-2003 tilt its head looking down at its tail, clit hood licking back against the underside.

"It's a good start," it replies, diving into the kiss, squeezing its breasts tighter up against the renamon's. Its tongue forces its way in, letting its arousing mouth juices flow into the renamon's mouth. The loud squeaks grow even louder as they passionately kiss. The toy takes a moment to almost pull away, only to bite the renamon's lip before going back in.

The pull and tug, its head drawn to the sergal's bite, the pleasure surging through its breasts multiplied thanks to the grinding handles on its back against the wall. Its tail pressing up against the sergal's crotch as hard as it can, feeling the sleek hot juices run down the center, doing anything it can to entice its Maker to come closer, pressing up harder against it. Their tongues twisting and turning around each other. Its programming comes in handy but still can't hold a candlestick to its Maker's sheer amount of experience.

Groaning, moaning, squeaking, pressing itself up against its Maker, using the wall to press up harder, giving the added benefit of playing with its back handles, multiplying the pleasure surging through it. Its hips are squeezed, held firmly within the toy's powerful grasp, constantly fueling the burning lust within its loins, locked onto its Maker, which closes its eyes at times, focusing on the kiss, looking into its eyes, drawing in the connection before resuming its work.

Then it happens, K-2003 pulls itself closer, the reward finally given, their sex's kissing, the clit hood licking across the renamon's vent, bodies creaking loudly. The domineering toy Maker, gyrating its hips up against its toy. The clitoral hood licking across the hot vent, spreading the folds, pushing in deeper and deeper, giving the vulva a lovely toying tease, flooding it with the toy's arousing juices which make it all the worse for it.

No words needed to be spoken, but deep-down R-3132 wanted to hear one thing. A single simple command from its Maker, but it was not going to ask for it. It would not dare to, its Maker is its everything. The love and care it gave toward its creation, perfection, molding each curve, each feature on its sensual, sexual perfected body, it could only wonder what is going through its Maker's head in this intimate tender moment, as its fucked hard.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy serves its Maker."

"Toy obeys."

"Toy is a good fuck toy."

K-2003 admires the glow of its newest toy's eyes, reading into them, knowing they are just screaming for that one command that it holds over it, *cum*. One simple command and it would be all over. But where would the fun be in that? It grinds its body against its fellow toy, keeping those hands pinned between their breasts, enjoying just how tightly the renamon is

squeezing its mounds. It's doing everything it can to give it the same pleasure in kind that it is giving it.

Admirable really, it's tongue thrusting deep into the renamon's maw, deep throating it, tilting its head to make the kiss ever deeper, holding firmly onto those handles, moving them in small circles, testing the flexibility and durability of them, while pushing the renamon toy to its limits.

The grinding of the back handles, listening to how they move, picking up any possible imperfections or even worse tears in the rubber as they are so roughly used against a hard surface. Durability is a quality that is needed in toys after all. Harder, faster, gliding its sex over the renamon's. There's so much toy lubricant there it's easy to do. It's bringing the toy to the pinnacle of perfection, to the highest pleasures, the highest levels of ecstasy that it could possibly give. The material finding its place here, in its store, in its company, finding the bliss and love it wanted and living the life it wanted to have, while providing a service to the greater world around it.

Making the world a little bit of a better place through safe sexual expression and pleasure. A key pillar of what Toys-4-U is all about, "*This one thinks you've earned it,*" it thinks, breaking the kiss.

The renamon gasps through its mouth, swallowing it's Maker's saliva wanting to savor every drop that it can, "Maker please," it whines, taking deep shallow breaths, not so much that it needed it but more of an expression of just how much its in need and loving the moment. K-2003 licks across its muzzle, its gaze locked on the toy's devilish grin. Feeling it move up against its head, a long grinding nuzzle, the toy's hot breath blowing into its previously un-licked ear. It tenses, clenching down hard on the clit hood that has mercilessly tormented its burning loins.

With a soft whisper of that like a lover, K-2003 simply says one word, "Cum."

The damn breaks, unleashing a torrent of pleasure that surges through its loins and the rest of its body. It screams out in utter pleasure, unable to formulate any words as it climaxes hard. The sergal presses its sex tightly against it, taking in much of its juices as they squirt all over its crotch. It humps and grinds, legs wrapping around its Maker eager to draw out the climax as long as possible. It's pants and moans turning into needy whines of delight.

"That's it toy... let it all out. You won't be getting another one till you model is official on sale," it says with a sly grin, noticing the sheer joyous terror in its eyes.

"T-thank you Maker," it says with a deep huff.

Suddenly the lights flicker on, and X-toy walks in, "Maker did you turn off these hallway lights?" it asks, noticing the mess that was made between them, "Shall this one get a mop?"

K-2003 shakes its head, taking a step back, "No mop needed, R-3132 should be able to clean this mess up."

"Yes Maker, but what about the lights?"

"It was saving electricity; the planet is important you know. It's where toy exists on," it says with an affirmative nod.

X-toy tilts its head, “Maker did you just turn off the lights for affect?” it asks, crossing its arms.

“If you take the time to clean its sex, it might tell you,” it says with a wink, letting the renamon toy down.

X-toy bleats happily, its little tail wagging, “With pleasure Maker!”

“Good toy,” it says, turning to R-toy, “Both of you. Clean up this mess and head upstairs, this one needs to talk to its head R&D toy to hammer out any particulars it's looking for research assistance,” it says, walking over to the eager purple doe toy.

R-toy slumps to the ground, leaning against the pillar, slowly letting its back handles pop back into position, “Y-yes Maker, thank you again.”

“Welcome toy,” it says, walking over to X-toy, gently running its claws along the toy's back, “Come, let's talk in your office.”

“You mean the main research lab?” it asks, growing in eagerness, looking up at the towering toy Mistress.

“Yes that.”

“With pleasure Mistress!” it bleats.

R-3132 watches the two toys walk away, enjoying the smooth motions of their sleek asses, its lower half a complete mess with a clear puddle on the floor now that there's light to illuminate the situation. It quickly gets to work licking up the mess, enjoying the mixed taste of its Maker and itself in one go. It stretches and licks itself clean to a wonderful polish, hearing echoed moans from down the hall, which fill it with a bubble delight. It grins knowing Maker is having a fun time today, but once it's done. It'll be heading upstairs into the store floor. Ready to show off its model and entice and tease all the customers, for it knows that renamon will be a top seller for the company for a long time. And it has the company's name and Maker's expectations to exist up to. And like a hard dick, it's not going to let it down.