

Xenomorph Toy: Incubation

A soft hiss echoes into the room. The black and blue rubber xenomorph, Maria is still bound and helpless. The hour, hours? Of being taken by the two toys, taken by two females like that was not what she was expecting when she donned the suit. Yet she finds herself surprised that she found it so enjoyable. She struggles in her bondage, breathing in the arousing air that is keeping her on edge. Her body wants to climax so bad, but the layer of latex around her is never enough to let her truly reach the edge.

The devious sergal toy, black shiny rubber, cyan glowing eyes, approaches, the hips swaying in a hypnotic fashion, its polished body shines in even this low light, which draws attention to its glowing cuffs and eyes. It crouches down before her, gently caressing the elongated xenomorph head with a loud squeak, “This one hopes you’ve been enjoying yourself thus far. We’re about halfway through the initial testing. How wonderful is that?” it asks in a cheerful tone that is completely out of place for the situation and scenery.

With a heavy pant she replies, “Tired, body aching. I-I’d have enough for one...” her words are garbled, and sound like soft tired screeches and hisses, only the toy’s sharp hearing enables it to understand what she is saying, “... day.”

“Oh, this one gave you a bit of a break. Fear not, the next two toys will definitely give you some enjoyment. Let’s start off with something a bit tender and opening you to even new possibilities of enjoyment, “C-1047, could you be a lovely toy and come in here. This one thinks this lovely xenomorph needs some tender loving care from a toy like yourself,” it says with an affirmative nod, looking out into the darkness that surrounds them. “Asides, it would be a shame if they came all this way from another store only to not get a chance to participate. Wouldn’t it?”

Something about the toy’s words rang true within Maria’s head. She had no idea the toy juices she had been feeding on, opened her mind to be easily suggested by others, including the Toy Mistress before her. The collar whispers into the back of her mind.

“Good toys obey.”

“Good toys serve.”

“Good toys want to make others happy.”

“I guess it would be a shame to disappoint them,” she mutters.

K-2003’s eyes light up, jumping to its feet with a rump wiggle, “Wonderful! This one thought you’d see it, its way,” it says with another affirmative nod as a green glow appears in the darkness, “Ah, here it comes.”

The bound suited raptor, trapped in alien chitin, turns her head to get a better look at the approaching toy, the lime green glow catching her as the hare-dragon hybrid steps into view. The toy’s sleek black body, and grey front shines brightly in the low light. Its twitching draconic shaped member glows a matching green mane that runs down the toy’s back from the top of its head down to the tip of its tail which has grey scaled markings along the sides. With massive oval shaped hare type ears, the toy grins, “You know Toy Mistress, you aren’t the only one with good hearing,” it says, swaying its hips, so that its long tail can follow its movements, with a bit

more force and purpose than its sergal toy counterpart. Its collar has a cupid's heart shaped black metal tag with a green outline that has its designation stamped on the front. Its cuffs black rubber, green outlined bands with bold glowing green lettering that reads "Fuck Toy."

K-2003 meets C-toy halfway, "This one never said," it says, running its finger down along the fellow toy's chest, making it squeak loudly, "that it was the only one with good hearing," it smirks leaning in, pressing its breasts against the other toy's chest, giving it a deep passionate kiss. The two toys softly moaning, tilting their heads as their lips rub and grind against one another. The sergal's rump is hiked, its free hand running its cyan claws along the twitching member, the other rubbing the back of C-toy's head to keep the kiss deep and passionate.

The hybrid toy twitches at first, a momentary moment of it being taken off guard, but its surprise turns into pleasure, leaning in, gently grinding against the caressing touch, rubbing the sergal toy's back, with a loud squeaky rub, the other hand caressing the toy's sides, giving that hiked butt a squeeze, all within Maria's view. Its eyes meet with Maria's though the raptor's are hidden under the suit, and the expression simply reads, "It knows you like what you are seeing. Don't worry, you're next."

After a few toying, teasing moments, the kiss is slowly broken with strands of saliva between their lips, connecting them, till K-2003 leans in and licks C-toy's clean, "Ah, that was very nice. This one is sure you will give that one over there as much of a fun time as you did to this one. And don't you worry, this one will be nearby watching if you need any help." It gives the toy a little pat on the butt as it heads into the shadow's amplifying the toy's natural glow.

"This one will let you know if it does, but it thinks it'll be fine," it responds, giving a playful wink to the Toy Mistress. It moves over to Maria, with a bit of a bounce in its step, "*This one has always wanted to help Toy Mistress, and now it can,*" it thinks, kneeling beside Maria, its hands gently caressing her head, along her spine, with soft tender squeaks. "This one knows you must be exhausted from earlier. Take the moment to relax. But a strong sexy alien like yourself can handle a little exertion, can't you?"

The tingle of delight runs through Maria's body. The pressure of the toy's hands caressing the latex, pressing it tighter against her naked scales. She huffs and nods, unable to find any fault in what the toy said. She tries to buck her hips, body aching, sex clenching, grinding against the suit's walls, trying to edge out just enough stimulation to put her over the edge.

It chuckles, "Such an eager little one, aren't you? Viral, strong, powerful, sexy, deadly? What's not to love? This one would be eager to get off from the sheer sight of you. This one thinks you invited what some call the why boner, or the afraid boner. But this one isn't afraid of someone like you. You're too sexy for that," it says with a playful growl, lifting her head up, "You have a lovely little mouth, so deadly yet inviting. It can't help but want to get a taste."

There's nothing Maria could do against the toy's gentle advances. The toy's lips press up against the suit's, the sensations are muffled but they are there. The loving press of lips, the grinding of latex with a tender squeak, the toy's tongue licking across her teeth as it encourages

her to open her mouth to it. The second jaw slowly slid out, only to be gripped and pulled by C-toy's lips, suckling it like an aching cock needing some tender loving care. It moans into her mouth, vibrating the inner jaw, teasing her maw as she tenses and relaxes, accepting the moment it's clear that the hare-dragon toy is getting more out of the moment than she is.

C-1047 knows that the divide between them will soon be closing. It breaks the kiss, licking the strands that formed between their lips, "Why don't you rest that little head of yours, and let this one enjoy that pretty mouth. Regain your strength, and then this one will free you and we can have an even more delightful time together," it playfully growls, sliding itself in front of Maria's head, its green length twitching and aching in need, bead of translucent green pre-cum hanging off its cock tip, "Now open wide and hiss."

The toy's hands gently caress around Maria's head, caressing and guiding her toward the aching member. Her sex twitches at the sight, while the aroma of latex and arousal wafts over her nose, the air heavily laden with K-toy's arousing aroma, that affects the toy before her as much as herself. She barely noticed her head was guided toward that throbbing penis, the shine to it, made it appear glowing. It slips into her second mouth, a tight fit, but it does make her feel like that inner mouth was made for the tightest and best blow jobs she could ever give, and the toy's moans of delight that ring out around her only confirms this suspicion.

"That's it. You're doing great. Your mouth is so tight and feels absolutely great," it says, bucking into Maria's mouth, using the inner jaw like a lovely fleshlight. The toy's cock twitches, its pre-cum leaking out of its tip, dripping down the inner mouth, like a lovely fuck hole, funneling its juices down into Maria's awaiting mouth. Another moan, another squirt. The toy taking its sweet time to buck against that warm inviting mouth, its balls gently kissing the xeno's lips, "*What a lovely model toy this one will be when it's completed. It's so lucky to be able to help Toy Mistress in making a new glorious toy.*" It closes its eyes, focusing on the sweet pleasure, bucking at arhythmic pace that is so steady, that it's hypnotic.

The toy's member fills Maria's view, the green twitching cock sliding in and out, in and out. The hands holding her head, keeping her from having to worry of holding her head up, body relaxing as she accepts each pump, as her attention is drawn to the green heart shaped, dragon symbol just above its crotch. It draws her deeper into that relaxed state, swallowing the pre-cum that steadily whittles away the barriers and definitions in her mind of what could be considered arousing. The blending of her mind produced new kinks within her, opening her up to more than she could have had otherwise. Aversion to others stripped away and normalized within her. Not without reason but well within the area to make her think of just how that kiss was. How much she'd love another. A sweet tender drawing kiss that would turn her on, draw her into that blissful moment that just minutes before she found to be only slightly arousing if not *ordinary*.

"What a good sweet little mouth you have there, and your inner mouth is not half bad either," it says with a toying grin, bucking a bit harder, shooting down more of its essence into the raptor, wanting to let her feed upon its glory for as long as she needs to let her mind become ever more open than it has before. The only saving grace the raptor has, or perhaps torment, is that the latex provides a barrier around her, hindering just how much pleasure she is feeling,

keeping her on edge. Her pleasure laden mind thinking less clearly, and clearly less straight than ever before.

One could only wonder just how much *rest* anyone could get around such a sexy toy, trapped and bound in a suit, mouth used but hardly abused by it. Giving the raptor a refreshing “drink” as she has a momentary loss of time. The pleasing steady pace of the toy, the sound of smooth squeaks filling her ears while that twitching green cock fills her inner mouth.

“Toy is open to please all sorts of users.”

“Good toys love to fuck.”

“Good toys love to suck.”

“Good toys love to cuck.”

“You are a good toy.”

“There is no me.”

“There is no I.”

“There is no myself.”

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

The words flow into her mind, barely registered by her consciousness as they become part of the background noise that seeps into the depths of her subconsciousness. She’s not sure if its the toy pulling out of he vermouth and shifting beside her that drew her back to the current reality or that she just so happened woke up at this moment, in the end it didn’t matter as C-toy presses itself up against her, with a long drawn out squeak.

“Such a lovely mouth you have. But this one wants more than just that. It wants all of your little alien form, wrapped around it, snuggling, squeaking, humping. It bets all of you is just a delight,” it says, caressing Maria’s xenomorph suited body, beginning to tug and break the resin that held her in place.

The toy’s sweet words make her heart beat a little faster. Her arm is suddenly free in what feels like forever and the first thing she does is to wrap it around her savior’s body, caressing along its side, making it squeak, and giving that toy’s cute butt a much needed squeeze.

It presses itself against her, “So frisky, but don’t you worry your little mind one bit. This one isn’t going anywhere. We have a few hours of fun to enjoy one another,” it says with a playful teasing wink, tearing off another bit of resin with surprising ease that draws Maria into a sense of awe.

“What strength. What power,” to be something so fierce and taken by something even stronger, makes her arousal blossoming more. She presses up against him, the more she’s freed, the more she gives into it, letting it be her new sweet latex cage, safe and contained within its arms.

“Good toys provide comfort.”

“Good toys provide security.”

“Good toys fill the needs of their users.”

“You want to be a good toy.”

“You desire to be a good toy.”

“Embrace yourself and be a good toy.”

C-1047’s tail wraps around Maria’s. Its long noodly rubber fluffy main tail squeezes and holds Maria’s hostage, bringing her into its lap, where its throbbing length runs across her inner thigh, leaving a streak of its needy toy juices along its path, “So very lovely. This one just can’t keep its hands to itself,” it growls playfully leaning in to give her a kiss on the side of her cheek.

“Yes...” she hisses, turning her head to shift the cheek to a lip. Her eyes lock onto the toy’s softly glowing green, drawn into that wonderful warming inviting glow. The kiss between them grows deeper, as she pushes her inner mouth into his. She grinds herself against that length, wanting to feel it within her, eager to be penetrated and sent over that blissful edge.

The toy responds positively, growling playfully as it grinds its length between those tight supple chitin lips. The toy is not trying to penetrate her just yet, simply letting the toy-to-be feel the warmth of his length, the pre-cum running across the slit, soaking into the rubber, to the raptor that’s hidden underneath, continuing her on the path of open sexuality.

The hare-dragon toy passionately suckles on that inner mouth, tongue curling around it, feeling up every external ridge, slipping it into that deadly maw, feeling the internal ridges, and bumps, the taste of its own essence still lingering within. Its hands don’t remain idle as it rubs and caresses the future toy’s body, holding it close to itself, while keeping its length at a teasing grind.

Maria bucks herself against that throbbing rod, wanting it to break through her folds, to feel it push into the depths of her most sensitive and vulnerable spots so it can be ravaged, taken, pushing her over the edge. She wants it so badly, yet the toy keeps the teasing grind, while they passionately kiss, making her want both all the more.

The kiss slowly breaks as the toy’s hands caress the xenomorph toy-to-be’s hips, giving them a firm squeaky squeeze, “Such a lovely little monster you are. This one can’t wait to feel you from the inside,” it says, lifting Maria’s butt up, and guiding her down onto his length.

The raptor felt a surge of anticipation, ready to be penetrated once again but then came the momentary shock of just *where* she is taken. But the shock fades as the toy’s cock pushes into her rear entrance. Slowly spreading her, the toy’s pre-cum making her hole nice and slick for easier penetration. She never thought she fancied herself for anal, but at this moment the idea felt rather enticing. The toy’s pre-cum doing its job, opening her to new kinds of sexual play even further, with each squirt of its essence pumped into her.

“Fuck me like an animal,” she moans, clenching onto the toy’s squeaky dick, their bodies grinding with every growing need, desires lust, passion. The toy’s tight grip around her body makes her shudder in delight, each thrust up into her, filling her with more toy essence, clouding her mind away from her previous prejudgments, clearing her mind for what she’ll eventually become.

C-1047 grins, “This one will, a lovely little animal that it will hold, and caress,” it says, fingers tracing along the xenomorph’s tight chitin sex, which Maria could just barely feel the caressing, which makes her buck against the toy’s grip, but it keeps her in place, “cherish and

love oh so well. It'll make its visit here all the worth it," it says with a playful wink, pumping into her.

The toy keeps to its word, all the while K-2003 monitors and records the situation, a notepad off to the side is scribbled with ever increasing number of notes, *"So far so good. Though it needs to work with the liquid latex within a bit more to create a stronger sensitive bond. It'll get that activated with C-1242. It's so exciting to see how that will turn out!"* it thinks, wiggling its rump in joy.

Maria and C-1047 are lost in their moments of pleasure, joy, endless edging and teasing. Maria feels whatever strength she had also taken away, yet her arousal addled mind is too hooked on the moment to let her fully realize it. But laying on the floor, facing the hare-dragon hybrid toy, face to face, lips locked in one of countless passionate kisses. The toy sucking her inner mouth like a dildo, keeping her drawn into the moment while his length simply tases and coats the xeno sex in his lubricant.

She's drawn into the moment, the loving after care of hours of teasing torturous sex, that has driven her wild with need, her body screaming to reach that sweet climax, yet it always feels forever out of reach. Even now, enjoying the moment of relaxation, and romantic kisses, she wishes for the toy to drive itself deep into her, but her body needs that respite, and she wouldn't deny it. When the kiss breaks, she is left with a wanting hiss, following the toy up onto its feet.

"Alas, sweet, lovely little monster. It's time is up, but fear not, it is sure we will see each other again, eventually," it says with a wink, giving one last smooch before walking off, leaving Maria to stumble forward after it.

"Wait, just one more," she begs.

"It cannot, but this one knows that Toy Mistress will tide you over till the next toy comes," it says, as K-2003 catches the xenomorph toy-to-be before she falls.

The toy's breasts press up against her side, its strength lifting back to her feet, and before she could even respond the sergal gives a deep passionate kiss, the toy's forked tongue slithering into her mouth, coiling around the inner mouth, giving another boost to the raptor's arousal that makes her shudder, knees about to buckle under the endlessly growing need. Her sex burning with the heat of a thousand suns, her mind unable to get off sex as she's driven mad to just have a bit more, to be pushed over, to find that sweet bliss of release. It's made worse when K-2003's clit hood licks the xenomorph's sex crevice, the warmth of the toy's appendage against the suit's sex, transferring it to Maria's needy body. A never-ending stream of arousing torment that she's torn about wanting to escape or sink in and embrace the moment further, after all it feels so good, how could it be bad?"

While the devious sergal toy locks Maria in place, propping the suited raptor with one arm, it uses the other to motion the next toy forward, its fingers curling toward itself as if saying, "You're next. Now come."

A door cracks open, flooding the room with light for just a moment, the two toys passing each other. C-1047 squeaking past the new toy. A glistening black and orange toy that looks wet at first glance. The rubber shifts and moves with each step the anthropomorphic feline

shaped toy makes. Its black- and orange-colored cuffs look to be the only truly solid part of it, outside of its face. Its blue eyes dart around, as it takes a moment to blow some of its puffy hair away from them. Its triangular black ears twitch, the orange rubber fur shown when they turn towards them. The toy's slender body squeaks softly against itself. The toy rubs its hands together rather bashfully. Its tail is almost as massive as itself. With a blue cutie mark near the tail's bulbous end that looks like a heart.

Maria watches the toy timidly approach, tail swaying, and the raptor could swear the tail has a smile in it. But with each step that draws it closer to her and the sergal, she begins to realize that the toy is not so much wet but its body is not completely solid. Latex rolls across its body, and every so often there's a drop that spatters to the ground, like orange-black rubber rain drops.

"Th-this one is here Toy Mistress. Is it it's time to of service?" it asks so softly that Maria can't even hear it through its suit. The toy's bright orange length twitches as it looks at them, smiles then back down at the floor.

The seral toy breaks the kiss, taking a moment to make sure Maria remains balanced on her feet before leaving her to hang on by one hand, "Yes it is! Now, you've kept yourself topped off?"

"Y-yes Toy Mistress."

"Speak a bit louder, this one can hear you, but this wonderful toy here cannot."

"*What did it just say?*" Maria thinks, barely able to ponder the words as its difficult to think through the exhaustion fog that wraps around every thought.

"Sorry, Toy Mistress, this one will do better," it says, giving a shy smile.

K-2003 leans forward, running its hands across the toy's chest, sinking in a tenth of an inch, the rubber shifting and sliding across its digits, most of it, sliding back and pulled toward the feline toy's body, but some of it lingers and drips from the toy's claws as it pulls away, the latex stranding, several times thicker than any kiss Maria has experienced this day, "Much better. This one is glad to know you are keeping yourself topped off. And the offer to improve your design afterwards is still on the molding room floor."

"This one appreciates the offer Toy Mistress, but it will be fine. It wouldn't want one Maker to go over another. And also, wouldn't it be deal is on the table?" it asks with another smile, a single ear twitching, tail flicking behind it, hands clasped together, held right above its twitching length.

"Well, it wouldn't be done on a table. So there is no table for the deal to be on, the offer would be in the molding room. That makes sense to this one."

"If you say so, Toy Mistress."

"This one does, and has," it says with an affirmative nod, "Now..." it says, caressing the feline toy, reaching down to grip the throbbing length, the orange brightly contrasting the toy's black as it gives it a good squeeze, thumb running across the cock tip. Orange rubber toy goo oozes between the toy's finger, while the feline toy mews and moans helplessly, bucking its hips against the toy's grip, "this one wants you to take good care of this toy-to-be. Activate its latex

and make it feel as good as you. You have the last but also important job, as you're the most qualified to play with any liquid rubber, okay?"

It shudders, giving another firm thrust into the toy's hand. The feline toy's cock oozing more latex that is clearly more than just pre-cum. It's like the toy is partially melted yet retains its shape and a sense of solidness that the sergal knows how to exploit all too well, "T-this one understands Toy Mistress. I-it thanks you for the opportunity to help," it says with a moanful mew, its toes curling, tail whipping about, the big smile on the end turning into a lewd smirk. A change that is lost on the tired raptor that leans ever more heavily on the sergal to stand.

The sergal grins, leaning in closer to C-1242, "That is what this one likes to hear," it says, pulling the toy closer, so it's looking up at the towering sergal and xenomorph, "Be gentle with it, but it's sure you know how to handle yourself with your equipment," it says, releasing the toy's length, the orange goo dripping from its claws, some of it landing on the cat, and quickly returning to its body, while some are licks away by the toy's cyan tongue, the toy murring softly as it cleans off each digit, "What a delightful vanilla flavor," it says, placing Maria's hand onto the smaller feline toy.

Maria leans against the toy, sinking into it slightly before the resistance stops her completely. It feels sinking into a thick syrup which quickly turns into a squishy memory foam like sensation. She grinds herself against the toy, sinking into it, "Please fuck me," she mutters, but only a needy hiss escapes her lips.

The toy's ears twitch, "This one isn't sure what you are saying but it certainly knows what you want, but first let this one help you keep a tight grip on this one." The toy caresses the raptor's hands, guiding them down his sides, getting them dripping with hsi rubber, which then forms and shifts around his hips into a set of orange and black rubber handles. C-toy shudders, feeling the new part of it that is just as sensitive as its twitching member as it guides the xenomorph hands around each one, "Hold onto it nice and tight."

She does so, feeling as if she'll grip them so tightly that her hands will melt right through them, and it feels like they do, but somehow just enough remains solid that she's able to keep her grip. She hisses, begging to be taken, to be fucked to climax, her inner mouth coming out to exemplify her desire to have something phallic pushed into her.

C-1047 licks its lips, "This one will show you that you aren't the only one who can have a long tongue." The toy's orange rubber feline tongue extends out, thickening, becoming phallic in nature, till it metamorphosizes into a flexible swirling, dripping rubber tentacle with a teasing tip that traces along the xenomorph's inner ridged mouth like a dainty fingertip.

"Just fucking fuck me already," shudders the raptor, grinding herself against that throbbing cock, the inner mouth retracting a bit till the toy's tentacle tongue wraps around it, yanking her forward to lean ever more heavily on it.

"Such a needy hissing girl. Relax, and let this one take care of you," it says surprisingly well with a slight muffling to its words. The sleek phallic tentacle drips its rubber all around that inner mouth. Its fluids sliding down into Maria's mouth, overwhelming her with a sweet vanilla flavor that she was not expecting. The moment the liquid hits her lips there's a tingle that

spreads through her body. Her body becomes alive with sensations. Not new sensations but more vibrant, like her physical sense of touch was muted all her life and it was now steadily being torn away. The dial on her sensitivity was being turned up, with gulp at a time. All of this just compounded the situation.

C-toy gives a feline grin, "That's it, very good. Drink it down. This one has a lot more where that came from. It topped off just for you," it says, running its hands across the xenomorph's chest, feeling along the ridges between the rib cage, adding teasing pleasures to the raptor's bound up and squished breasts.

Maria feels every scale on her body blossom with the increased sensation. Every inch of the latex around her body, squeezing, caressing, grinding up. Her sex burning so hotly, that she wonders how it has not melted the rubber yet. How could she not reach the peak, just how high of a mountain must she climb to reach the top and blissfully leap over into the abyss. This has already been far beyond anything she was expecting. Her mind clouded with constant sexual thoughts, the whispers in her mind a non-issue as she barely even recognizes they are there, but their sweet whispers make her tingle with a repressed delight. Something found deep within her that she did not even know herself that she had.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Toy is a good xenomorph toy."

"Toy is sexy and deadly."

"Toy keeps safety over its users above everything else."

"You are a good toy."

"You are a good fuck toy."

The feline's cock grinds against that hungry xeno sex. The strong and powerful chitin walls provide a barrier to entry that now frustrates its partner in all the right ways. It grins, pressing itself up against that firm slit. The toy's cock bends and springs free when the pressure gets too much as if the toy's cock is not *strong* enough to break through the powerful folds.

Each bounce of the toy's cock, lubricating the raptor's folds, the hungrier she gets, her desperation going as the tentacle is driven into her mouth, forcing the inner jaws back into her vermouth, making her nurse on the tentacle like she would for any dick. Every point of contact from the outside world feels clearer. The muffled sensation that she gets from the suit fades away, melting into the sea of bliss that she's been swimming in for ages, and now it's only growing deeper. It's to the point that she feels like she's *almost* wearing nothing at all.

After some time, C-toy pulls the tentacle tongue away, "Alright, that is enough foreplay, about we get down to business."

K-2003 randomly thinks with a tune in the back of its mind as it monitors the situation, *"To defeat... the huns..."*

The suited raptor groans, "Yes, please, give it to me."

The toy's tongue returns to normal, giving its lips one last lick, "It's not sure what you said there, but it will weave you a tail of a good time," it says, showing off its thick fluffy goopy

tail, the grin growing wider, opening up to reveal that it has a tail mouth, with a big thick orange tongue hidden within, and the heart shape markings are in fact heart shaped eyes.

Her eyes widen as more of her reality just breaks a part, crumbling to her feet. She tries to let go of the toy from the surprise of the moment, but the thick rubber goop holds her hands in place, making any possible escape if there ever was one to cross her mind, impossible.

With a gasp the big orange tongue wraps around the xenomorph head, suckling the head as if it was one big dick. The thick orange tongue floods into the raptor's mouth, filling the suit, "Let's activate and fill your suit with rubber," it says with a soft mew, squeaking happily as it activates the liquid rubber within Maria's xenomorph head.

The liquid latex floods into Maria's suit, filling out every crevice within. It's cool and wet to her sensitive scales, which contrasts the hot burning need. The rubber pulls her suit tighter to her body further blurring the line between where she ends, and the suit begins. The rubber floods her mouth, binding her every digit, every bit to it. Breathing tubes latch onto her nostrils, providing her the air she needs while she drinks down the toy liquid essence as the suit's liquid acts independently and repels the feline's rubber like oil to water.

Unbeknownst to the raptor, C-1047 has greater control over the suit's rubber than what is felt and express. It can adjust and move the rubber to provide better binding between scale and suit, making sure the breathing tubes are in order. While melting the raptor's mind with ever growing bliss and mouth humping pleasure with its massive tail mouth that continues to passionately kiss and suck the raptor's xeno head like a needy aching cock, it monitors the situation to make sure everything runs smoothly. Its unique nature provides it the insight to tell if anything is not doing what it's supposed to, and any assistance it has to give to make sure it does, is mentally noted.

"That's it. What a good toy-to-be you are. Drink this one down. It has plenty more where that came from," it says, pressing up against the xenomorph, running its hands across the chest, caressing its body, while its member teasingly grinds up against the needy vent.

The raptor moans deeply, its sex locked behind the strong chitin walls, now so much more of a curse, bound like chastity against walls that feel like they are impossible to break, but still add that twitch of pleasure that only drives her instincts wild. She grinds so hard, tail twitching, her entire body burning with its endless need and want. Her mouth filled with the latex, unable to do anything but moan deeply, swallowing down more of the delightful corruptive vanilla rubber.

The tail gives no quarter, assaulting Maria's senses, flooding her more with that sensitive, body and mind tingling latex. It was like she was being fed a large oozing amount of cum that was as addictive as any other kind of drug. She drank it down, the suit rubber forming around the body and suit, making the connection between the two be ever more seamless, transmitting more feeling than ever before and that's before the sensitivity is even taken into account.

The raptor feels like her body is that of a xenomorph. The elongated head, which the feline toy caresses and gently scratches like a scratching post. Doing no harm to her, only making her feel the head be more alive and part of her. Making her realize that she is a

xenomorph, feeling the deadly form with ever greater detail, feeding that hungry fantasy. Letting her imagination and fantasy come to life in a way that she could have only hoped to dream of. And now that it's here, she finds herself left wanting for more and far from dissatisfied, but never satisfied that she's had enough, she only wants *more*. Yet no matter how much more willing her mind is, the body can only go so far. The toy is supporting her, keeping her going during these moments. These hours as she's teased, filled, and toyed with by the plaything. Now because she wants to be taken, though she is finding that just as fun as topping another, but because she has no energy to top. Her mind is too hazy, clouded by lust, and the sheer amount of exertion she's done over the hours on end of teasing, toying, climax denial, edging sex.

When it's finally coming to an end, she only realizes it when she slips into K-2003's arms, the sergal, caressing and rubbing the goo-covered toy-to-be, caressing her sensitive body, keeping her on edge. Her sexual arousal and lust is the only fuel she has left that is keeping her even consciousness.

The sergal toy gently caresses C-1047's rear, "You've done well. This one thanks you for your efforts and expects to see the report in the morning."

The feline toy purrs, pressing itself against the sergal, "Thank you Toy Mistress. This one only has good news to report."

"This one is glad to hear it. Now if you don't mind, this one needs to get this one to its pod. All good toys need to be molded and incubated."

It nods with a soft mew, its shyness returning, "Now that you mention it Toy Mistress... could it watch? It hasn't seen you put a toy into molding before, let alone its first."

K-2003 grins, "Sure you can, and so can you C-1242, it heard your mutterings through the door."

Maria on the other hand could barely register what the toy was saying. Her mind left in a drunken lustful haze, where the desire for sex reigns supreme, but a close second is the desire to relax, and seeing her body has been denied the sweet sensation of release, any mutterings of a moment to relax, she'll lock on it like a laser beam.

"Come, time to get some rest. You've had such a long day, a full twenty-four hours in fact. It's sure you want to lay back, sink down and enjoy your moment to just... relax, don't you?"

She grips the toy a bit harder, "Yesss," she hisses, which turns into a yawn that she can't fully open as it comes out as a long drawn out tired and needy hiss.

"That's a good toy, come follow this one," it says, pulling Maria forward, the other toy following, the toy's goop licked up by its tail to leave nothing behind. The sergal hums a tune as it leads them through the door, picking up the hare-dragon toy along the way. The toy's hips sway side to side, the tail sliding across the rubber xeno's body with long drawn-out squeaks.

The other two toys follow behind the pair, admiring the sergal's well-defined features. The sensual touch along the toy-to-be. The sergal guides the xenomorph forward, yet supports

her with each step, caring and kind, saying in a reassuring voice when its not humming a tune to a song that only it seems to know, but sounds oddly familiar to the two toys.

But for Maria, she's lost in a daze, nodding along, moaning, hissing, panting, her legs barely able to hold her up. This powerful monster brought low by the tender touches of a toy after a toy, pumping her full of their juices that add more clouds to her mind. She holds onto the sergal, just nodding along, accepting the toy's offer a chance to rest. That is all she knows. Her instincts guiding her, accepting the toy's pleasant demeanor for safety.

They walk down the halls, squeaking softly with each step, reaching a set of doors that have a sign that reads "Toy Molding Room" But the raptor is too far gone. She only waits impatiently as the sergal types into a security code. The doors click, swinging open a rush of cool air wafts across her body, making her shudder and moan.

"Easy now, we're almost there," it says, moving past several molding pods on raised stands, some filled, some open, waiting to accept their toy-to-be occupants. Each stand has a computer beside it, monitoring the toys in molding.

The raptor huffs, her body aching, wanting that climax so badly yet part of her knows she's not getting it right now. She's too darn tired to climax. She's taken back by how easily the sergal lifts her up onto the stand. Her mind trying to puzzle together what feels off and wrong about this moment, but as she's turned around, slipping into the back of a mold. Her back spires lacking her into position, the slight incline feels amazing.

"There, there. Relax and enjoy your long awaited rest," it says, rubbing her chest, listening to her moan as it makes sure it's in the mold completely, taking a step back as it sings picking up from the song it's been humming, "This one will, make a toy... out of you."

Maria's head is locked into the mold, her entire back half has slipped into a mold that doesn't just quiet fit her. The tail is a bit tight, the back spires and head though, perfect. Her sickle claws twitch through the rubber, a hiss escapes her, matching the hiss of the hydraulics as the other half of the mold comes down, locking her completely into place. Mouth forced open, inner jaw locked and opened with it, as the mold forces its way into her mouth, spreading the tight folds open, penetrating her perk rear, leaving her completely exposed to the outside world. She moans loudly, as her vision is blurred, seeing only black and cyan, with a green and black, orange and black off to the side.

She found herself held in complete and total bondage. The sergal toy makes its way to the nearby computer, doing something over there as three tubes come down from the ceiling. The sergal grabs one, caressing it like a snake, slipping the first into the front of the mold, twist locking it into place.

Maria's mouth is forced open, suckling on the xeno inner mouth like a wanting dick, but the suit's latex binding her to it, makes that barely possible as she gets a vague feeling of that part of her being the inner jaw. Then came the penetration of her sex. Long awaited. She moans loudly, wanting to buck her hips but the mold prevents any kind of movement except a slight wiggle. When the toy twists and locks it into place, she shudders clenching tightly onto the phallic penetration. The same goes for her rear once the last part is pushed into place.

Exposed, vulnerable, helpless. Not the kind of things she'd expect to find herself as being this deadly sexual creature. Yet she's at the toy's mercy, eyes watching the blur go to the computer as the air is sucked right out of the mold, forcing her to fit the mold as perfectly as she can, squeezing her body further. Then black latex flows down one tube, blue another, the third is out of her field of vision. The warm latex slides into her mouth, pumped into her sex. She gulps it down, unable to stop it, lungs burning for a few moments as she tries to breath and then she does... the latex flowing in and out of her lungs, providing her body the essence she needs. The same warmth through her sex and rear, pushing up into her form yet it's not enough to reach that climax, never enough.

She can't hear anything from the outside world, her mind left in silence, where now she can hear the phrases a bit clearer, the ones speaking softly, domineeringly into her mind, slowly molding her thoughts into what is toy perfection as the three blurs make their way out of her field of view, out of sight and soon out of mind.

"Toy is a good toy."

"Good toys obey."

"Good toys serve."

"Good toys fuck."

"You are a good fuck toy."

"You are a good xenomorph toy."

"You obey the hive."

"You obey your queen."

"Your maker is your queen."

"Your users are your hive."

"There is no me."

"There is no I."

"There is no myself."

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

Lost in the hypnotic mantra, she remains, unable to do anything but accept the conditioning as her first day of becoming a toy is complete and now, she can experience the first of many days of molding that will craft her into the perfect sex organism.