

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...